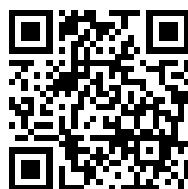
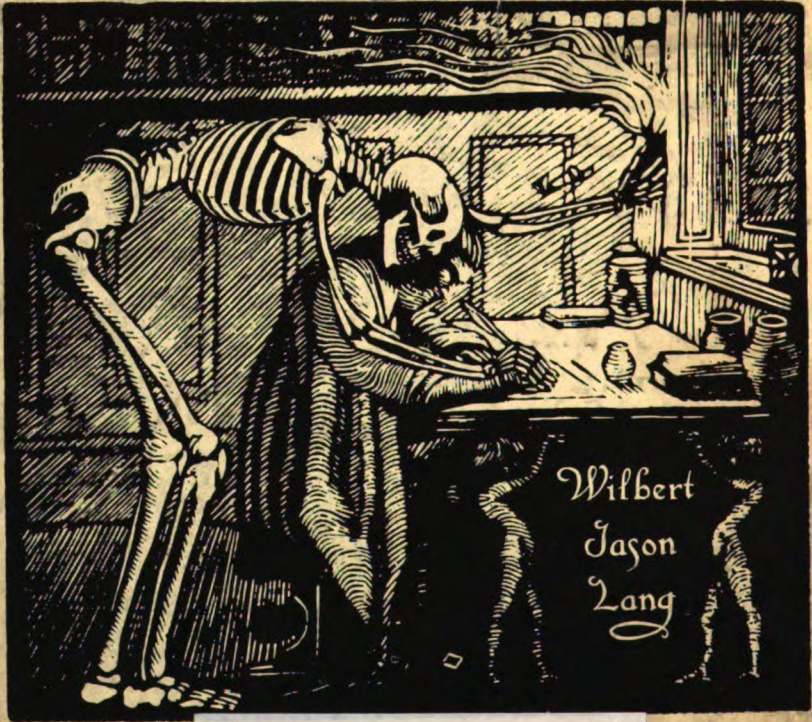

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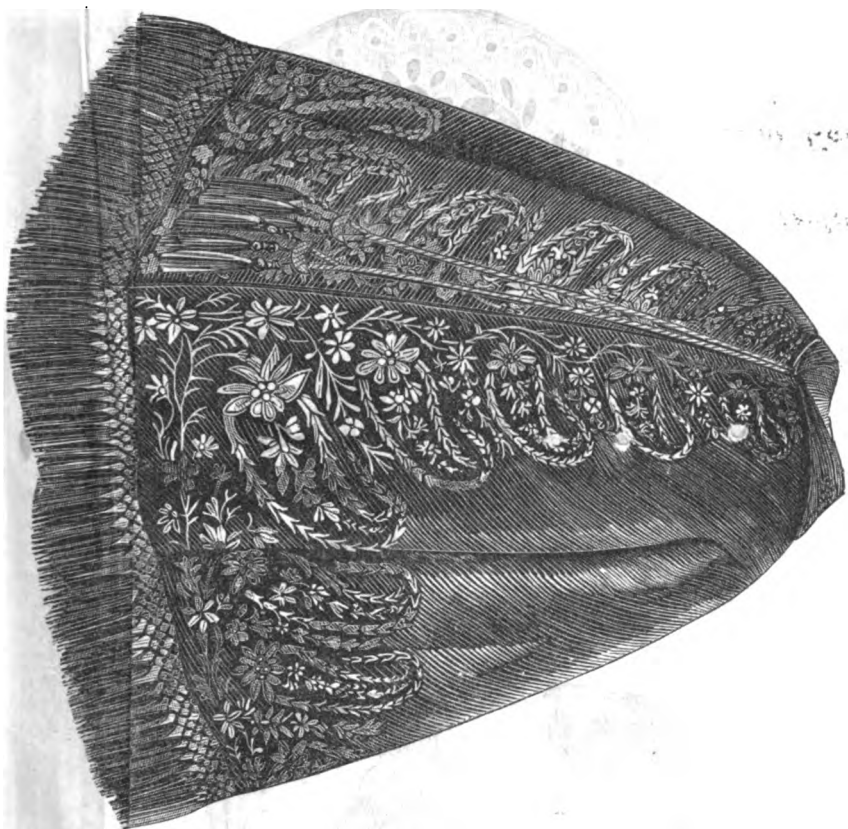
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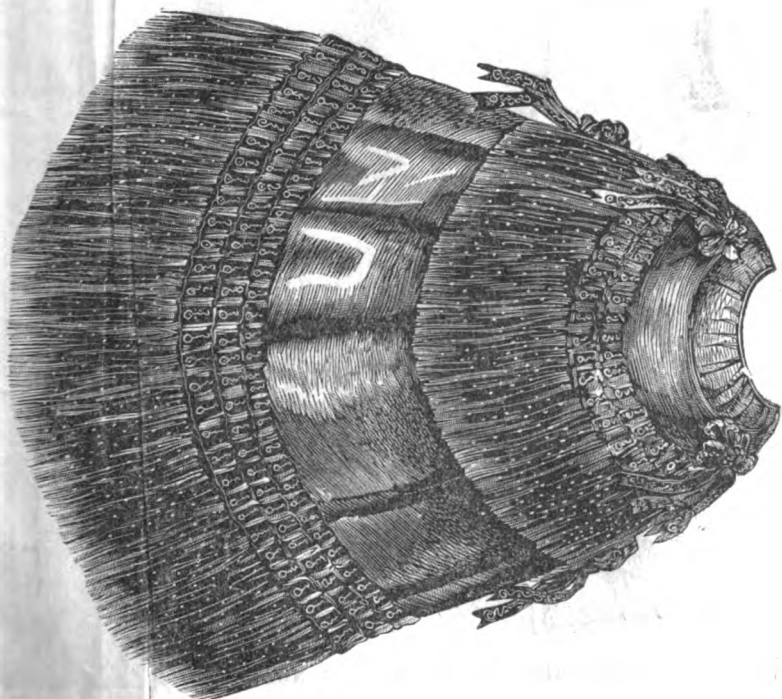
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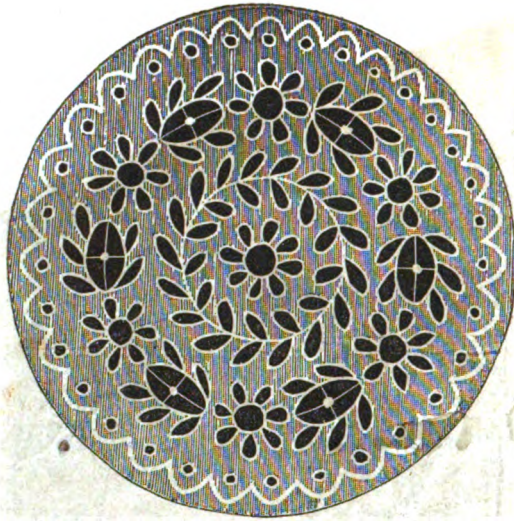
FROM

THE ALMA CLOAK.



GREEN VELVET CLOAK.





CAP-CROWN FOR INFANT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



P264.

Willburt G. Lang
Cleveland

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

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No. 1.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

THE belief in guardian angels is not wholly without warrant. There is, indeed, no direct authority for it in Scripture; but neither does Holy Writ condemn it; while many analogies suggest it to be peculiarly in harmony with the Providence of God. Few things impress us so deeply with the love and care of our heavenly Father as the thought that he has set his angels to watch over us, so that whether we are friendless or in prosperity, whether we are in a strange land or among our kindred, ministering hands are round about us, a fence and a shield from evil, if we will but submit to their guidance. As Milton says,

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake."

Who can look upon children asleep, yet doubt that there are guardian angels? In the sweet, placid faces of the slumbering innocents there is a holiness which belongs not to earth, as if the countenances were irradiated from invisible spiritual watchers. The beautiful Irish tradition, which says that when an infant smiles it is because the angels are whispering to it, is no mere poetical fancy. In the soul of childhood there still lingers something of the light of the heaven from which it has come; and that holy messengers do not disdain to visit it, to gaze lovingly upon it, to influence it insensibly to a life of goodness, is not irrational to believe. Gleams of this truth, broke on Wordsworth, when he wrote his "Intimations of Immortality."

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

VOL. XXVII.—1

There are those who believe that it is the especial privilege of "the loved and lost" to be thereafter the guardian watchers of the living who are left behind. Such a persuasion has dried many a mourner's tear. In the overwhelming grief which death brings, it is a relief unspeakable to think that the lamented parent, the cherished partner, or the darling child are still with us, separated only by a division as thin as air, sympathizing with us, watching over us, silently persuading us to holy actions. Often has such a conviction checked the rising thought of evil, and turned the tempted and erring back to the paths of virtue. We would fain believe, that those sweet innocents who are given to their parents for awhile, and who are then taken away just as they have begun to weave themselves about our hearts, are angels in disguise, sent to wean us from earthly things, and revive in our souls the longing for Paradise. God spiritualizes us, in this way, when all other means fail.

There are praying mothers, whose sons are far away, to whom this belief has sometimes come with peculiar beauty. Oh! what inexpressible joy to think that guardian angels attend the wanderer in the watches of the night, in the storm at sea, on the wide prairie, on the bleak sierra. Grown men, separated by vast oceans from their early homes, often feel as if some invisible presence was with them: a presence as though a celestial spirit, won by a mother's petitions, constantly protected their footsteps. There is a German legend which says that each of us, at birth, has a guardian angel appointed, who remains with us until death, unless driven away by our remorseless wickedness. Alas! for those who have banished their invisible attendant. What a dissolution theirs must be, as they go out into the dark eternity to come, lonely wanderers whom no messenger from Paradise takes by the hand!

To believe in guardian angels lifts

heavenward. No one can hold this beautiful faith, yet remain wholly "of the earth earthy." To believe in guardian angels, ever on the watch, is proof of spirituality of thought, of aspirations after better things, of a yearning to be partakers, even here, of the confidence and sympathy of the blessed. Those who entertain it may sometimes be guilty of trespasses, but can never wholly yield themselves to sensual thoughts or deeds. It is a perennial spring of virtue in their hearts, purifying the soul by ever-recurring baptisms of holiness. To feel that we are con-

tinually in the presence of guardian angels, whether the "loved and lost" or otherwise, is to restrain us from evil, and urge us ever to a life of immortal bliss, beyond the sepulchre. With the conviction of such a companionship, he must be degraded indeed, who can stoop to vicious courses, or consort with the vulgar, the low, or the brutish. Such a belief is a "fence round about" the soul, protecting it from even the thought of iniquity. Thanks be to God for guardian angels!

THE PIOUS DEAD.

BY SERENA LOUISE GRAVES.

WHEN the last sigh is borne upon the air
From lips where resteth death's cold seal,
Must we thenceforth be calm, and brave, and bear
A lonely grief that time may never heal?
When to the sacred silence of the tomb
We give, with breaking hearts, the lost,
Comes there no ray to light the midnight gloom,
To dawn upon us, worn by tempest-toss'd?

Oh, Thou who hearest prayer—whose ways are just,
Though oft they're hid in deepest night,
Help us in Thee to meekly put our trust,
To look beyond the grave to Heaven's light.
The dead are with us; this Thy word hath said—
On viewless wings they round us glide,
And, when all gladness from our hearts hath fled,
They breathe of hope whatever ills betide.

Yes, glorious thought! in all our hours of woe,
Of grief, and anguish, and despair,
They come to check the bitter tear-drop's flow,
And ease the spirit of its load of care.

We may not view them with our mortal eyes,
Nor list with rapture to their songs,
Yet do we know that round our pathway lies
The tender guidance of the white-robed throngs!

The dead are with us—patient, faithful, kind,
Their spirits freed from dross of earth;
Oft hold they intercourse with kindred minds,
Waiting and watching for a Heavenly birth.
Oh, who that in the lowly grave hath lain
Some fondly-loved and cherished friend,
Has heard not, in the gloom of anguished pain,
A sweet, glad song of hope, with dirge-notes blend!

Thus, morning's sun and twilight's dusky hour
Doth bring the dear departed back,
And when misfortune's clouds around us low'r
They scatter sunlight on the weary track.
Then say not that the dead for e'er are gone,
That sleep their souls within the tomb;
"The pure in heart see God"—before His throne
They plead for us, poor sinners lost in gloom!

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

LET me perish in the early Spring,
When thickets all are green,
And rosy buds are blossoming
Amid their tender sheen.
When the rain-drops and the sunshine
Lie sleeping in the leaves,
And swallows haunt the thrifty vine
That drapes the cottage eaves.

Let me perish in the early Spring,
The childhood of the year,
I would not that a gloomy thing
Sweep o'er my humble bier.
For when a broken heart gives way,
In such a world as ours,
'Tis well to let the humble clay
Pass gently with the flowers.

ROSE HARRISON.

BY A. L. OTIS

For three days had that incessant rain been dropping outside, and for three days had those laughing voices been ringing merrily, "spite of wind and weather." Battledore, graces, backgammon, chess and other games had been voted first charming, then tiresome, and now the whole party stood round a bagatelle board with interested faces. It was a party worth describing. He whose turn it is to throw is Henry Sumner, short, fair haired, but by no means wanting in dignity: that other, Walter Wheaton, tall, black eyed, and merry as May-day. This one is William Stuart, a lazy, witty student—indeed all are Cambridge students.

The young ladies are Margaret and Lucy Sumner, Henry's sisters, and Rose Harrison. Margaret is a tall, queenly girl; Lucy, most confiding and affectionate, and Rose a sweet, interesting enigma. She is bold and bashful—naturally graceful, but wofully awkward when embarrassed; tender-hearted, yet sometimes pitiless. No one knows how to understand her, yet she is all openness. Rose has but one consistent trait—truthfulness.

These young people are boarding with a lady about five miles from Boston, in a large old family mansion. The three girls are under the protection of Rose's aunt, one of those charming old maids, whose genial hearts warm all those who have the happiness to surround them.

They are all young, no one over twenty. Rose is sixteen. They have been all summer, for it is now autumn—upon the most comfortable, home-like terms. At least they were so until a waggish cousin paid Henry a visit. More of him hereafter. This pleasant freedom had been soon established; for a short time after they became inmates of the house, an easterly storm set in, and for a week they were obliged to find all their amusement indoors and in each other's society. Each soon found out the one most congenial, and thereafter William and Margaret were constant companions, and were the first to become so. Then Lucy and Walter. Of course Henry and Rose were left without choice. The attentions of each gentleman were more particularly given to his chosen friend, and the days passed sociably, and without restraint, till the aforesaid cousin arrived. He insinuated, and

teased, and seemed so knowing, that the young folks grew uncomfortable, and the sweet, free, friendly intercourse, was in a fair way to give place to constrained formality, when the mischief-maker departed.

The evening after this happy event, as they were sitting around the table, ceremoniously trying to entertain one another, and having a stiff, uninteresting time, Rose suddenly spoke, her face glowing, her hands used vigorously and expressively in gesticulation.

"Ah," said she, "our pleasant, brotherly intercourse is at an end! You gentlemen are so afraid of being thought lovers, that you take refuge in these tiresome civilities. And we are afraid to mend your gloves, or read, or sing, for the same reason. Oh, don't let us feel so! Don't let Horace's idle jokes have such weight. I am sure if I must be formal and polite, instead of sisterly, I shall be so unhappy I cannot stay here."

All felt a little foolish, but they saw the necessity of a return to the former ease.

"Now," added Rose, "let us all vow we won't fall in love, or speak a word of love all summer, and then we shall have a sociable, happy time."

Her speech was received with hearty laughter, but she was too much in earnest to notice it, and continued,

"And now we all know that Mr. Stuart and Margaret are most congenial, Mr. Wheaton and Lucy, Mr. Sumner and——"

"Myself," would have been spoken as naturally as the rest, if she had not seen the regularly expectant faces of all her companions except Henry, whose deep flush and earnest gaze checked the word. She paused, blushed, but continued earnestly,

"Yes, we will resume our sisterly conduct, so let us shake hands with our chosen brothers, and never be ashamed to treat them kindly and affectionately."

The other couples shook hands heartily, and with real open pleasure. But when Henry held his hand to Rose, she glanced at his face, gave her hand timidly, and blushed far more than any.

Now her enthusiasm had expended itself, and for the rest of the evening she was the most silent one of the company.

After this the sisters were confiding and affectionate, and no attention was too troublesome to be offered to them. The brothers took brotherly care of them, and were not slow to give brotherly advice, to insist upon thick shoes, and shawls in the evening. Henry especially watched over Rose.

"Here, Miss Rose, the dew is falling. I have brought your shawl. Let me see your shoes. Good. The air is fresh. Let me tie your handkerchief over your head."

The curly head was always laughingly submitted to him; he was implicitly obeyed invariably. She would sometimes jump into the small boat, and push herself far into the pond, balancing herself with the freest and most exquisite grace, while her clear laugh rang like a mermaid's, as she shook her head in defiance of her alarmed aunt's commands to return. But a beckon from Henry's hand would bring her like a flash to the shore. In riding or walking her daring spirit, that leaped to meet danger, was subdued, and happy under the control of his prudence.

Was she as careful of him as he of her? Far from it. No one's gloves were so often unmended, no one's headache so seldom asked after. She alone never praised his beautiful singing. Why did the usually grateful, tender-hearted Rose seem so careless?

The two matrons looked on complacently, for they saw the innocence and happiness of the young people. They did not care if lasting attachments were formed, for the parents of all were old friends. Both ladies were quiet and lonely, without the slightest turn for match-making.

A favorite amusement was rowing on the pond. One afternoon all were enjoying this pleasure, and they were too happy to return home. But weary of rowing and of sitting still, they got out on the opposite shore, ordered a light supper at the farm-house, walked in the beautiful, autumn-tinted shore, skipped stones, sang, sitting under the elms, and when the moon rose, entered the boat for home. Henry had been very silent as he sat by Rose. At last he gave up his oars, said he had a bad headache, and had better not exert himself. Rose, seeing him shiver, laughingly threw her shawl over him, but what was her surprise to feel a few minutes after, his head rest heavily on her shoulder in sleep, while its burning heat penetrated her dress. She almost held her breath. Her tenderest woman's feelings were touched, and as he thus leaned upon her in suffering, she felt that her whole heart was longing to comfort him, to cling to him,

almost to adore him. And thus she knew she loved him. It would have been a relief to weep, yet she sat still as a stone. Not for worlds would she have awaked the sleeper.

Having made the discovery of her own love, Rose trembled lest it should be apparent to others. She had all the will, but not the power, to be a hypocrite. Just before they reached the shore Henry roused himself, and becoming aware of his position, whispered a petition for pardon, which obtained no reply. He helped Rose to land, and accompanied the ladies to the house, leaving the care of the boat to the other gentlemen. As they walked across the fields, Margaret turned to Henry and said,

"You are ill, brother. Your hand is burning. Let me see your face in the moonlight. Oh, how flushed!"

Lucy came to him too, and though he declared nothing was the matter but chilliness and a little headache, they felt alarmed. Lucy kissed him again and again, as they waited on the lawn for the others. And how did his adopted sister, his little protegee Rose behave? She looked carelessly past him, saying she thought his efforts to be entertaining on the way home must have fatigued him. Her tone of assumed indifference sounded harsh. Brothers and sisters looked at one another surprised. Rose ran on to tell her aunt they had arrived safely, and they heard her singing as she went, rather more loudly than usual, too.

"What is the matter with Rose, Henry?" asked Lucy. "You must have offended her. I always find her so sympathizing."

"Can't you guess?" said Margaret. "She has been the first to break the law she made herself, and she tries to hide her delinquency."

"No, not the first to break it, Margaret, if she has broken it," answered Henry.

"What! two culprits? But though we had no power to enforce the first clause, we can the second. Beware, Henry, how you ever breathe a word of soft nonsense. We will have none of it."

"I give you my word, sister, you shall never hear a syllable of it."

"Nor will Rose, Henry. She has too much respect for her own law. Oh, I pity you two poor tongue-tied lovers. Will you resort to billet-doux, or learn the deaf-mute language?"

"Dear Margaret, don't tease," Lucy interposed, "for Rose will for consistency sake, refuse to listen, and I am sure, law or no law, he could not get the shy little thing to reply."

Henry was too ill to leave his room the next day, and his sisters were constantly with him.

Rose had therefore no companions. She sang and laughed. When told by her aunt that she might disturb Henry, she went to the woods to sing without restraint, she said; and came back with eyes dimmed by tears. She refused to ride with William and Walter. "She was too tired." Then she must bring her work and they would read to her. The work was brought, but the very first piece of poetry, some of Longfellow's beautiful hymn-like verses, sent her weeping to her room.

Three weeks of severe illness left Henry very weak, but better. As for Rose, her spirits and her bloom were gone. One day Margaret came to her with a message from Henry. He thought his adopted sister need not be banished so rigorously, and he should be so glad to see her.

Of course she could not refuse such a request, and taking her aunt's hand in her own little cold one, she entered his room. She was pale and quiet. Her voice was steady, but not natural. She saw how much Henry had suffered, yet no expression of sympathy passed her lips, nothing but the most ceremonious inquiries. If she had said one kind word, all her self-possession would have vanished. Henry was much pained, yet he resolved to have patience, and to hope still that Margaret was right. When she rose to go, he held out his hand to her. The effort to be calm was too great to be sustained much longer. Her hand trembled in his, and her lips quivered as she drew hastily away, and ran up-stairs. Her aunt, who did not see the beam of joy that lit up Henry's anxious face, scolded her well for her unfeeling conduct.

Her words made a vivid impression upon Rose. She spent the night in bitter self-reproach, and in the morning came down stairs almost as ill as Henry. She had made a resolution which cost her a severe struggle, and one she feared she had not the calmness to carry out. It was to beg her aunt to go with her to his room, when he

was alone, that she might ask him to forgive her coldness, tell him she would not wound him for the world, and thank him for all his kindness to her. She hoped to do all this as a sister would.

Henry was now left alone during the meals of the family. Rose had seldom gone down to tea lately. She heard all go down, and then with a beating heart and holding fast her aunt's arm, she went to his door, which was partly open.

Henry lay on the sofa with his eyes closed, and his hands clasped above his head. He did not open his eyes as Rose entered, and as she looked at him her courage ebb'd fast. He was not asleep, and wondering at the silence and quick breathing of the person who entered, he looked languidly around. Then the sunlight seemed to stream from his face. He held out his hand, drew Rose gently to him, and bent her cheek to his, saying with playful emotion, "Ah, dearest Rose, I *must* tell you I love you. I shall die a victim to your law if I don't. I have obeyed it so long only because it was yours. Pray repeat it."

Her heart filled with happiness, but her sobs, as kneeling beside him, she buried her face in the pillow, were none the less violent. He lifted her head presently, for he could not bear to hear her cry so, and said, "Rose, will you not tell me, can you not say that you love me too?"

"Aunt, may I?" she said, imploringly.

"Oh, certainly, my dear," cried the astonished maiden lady, who little expected such a scene.

She did not tell him she loved him, but she kissed his hand, and as he caught her blushing face in both hands, and saw how thin and wan it had grown during his illness, it was his turn to have moist eyes.

The aunt retreated precipitously, and so will we, for Rose's awkwardness till she was accustomed to raillery upon the broken law was indescribable, and so also was her happy grace as a wife.

"THE OLDEN-TIME."

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

I DREAM of the olden time,
That far away softly lies,
As the fleecy cloudlets rest
Afar in the Summer skies;
And the waters of the past,
Sigh sad as the ocean wave
That kisses the golden stars,
Then sinks to its wat'ry grave.

I gaze through the parting clouds,
Beyond where the shadows lie,
And the fair rose-tinted spots
I see with a tear-wet eye.
And the sun-kissed past looks bright,
With its love and sweet-breathed flowers,
From the dim twilight of grief,
Whence I look to those sunny hours.

It seems—the sweet olden-time,
 Like one fair golden tress bright,
 Among the dark gloomy locks,
 Which wave o'er the brow of night;
 For over its joys and dreams
 I linger in memory now,
 And list to early love-tones,
 With smiles on my grief-kissed brow.

They sound like music that comes,
 Afar over Summer seas,
 Or the fragrance zephyrs bring
 From far-away perfumed leaves;

Like the singing fountains gush,
 Like the songs of silvery streams,
 Like the distant song-bird's notes,
 Like the music we hear in dreams.

Those voices are low and sweet,
 As they come through long-gone years,
 Softly they breathe to my heart,
 Heavy with its unwept tears;
 And I sit when the gloaming comes,
 Where woodbine and wild-flowers climb,
 And weep for life's weariness,
 And sigh for the olden-time.

HEART OF FLESH.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

HEART of flesh—grown faint and weary 'neath stern
 throbbings of despair,
 Cease thy murmurs—cease thy wailings, lift instead
 an earnest prayer.

Art thou tried beyond endurance? Do temptations
 gird thy way?

List this precept—as thy trials—so thy strength
 from day to day!

Others too, have, like thee, wrestled with the foe on
 every side;

Close thine ear to syren voices; strong in faith of
 God abide.

Heart of flesh—no longer falter 'neath the burden
 of thy grief;

Cast aside the tares—and gather golden grains from
 out life's sheaf.

If e'en He, our great Exemplar, had not where to
 lay His head,

Is it meet that His disciples should through paths
 less stormy tread?

Though the scourging oft is grievous, 'tis a Father
 holds the rod,

And these very chast'nings prove us children of a
 gracious God.

Heart of flesh—be up and doing, speed thee to the
 sad and lone,

And ere many days thou'lt gather bread—thus on
 the water thrown.

Deeds of kindness and compassion, to thy heart
 will bring relief,

For the blessings of the friendless, will soon cheat
 thee of thy grief.

Unction from on High will bring thee peace unfailing,
 peace supreme,

Star-like, ever on thy pathway ceaseless will its
 radiance beam.

TWILIGHT MEMORIES.

BY S. M. THAYER.

WHEN the daylight is departing,
 And the twilight lone and still,
 With a misty, wavering shadow,
 Hovers over vale and hill;
 Then I sit alone and quiet,
 And the pleasant memories come,
 Of the happy hours of childhood,
 And my early much-loved home.

Then I think I hear the voices,
 Of the quiet, slumbering dead,
 And I listen for their footsteps
 With no strange mysterious dread.

Loved forms seem to gather round me,
 And familiar faces bright,
 With their welc'ming smiles surround me,
 'Mid the shadows of the night.

As I turn with joyous greetings,
 Lo! the silvery moon's pale beams,
 Shining o'er the distant mountains,
 Drive away these waking dreams.
 Then I sadly sit and ponder
 On the pages of the past,
 And unthinkingly, I wonder
 Why such bright dreams may not last.

THE EDITOR IN HIS SANCTUM;
OR, ANOTHER VISIT FROM JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

WASHING DAYS, MANNERS PAST AND PRESENT, WOMEN IN SOCIETY, CONVERSATION,
WOMAN'S MENTAL CULTIVATION, THE IDEAL WOMAN, HOUSEHOLD
DRUDGES, PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF THE SEX, MARRIAGE.

JEREMY SHORT.—The days of the miracles are not over. I'll maintain this, sir, against "all comers," as brave knights used to say in the days of chivalry.

EDITOR.—You seem excited, Jeremy. What's the matter?

JEREMY.—Matter, sir! Just this. I made a morning call at the house of an acquaintance, yesterday, and being an old friend, and an old man also, went straight to the kitchen when I found the parlor empty, and especially as I heard the voices of the two youngest (beautiful and accomplished girls they are) chatting as merrily as blackbirds in a thicket. What do you think I saw? I saw them washing, sir—actually over the suds. Never knew them to look so charmingly in my life, either. I've met them in the festive throng, attired richly, gems shining on brow, bosom and arms; the light of triumph flashing from their bright eyes; the sparkling repartee breaking from their ruby lips; and all their motions poetry and grace—but yesterday! ye patrons of washing-day—blue Monday! they seemed sweeter and fairer and handsomer than ever! With glossy curls loosely tucked back, and cheeks all glowing with rich double roses, skirts short enough to show the pretty feet, and white arms covered with flaky foam—commend me to "beauty in the suds." Beside that, there were no extra manoeuvres—no throwing things into corners, and above all—no apologies. "You find us at work," said the youngest, laughing. "We are familiar with the kitchen," added the other, more gravely. "Aye! and with the parlor, too," said I, admiringly; and I placed them higher upon the record-book of my heart than ever. Shouldn't you have done so too?

EDITOR.—To be sure. But, Jeremy, how eloquent you are to-day! Now, if you like poetry, here's a piece I wish you to read. You do. Well, it's on "A Washing Day," and by one of our contributors.

JEREMY.—I'll read it, with all my heart.
(Jeremy reads in a sonorous voice.)

What ails the women?

What ails the men?

What ails the old rooster?

What ails the hen?

The chickens fly,
And the children cry,
The old wives scold,
And the husbands sigh,
And "rock a by baby" the sister sings,
"If I was a dove and had silver wings,
Up the church steeple and far away
I'd fly at the dawn of a washing day."

(Jeremy becomes excited as he reads.)

For never a minute
Of peace I get;
The "Sancho" is in it—
The floor is wet;
For soap and suds,
And scalding and choking,
And dirty duds,
And fuming and smoking,
And puff and spatter,
And wring and souse
And such a clatter
All over the house.
What ails the women?
What ails the men?
What ails the old rooster?
What ails the hen?

(Jeremy, becoming still more excited, snatches his cane, with which he gesticulates as he reads.)

The hen is scratching,
Forgotten, forlorn;
The rooster is watching
In vain for corn;
The men are all mad,
For the women say,
"A picked up dinner
Or none, to-day."

"La! I'm tired," the old dame cries,
Wiping the soap-suds out of her eyes;
"Mercy upon us!" the daughter sings,
"If I was a dove and had silver wings
Up the church steeple and far away
I'd fly at the dawn of a washing day."

EDITOR.—Bravo! Bravo!

JEREMY.—When I was a youngster, the girls would sit up all Sunday night courting, and go to the wash-tub the instant their lovers left. Times have changed, and not for the better. True, the girls don't court all night, now-a-days, but neither do they go to the wash-tub.

EDITOR.—Except in rare instances, as with

your paragons. But surely, you don't mean to say that the public manners have not improved. How would we tolerate old-fashioned weddings?

JEREMY.—I'll admit there's more decorum in these times. Yet I don't know, either. It seems to me less indelicate or vulgar to struggle for the bride's garter than to have a bridal chamber ostentatiously decked out at hotels or on board steamers. Then the young folks are quite too fond of showing their fondness for each other. The way some people behave in the honeymoon is disgusting. Nor are lovers entirely exempt. What business has a gentleman to be hanging around a lady all the evening, even if he is engaged to her? Or what business has she to allow such behaviour? In my time such conduct would have been considered abominable. Beside, it's an insult to the rest of the company, for it as much as tells them, "see how happy we are, don't you wish it was you?" I've no patience with such people.

EDITOR.—The best thing ever written on that subject, Jeremy, was the song of Rodger, the Scotch poet. You remember it, don't you? "Behave Yourself Before Folk."

JEREMY.—I recollect it but dimly. Have you it here?

EDITOR.—I think I can quote it from memory. (*Editor recites aloud.*)

"Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, guid sake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er ye do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, lo! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane you may take ane.
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As any modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae, I dinna care;
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks
But aye be dounce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet;
Sic tales I doubt are a' deceit;
At any rate it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case there's time and place
But surely no before folk.

But gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're aye baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten before folk."

JEREMY.—Capital! All except that last stanza. I don't believe in married people billing and cooing before company. It's only a shade less rude than the other. I'm a man that speaks my mind, too.

EDITOR.—It's a pity that what is called "society" could not be reformed in other particulars also. A fashionable party now-a-days, is the most absurd affair in the world. The married gentlemen collect in a corner, where they discuss politics or business, leaving their wives to gossip about their children, the last fashion, and how this and that one "is looking to-night." A few matrons join in the dance, but generally this amusement is left to the young girls, who have usually lads for partners, with high shirt collars and very deep cuffs to their coats.

JEREMY.—Mere chits of boys! "Young America," socially, smacks dreadfully of bread and butter. Yet that society is no better is the fault of adults, and principally, for I am frank, of our own sex. When men are too lazy or too stupid to talk to women, how can you expect an evening party to be anything else but what it is! Gentlemen, instead of going to eat terrapins, oysters and boned turkey, or to discuss politics and trade, should devote themselves to the ladies, and revive the brilliant colloquial days of the old French *salons*. It's an insult to the fair to act as if they were incapable of anything but small talk.

EDITOR.—Right, Jeremy, right.

JEREMY.—In the times of Madame de Sevigne,

Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sable, and other dazzling female minds of the seventeenth century, women talked of everything—poetry, philosophy, social science, even politics; were, therefore, intellectual companions to men; and by their graceful language and quick wit, threw a charm over whatever they discussed, and often a new insight into it. It's absurd to say that women can't talk of serious matters. Sir, if they were countenanced in it, they'd make splendid conversational companions. A woman of sense hates infinitely to be addressed in "small talk," for it's tacitly saying she's only a pretty fool, after all. Nay, their own brilliancy would react on man, making his colloquial style more epigrammatic. We'll never have again either the *salons*, or society in its larger sense, *what it ought to be*, until we restore woman to her place, as the adviser, confidant and friend of man. The best wife is she who is treated as a rational creature by her husband, and not as a mere toy: and what is true of wives, is true of women in the abstract. I don't wonder at the "Woman's Rights" movement: it's an exaggeration, I know; but it arises from the natural rebellion of woman against the slavishness to which she is condemned by modern fashion.

EDITOR.—I am glad to hear you talk so.

JEREMY.—Look at Shakspeare, sir! It is by their lofter attributes that his female characters please us. I've often noticed, in reading his best plays, that he rarely calls his sweetest creations beautiful. We are not enchanted by the face or form, but by the mental or moral attributes. Can you remember how Portia looked, whether she was tall, or short, a blonde or a brunette? I cannot. It is the forgiving love of Desdemona: the sweet modesty of Imogene: the wit of Beatrice: and the *naïveté* of Perdita that charms us. Hermione, Cordelia, Helen, Bianca; or that sweetest creation of the sweetest poet's fancy, the gentle, beauteous Rosalind, are they not all enchantresses only because they have the hearts' intellects and sympathies of women?

EDITOR.—Though you would have woman cultivated, you don't believe in making her *mannish*. As Tennyson says:—

Woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain."

JEREMY.—Yes, sir! Shakspeare never draws his heroines unwomanly in the sense of being one-sided, that is with the intellect, or anything else, developed at the expense of the heart. The grace that subdues us, the witchery that

enchants us, and the airy beauty that melts us into admiration, in his gallery of females, are all made up of the softer and sweeter points of woman's character. From the simple-hearted Miranda to the magnificent Portia, there is the same feminine beauty in all they say or do. They charm us by what is not common with ourselves. They are not seraphs, nor angels, nor prodigies, but tender, endearing, confiding women, and in that lies the secret of their witchery. Shakspeare knew human nature deeply, and he has given his heroines those qualities which God and nature give them; which are the sweetest and most winning in creation; and with which, in any clime, or age, or society, woman can steal into the heart. I often hear it said that such women exist no longer. I grant that this is true, if we speak of the sex generally. Woman, in this boasted nineteenth century, either sacrifices her mental or moral graces at the altar of fashion, or on the other hand at the shrine of some morbid intellectual or social monstrosity. We have Lydia Languishes and Mrs. Jellabys in abundance; but alas! few Portias, Rosalinds or Imogens.

EDITOR.—Yet we have some, and more than you allow. Such women do live, Jeremy, even in this utilitarian age; splendid in society; making their homes earthly Paradises; realizing all that Wordsworth has written.

"I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
Her household motions light and free,
And step of virgin liberty,
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

JEREMY.—Yet many an honest fellow's happiness has been spoiled for life, by his wife being too indolent or too finical to attend properly to domestic affairs. I know a lady who says she "can't condescend" to such things. Now, to my old-fashioned notions, matrimony is a partnership, in which the man's duty is to attend to business, and the wife's to order the household. Things would come to a pretty pass, if the husband was to say he couldn't "condescend" to work.

EDITOR.—Still, Jeremy, a woman ought not to be a household drudge.

JEREMY.—No, sir. But a poor man's wife must accept her destiny, and scrub, wash and iron, for her husband drives a team, pushes the plane, or hires himself out by the day. A great merchant doesn't personally pack his bales or

boxes, or load his ships, but he oversees it, directly or indirectly: and so his wife, though not called on to make the fires, should *understand* housekeeping and *superise* it. American women would be all the healthier if they would work more. I don't wonder nervous diseases are so common, especially among those in comfortable circumstances. What with the hot, ill-ventilated rooms, caused by the fashionable system of heating houses; the neglect of regular exercise; the avoidance of the fresh, bracing, out-of-door air; and often the want of some occupation to interest them, as when there are no children, or the woman is unmarried, the miracle is that nervous disorders are not more prevalent. But women are not alone to blame. Fathers, brothers, and especially husbands, are often as much in fault as the sex. There are men, as you know, who think work is vulgar, forgetting that beauty cannot last without health, that health can never be enjoyed without exercise, and that there is nothing affords such proper and regular exercise as some bit of household work in which the lady is interested. If I had daughters, they should, every day, do a certain amount of work; walk in the fresh air; and ride on horseback if possible, for riding in a luxurious carriage is but parodying exercise. The English women owe their splendid beauty to their habit of daily exercise, of which part is taken in the open air. But here, weeks often pass without a lady going out at all, unless in her closed carriage; and the consequence is sallow complexions, low spirits, sus-

ceptibility to cold, weakness in the chest, and finally consumption and death.

EDITOR.—There's another thing, Jeremy, which should be corrected. Mothers, too often, and especially in fashionable circles, practically teach their daughters that the sole object of a woman's life is to get married. Now marriage is, doubtless, the sphere in which woman, as well as man, is happiest: but daughters should be brought up to be true women; and if they are, they'll soon be appreciated. Ah! my friend, when the world is reformed; when marriages of convenience cease; and when there are none but "marriages of true souls," as Shakspeare says, then will come the time of which Tennyson speaks.

JEREMY.—Yes! and which you began to quote. Let me finish it. (*Jeremy recites with deep feeling.*)

"Woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling throws that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fall in childward care;
More as the double-natured poet each;
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To Be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
*Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.*
MAY THESE THINGS BE!"

THE DEPARTED.

BY DI VERNON.

I SAT by thee weeping,
Thou sawest not me—
And while thou wert sleeping
Each sigh was for thee;
Each sob was for thee, love,
Each tear was for thee!

I still lingered near thee
At morning's grey dawn;
No more could I cheer thee,
Thy spirit was gone;
To Heaven was gone, love,
Departed and gone.

Ah! could I have kept thee
Till age stamped thy brow,
I should not have wept thee

So bitterly now:
So wailingly now, love,
So mournfully now!

But thou, the pure-hearted,
In life's early bloom,
From me hast departed,
Gone down to the tomb;
The silent, sad tomb, love,
The mournful, dark tomb.

Alas! I am lonely!
For thou art afar;
I loved but thee only,
Thou wert my life's star;
My cheering, bright star, love,
My beautiful star!

MY OLD BACHELOR.

BY LILLIE M ———.

He was a hard man, that Jehiel Sparmer—a man who reminded one of those troublesome rivers on the map that have turnings and twistings innumerable, with little branches here and there that quite baffle one to trace their progress. But I was determined to conquer; I laid Jehiel out into chapters, and perused him attentively; when, just as I had mastered this study of animated Nature, he most ungratefully transformed himself into a plural noun.

But that good-for-nothing Fanny was at the bottom of it all. You must know that Fanny and I went to school together, and were very great friends. She had her faults, to be sure, but then who is *perfect*? I always *did* think that Fanny was very vain of those long, light curls of hers; and I would beg her to put them up, and arrange her hair like mine, (which, by the way, I never *could* make curl) but she only shook them around provokingly, and my proposition was not even “respectfully declined.”

Still, we had vowed eternal friendship—had promised to live to and for each other—and never, under any consideration whatever, to admit any creature into the firm. At some future period of our lives, we intended to retire to a rose-wreathed cottage, romantically removed from the busy haunts of men, and there pour out our souls in sweet communion together; but I think we both rather rejoiced that no definite time had been named for entering into this arrangement.

We often talked of it, though, as something delightful to look forward to; and felt really angry at the imaginary lovers who would besiege us to change this resolution. *We* marry, indeed! Resign the joys of friendship for some exacting husband! The very thought was profanation.

But one thing gave me considerable uneasiness. Fanny was often called down into the parlor to see a brother of hers; and some of the girls, who had caught a glimpse of him, pronounced him perfectly fascinating. He came every few days; but Fanny, who had promised to introduce me, delayed so long that I knew not how to account for it. “She would do it by and by,” she said, “there was no necessity for hurrying the matter—beside, as men were objects of indifference to me, why should I care?” To think, *now*, that I

actually blushed, when she said this, and felt quite ashamed to look at her!

I made an excuse, one day, when he was there, to go into the parlor for a piece of music; and I lingered long enough to cast a side-glance at Fanny’s brother. He was very unlike *her*; tall, with black hair and eyes, and a love of a moustache; and, better than all, he was an officer.

I began to think that “one of the name was *better* than the same,” and to wish that the name of *Mr.* instead of *Miss* Walters, could be inserted in that cottage arrangement.

They both looked very red in the face, when I entered; and Fanny seemed so astonished at my appearance that she quite forgot to introduce me. “She is afraid,” thought I, “of losing me—and no wonder, poor thing! that she should feel jealous of such a brother as *that*.” To quiet my conscience, I resolved that my first good deed, on becoming Mrs. Walters, should be to look out a nice match for Fanny.

The next day, Fanny went home; and, before long, I read the announcement of her marriage, and heard that she had run away with a poor young officer, very much to her parents’ displeasure.

This was *friendship*. Oh! how angry I felt that she should have given me the slip in this way! Perhaps they were both laughing at our imaginary cottage, and pitying me for being left in the lurch! I burned Fanny’s hair, and broke a china cup that she had given me for a keepsake, and then sat down to meditate a revenge that would be worthy of me and overwhelming to her.

I walked to the mirror. Yes, I was a great deal prettier than Fanny, in spite of her curls and lackadaisical air; my eyes were very bright, and I had a dimple on each cheek, and teeth that were entire strangers to the inside of any dentist’s establishment. I would marry, too; but it should be to lounge in a carriage, and ride fairly over the head of Mrs. half-pay officer, Fanny. I would put up my glass and survey her with a well-bred stare, and then ask languidly who she was. Oh! it would be capital!

Boarding-school became distasteful to me. There was no field, *there*, for the display of my charms and acquirements; and I pined to go

forth to the battle. Vacation came; and aunt Jeannette, who was always taking little jaunts in search of health, which she never found, because it was very much like the old lady's spectacles that were securely perched on her own nose, carried me with her to Boston.

I had never been the inmate of a boarding-house before; but I had my own visions of one, and very pleasant visions they were. I considered it a sort of hotbed for young gentlemen, who would have nothing to do but to make themselves agreeable; and I was extremely disappointed at the scarcity of these desirable articles.

Aunt Jeannette *would* go to a very quiet house, where there was scarcely any other boarders; and the only man visible about the premises was a stiff individual, who called me "*madam*," and groaned to aunt Jeannette about dyspepsia and rheumatism.

Soon after we were established there, an old crony of aunt Jeannette's arrived—a maiden lady, of uncertain age, but with one of the pleasantest countenances I have ever seen. Miss Bedwick was very neat and very plain, and extremely moderate and careful in her manner of speaking. She kissed me, on being introduced, and assumed a patronizing care over me in all things.

Before long, it transpired that the stiff-looking individual was the possessor of several hundred thousand dollars—that he was good-hearted and generous—and supposed to be looking out for a wife. Instantly, I formed the laudable intention of becoming Mrs. Jehiel Sparmer.

I went up to Miss Bedwick's room, and told her all about Fanny; and I sat rocking in a low chair, and talked a great deal of nonsense about Mr. Sparmer and my own intentions—to all of which Miss Bedwick listened with a placid smile, as she went on folding her clothes just so in her drawers.

"I was young and pretty," she said, "and it did very well for me to talk so." I felt sorry that Miss Bedwick was not "young and pretty;" but she was certainly a very nice person, and made a capital foil. I should lose no opportunity of showing Mr. Sparmer the contrast between us; and, as I was the only young lady there, success seemed almost certain.

That very day, I called Mr. Sparmer "Sir," and asked him some questions about Boston, and handed him the paper; and, at last, I actually made him smile; and it seemed to come into his head, for the first time, to take a look at me—for he was one of those provoking men who never appear to see anything.

Miss Bedwick was introduced, but as she only

talked to him of remedies for the rheumatism, I was very well satisfied to sit and smile, and lift up my eyes at Mr. Sparmer and cast them down again.

"I have tried red flannel," observed Mr. Sparmer, in answer to some advice of Miss Bedwick's, "very much the color of this young lady's cheeks."

He meant it for a compliment, of course, and that was quite encouraging—still, I had rather have had him think my cheeks like roses than like red flannel.

Miss Bedwick smiled, and asked me when I was going back to school; but I replied quite contemptuously that I was not going back at all.

The next morning, Mr. Sparmer offered to show me something of Boston; and I arranged my hair in broad braids under my pink bonnet, as I determined to render this *tele-a-tele* walk an eventful one for my bachelor escort.

I was not quite pleased, on descending to the hall, to find Miss Bedwick bonneted and shawled, and evidently expecting to accompany us. Old bachelors are so stupid. But as aunt Jeannette could not go, he had probably invited the spinster-lady on *my* account.

I was rather provoked to have Miss Bedwick's prosy talk listened to so attentively, but he probably did this from respect for her advanced years; and, as I took a survey of her no-colored silk dress, and unbecoming bonnet, I became quite serene.

I found myself conducted safely back again to the protection of aunt Jeannette with a very confused idea of the different objects that had been pointed out as worthy of notice. I arrayed myself, with much satisfaction, in a white dress, and descended to the parlor—having had considerable trouble to shake off aunt Jeannette, who almost insisted upon my drawing on a pair of long, flannel sleeves, "to keep my arms from feeling cold."

Mr. Sparmer declared that "I looked as fresh and fair as a spring flower;" and I rattled away to him all the evening upon almost every imaginable subject. Miss Bedwick sat talking to aunt Jeannette; and looked so perfectly satisfied with the arrangement of things that she was evidently indifferent to everything in the shape of a beau as that deceitful Fanny had professed to be. Mr. Sparmer actually laughed several times; and informed me, with a pinch of the arm, that "some of the young fellows would be running away with me one of these days."

"Mr. Sparmer has taken a great fancy to you," said Miss Bedwick, the next morning, "he paid

you a variety of pretty compliments, which I am afraid to repeat."

I was very curious to know what he *had* said, but Miss Bedwick would not satisfy me in the least—"she was afraid," she said, "of making me vain."

After this, I considered the old bachelor my own peculiar property, and Miss Bedwick had evidently arrived at the same conclusion; for she remained considerably in the background, or talked to Mr. Sparmer about wonderful remedies for his numerous complaints. But he was more amused by my conversation, and sought it so often that I was every day expecting something more decided.

I had just passed Mr. Sparmer on the stairs, and replied to some very flattering observations, when an open paper fluttered to the ground. He was an absent-minded man, and, unconscious of his loss, he continued his progress; while I went down and picked up the paper.

There was writing on one side; and, having glanced at a most flourishing "madam" at the top of the page, I concluded that he had, at length, accomplished a written proposal, and I was only anticipating his wishes by reading it then. But, as I proceeded, I became puzzled; and then consternation and anger succeeded my first feeling of triumph. It ran thus:

"MADAM—Impelled by an admiration of your sterling virtues, I have, after mature reflection, concluded to address you in a straightforward manner, and offer you the title of wife. Your sobriety and good plain sense suit my taste exactly—and your admirable nursing will, I have no doubt, prove highly beneficial.

"I consider the arrangement which I propose a suitable one in *every* respect; you have left behind you the flightiness of youth, and have gained experience from long intercourse with the world. I shall be pleased to hear from you soon—in order that I may settle the matter at once, or turn my attention elsewhere."

The distressed old object! to prefer a thistle to a rose! And that still *more* distressed Mrs. Bedwick! For all her seeming indifference, she had paraded her "sterling virtues" to some purpose. Oh! the wickedness and deceitfulness of the world in general!

But this was not all; they must yet add insult to injury. As I was passing through the hall, that evening, Mr. Sparmer accosted me, with his fiance on his arm; and, with an impressive manner, as became a man about to enter into double-blessedness, he observed:

"Madam, your agreeable conversation, has rendered your society so desirable to both of us," Miss Bedwick here made an abortive attempt to get up a blush, "that it is our wish to receive a visit from you, as soon as we are settled."

Miss Bedwick had actually the assurance to reiterate these sentiments; concluding with observing to her better-half that was to be:

"I told her that you had taken a great fancy to her, but she would not believe it."

I broke away abruptly, and asked aunt Jeanette when she intended packing up. She was surprised at my sudden desire to leave; but the next morning saw us in the cars, homeward bound.

I drew my green veil over my face, thought of Fanny, and cried.

THE SISTERS

BY BELL KAUFFELT.

So like two lovely flow'rs, that grow,
Beside a sunny stream,
Are they; and innocent and sweet
As beings in a dream.

My Lettie is the lily fair,
With pure heart turned to Heav'n;
And gleaming from its depths are thoughts,
Like holy stars of even.

And like the dew, some spirit fair
From Heav'n's bright portals fell,
And kindled a seraphic fire
Within that golden cell.

And Zella is my violet,
So gentle, fond and sweet;

To bloom beside the lily fair,
My violet is meet.

And when the wayward zephyr woos
The lily pure and meek,
His breath will shake her pearly tear
Upon thy violet cheek.

And if, perchance, her cup be full,
And bendeth to the stream,
Oh, lift to her thy golden eye,
To wake her from her dream.

And when your sun-kissed leaves shall fall,
In Autumn's chilly ev'n,
Oh, may your perfume mingle here,
And be exhaled to Heav'n

THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

A MORE beautiful girl than Florence Finley in her eighteenth year it would be difficult to imagine. Her fine figure, tall and graceful, gave her a noble aspect, and her face was lovely to look upon, with its perfect features, and rich coloring. The bright tint of her glowing cheeks contrasted charmingly with the dark fringe which shaded her clear blue eyes—with the white pearly teeth, and with the rich brown of her luxurious braided hair, which crowned her graceful head with a glorious coronet of nature's bestowing.

Though full of life, and almost wild with the exuberance of her yet untamed spirits, she yet possessed an innate dignity, and a kind of regal bearing, which made one think how nobly she would have filled the station, had fortune made her a queen. One could not but imagine how the loyalty and devotion of a nation would have been called forth by a being so bright and beautiful, and how, in stirring times, she could have swayed all hearts, at will, by the magic of her grace and spirit.

But far from regal was the sphere in which this queenly creature was placed by fortune. Though of a good family, a series of misfortunes had placed her parents in very narrow circumstances, just as Florence was growing up to womanhood. Then came the painful struggle to keep up appearances—to maintain a footing in society, which is one of the most unhappy results arising from poverty.

The daily shifts—the petty privations—the vexatious restraints which straitened circumstances ever entail, especially upon those who associate with those more affluent, were keenly felt by our young and sensitive heroine.

She was at this time just entering society under the guardianship of her aunt, Mrs. Eldon, a woman of wealth and fashion. Her mother had resigned her own duty as chaperon, for the double reason, that her failing health rendered the duties of society irksome to her, and from an economical motive which I will explain.

Quite unable in their reduced circumstances to provide a new and suitable evening outfit for her daughter, Mrs. Finley considered that only by adapting to that end, the remnant of her own once elegant wardrobe, could the deficiency be supplied.

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There had been great consultations with mantua-makers, great turning, and cutting, and refitting, and retrimmings, before our heroine's simple and limited outfit was complete. Very deficient was it at best, and Florence unfortunately did not know that with youth and such beauty as hers she needed no other adornment.

True, she could not but see that she was greatly admired and courted; but she felt that she did not meet her companions quite on equal terms, and the fact mortified her, as only a very young person could be mortified, by such a circumstance.

Florence's constant companion was her cousin, Helena Eldon, a lively, thoughtless girl about a year older than herself, and though incapable of the mean feeling of envy, our heroine was often compelled to contrast her own simple toilet with her cousin's rich and tasteful attire.

It chanced that toward the end of Florence's first winter, Mrs. Eldon made her daughter a present of a very elegant set of jewels. These ornaments she was to wear, for the first time, on the occasion of a very splendid ball, to be given by Mrs. B——, which it was supposed would be the last large entertainment of the season.

On the morning of the important day, Helena carried her necklace to the jeweler's to have some slight change made in its mode of fastening. Florence accompanied her. She was just at that age when girls have a perfect passion for jewelry, and her eye eagerly scanned the brilliant treasures displayed on every side. The salesman seeing her delight in his wares, called her attention to a pair of very beautiful diamond earrings, which he took from a case, and desired her to try on. Florence full of girlish delight flew to a mirror which stood near, and having thrown aside her hat, clasped the glittering jewels in her ears.

Even she herself was startled and delighted with the brilliant effect they lent to her bright and glowing beauty. A blush mantled her cheeks as she acknowledged her own loveliness, and felt a wish rising in her heart that *one* could see her as she was looking then.

But though there cannot be a doubt but that a true novel-hero would have done his indisputable duty, by appearing at this most evidentl

appropriate moment, real life lovers are not always so well-trained, and do not take their cue so readily; and in this case it chanced the young gentleman who had been honored by Florence's wish was several miles away, engaged in some prosaic occupation not at all to the point.

Perhaps I should have mentioned sooner young D'Ebreuil, a gentleman of French parentage, who alone, of all Florence's admirers, had succeeded in touching her fancy, if not her heart. Others might cause her eyes to sparkle, and her cheek to blush by their flattering homage, but he only had power to make her heart beat as he approached, or cause it to thrill when he spoke.

Florence yet stood musing before the mirror, when her cousin, who had been occupied till then, came up to her and uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration.

Florence started, and then laughing joyously in innocent exultation at her own beauty, whispered to her cousin,

"Oh, Helena, how I should like to wear these for only this one night!"

"Should you?" said Helena, in good-natured sympathy, "well, let me see if it cannot be managed." She paused a moment, and then whispered, "Leave it to me, and you will see what a nice plan I have formed." She then turned to the salesman, and desired him when he sent her necklace home that afternoon, to also send the ear-rings for her mother to see, intimating she might perhaps become the purchaser.

When they left the store, the unscrupulous Helena remarked,

"Of course you understand my project, coz?"

Florence professed ignorance.

"Why you little goose, do you not see—I shall take care to receive the jewels myself this afternoon. Mamma will not be at home, so I shall desire that the ear-rings be left till to-morrow. In the meantime, you, my little princess, shall wear them this evening, and neither you, nor I, nor the jeweler, nor the ear-rings be a bit the worse for it."

"But cousin," began Florence, quite startled. Helena interrupted her gaily,

"But me no buts, Flory dear; let me manage it all for you, and you will see no harm will come of it. I always was a famous manager, and have thought of everything. Mamma, you know, is not to accompany us to-night on account of her headache, and old Mrs. M——, who is to matronize us, will never even see the ear-rings, she is so blind. A pair of diamond ear-rings will not be worn out by once wearing; they can

be sent back early to-morrow morning, and no harm done to any one; so cousin mine be convinced, and consent to look your loveliest to-night."

Florence was *not* convinced. She was not in the least imposed on by her good-natured cousin's reasoning. She was perfectly conscious that the action she contemplated was highly improper and wrong. But she was strongly tempted; tempted both by her childish and foolish, but ardent desire to wear the ornaments, and the wish to look her best in the eyes of him she most desired to please. Enough, she yielded to temptation, and consented to wear the ear-rings.

Everything occurred as Helena had conjectured; she received the jewels herself from the hands of the jeweler's boy, and when she and her cousin were safe in the dressing-room at Mrs. B——'s, (where the ball was given) she clasped the glittering jewels in Florence's delicate little ears, and exulted in her "splendid management."

Florence was dressed very becomingly in a white silk made (I must be candid) of her mother's wedding dress. Her beautiful hair without ornament, was wound round her small head, which seemed almost *too* heavily laden with its burden of rich braids. Her neck and arms were bare—nothing relieved the extreme simplicity of her toilet but a bouquet, which Helena had presented to her, and the superb ear-rings, which, rather out of keeping with the rest of her dress, glittered in her ears.

Still they added an inconceivable brilliancy to her appearance. Excitement had lent a brighter bloom than common to her soft cheek; her clear eyes were more than usually lustrous, and altogether she had never looked so superbly beautiful.

Ere long she was joyously taking her part in the dance, forgetful of her ornaments, and unconscious of the remarks, both admiring and ill-natured, which they elicited.

She was wholly occupied in enjoying the gay scene, and in wondering if Mr. D'Ebreuil were never coming. What magnetism was it by which she knew the exact moment when he at length entered the room? She had not even glanced toward the door, but a sudden flush on her cheek, and an increased animation of manner were not unobserved by her partner, though he little guessed the cause. She knew, too, though she did not turn her head, that he had come and placed himself near her—that he was watching her. She suddenly became very gay—very gracious to her partner, who, greatly flattered, redoubled his assiduities.

Toward the close of the quadrille, Florence ventured to steal a timid glance at Mr. D'Ebreuil, his look denoted everything she wished—admiration—jealousy—love. Her eyes sunk beneath his, and an exulting smile she could not repress stole about her mouth. Perhaps it was a feminine artifice to conceal the meaning of that involuntary smile which made her look up again, and bow and smile to Mr. D'Ebreuil.

Another moment brought him to her side. His looks, his voice, his manner all indicated the most intense inward excitement. It was plain that the strong citadel of his heart, which had so long held out, had surrendered, and at discretion.

Florence was very happy, and her joy spoke in every feature of her face, and seemed to irradiate her whole being. At parting Mr. D'Ebreuil detained her hand a moment in his, and whispered with peculiar emphasis,

"I shall see you to-morrow."

The morrow came—but how different a one from what poor Florence had anticipated.

In her joyous excitement the night before, she had forgotten to remove the jewels from her ears on leaving Mrs. B——'s. On her arrival at home, she found to her consternation that one of them was gone; lost, whether in the ball-room, in the carriage, or in the street she knew not, but it was gone.

She passed a sleepless night, and early next morning hastened to her cousin to tell her of her mishap. Helena had the carriage searched, and sent inquiries to Mrs. B——'s without success.

Our heroine returned home in deep distress, and seeking her parents, made to them, with many tears, a full confession of her fault and its consequences.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley were overwhelmed. The value of the lost jewels was such as to preclude the idea of their paying for them without absolute ruin—but worse even than this, was it to feel their confidence in their beloved child shaken.

While this troubled consultation was pending, Mr. D'Ebreuil was announced. He desired to see Mr. Finley.

Florence's heart beat fast, and the blood mounted to her brow as she laid her hand on her father's arm as he was leaving the room, and said with a great effort,

"Father, tell him of what has just occurred—if—if it should prove to be his right to know."

While her father was absent from the room Florence lay on her mother's bosom, weeping as though her heart were breaking, and whispering to herself, "It is all over—it is all over!" She rose and stood erect as her father returned.

She did not ask a question, but her face, ashy pale, and her eyes fixed inquiringly on him, spoke for her.

Mr. Finley put his arm round her, and replied gently, "Yes, my child, he came to make proposals for you—but—I did as you desired, and he has withdrawn them."

Florence's head sunk heavily on her father's shoulder. He perceived that she was fainting, and carried her to the sofa.

In a few moments, however, she revived under her mother's care, and sat up.

"Has he gone?" she asked, when she had recovered her recollection.

"No, my dear," answered her father, "he desired to speak with you. But I will go and tell him you are not well enough."

"No, no," cried Florence, "I shall be better in a moment; I will see him."

She rose, and bathed her eyes and aching head; smoothed her disordered hair, and went down stairs.

She was very pale when she entered the room, but at the sight of her lover one single feeling overpowered her—shame—burning shame, to feel how she had lowered and disgraced herself in his eyes. She sank upon a sofa, covering her face with her hands.

In spite of the stern coldness in which Mr. D'Ebreuil had wrapped himself, he felt himself yielding too much to the softening influence the sight of Florence's deep distress and humiliation excited. He took a turn across the room to re-assert his principles, and then paused opposite to her, said,

"Pardon me, Miss Finley, I have given you the pain of this interview in the hope of being useful to you." After a pause, he continued in some embarrassment, "your father has informed me of this—unfortunate affair. It would be a pleasure—a consolation to me to render you such aid as lies in my power. I apprehend your father's circumstances would render it inconvenient for him to repair this loss. Fortunately my means are such as to make the requisite sum a trifle to me—make me forever grateful by allowing me to assume this debt as my own."

"Never, sir, never!" cried Florence, raising her bowed head with a look of pride, and even resentment. "Do you think I have no feeling of delicacy—propriety—left?"

"Far from it," said Mr. D'Ebreuil, "but I beg of you to view this matter calmly and dispassionately, and I think you will accept my offer."

Florence made a gesture of impatient dissent. Mr. D'Ebreuil continued,

"Your father, as you know, is unable to meet this demand——"

"He would make any sacrifice for me," said Florence, bursting into tears—"sell the furniture—anything."

"Would it be right to allow this?" asked D'Ebreuil. "Consider that your father is already struggling with difficulties—he is growing old, and your mother's health is delicate—would it be right to involve them in privations—perhaps sufferings, for your fault; would it not be more just for you to sacrifice your pride, as an atonement—a punishment, if you will, for your error? For myself," he added, after a pause, "believe me, I wish only to be your friend in this matter—your *disinterested* friend."

Florence noted and understood the emphasis placed on the word "*disinterested*"—but even while she suffered from the stern pride, which scorned contact with even the shadow of dishonor; it but exalted the more in her estimation him who would not deign to fix his love unworthily. She even trembled when she saw his eye rest pityingly upon her, lest he *should* relent—had he done so, he would have fallen immeasurably in her opinion—so strange a thing is woman's heart.

After a long silence, during which a severe struggle was going on in Florence's breast, she turned to Mr. D'Ebreuil and said frankly,

"Mr. D'Ebreuil, I thank you for your offer, and accept it; not as a gift, but a loan, which I shall make it my duty religiously to discharge. Let it be merely a matter of business between us. The rest you will arrange with my father."

She was gone, leaving D'Ebreuil in a state of mind which he himself was far from understanding.

Of a highly sensitive and chivalric nature, the very idea of anything dishonorable shocked and revolted him. He was of that disposition that he would have torn his own heart out had he found in it a base thought. He was ill prepared then to brook the discovery that the being he had enshrined as some goddess in his inmost heart, was but a foolish girl, guilty of vanity and imprudence at least, if not dishonor. His confidence in her purity, her integrity, was shaken. In the first shock and revulsion of feeling he sternly resolved to abjure her—to cast her utterly from his heart.

But to a man of true feeling even the ashes of a dead passion are sacred. The woman he has once loved can never be to him as another. He must respect her—defer to her—serve her for the sake of what has been.

These were D'Ebreuil's thoughts till Florence

appeared. Yet when he saw her, every feeling was moved by her beauty, her distress—her deep humiliation. Something within him whispered, "She is a true and noble woman, notwithstanding the fault she has committed—she loves you—pardon her, and take her to your heart"—but the impulse was resisted—whether for good or evil the reader will see.

Mr. Finley having been prevailed upon by Florence's entreaties to accept the proffered aid, everything was easily and quietly settled, the ear-rings were paid for, and the affair kept secret. The expense incurred was six hundred dollars.

A few days later, Florence, having obtained the reluctant consent of her parents, accepted the situation of governess in a family who resided in the South.

Henceforward commenced a new life for our heroine. Away from home and friends, surrounded by unloving strangers—confined to irksome duties—placed in a subordinate and dependant position, she found much to try and discourage her. But she carried within her the true spirit, and the trials she met did but perfect and exalt her character.

One idea, more than all others, sustained poor Florence. She fully believed that Mr. D'Ebreuil no longer entertained any feeling for her but that of contempt for a silly, unprincipled girl; but a noble ambition inspired her. With no hope of ever regaining it, she would be *worthy* of the love she had once inspired. Though she should never see Mr. D'Ebreuil again, never hear his name mentioned, she would make herself, and prove herself worthy to have been his wife. So only could she recover her self-respect.

At the end of a weary year, Florence found that she had laid by of her earnings the sum of three hundred dollars—half of the whole debt.

She determined, for fear of accidents, and to show the sincerity of her intentions, to forward this sum at once to her creditor. She did so in such formal business terms as she could devise. In due time she received a receipt as formal, and probably more correct than her epistle.

Its cold brevity chilled poor Florence's lonely heart—perhaps she had expected some few words of friendly encouragement and approbation. But this formal epistle proved to her that Mr. D'Ebreuil had ceased to take any interest in her, even as an acquaintance.

She went about her duties with a face a shade paler—eyes a little more languid; but excepting this, there was no change, except that she was more gentle and patient than before.

A few days afterward, as Florence was sitting

toward sunset, looking from her window upon the western sky, a servant came to inform her that a gentleman desired to see her in the parlor. The last letters from home had informed her that she might expect a visit from her father; she flew down stairs in impetuous haste to meet him, and found herself face to face with D'Ebreuil.

Greatly discomposed and agitated by the unexpected meeting, Florence struggled hard to preserve at least the semblance of composure, but was ill able to undergo the ordeal of the scrutinizing glances with which D'Ebreuil was regarding her.

She strove to free her hands from his detaining grasp, that she might turn away her tell-tale face.

"I thought you were my father," said Florence, feeling that *something* must be said.

The strange remark remained unanswered—perhaps unheard, for D'Ebreuil began to speak of other things. His tongue seemed gifted with a strange eloquence, as he spoke of love deep and earnest, which had stood the test—the trial of waiting in patience till the beloved one had been able to do herself the justice of proving her nobleness and worth. He told her how he had longed on their last interview to clasp her to his heart and comfort her; but had restrained his feelings, in the conviction that the time would come when he would woo and win her, not as an erring child to be forgiven, but as a woman, purified and ennobled, to whom his reverent homage would be due.

Florence listened to words which fell sweeter than music on her ear, with every pulse thrilling with love and joy. Yet when D'Ebreuil urged her to return home at once, preparatory to their speedy union, he met with an unexpected difficulty.

Florence, with an obstinate adherence to matter-of-fact, persisted that the debt was but half cancelled; that she had set her heart on discharging it *in toto*—that nothing could, or should divert her from a resolve so firmly taken.

In vain her lover besought her to be reasonable—to consider that all he had would soon be her own—and assured her she had fully and amply asserted her honor; Florence clung to her fancy, partly from a perversity innate in woman—partly because she feared her penance was incomplete—partly, perhaps, to enjoy the luxury of making her lover feel her power.

Three interminable months passed away; and what D'Ebreuil's persuasions could not achieve, the wearisome details of daily duties, now grown doubly irksome, had accomplished. How could our poor heroine attend to recitations—add up sums, and feel a proper interest in the children's answers when she asked them in French or German "whether they had their books or hats?" while she was thinking all the time about her last letter, or wondering when the next would come?

When therefore a new, and most eloquent and indignant appeal against her absurd and cruel resolution afforded her an opportunity of retracting with honor, she deemed it best to yield with a good grace.

Her joyful reunion with her family was but the prelude to another parting. Fortunately, however, she was not called upon to follow her husband to a distance; but residing near her beloved parents, and happy in the love and respect of him to whom her whole heart was given, Florence lived to prove, both as wife and mother, the nobleness and purity of her character, notwithstanding the youthful folly to which she was tempted by a pair of brilliant ear-rings.

LINES TO

BY MARY L. MEANY.

Dost thou e'er think of me
Dear friend long absent, but remembered still!
How oft a memory of thee doth fill
My faithful mind, and from all else it turns
To muse on one for whom it fondly yearns—
My earliest friend! say is it thus with thee?

Dost thou e'er think of me?
How oft the question trembling doth arise,
And starts warm tears, and calls forth plaintive sighs
Of grief born of that sad, though transient fear,

That thou by me long cherished and held dear,
Should let me idly pass from memory.

Dost thou e'er think of me?
I know thou dost! Thine is no worldly heart
From which a time, a change of scene can part
The memory of childhood's blissful years—
Of all its merry smiles—its transient tears—
And more—of one who shared them all with thee—
My absent friend—I know thou think'st of me!

THE REPENTED SIN.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

THE widow Clair was alone in the world. First, her husband, then child after child had she seen go down into the grave, until bereft of the last one, she was left alone.

Bereft of the last one, but not by death! She had given birth to seven sons—four had been lost to her, in their youth, but the others she had reared from infancy to manhood; and then one by one had she closed the pallid eyelids, imprinted the last kiss upon the rigid lips, and stood by, until their forms were encoffined and borne forever from her dwelling. She had heard the clods rattling above their breasts, and the sound had entered her heart like arrows; but now, all these memories were overwhelmed by the deeper grief that had come upon her.

Who could have looked upon her sunken eyes, her blanched locks—once black as the raven's wing, her thin lips, compressed so tightly—her pale face, where not only Time, but sorrow, had hourly graved still deeper lines, but might have known how bitter to her, had been the cup of life! how thickly scattered were its dregs throughout the field of memory!

Who could have heard her voice, so chastened in its tone, so tremulous at times, as though the heart laid hold of it, and freighted it with sorrow, so earnest and so grave, but would, have found their own words faltering on their lips, in unpremeditated sympathy for one so stricken?

Who that could have seen her, when alone, within the funereal darkness of her dwelling, and marked her restless, troubled manner—how, where'er the wind blew wild, tossing the drifted snow against the creaking shutters, and eddying down the chimney, with its wierd sounds, she would pace to and fro the floor, and wring her hands and sob so piteously:—who that could have seen her then, but would have divined that with other memories than those of the dead, was that once proud and stately form battling?

One night—one dark, cold, sleety night, when the storm which had commenced at twilight momentarily increased in violence, when the wind came in gusts shaking every casement of the dwelling, and the rain beat fast and thick upon the roof, and against the windows—that night she sat quietly in her high-backed chair,

with its morocco cushions, seemingly heedless of the furious storm that raged without. Upon her dark mourning garments the firelight fell—it flashed full upon the folded hands which rested on her lap—it glanced up upon her pale countenance, revealing there a look of hope and of resignation, more than for long months she had known before.

The old house-clock struck the hour of ten.

"I will not expect her too much to-night, for in this storm it seems hardly possible that she could come. Poor child! poor child! it will be but a sad welcome that the heart she has broken can give her;" and so saying, she shook her head slowly, while the large tears which had gathered in her eyes rolled down her face.

The rumbling of a carriage over the road now fell upon her ears.

She started from her chair, and stood upright—her clasped hands pressed tightly over her fast throbbing heart.

With parted lips, from which all color had flown, and with eyes strained wildly, she stood motionless. The carriage drew nearer—it paused beside her dwelling—she heard no more.

When consciousness returned, she found herself upon her bed in her own room, but at the foot the curtains were parted, and there in the dim light of the night lamp, her eyes rested upon a face which attenuated and changed as it was, she failed not to recognize.

She stretched out her arms.

"Edith, my daughter, come nearer to me!"

"Oh, mother! *my* mother! I am unworthy," and the frail girl bowed low her head, and resting it against her mother's feet sobbed like a child. The physician who had been instrumental in returning the wanderer to her home, and who had been waiting for this moment, now arose, and taking Edith's hand in his, led her to her mother.

There was a long embrace. Once more, heart beat against heart; and in that hour, Edith felt that from her sin, her shame, and her degradation, she had found a refuge in a mother's unflinching love.

"Thou wilt never leave me again, Edith; we will live for each other, and strive so to live that we may inherit a home in mansions where neither

sin nor sorrow ever enters," said Mrs. Clair, as she released her daughter from her arms.

Edith would have answered—she would have poured forth her gratitude to the mother who could so forget her errors—the mother she had forsaken, herself in turn to be forsaken by the one for whom she had lost all that a woman could lose, but the words were stifled by her convulsive sobs.

Three months from that night, over the same couch, the mother bent. Edith was dead. In great suffering had her sin been expiated.

She lived to hear the feeble, wailing cry of a newly born babe, to breathe the prayer that her sin might not be visited upon her child, and then her sad eyes closed forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE little one bore its mother's name—Edith Clair. To no other did it seem entitled; but as month after month passed away, the lone widow watched in vain for some resemblance in the features of the child to its erring mother.

The babe's eyes were of a sunny blue, while its mother's had been of a lustrous hazel. The little rings of hair which fell around its plump and dimpled face, were of a light gold, which time might deepen into auburn, but never could they match the dark chesnut waves, whose profusion had so enhanced the frail mother's charms.

As Edith grew up to girlhood, Mrs. Clair's smiles became more frequent and less sad, and her manner less frigid and stately; for the affectionate child, with her cheerful obedience, her devoted love and her winning ways, fully repaid her grandmother for her anxious watchings over her infancy.

When Edith was fifteen, for the first time within her memory, came real trouble to that little household. The bank in which Mrs. Clair's property was invested, failed, and the savings of years were swept away in a breath. Severely as the widow felt her loss, she did not sink beneath it; but rallying herself, exerted all her energies to find employment whereby they could support themselves without separating. She was successful, and the first years of toil passed away without their feeling acutely the gripping hand of poverty. But in the second year, Mrs. Clair's health failed. She had applied herself so closely to her needle, and from her sedentary life had contracted a disease of the heart, which, her physician had warned her, might at any moment prove fatal.

All day, and late into the night, week after week did Edith toil with her needle, but all in

vain. Her industry was insufficient to meet even their few wants.

Mrs. Clair was a proud woman. As long as her income had been secure, she had spared neither pains nor expense in Edith's education, now, her misfortunes seemed a trial greater than she could bear. Her constant anxiety of mind was fast wearing her life away. There were none to whom from ties of relationship she could feel herself excused for applying for assistance—none to whose watchful care she could commit Edith, when her hour should come, while deeper and deeper struck home the conviction that that hour was rapidly approaching. What days of agony were those! Again in memory she lived through that terrible period of her life, which had closed with her daughter's dying breath. Edith left friendless and unprotected! how should she escape the snares which are ever spread for such!

These thoughts at length drove her to a step, which once she deemed it impossible she could ever have taken.

It was a cold, cheerless morning in November. The leaden clouds, which drifted down low from the sky, threatened rain, but Mrs. Clair was not to be deterred from the errand she had undertaken.

She came down into the little sitting-room, attired in readiness for her long walk. Edith knew nothing of her intentions.

"Oh, grandma, do not go out," she urged, "and such a day as this. You know Dr. Milton said it was quite unsafe for you to go out into the street alone."

"Not more so than for you to be left in the world alone, Edith," was the unhesitating answer; and Mrs. Clair stooping, kissed her grand-daughter, and then hastily left the room.

On, through narrow streets, until she reached the market place; and now, the clouds which all the morning long had looked so threatening, deluged the streets with their contents. Still on, Mrs. Clair made her way through piles of boxes which blockaded the sidewalks, for it was the principal mercantile street of that city. At length she paused in front of a large four story edifice. A broad sign over the door, bore the names of the firm, "Small, Morris & Co." Her trembling hands turned the knob, and the door swung heavily inward. She made her way to a young clerk who stood writing at a desk.

"Can I see Mr. Ralston?" she said, in a low tone.

"Mr. Ralston! There's no such person here. You must be mistaken, my good woman," answered the clerk.

"Mr. Henry Ralston, I mean. Is he not still in the store?" persisted Mrs. Clair.

"No, madam, nor never was, to my knowledge."

Mrs. Clair looked around bewildered. An elderly gentleman in the back part of the store advanced and proffered her a chair. Pitying her agitation, he inquired particularly her errand. Mrs. Clair sank powerless into the chair, while the clerk mentioned the gentleman's name for whom she had inquired.

"Henry Ralston," repeated Mr. Small, for it was the senior partner of the firm who spoke, "she is right, he was once with us, but he fell into bad habits, and if I am not mistaken his father sent him to sea." Turning to Mrs. Clair, he added, "Mr. Morris has gone to dinner, madam. By going to his house you will be able to find out more than I can tell you. It strikes me that they have heard from him lately, but for a long time it was supposed that he was dead. Mr. Morris married Ralston's sister. Of course they will be able to give you some information of him. John, just write down the number of Mr. Morris' residence."

The clerk turned to his desk, and Mr. Small walked back into his counting-house.

"You seem anxious to see the gentleman," said the young man, as he handed her the folded direction.

"I am anxious—*anxious* to have justice done before I die."

"Mr. Morris is just the man for you, then. If it is money that his brother-in-law is owing you, you'll be sure to get it from him. He is very charitable—subscribed a hundred dollars only last week to the church of which he is a member; a fine, pious man Mr. Morris is. Good morning."

Again through the wet, dismal streets Mrs. Clair made her way. Over the muddy, slippery crossings, down past the Exchange, where, confused by the crowd of omnibuses, she almost lost her way. But at length she reached a quiet square, where the large mansions bespoke ease and opulence. To one of the finest of these the address directed her. As she stood upon the marble steps, and looked up to the lofty and polished windows, behind which hung heavy folds of satin and lace, she could not repress the thought that could Edith find such a home as this, with such a pious, charitable man as Mr. Morris was represented to be, for a protector and a friend, then indeed, might her death prove a blessing to her grandchild.

The bell was answered by a tidy, pleasant Irish maid, but Mrs. Clair's heart again sunk

within her, when she found that neither Mr. Morris nor his wife were at home. But the girl seeing her disappointed look, added, "if ye wouldn't mind coming in and waiting a bit, Mr. Morris will soon be in to his dinner, but we don't expect Mrs. Morris home for a week or more. She is gone into the country to her father's."

Mrs. Clair gladly accepted the offer, and giving her umbrella and dripping cloak into the maid's hands, she followed her through the wide hall, and entered the room which she threw open for her. It was a handsomely furnished sitting-room, and Mrs. Clair felt reassured as looking around amidst the appliances of wealth, she detected much to confirm her in the opinion of Mr. Morris' character which his young clerk had given. Upon a chair lay a fresh copy of the Christian Observer, and on a table in the centre of the room were handsomely bound copies of the Bible, "Bunyan," "Psalms and Hymns," and "Confession of Faith."

In a comfortable chair in front of the glowing grate, Mrs. Clair sat down, and indulged herself in a reverie, which from the placid smile that rested on her wasted features, could not have been other than a pleasant one. Poor woman! it was the first for many a long day.

"Yes, I will tell him all," she mused; "his heart will bleed for my sorrows; and he cannot help feeling an interest in my lone child, connected as she is, in the sight of God, by ties of blood to his wife—then he will come to see us, and who can look upon Edith without loving her? He will promise me that he will see after her when I am gone—yes, he will take her home with him, good man that he is—he will provide a home for the homeless one—she will want for nothing here. Perhaps he has no children of his own. Oh, it is God who has led me here! 'He will not see the righteous forsaken, nor their seed begging bread.'"

The hall door was opened—and shut. Her reverie was broken, and Mr. Morris stood before her. He was a younger man than Mrs. Clair had expected to see. His dark hair was but slightly threaded with silver, and it fell in careless profusion around a face which with its present expression would strike a stranger pleasantly. Mrs. Clair arose, spoke of a painful errand that had been long delayed, but which from the state of her health she dared no longer postpone. Mr. Morris begged her to be reseated, and drew a chair near her for himself.

Briefly, but touchingly she told her tale. There was nothing kept back. The bright color that flushed her withered face told how keenly she

felt her daughter's shame, but not once did she pause in her story until all was finished. Her eyes had been cast down, but now she raised them to meet the look of sympathy she expected.

She might as well have looked into a face of stone.

"Madam," he said, and his tones were soft and measured, but every word fell like a blow upon the heart whose wounds had been opened afresh, "madam, I am sorry to say that I can do nothing for you. Your own reason must teach you that you could not ask it of me. Had it been my own brother, under the circumstances I might have felt bound to have done something; but here, you see, there is no relation excepting the accidental one of love. My wife's brother is nothing to me—positively nothing—no more than you are. It seems a very sad affair throughout, and I do not see what is left for you to do, as your health is failing, but to apply to the guardians of the poor. Foolish prejudices a great many have against the alms-house; but for my part I should much prefer the comfortable quarters one finds there, to begging."

Mrs. Clair rose to her feet.

"I did not come, sir, to beg—I did not even come with the intention of troubling you with a history of my sorrows. God knows how I was led into it. Could you know us well, you would not wonder at what must appear to you at present but folly. I came only to know if you could tell me where to find *him*. You cannot deny, sir, that if *he* is living, he is in humanity bound to provide a home for his forsaken child."

"Again I am sorry to disappoint you. We have lately heard a rumor that he is living, but we do not put much credence in it. I will mention the case to my wife, and if you will leave your address, she may be able to collect something together in the way of clothing for you."

Mrs. Clair forgot herself. She cast an indignant glance upon Mr. Morris, and with a scornful, haughty air turned from the room. In the hall, the maid with much kindness of manner, restored her cloak and umbrella. The worn apparel could not deceive the girl. She knew that she was waiting upon one who had known better days.

"Poor thing!" she said, as the door closed upon Mrs. Clair, "poor thing! she looks as though she needed help sorely, and she couldn't come to a charitable man nor Mr. Morris."

Alas! there are too many whose reputation for charity has been founded upon their *public* alms giving, as Mr. Morris' had been. Too many who contribute donation after donation to the flourishing societies of the day, turning a deaf

ear to a recital of the cases of actual want that come beneath their notice. Their contributions are heralded throughout the churches of which they are members, and a character for piety and charity built thereon, while fearful is the account which is heaping up for the great day against them. Then shall He answer them, saying, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

The dark clouds had drifted down to the horizon. The sky was as blue and sunny, and flecked with as white and fleecy clouds as after a storm in June. Mrs. Clair was weak and exhausted from excitement and want of food. She picked her way carefully through the miry streets, and at length reached in safety her humble home.

Edith was sewing by the window, anxiously awaiting her coming. She bounded to the door to meet her—she drew her into the warm room—unfastened her cloak and bonnet, and after fixing her comfortably in her arm-chair, she brought the cup of tea which she had prepared for her return.

All the while Mrs. Clair said nothing.

"You look sick and tired, grandma," said Edith.

Mrs. Clair did not answer.

Over the little round table Edith flung a snow white cloth, and continued her preparations for their frugal supper. Mrs. Clair broke off a crust of bread and ate it slowly.

Twilight came on, and still she sat there in a kind of stupor, while Edith began to grow alarmed. After vainly urging her grandmother to eat more she lighted the candle, and after putting away the things, drew her own low chair up to the fire-place.

An hour or more passed away in a silence unbroken save by Edith's knitting thread, the falling coals, and the clock ticking on the mantel.

"Edith, my child, bring the Bible and read aloud to me the thirty-seventh psalm."

As Edith finished the twenty-fifth verse, her grandmother interrupted her.

"Read that verse again, Edith."

She did so in her low, musical tones, and looked up as she finished.

"I have been young, and now am old," repeated Mrs. Clair, tremulously, "yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

She smoothed Edith's auburn curls fondly with her hand, she looked tenderly into the full blue eyes that were upturned to hers, and while from her own the tears fell fast, she said, "To the Lord alone will I look for help for thee, my child."

He will take care of thee, and into His hands I commit thee trustingly, now and forevermore."

She arose slowly from her seat, pressed her hand tightly over her heart, as Edith had often seen her do before—then sank back again with a convulsive gasp as if stifled for want of breath.

The unusual exertion and excitement of the day had been too much for her.

Edith alarmed, threw up the window and called for help. A passer by summoned a physician, who arrived in time to catch the agonized look which fell from the dying woman's eyes upon the sobbing girl beside her. Scarce a moment more and Edith was without worldly friend or protector.

Upon the same night Mr. Morris crossed the river, and drove to the residence of his wife's father, with the intention of bringing his family home with him in a few days.

During the evening he said laughingly to his father-in-law, "I heard of one of Harry's follies to-day, which will give him something to do with his money, if he has as much as rumor credits him with."

Mr. Ralston grumbled out some answer in his usual rough, disagreeable way, while his wife removed the spectacles from her eyes, and wiped away the tears which always gathered at the mention of the prodigal son, who for so many long years had been an alien from his father's house, and the land of his birth.

"What was it, Edward? tell us all about it," said his wife.

The story lost much of its pathos in the common-place way which Mr. Morris narrated it, but still the sympathies of his wife and mother-in-law were at once enlisted.

"What was the woman's name? and where does she live?" said both, almost in the same breath.

"That I cannot tell you, for although I promised her some assistance, she took offence at something in my manner, I suppose, and walked off as proud as Lucifer without giving me her name or residence. She probably expected me to volunteer to take the girl off from her hands, but if I once began to provide for every one that might turn up with a claim upon him, there's no knowing at what number the list would stop."

"You are right," growled Mr. Ralston, "I am glad you don't know any more about her. If you did, she shouldn't have a cent of mine to help her; and as for Harry, if he had ever made the fortune we heard, he's as poor as a church mouse by this time. I'll bet my head of that; for he never could keep a cent. If it wasn't so, there's plenty to heir it without his illegitimate children

stepping in to cut it up into mouthfuls. Let them go to law and see what that will give them. Here, Edward, did I tell you that I had sued that rascally tenant of mine—Holton?"

Thus the conversation was changed, but by two at least, the circumstance that had given rise to it was not forgotten.

And now Mrs. Clair's humble home was of course broken up. A young widow who kept a small trimming store, proffered the shelter of her roof to the desolate Edith until some employment could be found for her. Gladly Edith availed herself of the kind offer, and strove to make herself useful about the house and in the store. Mrs. Dayton felt Edith to be no burden to her, but as she was unable to pay her any wages, she exerted herself to obtain some better situation for her. Edith, in folding away her grandmother's dresses, found in the pocket of the one she had last worn the scrap of folded paper bearing Mr. Morris' direction. Mrs. Dayton took it from her. It so happened that the firm of which she had purchased the coarser part of her stock of goods was that of Small, Morris & Co. As she had frequently heard of Mr. Morris' charities, she concluded that he had given Mrs. Clair his address, that she might call upon him when she needed assistance. To him she therefore immediately went to represent the friendless state of the orphan. Mr. Morris was annoyed by this second application, and spoke as plainly of the alms-house as a never-failing resource for the homeless to Mrs. Dayton as he had to Mrs. Clair. She was too much surprised to answer, but changed the subject of conversation by inquiring about some goods she had intended ordering. Mr. Morris intimated that if she was going to keep open house for beggars, he should prefer not to see her any more. Chagrined and mortified, Mrs. Dayton left the store. "Is this Christianity?" she thought, forgetful of the many whose lives cast a reproach upon the pure religion of the gospel.

She said nothing to Edith of her errand, for she did not wish to pain her with the knowledge, that by giving her shelter she had injured her own interests. No, although not professedly a Christian, the principles of Christianity were too deeply implanted in her heart to permit her to cause sorrow where it could be averted, or to refuse to share with the deserving child of want her scanty means.

Winter came on, and Edith, through Mrs. Dayton's customers, obtained all the sewing that she was able to do. She went out by the week, choosing now that she could pay her board, to return and pass the nights and Sabbaths with

the friend who had proven so kind to her. Other reasons there were why Edith was desirous of naving her evenings unmolested; but that was a little heart romance, with which at present we have nothing to do.

Recommended by one to another, Edith came at last to be employed by Mrs. Morris, but as she was known only by the name of "Miss Edda," the family would have had no suspicion of who she was, even had Mr. Morris communicated to them the information Mrs. Dayton had given him. But this he had not done. He thought it more polite to keep it to himself, particularly as the rumor of his brother-in-law's large fortune and speedy return had been fully confirmed.

Miss Edda became a great favorite in Mr. Morris' family. The little folks loved nothing better than to gather around her in the work-room, and there was at least one larger one who found a charm in her presence.

One morning Mr. Morris said to his wife, as he laid down the paper, "The Orient has been spoken, I see. Your brother will probably be with us in the course of twenty-four hours."

A glow of pleasure lighted up Mrs. Morris' delicate face.

"Poor Harry! I can hardly wait to see him."

"Poor Harry," echoed her husband, "he is anything but poor, if the half we hear be true. You must have the choicest kind of a dinner to-morrow, for no doubt he is accustomed to living like a nabob. Why is it that you apply the adjective 'poor' to him now, Anna?"

"Well, I don't know. Habit, I suppose. You know he was always in some scrape or other, and father was always scolding him, and I pitied him, for I knew he was good-hearted, and would come out right some day. Poor fellow! his heart was almost broken when he was sent off, but it has turned out for the best, it seems. I wonder if that woman's daughter could have been the one he fretted so about."

"I'm sure I don't know, nor don't care either, and I warrant he doesn't by this time. Harry was never very steady in his attachments. He is probably a confirmed bachelor, and it is for our interest to keep him so. You must leave nothing undone to make our house a comfortable home for him."

Mrs. Morris sighed. She was thinking of other days, when she had received different instructions.

It was a busy day that followed. Miss Edda was called upon to resign her plain sewing, and all hands united in putting the finishing touches on the chamber that was set apart for uncle

Harry's use. It was a comfortable-looking room, with its curtained windows and canopy bed, its inviting arm-chairs, and the glowing coals in the polished grate. Twilight came on as the last folds of the voluminous drapery of the bed were arranged to Mr. Morris' satisfaction, and they gathered around the fire, looking complacently upon the result of their labor.

"I wonder what kind of a looking man uncle Harry is," said little Mary.

"I can just imagine how he looks," answered her brother John, who was a few years older. "As dry as a parched pea, I'll bet a crown—his skin all shrivelled and yellow, and his eyes as glassy as beads. That's the way all those people look who have lived in India. I've seen lots of 'em."

"I wish he wouldn't look that way," answered Mary, climbing up in Edda's lap as she spoke. "I wish he'd come back as beautiful as a prince, and marry you, so that you could stay always with us."

Mrs. Morris glanced up from the bed of coals upon which her eyes were fastened in her reverie. They rested on Edith, and for the first time, as the firelight played upon her features, did she recognize her wonderful resemblance to her brother. Like lightning flashed across her mind the tale her husband had repeated to her.

"Miss Edda, you have never told me your last name, nor have I thought to inquire before," said Mrs. Morris, with as much calmness as she could assume, while such fancies were in her brain.

"Clair—Edith Clair, mamma," answered Mary. "I asked her long ago. Isn't it a sweet name?—just as if it came out of a story book."

"Children, you had better run down and see if that was your papa who just came in."

Mary preferred staying where she was, and very reluctantly left the room with the others at her mother's second bidding.

"Have you always been obliged to support yourself, Miss Edda?"

"Oh, no, it is only since grandmother lost everything in the bank—nearly two years now, I believe," answered Edda, sighing as she spoke.

"What was your grandmother's name?"

"Rebecca Clair."

"Oh, your father's mother—was it?"

"No, my mother's."

"Then both must have had the same name—cousins, were they not?"

"I do not know. I never thought of that before. Grandmother never would talk about my father. I believe he did very badly, and mother grieved herself to death after him; but it was all when I was a baby, for I don't remember

either of them. I haven't a relation in the world now, that I know of."

Mrs. Morris clasped Edith's hand between her own. She did not dare to breathe a word respecting her surmises, but she felt their truth, and her heart gushed up in tenderness toward the child of her brother. The prejudices of the world, which at other times might have held an influence over her, were in that unselfish hour forgotten. She folded Edith to her breast, and mentally resolved that so far as lay in her power she would be a mother to her.

That night Mrs. Morris communicated to her husband Edith's history, and her own convictions concerning her. Mr. Morris' surprise at finding Edith Clair an inmate of his family equalled his vexation. Instead of recognizing the Providence that had thus made her one of his household, he affected to doubt his wife's suspicions, although Mrs. Dayton had communicated to him sufficient to convince him of their truth. So thoroughly provoked was he at his wife's freedom from selfishness, that he felt like turning the unconsciousness of his anger out of the house. Fearing a discovery, he commanded his wife not to breathe a word of such nonsense to her brother or to Edith, and he knew her too well to doubt that she would obey.

The next day, Mr. Henry Balston arrived. Neither his nephew's fancy sketch, nor his sister's recollections found their counterpart; and reluctantly the latter was obliged to acknowledge that she had but slender foundation for weaving her romantic tissue.

CHAPTER III.

MR. MORRIS, living in fear as he did, resolved that he would in some way get Edith out of the house. Fortune favored him. Frederic Morris finding her alone in the work-room one day, made good use of his time by telling her in impassioned and broken sentences how very dearly he loved her. Mr. Morris overheard the declaration, and without waiting to hear more, hastened down to the parlor, and sent one of the younger children up to tell Frederic that he wanted him. After sending him to the counting-house on some errand, he paid Edith a visit in her own quarters. She was surprised at seeing him there, but having no suspicion of the avowal being overheard, she was able to meet him without manifesting in her face much of the emotion that was busy at her heart. She was not suffered to maintain her composure long.

"How much does my wife owe you, Miss Clark?" said he.

"My month is up to-day, sir, and Mrs. Morris paid me this morning; but my name is Clair—not Clark, sir," answered Edith, a lovely smile resting on her beautiful mouth, and lighting up her soft, azure eyes.

"Clair or Clark, it's all one, or ought to be to a person who has no better right to a name than you have, Miss," replied Mr. Morris.

Edith looked up with a stare of amazement. Her refined and gentle nature did not for an instant divine the cruelty of this brutal speech.

"What do you mean, Mr. Morris?" she said, at length.

"What do I mean? I wonder at your boldness in asking me such a question. But it's all of a piece with the rest of your conduct: your artful ways have done you no good, let me tell you."

"Mr. Morris, I demand it as my right that you tell me what these insinuations mean," said Edith, her eyes fairly flashing, "my character is all that is left to me to lose—what have I done to forfeit your good opinion?"

"Your character! humph!" Mr. Morris spoke with a sneer, but seeing Edith turn so pale at his words, he added in a different tone, "that your character has no firmer basis to rest upon is not your fault, I suppose; but it is your fault that you have led on a boy like Frederic as you have done. For shame! Miss Clair! Don't interrupt me. I know more than you think I do, and if you don't wish for a public exposure you will never enter my doors again. You need not prepare for a scene, Miss Clair—a hundred of them could not move me; nor will I listen to any excuses, nor apologies, nor explanations. I shall never change an iota, and that you may know how impossible your union with my son would be, I will tell you that I would sooner marry him to Biddy, the house-maid, than to you. It is in no light manner that the world visits the mother's sin upon her illegitimate offspring."

Edith rose to her feet with such calm, pure dignity—with such a holy light beaming from her eyes, that Mr. Morris was held in awe for a moment, and obliged to listen where he had intended to have commanded silence.

"You have said enough, sir—enough to prevent me from ever entering your presence again. Your son will do me the justice to tell you that which I shall leave unsaid; and may God forgive you, Mr. Morris, for the cruel knowledge you have given me."

Edith left the house without one word of farewell to any of its inmates. Mr. Morris explained her absence by saying in the presence of the family, that having had reason to suspect her of some improper conduct, he went to her to expos-

tulate with her, when finding her so shame-faced and bold about the matter, he had ordered her to leave the house, and prohibited her from holding any intercourse with the members of his family.

Every one looked the surprise and dismay that they felt at this piece of information. Frederic colored up to the temples, but his brave young heart did not let shame prevent him from speaking.

"Father, I hope I have in no way been the cause of this unpleasant affair. I am quite willing to acknowledge before you all that I love Edna, for I am——"

"Frederic, I command you to be still. Boy as you are, what do you know of love? A sewing girl! and one of doubtful reputation at that. I congratulate you upon your choice."

The wily man had overshot his mark. Assailing Edith's character before his son, he had gone one step too far. Frederic's eyes flashed.

"Of what improper conduct do you accuse her? Who dares to say that her reputation is doubtful?" he questioned, eagerly.

"What right have you to demand this knowledge of me?" said his father, with an air of stern defiance.

"The right which every one who loves has to shelter and protect the object of that love," answered Frederic, fearlessly.

"Then I suppose we may consider you, sir, an acknowledged and accepted lover," said Mr. Morris, with a sneer.

Frederic hesitated for a moment, but the truth was strong within him, and mortifying as it was, he answered boldly, "No sir. I am an acknowledged and a *rejected* lover."

"Who is all this fuss about?" said uncle Harry.

"It's of no consequence—of no consequence at all," said Mr. Morris, hurriedly, "we will say no more about it at present."

But little Mary clambered up into her uncle's lap, and unobserved, whispered in his ear, "Edith Clair."

At that name the circle before him faded into air. He saw no more his sister, her husband and their children. One memory alone filled his thoughts—one form alone was presented to his vision. Edith Clair, with her young and beautiful face, her pure and trusting heart. Ah, oftentimes and bitterly had he repented that moment of wild excitement, when his unbridled passions had outraged that purity, and betrayed that trust, yet never with a keener pain did it come home to his heart than now. How worthless seemed his fortune to him, in comparison with the disinterested love that was lost to him forever.

True, he had but to speak the word and elegant mansions would be at his disposal; yet, he felt himself homeless, for all that gives to home its charm and grace was wanting. Nor might he ever hope to win such love again, as once had been his. Age was slowly but surely creeping upon him—his heart was soured by rude contact with the world, and suspicion's legion of sentinels guarded it from the near approach of affection. Homeless and childless! How keenly those words brought home to him the retribution of his sin. He knew that Edith Clair was dead—the Edith he had known. He had heard of it in his Indian home, from one to whom he had written for information; but he knew no more, for Edith's mother had guarded the secret well; burying in her own bosom her troubles and their source. As he leaned back in his chair the workings of his face plainly showed the agitation of his mind.

Mrs. Morris was convinced of the truth of her suspicions and her resolution was taken.

At the same hour in her simple little room at Mrs. Dayton's, Edith sat alone, very wretched in the new trouble that came upon her. Her burning cheeks, her throbbing temples, from which the rich auburn hair was pushed back, her wild eyes, were all proofs of the extent of feeling her disgrace had awakened.

Mrs. Dayton knocked at her door, but received no answer. Opening it, she looked in to see if she was there.

"Edith, Mr. Harold is down stairs waiting for you," she said.

"He need not wait," answered Edith, "I shall not go down."

"Why, what is the matter, child?" questioned Mrs. Dayton, surprised and startled at her appearance.

Edith flung herself on the bed, and buried her face in the pillows.

"I will never see Frank Harold any more," she sobbed, at length. "His parents have reason enough now to object to me."

"What is the matter, child? You must come down and see him, he will make it all right."

"I will not go down. I will never see him again. Tell him so. Tell him not to come here any more."

"I shall not carry any such message, Edith. If you have had any trouble with him, come down and talk it over. You love him too well to quarrel with him, you know you do."

"If I loved him fifty times as well I would not go near him now. I am in earnest, Anne Dayton: you must give him such a message that he will never come here, unless you want to drive

me from your roof. Tell him I don't love him—tell him anything—I don't care what you say to offend him, so that I never have to look in his eyes again."

Edith would neither listen to argument nor entreaty, nor would she confide her troubles to Mrs. Dayton, consequently the latter was obliged to put her own construction upon them. When she went down stairs, she told Mr. Harold that she thought Edith must have heard something that his parents had said respecting her, for that she positively refused seeing him again, and threatened to leave her roof if an interview was forced upon her. "I never dreamed the child had so much spirit," continued she, "she has always seemed such a gentle little creature."

"But I cannot think that my parents have interfered again," said Frank Harold; "there must be some other cause—I am sure of it. Won't you give me a piece of paper until I write a few lines to her?"

The paper was brought, and he wrote upon one side of it: "My dear Edith, you have no right to deny me the privilege of sharing every sorrow with you, after what has passed between us. It is my province to bear life's burdens for you—let me see you, and hear from your own dear lips what new trial you have. Do not refuse this my first request, or you will pain me unutterably. Your faithful Frank."

In a few minutes he received his answer.

"Your parents will soon hear of another obstacle to our union. I do not choose that you should again be brought to the brink of the grave, to wring from them another reluctant consent to the continuance of our interviews; beside I have to-day received an offer that may prove more advantageous. I am no longer your Edith."

A half an hour after these words were written, Edith would have recalled them, but it was too late.

Frank Harold had read them, and gone away without making another attempt to see her.

Edith feared that he would wear her out with his perseverance, and following the impulse of the moment she penned those words in hopes of awakening his pride. In cooler moments she despised herself for her artifice, for bitter was the thought that she had made herself appear unworthy of his respect.

"Why had I not courage to tell him the truth, and show him that I was firm in my resolution never to permit him to share my disgrace! How much easier would it be for me to bear my troubles now! Oh, how could I have done myself so much injustice!"

In such lamentations the night wore away.

Morning came, the heavens all roseate with light—her song bird by the window pouring forth its sweetest trills—the busy hum of life going on in the street below, everything the same all around her, but in her heart how changed. Life seemed to her no longer desirable. She wished herself in the grave-yard beside the dead mother, who had left her such an inheritance of shame. She stood before the glass to arrange her hair, and started back at sight of the pale and haggard face, with its glassy eyes looking out upon her—a mockery, as it were, of her former self. How could one night have wrought so great a change?

Ah, it had been a night of exceeding mental torture. Mrs. Dayton, who soon after entered her room, felt that some terrible affliction must have fallen upon her young friend, but in vain she endeavored to win Edith's confidence. Her answers were so out of character with her former self—she seemed so sullen and unapproachable, that Mrs. Dayton was at a loss what course to pursue toward her. At length she resolved to go to the place where Edith had last been sewing, and ascertain what had sent her so suddenly home in the middle of the day. She well knew whose house she should be obliged to enter, and she dreaded an interview with a man whom she now so thoroughly despised as she did Mr. Morris. She had never told Edith the result of her application to him on her behalf, as she had never questioned her, and long ago Edith had forgotten the name that was found in her grandmother's pocket, for all events in those hours of grief made but slight impression upon her. But while Mrs. Dayton was preparing for her visit, she was surprised by a call from Mrs. Morris' brother. Mr. Ralston was not much over forty years of age, and as the climate of India had in many respects spared him, he was still a fine-looking man. This morning there was such a depth of sadness in his clear, blue eyes, that Mrs. Dayton at once felt attracted toward him, and gave him the minutest particulars of the information he came in search of.

He did not leave the house until he had humbled himself before his child, and with tears supplicated the forgiveness which death denied that he should receive at the hands of the mother. Edith's bruised heart was too much in need of a refuge to turn aside from a father's love.

From that hour she dated a new existence. Her heart overflowed with gratitude for the devoted fondness of her new-found parent, and she resolved to dedicate her life to him. With such a support as his love to cling to, she felt fully able to bear the odium which the stain of

her birth cast upon her; but she never wavered in her determination to not suffer another to share that reproach with her.

Her father seemed to have renewed his youth, in the unanticipated happiness that had come upon him; and yet there were moments when pangs, keener than any he had heretofore known, troubled his bosom. It was, whenever suddenly entering his daughter's apartment, he would find her in tears, and although she ever met him with a smile, his own heart told him that she had abundant cause for shame and sorrow.

He had provided Edith and himself with suites of rooms at one of the most fashionable hotels, but they lived in the strictest privacy and seclusion. Mr. Morris, outrageous as he was at the discovery his brother-in-law made, considered it politic to dissolve the ban he had placed upon the intimacy of Edith with his family. An union between her and his son no longer seemed so undesirable. But Frederic soon learned to be fully satisfied with the cousinly love that Edith not unwillingly gave him. The alluring face of a new acquaintance had something to do with his resignation, and Edith found to her relief that he was still too young and too susceptible to form any stable attachment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Harolds lived on Blank Square, in one of the most elegant residence in the city. Edith had been a schoolmate of Lucy Harold's, and Frank's attachment dated as far back as his schoolboy days. Before either of the girls were old enough to feel the difference in their social position, the mischief was done; nor was Frank, who was by several years the eldest, sufficiently worldly and selfish in his views to be prepared for the opposition which he met, when upon the death of Mrs. Clair, he announced to his parents his intention of marrying Edith. His love only increased in violence by their persecution, yet they in no way relented until a nervous fever prostrated him so low that they feared for his life. Then, stipulating that he should not marry for two years, they gave their consent to the continuance of his visits, devoutly hoping that some of the attractions which in the meantime they should take particular pains to throw in his way, would win him from his allegiance. Matters were in this condition, when Edith's note came like a thunderbolt to Frank, stunning him with the doubts and suspicions which an unbiassed judgment would have enabled him to combat.

There were hours when his own heart told him that it could not be that she had written in sin-

cerity—that it must have been from some whim of which her own gentle nature would soon make her ashamed: but in vain he waited for a refutation. The days wore away, and no tidings came to him of Edith.

His parents rejoiced too much at the discontinuance of his visits to be particular in questioning the cause; but they gleaned enough to comprehend that Frank considered himself aggrieved, and that he had been disappointed in his estimate of Edith's character. They naturally concluded that she had preferred some wealthier suitor, at which they were, of course, more pleased than piqued.

Although they lived in considerable style, they were not wealthy. Mr. Harold was not estimated to be worth as yet a realized fortune, and he was therefore partly dependant upon his practice as a lawyer, to support the style in which they lived. It was the ardent desire of both parents that their children should marry well. Lucy had been sent to boarding-school to remain until she had passed through the earlier part of those perilous teens, during which season young persons are so apt to let their hearts run away with their heads; as, who should know so well as Mrs. Harold, who would have fancied "that scapegrace Ralston," as her mother called him, had it not been said mother's most determined partiality for Arthur Harold and his inheritance—an inheritance which came near being squandered in the wild days of his youth.

Mrs. Harold had lived to give thanks that she had not thrown herself away upon her first choice; and seeing how much happier her lot had been for submitting to the guidance of her parents, she was anxious that her children should be made happy in the same way. Master Frank early showed a disposition to choose for himself, in more things than affairs matrimonial, but the gentle and quiet sister had more amiability, and seemed fair to realize all her mamma's wishes.

Mr. Harold came in from his office one evening in fine spirits.

"I met an old friend to-day, Anne, whom I have not seen for I don't know how many years; an old lover of yours, too—now, guess who it is," he said.

Mrs. Harold surmised in a moment who it might be, and she answered immediately.

"I should not be surprised if it were Harry Ralston, whom we all buried years ago, for I heard the other day that he had come back from the Indies, and was as rich as Cæsar."

"You are right—it is he. Now, would you believe it possible that he has returned a bachelor?"

"Indeed! why, I heard he had purchased the old Brighton Mansion, and was going to have it torn down, and rebuild upon its site. What does he want of a house if he has no wife to put in it?"

"But he has a niece, or ward, or something of the sort, who is to keep house for him. By the way, what a capital opportunity for Frank. Ralston told me that she was the loveliest little creature in the universe. He has settled everything upon her, he says."

"Poh! ten to one he'll marry her himself," answered Mrs. Harold, with a most emphatic toss of her head.

"No, not a bit of it. If you were to hear him talk you would know it was no love affair. He has grown quite patriarchal and fatherly, I assure you. But you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself, for he is coming around this evening."

"Well, I am sure I do not know of any one whom I should be more pleased to see," and Mrs. Harold glanced at the mirror opposite, adjusting her blonde cap as she spoke. "Has he changed much?"

"Perhaps not more than you or I," answered Mr. Harold, "yet, you will find few traces of the wild Harry Ralston you used to know. He looks to me like a man subdued by some great sorrow."

Mrs. Harold thought of his young days, and wondered if it were possible that—but no, we will not betray Mrs. Harold's meditations for the next half hour. At the end of that time, Mr. Ralston was announced, and in the matter-of-fact way in which their acquaintance was renewed, she found that any youthful predilection which he might have had for her, had been long since forgotten, or remembered only to speak jestingly of. But she noted the change which had attracted even her husband's less observant eyes. There was a frequent gloom in his manner, a sadness in his tone, which excited her curiosity, and led her at length to make an attempt to gather something of his history during the years of his absence.

"How strange that you should never have fancied any of those attractive creatures that one reads about in novels, where East India life is brought in—some of those interesting officer's widows, for instance," she said.

"Such a thing might have been possible," answered Mr. Ralston, "had I left this country a year sooner, but during that period of my life events occurred which rendered it impossible."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Harold, rousing from the brown study in which he seemed to have

been indulging, while his wife and friend were chatting of the past. "What! you don't mean to say that you ever found out that—that is, you never had any trouble from that frolic of ours at the falls; but of course you had not, or you would have been sure to have come to me with it."

Mr. Ralston looked up inquiringly.

"What frolic?" he asked.

"That sleighing party when you took out that pretty Miss ———, oh, I forgot her name, but zounds! I don't forget her face though—she was a splendid creature. Why, you know who I mean, Ralston, that widow's daughter that you were so crazy after one spell. Don't you remember? I married you that night."

A faint hue flushed Mr. Ralston's face, but left it paler than before.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he answered, hastily, and would have started another topic of conversation, had it not been that Mr. Harold continued,

"And I, too, remember it right well, for a fine fright I had about it. You know I went through the ceremony for Phil Norris and his ladye love; and bless you, her parents found it out, and talked of prosecuting me. Of course, if I had not imbibed a little too much of that hot whiskey punch I should never have gone so far: but then it all turned out right for them, for neither Phil nor his wife have repented the match, I warrant."

"My God! Arthur! You don't mean to have me understand that I was that night legally married!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, springing to his feet.

"Come, come, it is too late to quarrel about that now," answered Mr. Harold.

"Quarrel about it! Arthur Harold, if you can prove that to have been a legal marriage, I will give you the half of my fortune."

Great beaded drops stood upon Mr. Ralston's face, so intense was his excitement—the muscles of his face quivered, and his breath came pantingly.

Mr. Harold knew there was no trifling there.

"Yes, Harry, you are a married man. I can prove that if you wish it to be proven."

Mr. Ralston sank back in his chair, overcome by his strong emotion. Tears crept through the pale, slender fingers that were pressed over his eyes—tears of joy that his pure and lovely child could now wear her name unblushingly. Edith's melancholy moods had, of late, given her father increasing anxiety concerning her. He attributed all to her exceeding sensitiveness, not knowing that another sorrow was busy at her

heart; for Edith had withheld the confidence which she knew would distress her father still more, as she remained firm in her determination to lead a secluded life, and by no alliance to share the disgrace that she felt so keenly.

Nothing could equal her surprise, when, upon her father's return that night, he communicated to her the news which had given him so much joy.

She saw at a glance that her unfortunate mother had been no less sinned against, as the marriage had been considered but a jest; and yet, she was sufficiently alive to the opinion of the world to rejoice that she had a legal claim upon her father for his love as well as his fortune.

Clasped in his arms, she kept back from him no longer the story of her love, and well pleased was her father to hear that the son of his old friend had wooed Edith when she was considered but a portionless orphan.

Mr. Ralston was not long in making satisfactory explanations of Edith's conduct to Frank, who in turn took his season of exaltation in informing his parents what a regular Cinderella his little sewing girl had turned out to be.

The engagement so pleasing to all, was in the course of a few weeks publicly announced.

'Mr. Morris hearing of it, called one day at Mr. Harold's office.

After some common-place conversation, he said,

"I suppose you know, Mr. Harold, what claims the young lady, whom your son is going to marry, has to her name?"

Mr. Harold was prepared for his interference, and he answered promptly,

"Most certainly I do, sir, as none have better opportunities of knowing, having myself performed the marriage ceremony for her parents. I also know something of the patronage which

you extended to her, when she stood more in need of friends than she does now, and for any courtesies which you may have shown her then, I thank you in my son's name. I beg you to excuse me now, as my business demands my attention."

The discomfited Mr. Morris felt himself thwarted at every turn. He was at a loss to ascertain how much of sarcasm there might have been in Mr. Harold's speech, but he concluded that it would be more *politic* to acknowledge no hidden meaning.

Early the ensuing winter, Edith, as the happy bride of Frank Harold, took possession of the elegant home her father had prepared for her. In that home her aunt and cousins are frequent guests; but Mr. Morris has never yet ventured to cross the threshold, although Edith has sent him frequent invitations to join their reunions; she, rightly feeling that much ought to be sacrificed and endured before family ties are broken, or hearts estranged, who from the same source have caught their pulsation.

Mrs. Ralston, Edith's grandmother, thinks it a weary month that passes without her presence, for a few hours at least in the old homestead; and even the surly grandpapa loses some of his moroseness at sight of her lovely, laughing face, and the sound of her sweet, low voice.

Every year, upon the anniversary of Edith's birth, Mr. Ralston closets himself alone. What passes there, in the solitude of his room, is known only to himself and his God. Bitter tears, and broken prayers, and remorseful thoughts, as he pictures her hours of anguish, must at least be his portion then; and thus must it be until he goes down into the grave, to sleep by the side of his betrayed love. When the last trump shall have awakened him, may we not hope that his repentance will avail him before that Judge "who seeth not as men see?"

GONE!

BY H. L. SPENCER.

Gone from this vale of tears—
Gone from this world of woe;
Earth's transient hopes and fears
That heart no more may know.
No more
With us to dream of happy days!
With us upon the past to gaze
No more, no more!

Gone to yon Heavenly dome,
From sin and sorrow free;
How desolate our home
Since 'tis bereft of thee!
No more
We hear thy cheering voice!—
With thee we weep, with thee rejoice
No more, no more!

QUITE A ROMANCE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

BEECHDALE lay lovingly in the warm sunlight of a summer's evening, as I sat conversing with my old friend and school companion, Charlie B—, whom I had not seen for some years. Many and sweet were the memories that came crowding upon us, as we mused upon the "dear old time," when we were

"——friends together,
In sunshine and in shade."

"What a strange thing life is," continued Charlie, as we spoke of the many changes that had taken place since we had met. "We are the mere creatures of fate and circumstances, and must yield to their decision without a will of our own. And yet it is this very mysterious destiny, that oftentimes brings up the most happiness; for the merest trifle, or the slightest adventure, may occasion the most unforeseen and wonderful results. I could relate a little romance of my own life-history in proof of this, if you are in the mood to listen."

"Oh, proceed at once," I exclaimed. "This evening seems made to listen to some sweet tale."

"Several years ago," commenced my friend, "I was spending the winter in the pleasant city of Philadelphia. One gloomy evening, in February, I think, feeling somewhat under a depression of spirits, I concluded to go to the theatre, to witness a favorite drama, and prevailed upon my room-mate to accompany me. We arrived before the curtain arose, and while the orchestra was pouring forth a full tide of delicious melody; but we found the boxes already nearly filled with the beauty and fashion of the city. The play announced on the bills was 'Romeo and Juliet,' and a beautiful and popular actress was to take the part of the heroine.

"I was not a little anxious to witness this representation, especially the part of 'Juliet;' but until she made her appearance, my attention was wholly occupied and riveted by two young ladies who were seated in the box on our right. My friend, who had an opera-glass, was coolly pointing it upon the beauty in every direction, without appearing to encounter any object of sufficient attraction to fix his optics; but mine, as I have said, were utterly absorbed in contemplating the two young creatures so near to us on

our right. They appeared to be sisters, and certainly were ladies—so far, at least, as the inference was warranted by manners gentle—accents soft—eyes dark and pensive—brows pure and white—and cheeks, which, naturally pale, were shadowed into a tinge the most touching by the full black hair that clustered and gloomed above them. They were alone, and seated on the back bench of the box; and so near us that their very breathing was audible. 'Who can they be?' I caught myself repeatedly asking my friend, whose attention was now too much engrossed by the play, and the sorrows of the 'gentle Juliet,' to admit of his making any response to my queries.

"The taller, and seemingly elder sister, nearest us, was the fairer and favorite of the two; but not a glance could I catch of those magical eyes, whose long, dark lashes veiled a light which I could not doubt it would have been dangerous to encounter—and yet, who ever shrunk from such encounter! There was an air of repose, as seductive as it was beautiful and bland—an ineffable calm, partaking almost of sadness—that mantled over the features and the whole figure of this elder one; but it was a sadness sweeter to the fancy, and dearer to the heart, than any laughing lighter graces that ever mirth dispensed to the loveliest of her daughters. How little do your loud, gossiping, and laughter-loving females understand this secret of woman's truest charm, and higher, holier grace! I have known a whole theatre disturbed by the impudent assurance of an empty-headed woman of fashion, who, with a good face, a tiara of turbans, and a profusion of gold and diamonds, seemed to imagine herself free to abuse decency, and challenge the common sense and respect of those around her. Far otherwise was the deportment of the sisters at the Walnut. They spoke, not indeed in whispers, but so low, so sweetly, yet audibly—in short, so like ladies, that, together with other graces, it was not in mortal to resist the fascination; and, for days after, I was so enslaved by an hourly recurrence to the beautiful vision of the past night, that there was no toil, no trial, no privation I would not willingly have encountered and endured, to have purchased the rapture of a single pressure of the small white hand,

which, withdrawn from its soft envelope, I had seen occasionally raised to adjust, by one brief, faint touch, the modest jewel that gemmed the dark hair, like some beautiful thing of magic that had nestled near the source of thoughts, which, I would have pledged my life, were high and holy, such as angels would not have blushed to know!

"But the play proceeded, and the brilliant performance of this beautiful drama of Shakspeare's engaged my attention also; and it was not until the curtain had fallen upon the last scene, and the lovely young *tragedienne* was led before it to receive a shower of applause and bouquets, that I directed my gaze to my fair neighbors—when, imagine my chagrin and astonishment, I saw—an empty box!—the fairies were gone—

'Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below'—

And a momentary blank and sort of blight was left upon my sensations. With Alexander Smith I could have exclaimed—

'God! what a light has passed away from earth
Since my last book!'

A plague upon fortune and the world, thought I, who set their villainous heads together to perplex and defeat us—the one proffering that which the other is sure to take away.

"I at once prepared to leave the theatre also, for I felt that wine and motion would be the best cure for the sincere melancholy I now experienced, and for which I was angry with myself; and yet I could not help it. I could not go away though, without once more gazing into the deserted box, hallowed by such a sweet vision of loveliness—when my glance fell upon a beautiful pearl card-case lying upon the seat occupied by the elder sister. To snatch it joyfully up and open it was the work of a moment, when on the small and neatly written cards I read the name of 'Julie Livingstone.' I have at last her name, thought I, and how musically it sounded to me! I treasure the card-case carefully, and carried it with me wherever I went—I felt that we *must* meet again, and that this was the mysterious link to bring us together. I visited the theatre again and again, and other places of amusements, but in vain; that sweet face, imaged far in my heart as the purest dream of my life, greeted not my anxious and inquiring gaze, from among the gay crowds around me. It was then that I fully realized the words of a poet—that she was but

'A lovely apparition sent,
To be a moment's ornament.'

"The winter fled by, and the warm and dreamy summer called many of the inhabitants of the crowded city to sylvan retreats in the country and by the sea-shore. I was among the number, and was quietly passing the hours at a fashionable watering-place, with no more particular aim than that of health and amusement. One evening, as I was seated on the portico, reading, a carriage drove up, and a gentleman and two ladies alighted. My first glance was careless, but the second full of interest. That form! surely I had seen it before—and then I caught a glimpse of her face—it was Julie's! Ah, you may imagine my delight. What a magic that presence had upon me—the earth seemed fairer and brighter, and that sweet summer's evening still lives in my memory.

"I saw her no more that evening, but my dreams that night were pleasant ones. Julie was beneath the same roof, and was mingled with many a sweet vision of love and happiness. The next day, through the influence of some friends, I sought, and easily obtained an introduction. She was accompanied by her parents—her sister being absent at a boarding-school. That night, as we walked together in the moonlight, I drew forth the treasured card-case, and in low words related its history, and how I had sought for its owner. Many a soft blush flitted over the fair face of my listener during the recital—she too remembered the evening, and missed the card-case afterward, but never dreamed it would be returned thus.

"I will not linger over those pleasant summer days, and nights of moonlight, music and love, although their memory is so sweet. Time still pressed on more swiftly than ever, even though unperceived by us; for,

'How lightly falls the foot of Time,
When treading only flowers!'

"At length the family made preparations to leave the Springs; but even then we were not separated, for I became the travelling companion of Julie, and accompanied the family to their beautiful summer residence on the banks of the fair Schuylkill. Here I spent a few short weeks more, of uninterrupted happiness. Together we rode and walked along those fair shores, and enjoyed the brightest scenes of nature, for our hearts beat in unison—together we read from some favorite poet, or breathed to each other the young romance awakening in our hearts; and when I left that happy and delightful home, Julie Livingstone had promised to be mine."

"And this Julie," cried I, interrupting my

friend, "is your beautiful wife, to whom you introduced me yesterday?"

"The same," said he, smiling.

"Well, my dear fellow, let me congratulate

you," returned I. "That was indeed an adventure—would that all life's romances might end as happily."

THE LOST WINDS.

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

"There are some winds which have floated past me in October, soft and balmy as those of June or July. Indeed, I have sometimes fancied they were *lost winds*—strayed away from midsummer, and vainly seeking their old homes."

THEN the faint Summer, sick to death, came reeling,
And, like a miser, hugging close her treasures;
Twas hard to die, when every glowing feeling,
And every memory throbbed to love's soft pleasures!
For, in the far North, passion-lips had kissed her,
And, ere her Northern flight, with sweets did load her—
How could she die, and to her Autumn sister
Bequeath those lover-gifts—her breaths of odor?

But ah! the gentle, meek-eyed Summer perished,
And in a grave among the flowers they laid her,
And every sky and cloud and leaf she cherished
Bowed to their new queen, and much honor paid her.
Only the winds, in olden love and duty,
Wandered, with wallings up and down the earth,
They only, sighing, grieved for Summer's beauty—
For the sweet mother who had given them birth.

Then, orphaned left, these wayworn, fragrant rangers
Wandered astray with sad continuous murmur,
For, to the regal Autumn they were strangers,
And would no homage own—proud winds of Summer!
Thus is it, that, with faintest trembling shiver,¹
They go in weary wanderings o'er the world—
Or, 'mong the crimson leaves their voices quiver,
And sobbing, whisper, "We are lost and cold!"

And Summer, dead and buried, heedeth never
The pleadings of the wayworn orphan wind!
Still up and down the earth each lonely rover
Will vainly seek his olden home to find;
And by-and-by the Winter will be weaving
A shroud of snow around the naked earth—
And then, these lost winds will no more be grieving,
But, faintly gasping, yield their dying breath

MY BRIDE TO BE!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NEVER canst thou know the deep
Emotions of my soul,
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep—
Defying all control!
Nor search each hidden fount of love,
That gushes warm and free,
Nor in a lifetime ever prove
My heart's idolatry!
My light, my life!
My bride to be!

I've tried for years in vain to fling
Thy image from my heart,
Within its depths it still will cling,
With omnipresent art!
Then think not that the thrilling love
That bindeth me to thee,
In after years shall ever prove,
A wild weird phantasy.
My light, my life!
My bride to be!

Bright as the jewels in the night,
Of thy dark raven hair,
Forever shall remain the light
Thy virgin brow doth wear!
The welcome voice that now doth breathe,
Its love tones soft and free,
When tremulous with age will weave,
The same sweet lay for thee!
My light, my life!
My bride to be!

Yet though our journey oft may seem
With direst sorrow rife,
We'll tread where joy and gladness teem,
The sunny side of life!
And when thence we turn aside
Into eternity,
My loving, trusting spirit bride
Say, wilt thou be, Lulee?
My light, my life!
My bride to be!

MARIE TREVOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW NURSE.

"THE new nurse, if you please, my lady, by the baronet's order."

Lady Walden looked up from her book, with an expression of pleasure.

"What kind of a looking lady is she, Ware? Does she seem the right sort of a woman to take care of my darling? Has she been married? I wonder if she has experience!"

"Bless you, my lady," exclaimed Ware, bending somewhat her stately demeanor, "she's a young thing, and judging by her face, not a married person—but a well enough looking body, only so genteel."

"Well, send her up, Ware. I had best see for myself, though your judgment is excellent; and of course the baronet would not have selected an improper person to take charge of our sweet little Aimee, heaven bless her," she continued, turning to bend over a beautiful infant who slept soundly by her side.

She softly lifted the covering of lace, as her maid left the room, disclosing the white, dimpled arms disposed in careless grace on the breast, and the richly-worked slip of the infant. The fingers so wee and waxen were tightly locked, and it required but little fancy to imagine that they were thus pressed by the invisible hands of angels. A pretty infant is always loveliest in sleep; the cherub-like innocence reposing on lip and brow—the halo of purity wrapping the being, as it were, in light celestial, and stamping the smile of heaven where only heaven is reflected, give to the infant that charm that mingles awe with our devotion, as if we gazed on something freshly touched by the hand of Deity.

Perhaps Lady Walden's thoughts took the form of worship as she glanced mutely upon her babe—for reverently she slid down upon her knees, and gazed till the coming tears dimmed her bright eyes, and intensity of feeling brought a crimson flush on either fair cheek. She started as the door opened, and hastily composing herself, looked up carelessly at the figure emerging through the open door.

It was that of a young girl—full, yet symmetrical. Her face had more than ordinary intelligence and beauty. A certain firmness gave to her features that character that inspires respect, and the Lady Walden unawares bowed as she spoke—then proceeded to test whether she had the necessary qualifications for a child's nurse.

"What is your name?" she asked, unconsciously fastening her gaze upon the youthful face.

"Ruth Goldfinch, my lady," answered the pretty girl, blushing and casting down her eyes—yet did it not seem the hue of modesty; that rosy blush.

"Goldfinch—Goldfinch," repeated the lady, slowly, "I am certain I have heard that name before—ah! I have it—in the village grave-yard beyond Waldenwold," she continued, musingly, "there is one grave shaded by a white rose-bush. I never went there but what I found fresh flowers on that grave, no matter what the season. On a tiny brown stone is a name engraved—simply—Rose Goldfinch. Was she a relation, my good girl?"

"We were twin sisters," exclaimed Ruth, in a voice subdued—but with a manner that seemed as if she were conquering violent emotion. The faint color faded from her cheeks—her lips trembled, and striving in vain to conquer feeling, she burst into tears, gave one or two quick sobs—then rapidly dashed the water from her eyes, and in a moment was calm again.

"I was very thoughtless," said the youthful mother, in a vexed, low voice—"but go with Ware and compose yourself; then come back to the nursery and I will give you your charge—by that time little Aimee will be awake. I must engage her," she continued, as the door closed, "such tenderness of feeling bodes good. I have heard somewhere that this sister of hers was unfortunate—'frail and fair,' poor weak thing—Ruth is pretty, but if I am a judge of character there is little weakness in hers. How quickly she commanded herself! There was a bravery in that action, I could not but respect—but hark! there she is again, and my darling moves uneasily."

The young girl came respectfully forward, and listened to Lady Walden's directions with fixed attention. She had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and in a dress of some pink color and large apron of white, with a small cap whose wide strings were tied gracefully under her chin, and a little corner of muslin pinned neatly over her bosom, she looked pretty enough to please the most fastidious taste.

"Now," said Lady Walden, as she finished, "I have some calls to make, and I shall leave you with Ware. Take good care of my little Aimee, and you will find this a pleasant, agreeable home."

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIRTH-DAY FETE.

WARE went out to help her lady dress, leaving the nurse with the babe. It had gone to sleep again, innocent creature—but its rest was no longer deep and hushed. A trembling of the transparent lids, a fitting smile, a long sigh, succeeded by a transient quiet—a fitful jerking of the hands; first one cheek then the other rubbed caressingly over the pillow—a languid opening of the eyes, a languid closing them again—an unconscious smile—a quick look of affright—and again the peace of smiling sleep. Then all at once a waking up of every faculty, followed by a gaze of wonder, as if the light of its own consciousness—the faces around it were all miracles to its narrow vision. How still it laid, like the good babe it was, following with its mild eyes of blue perchance the movements of some cherub sent to be its little guide—to introduce its mind gradually to the dim realities of this lower life—perhaps the flickering fragments of light and shade playing on the white curtains of its nursery bed—reflected from a globe of water in which tiny gold-fish were gambolling.

Ruth stood by its side, but not so that the babe might notice a stranger. She stood with a mournful expression, bringing her hands up slowly to her bosom, and crossing them there. First, a bitter smile flitted over her face—then came a look of gloom, in which a sort of hate was visible.

"The rich—aye! the *rich* and the *great* have all these treasures, in peace and happiness," she muttered. "*They* are not tempted—they are never sought to their ruin. They marry the choice of their hearts—they have their children and keep them—keep them without fear or shame, and never blush to hear them named. Little Rose was as beautiful as she—much like her—but she is dead—her mother is dead—but

her *father* lives, and what does he care that the victims of his baseness have gone with broken hearts—leaving others with breaking hearts! What does *he* care that he has brought disgrace upon brothers, sisters, and an old grey-headed father? But he shall suffer. My prayer is heard at last, I am here"—with a glance of triumph she gazed around the noble nursery—"here, with the means of vengeance in my own hands—*here*, with the best drop of his life's blood in *my* charge—ah! I'll wring it out—I'll give him sorrow for sorrow—I'll—"

Her manner lost its tragio fierceness, as at that moment Ware entered, and going toward the bed took up the infant—a grim smile playing over her thin features. She had so stiff and odd a way with her whenever she moved or talked—she held the child with such precision, and measured her words in so mechanical a manner, that Ruth began to feel a little awe of her, and to wonder if she was to take care of the young lady Aimee, under *her* superintendence. But the sedate lady's maid, with becoming condescension, soon made her feel more at her ease, and after a while Ruth became reconciled to her manner, and forgot reserve.

"How old is she?" she asked, timidly, as Ware gave the infant in her charge.

"She'll be a year on a week come Tuesday, and we're to have great times, I expect."

"Why?" asked Ruth, smoothing out the folds of the infant's rich frock.

"Why!" echoed Ware, with an accent of astonishment, "why, to be sure, but that it's her birth-day, the darling. Don't you know what they do in great families like the baronet's—how they have lords and ladies here, with a dinner and a party and such like, and the park all lighted up, and dancing in the hall, and fireworks out in the garden, and streamers in the house, and everything grand and splendid?—but how should you know? I 'spose you've never lived in a rich family before."

Ruth was bending over the babe—and Ware intent upon her description, did not note the burning flush that spread upon cheek and brow, and then receded, leaving a rim of white only around the eyes and lips.

"No! I've never lived in *any* family before," she answered, with a hard, forced voice—"isn't it strange," she continued, with the same accent, "how some are born to all these things, and others," her brow grew very dark as she spoke, "come only to suffer and to make others suffer—to live in misery, and grow sick and die, and be laid away in the old grave-yard?"

"To *my* mind, if they die young, that's the

best of it," answered Ware, quietly, her eyes fixed upon her knitting, "for they're sure to go to heaven, and that's better than to live for what lot you can't say."

"Yes; it *is* better—it *is*," muttered Ruth, yet with a gesture of impatience—but the babe smiled in her face, and as instantly the look of hate faded, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh!" she thought, "I shall love her too well, for she looks like little Rose. But my purpose is fixed; if there is suffering in store for such as he—I'll bring it to his lips, even the very dregs."

To be sure the baronet of Waldenwold came of a good family—an ancient family—though not quite as ancient as my own, for as Dickens says, "the last man, whoever he is, will have a longer pedigree than the greatest nobleman now alive"—and "he who was born three hundred years ago cannot reasonably be expected to have had as many relations before him as one who is born now." However, the baronet was not born three hundred years ago—nor yet one, for it was only in the year 18—that his age numbered some five and thirty—and a young rogue of four sturdy summers, and my "young Lady Aimee"—already called him papa—although the youngest, on account of her Hebrew accent could hardly be understood. Rumor—I mean the lady with velvet slippers and mealy mouth—had in years past been busy with the baronet's fair fame; but, he went over to Germany, staid several years—brought home a pretty blonde with unpronounceable name, and an immense fortune, who of course thought her husband the best and the handsomest man in the world—and his lordship's petty sins were forgiven.

The baronet had really reformed. He loved his wife dearly, after his fashion, and she more than idolized him, for her love partook of the spirit of worship. One would indeed have so concluded to have seen her sitting fondly at his feet—her sunny face bathing in the light of his dark eyes—while in all the world, her manner seemed to say, there could not be a mortal as perfect as her own dear husband.

The baronet was indeed a man of surpassingly noble exterior. One would exclaim, looking upon those features cast in the mould of manly beauty, surely guile dwelt never *there*. No thought unworthy heaven *could* enter the soul that looked out from those clear eyes. There could be no stain upon his hands, no crime in his heart locked away all carefully from human sight.

But He who looketh down from heaven knoweth the secret thoughts of the heart, and in His own time will He mete justice to the transgressor.

One morning the baronet entered his wife's private sitting-room, and sauntered slowly up to the light work-table where the Lady Walden sat, busily employed upon some glittering fabric. He threw himself upon a tapestried couch at her side, and carelessly picked up a portion of the embroidery as it fell over the fair fingers, and on the silken robe of the lady.

"And pray what is this foolish little affair for?" he asked, striving to look grave as if his language meant reproach, "are you never wearied of such trifles?"

"Trifles," exclaimed the lady, a blush heightening her beauty, "do you call everything pertaining to our darling, a trifle? Why look you, George—it is her birth-day robe?—is it not beautiful? I sent it to Madame *Sartegé* to be embroidered, but when it came home, I couldn't bear the thought that baby should wear anything that had not in some manner been fashioned by me; so I am putting around the body this little frill of rich lace. You see the points will show so beautifully on her darling little shoulders. Isn't she a sweet creature, dear George?"

"Oh! she's rather a decent-looking baby," he replied, his eyes twinkling roguishly.

"Rather *decent*-looking," cried Lady Walden, ringing a silver bell, "Handy," she added, to a servant, "tell Ruth to bring Lady Aimee here—and you shall hold her for an hour, and see in how many respects she resembles yourself—just to punish you," she continued, turning to her husband.

At that moment in came Ruth, holding the beautiful child very daintily, herself composed and lady-like in manner.

"Take her to her father," said Lady Walden, and the baronet took the babe, although as he received her from Ruth's arms there was a momentary embarrassment, imperceptible to any but the eye of the fond wife. Ruth moved away to a seat at the side of the room, and the baronet handling the little plaything, as he called her, very tenderly, listened to the comments of his wife, who now held up the long robe—laying it over the dancing limbs—now dimpled the pretty cheek with her own fair fingers.

"I think we'll change the order of ceremonies on the occasion of little Aimee's birth-day," he said, looking up to his wife from the infant.

"In what manner?" asked the lady, stopping her task to gaze admiringly on the treasures—"we shall of course give our usual party—you certainly would not let such a day pass without in some manner celebrating it."

"Certainly not—but what do you think now of having the fete in Hazelwood? It is but six

miles out, you know—the weather is getting sultry—my villa will be finished, and we can christen that and celebrate the day together.”

“Oh! Hazelwood!” exclaimed the lady, delightedly, clapping her hands with almost childish glee, “that will be so nice. And will you have colored lights in the avenue, and in the grove? and supper in that beautiful hall—and dancing on the green—and music, and revels, and flowers? Oh! Aimee, sweet, I wish you were only old enough to enjoy it—what pleasure we shall take with her, George, when she is grown.”

“Aye! if she is spared to us,” answered her husband, in a deep voice, “such lovely creatures are but fragile things, you know.”

“There! you have dashed all my pleasure—though I am sure you did not mean to—but death, the thought of *death*, George, the mere thought of loveliness like that mouldering, turning from fair white and rose beauty into loathsome dust, oh! George, I am sure of it—I should die too were Aimee to die, indeed, indeed, George, I should,” and she laid her sunny head upon her husband’s shoulder forgetful of Ruth’s presence, and tears dropped on the forehead of her babe.

Ruth sat back, almost hidden by drapery, the crimson of which gave a ghastly glare to her dark eyes and deathly white cheeks. Her hands she held hard, and unconsciously clasped against her breast. There was an evil look on her face, too maturely evil for one so young, and in that little moment her brow had changed to haggardness. Anon, her lips would work convulsively, then she would close them firmly over her teeth till the muscles grew rigid.

“Both mother and child,” she said, to herself, with a vehemence that sent the blood rushing to her temples, “life for life—two mothers and two babes.”

“So then it is settled, I suppose,” said Lady Walden, forcing back her tears and assuming an air of gravity, “we are to have the fete at Hazelwood. Well, I’m glad I know it now, for to-morrow I should have made arrangements for home. Mercy on me! what a busy body I must be, to be sure; it is well Harry’s birth-day comes in midwinter, and Aimee’s in June.”

“Stop till we have six birth-days to celebrate in a year, instead of two,” said the baronet, playfully, at which Lady Walden held up her hands with affected horror, and yet blushed so beautifully that the baronet paid her a compliment.

After which Ruth, as she was bidden, took the babe, who, in spite of its beauty, seemed inclined to distort its little features after the manner of

infant’s great and little, nobles or boors, and carried it out lying tenderly upon her bosom.

CHAPTER III.

RUTH’S STORY.

“MERCY on us, child, how pale you look!” cried Ware, with unfeigned astonishment, as Ruth came slowly into the nursery; “you are sick or something—what has happened?”

“Nothing,” said Ruth, abstractedly.

“Nothing! just turn to my lady’s mirror; there! did nothing give that white look to your face? No, no—I hope there’s nothing ill of you.”

“Ill of me!” exclaimed Ruth, startlingly, “*ill*, that voice never meant bodily ill—what do you mean, that I’m not *honest*?”

“Oh! no, no, to be sure not,” answered Ware, soothingly—then as Lady Walden came in, (it was her wont to spend some hours, herself attending to the welfare of her babe, for which give her due praise) she said, “Come, tell the story of which you spoke last night. I’m sure it will please my lady, and you can tell a thing so good, that I’m sure you must have better learning, or else a better head-piece than most of your class.”

“What! does Ruth profess to be a story maker?” asked Lady Walden, looking up with her sunny face that actually diffused its beams over the girl’s pale features.

“I can tell some *true* stories, my lady,” answered Ruth, the faintest color coming to each cheek.

“Let me hear one then, and by all means tell me something of your peasantry. I am a German, and of course unacquainted with the habits of the lower classes here; come, begin while my little daughter sleeps—but I must caution you,” she added, pleasantly, “against telling those thoughtless stories which many do, about ghosts and things supernatural, to my children, I should never allow it.”

“My father and my mother were both church people, my lady,” answered Ruth, with simple dignity, “they taught me better than that.”

“I am glad to hear it,” said Lady Walden; “but come, your story, I hope it will be a joyous one, for—I know not why, I am in low spirits this morning.”

Ruth smiled, but there was a sneer half concealed in her smile as she answered, “It shall be true—but perhaps not as pleasing as you could wish,” and she continued,

“There once lived on the borders of the county road in Bradley, a thrifty farmer and his family.

Their cottage stood under a group of thriving elms, and away from the bustle of the thoroughfare. It was of stone, well built, neatly furnished, and surrounded by the finest garden and ploughing land in the county. The front door was broad and gaily painted—the great flag stone that served for a step, said to have been pressed by the foot of one of the kings of England, worn smooth and polished by long usage. The entry, straight and long, gave egress at the back by a small door of lattice-work, through which the golden sun-flowers, tall lilies and old-fashioned sweet-scented roses, gave pleasure of sight and perfume.

"It was said by those who knew them, that farmer G——'s family must be the happiest in the wide world. The wife was handsome, of the temper of a lamb, winning in her ways, and never was her brow known to be shadowed by a frown of anger. The farmer in his young days was straight, tall, and finely formed. His parents had given him what few of his station have, a good, common education—and he was with his pleasing manners and noble form, quite looked up to and revered by his less intelligent neighbors. Four sons were born to them, bright, promising children, and they had grown almost into manhood when two beautiful babes were added, twin sisters, who at once became the idols of the neighborhood, stars of the heaven of home."

"Stop!" exclaimed Lady Walden, abruptly, "where did you get so much poetry from?" and she gazed on the girl with a look of blank astonishment.

"If I have any poetry," was the simple reply, "it was born with me."

"You are a singular girl," remarked the lady, "but, go on."

"It was said that in their infancy these children were possessed of extreme loveliness, and as they grew up some new charm seemed developed from hour to hour. They were constantly together, and only that one, more timid than the other, clung to her sister for protection, and looked to her as to the stronger mind for guidance, no difference might have been observable. But as womanhood brought fresh graces, it gave a different character to the beauty of each. Lilly, as she was called by the neighbors, grew fairer and more spiritually delicate. Her hair was light, almost as light as yours, Lady Walden—her eyes were large, and blue and pale, yet exceedingly lustrous. She was fond of the dance, the song—the romance of the world—she looked upon her humble station with constrained content—she dreamed in the daylight—in the twilight—in the starlight, and her dreams were

always of coming greatness. Her form was very slender, her arms, hands, and feet peculiarly elegant—her taste nearly perfect, and the exceeding simplicity of her toilet was the result of unstudied and naturally acquired art.

"Her sister was not nearly as beautiful—her hair was darker, her eyes deeper, her form not as symmetrical—and a shade of thought, perhaps at times of sadness, made her seem uncordial. She loved books and solitude—she loved to sit for hours in what her father called his library, and amuse herself with the old books, all moth-eaten and binding broken. She, too, dreamed—but she fashioned her dreams on paper, after her sister had laid her fair head upon the pillow and innocently slept. It is not everybody that sleeps innocently," said Ruth, rapidly, lifting her eyes to the lady's earnest face, but those placid features reflected naught of guile, and Ruth's eyes dropped again.

"Everybody said that the twins had more than ordinary genius—so the father and the brothers, and even the mother labored harder, that they might give them more than ordinary accomplishments. Bitter day that they did that.

"A teacher of music came to the quiet village. He was a young man, of handsome exterior; words cannot describe his grace, his noble mien, his purity of language and delicacy of sentiment. He had frequently seen the twins together—sitting on the porch by the garden side, sewing or knitting—reclining under the old oaks while the silvery beams of the moon made a circle of glory around each fair young head. He noted how they were revered by the villagers—how the hearts of their parents, now growing well nigh hoary, clung with idolatrous fondness to them—how the brothers came from their own homes and their own wives and little ones (the youngest was not married) to hear their sweet sisters sing in the quiet evening, and play their simple lutes. He saw them at church in their dresses of muslin, and hats of plaited straw, sitting in the slip with old and young on either side; he saw them taking their pleasant walks over the commons and returning with beautiful nosegays that they had gathered from unconscious earth. He saw them in their dresses of plain homespun, moving about their bright but humble home—baking, churning, spinning; he met them at the merry-makings of the farmers, and noted with what deference they were ever treated; he heard them sing and affected raptures; he wormed himself into the confidence of the old father, and offered to teach them without pay.

"Lilly was her father's favorite. She had a way with her, which the other had not. She

could fondle, kiss, and murmur sweet things—she could change her countenance to every shade of feeling so nicely—she could so—and so lovingly supersede others, too, never causing the slightest jealousy, that no wonder she was the favorite. And even the twin sister tacitly seemed to feel that in the gentler, more beautiful, more witching creature, there was something sweeter to love—and every night and morning she folded her to her heart with a prayer and a blessing, and never heard her praised but with a heart throbbing with delight.

“So when everybody spoke rapturously of the clever young teacher, the handsome young teacher—and when it began to be whispered that his attentions pointed particularly to the village Lilly, though the hearts at home bled, they were all proud; for both had talents, and his were rare and many. But the sister suffered most. She was now alone, and often she frequented old and wonted haunts, and falling upon the moss near the grass and the flowers, wept till her heart near broke with the grief. Still, when she met the lovers, looking so pleased and contented, and saw with what hope and affection they regarded each other, she forced herself to smile them welcome, and almost to feel happy in their perfect happiness.

“The twin sister needed not to be told the sequel, that the vows of love, undying love, had been exchanged, for she knew by the tighter grasp of those beautiful arms about her neck—by the deepening blush, and tears that only lent a brighter joy to that fair countenance—she knew as well as spoken words might say.

“‘And when will my darling sister be the happy wife of Conrad Wersten?’ she asked.

“‘Immediately, on his return—*immediately*,’ was the answer; and with an accent so alarming, a manner so suddenly wild, though it was instantly subdued, that it frightened the other.

“‘He has gone, then—and for how long?’

“‘Only for a little—he *swore* it should be but for a little while,’ was the answer; still with that strange manner—and then came a cold, tremulous chill through every vein and artery of her sister; a dim horror—a nightmare of the heart, that even shook her frame. She knew nothing, but she *felt* that evil in horrible though uncertain shape stood near her, with its awful throng of airy phantoms.”

“Ruth, girl, how you look at me!” exclaimed Lady Walden, shivering, “you actually seem to be living over some great trouble; your powers too, of description, of imagery—I can hardly tell what to think.”

The flush had gone from the maiden’s brow;

she no longer gazed wildly upon her mistress, but calmly casting her eyes to the floor, said, “I told you it might be a sad story; however, I will stop, I think Ware wishes me to.”

Ware had been striving some time, by sundry winks and nods and nudgings, to arrest her story, frightened, it might be, by her lady’s steady and entranced attention, so foreign to the childish, impetuous manner of the young mother.

“It is nothing to Ware,” said Lady Walden; “pray, go on,” she added, unconsciously using the term and attitude of polite entreaty. “I am really anxious to hear what happened. I hope this music teacher was no disguised nobleman—who—”

“He *was* a disguised nobleman,” exclaimed Ruth, in a voice so powerful that the lady started. “Aye! he lured the bird—the gentle, timid, lovely singing-bird—he broke its wing and then set open the door of its cage to tempt it with the sight of liberty. Days and weeks went on, and the smile was but little less bright on Lilly’s cheek; months passed, only a few, and the neighbors began to wonder; a few more passed—then came visions of a sick chamber—a poor unfortunate babe—a broken-hearted mother, dead, in another room—a gentle-hearted brother, driven mad—*mad*—a father bowed down in living, helpless sorrow—in his old age, bowed down in shame—fathom that word if you can. And the twin sister—it was *her* duty to linger about that frail one, to soothe her as she wept almost tears of blood, to be a support for the broken stem, to hold up the bruised Lilly, and attempt to wash the stain from its whiteness. In vain! that could never be done on earth; so she knelt to implore it of heaven—but *there*, in the presence of purity came such overpowering feelings of loathing and revenge toward *him* who had broken down the old tree and the clinging vines, and ruthlessly stamped the flowers out upon them, that she could not die—not *dare* to pray.

“The hearse and few mourners followed one broken heart to its resting-place of dust and cold grey tomb-stones—another was carried away, raving, to the home of the shattered and wrecked in intellect—another sat in his door-way, weeping, (oh! miserable! to see an old man weep!) draining his grief away with his life; tottering on his staff, and with his bitter, briny tears moistening the cold, hard earth. Left all alone, disgraced, his silvery hair pointed at with the memory of sin and shame.

“By-and-bye came a feeble moving over the floor; and the pale being clasping her little one,

grew more to the heart that remained. Her brothers cursed her destroyer—yet they did not the less love her; the twin sister blamed both silently, but one with hate and the desire of vengeance.

One day, the gladdest day that summer has seen, the poor, frail thing was missed. Her babe slept quietly; its cheek unstained by a tear—but the fragile—the lost—the worshipped one had gone. What anguish it was to find under her pillow, carefully pinned up in an old paper, all her long, golden, beautiful tresses—oh! the sight caused madness. And there too were her letters—*his* letters in a little tear-stained package; there was the plain ring he had given her, besides all her little hoard of jewelry, simple enough. A chain of coral—a cornelian clasp—a hair bracelet, that once looked so pretty on her beautiful arm—three rings, birth-day gifts, all left for her lonely sister. Oh! the confusion at the farm-house that day—the running to and fro, and calling out and weeping; it was awful, awful. And the sister could not go, for the little one claimed all her time, poor, frail thing. She sat in a sort of stupor, only moving as the babe moved, and by its restlessness claimed her attention. At last a crowd came to the house—she laid the babe down and looked forth with wildly beating heart. One of the foremost held a chip hat, from which fluttered a blue, limp ribbon, the wet dripping from it drop by drop; another gathered in his grasp something white and blue, which the poor girl knew was the mantle of her ruined sister. Happily she knew and saw no more, but for hours laid insensible—until, when she could bear it, they told her the melancholy story. They had travelled for miles, dragging every narrow river—searching every out-of-the-way place, until they came to a broad and rapid stream on the very borders of Bradley, where the current rolls swift and strong. There on the sedgy banks at that part called Hazelwood they found her bonnet, mantle, and slippers. They did not care to search for her body, for the current is very rapid, and they did not doubt but the poor creature might be thrown up on some bank along the side, where she would be discovered, unless it was carried to the ocean.

“Was she drowned, and *there*?” asked Lady Walden, her face grown ashy white, and her absence of motion betraying intense interest—“at Hazelwood! why there is where the baronet has just built his villa, where little Aimee is to be christened. How unfortunate! I wish you had not told me this story.”

“You wished me to,” was the calm answer.

“Well, well, so I did—but go on——”

“I have no more to say,” replied Ruth.

“Was the body ever found?”

“No—but a plain stone in the little burial-ground outside of Waldenwold, where you have often seen fresh flowers thrown—where you have marked the simple name of ‘Rose Goldfinch’—*that* shows that she is yet remembered.”

“Your sister?” said the lady, slowly.

“She *was* my sister, lady,” answered Ruth, tears springing to her eyes.

“And this villainous nobleman, have you ever found him out?—his life could hardly expiate his offence—do you know him?”

“My brothers do,” she answered, shivering, “but he is powerful, and they are poor—yet,” and she lifted her dark eyes, “God is in heaven still.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE BIRTH-DAY FETE.

AFTER Ruth's story, the girl was treated with almost marked respect—Lady Walden truly repeating that education after all was the only leveller, that mere distinctions of rank faded before it—“As who could help respecting this poor nurse girl, my dear,” she added, “with her plain dress and unassuming habits better than that frippery thing, Lady Hoozle, who was so ignorant that she couldn't spell three lines correctly.”

In the meantime great preparations were going on for the fete at Hazelwood. Orders were being constantly despatched from Waldenwold to various bakers, confectioners, perfumers, florists—cards of invitation delicately *scented* were afterward sent to all the “would-be delighted and so forth,” upholsterers were busy at Hazelwood—gardeners were busy, porters were busy; great hampers stood at the doors surrounded by servants who were busy looking at them. Great parcels were being unpacked inside. On wide tables stood silver and glass-ware. Underneath dressers lazily reposed wine-bottles, in all the glory of cobwebs and dust, rejoicing in the light for the first time in forty years. Cato, the butler's man, was very gravely telling a little boy in ragged trousers who hadn't spoken, that 'twouldn't do for him to be “imperent” *there*, 'cause it 'twant no place to be imperent in—at the same time steadyng himself by a broom-handle that threatened every two seconds to strike him in the face. A bottle that had burst its wire, and weeping at the accident, might have covered the floor with its tears if Cato hadn't benevolently dried them, and then wiped his mouth with his linen jacket-sleeve, stood with a few specks of white froth running

down its sides. To that undoubtedly the little boy with ragged trousers owed his moral lecture—a lecture which must have made immense impression, judging by what ragged jacket said as he turned to a companion, “Jim, if that old fellow had given me any more of that slang, I’d a walked into him quicker nor he did in that old bottle.”

Ware was there also, for none but she could contrive the little conveniences of her lady’s toilet chamber. And Ruth was also there, having been sent in the carriage with her charge, who needed an airing. The babe was sleeping on a little bed hastily contrived for her; the coachman a handsome but under-sized fellow, was explaining to some rather genteel stranger the crest on the arms of the carriage.

Ruth left the housekeeper and sauntered through the beautiful rooms. Heaps of splendor lay on either side, ready for transport into the niches intended for them. Here stood a rose-wood sofa half unpacked, showing the crimson satin that composed its covering—there in boards a grand piano that “my lady” had herself ordered from Germany. Here, rearing his proud head, stood a superb rocking-horse for “my young lord,” who was at present constantly with the mother of his noble father, but who was expected with her to rejoin his parents at Hazelwood—there an elegant sort of cradle, covered with gilding and made in the form of a huge cockleshell—in fact, so many were the new things, that one could hardly get through their enumeration. Ruth gazed languidly at all this, and still went on till she came to a large front room on the second floor, intended for the sleeping chamber of the baronet and his lady. There the lady’s maid found her looking out gloomily on the wide, varying prospect of rich valley—upland with rivers meandering—low land where kine were browsing, and the wide sheet of water whereon some few tiny craft were pushing their way against the strong current.

“See!” exclaimed Ruth, violently agitated, “that is the water—and there—down there was the very spot.”

Ware looked her in the face inquiringly.

“I tell you it’s just there—*there* where the elm is broken half way from where the willows run down to the water’s edge—there *her* clothes were found—and there she must have plunged in.”

“For heaven’s sake don’t tell my mistress!” exclaimed Ware, with more than usual energy, shuddering as she spoke—“I beg you won’t mention it, for I know she’s nervous and maybe a little superstitious.”

“Aye! I hope *he’ll* see her,” said Ruth, in a low, musing voice, speaking as if she had lost all recollection of Ware’s presence, as indeed she had—“I hope *he’ll* see her coming up some night all dabbled with blood—with her hands stretched high and dripping—with her fair hair floating over her shoulders, and that sweet face turning him into stone with its glance—and I hope he’ll hear her too singing, as the Germans say the Loreley does, singing him to his doom—oh! if the dead did but appear, I would die, but to come to *him*.”

“Ruth Goldfinch, are you losing your senses, child? I believe you are, talking and running on in this queer manner—who do you mean by *him*? Don’t you know this is the baronet’s room—the baronet, my master—the noblest, most virtuous of lords, who wouldn’t harm a worm, and who loves my lady as his life?”

Ruth answered not—but gave the woman so strange a look that she stepped back a few paces, returning it with one of strong amazement; then the girl laughed hard and dry, tossed her head, and moved past Ware down stairs to her charge.

“I declare if I ain’t afraid of her,” muttered Ware, standing quite still and gazing where her form had disappeared—“I wonder,” she continued, soliloquizing—“I really *wonder* at my lady’s keeping her—why the girl is mad, though for certain she does well enough at times—still I’m afraid we’ll all rue it some day, for the loss of that sister of hers has unsettled her mind. To be sure they were twins, and to be sure it was aggravating to be deceived so—but heigh-ho! so it will be to the end of time, while there’s sin and sorrow and shame in the world.”

The night before the fete, a grand array of carriages drove up the principle avenue in front of Hazelwood Villa. Twilight had gone, and various servants stood near with torches to light them along to the house. The windows were blazing with illuminations, and Lady Walden, who had purposely delayed coming till every thing was completed, removed from room to room with ever increasing surprise.

“I am sure this world is a world of joy and beauty,” she exclaimed, as she stood the following morning with her husband at one of the bay windows, looking out upon the trees garlanded with flowers, and the pavilion extended on the green, its sheeny gloss fluctuating with the motion of the soft, cool air. “Why do we sigh sometimes and long for something we know not what?” she continued. “Why do we have such flashing, evil thoughts, that seem to set the heart on fire, and make the brain burn with the

fear of some impending evil. Last night I felt all this."

"Nonsense, it was because you were fatigued," said the baronet, soothingly, leading her to another window, from which she saw groups of young girls weaving flowers into wreaths and bouquets.

"Flowers are beautiful things," she said, musingly, "but how soon they fade."

"You are determined not to be pleasant, my love."

"Oh, yes, I *am* pleased, delighted," cried the lady, her eyes full of tears; and then she laughed to think how little cause *she* had then, or ever had for weeping. "It is a sweet river," she said, pointing to the water, touched by the first rays of the rising sun.

"Yes, a fine river," rejoined her husband, coldly.

"But then the idea that in some part of it some poor wretch may have slept for years—cold and slimy—wrung——"

"Eleanor, you are incorrigible," exclaimed the baronet, in a voice so loud and altered that she screamed with affright. "My love," he added, in a softer tone, "why *will* you hang on such horrid themes, on this the morning of our Aimee's birth-day? You have actually given me the blues."

"Why, I could hardly help it, my dear," returned his wife; "I have had such queer thoughts and fancies all night. I wish Ruth had never told me that story of her twin sister drowning herself in this river—only think! somewhere about *here*—do you know you look like a ghost?" she cried, quite startled at the changing color of her husband's face, "and your hand is like ice. Really I am so foolish—but this morning baby's nurse looked so wretched, and that revived thoughts of the old story, and so for the moment I felt uneasy, that's all. Don't let my foolish conduct worry you. Come now, I'll try with all my might to be cheerful. I'll go to baby and superintend her robing, so don't give one uneasy thought for me," and away she hurried, leaving her husband pallid, apprehensive, gazing as if he were looking down some infernal depth, from the window toward the stunted elm.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, in a voice altered and chilling, "why do we do deeds that haunt us like pale spectres through life? I thought in giving Ruth this place and caring for her, I should balance in some measure the harm I may have done her family, but, egad, if ever there was a devil, it lurks in that girl's eye. It must be that she knows me—or she would never look at me as she does;" and walking unasily up

and down the apartment, the baronet settled his cogitations by an emphatic whistle, and applied himself desperately to his toilet.

Carriages began in the early morning to bring the noble guests, and a sumptuous breakfast was served in the great hall. Several bands in attendance played most ravishing melodies. Clouds swept occasionally over the sun as if to cool his ardor, yet not disguise his splendor. Nothing was ever seen, so said everybody, so beautiful as the day, and the little Lady Aimee, caressed by lords and ladies, the sweet child went admirably through all the persecution of hugs and rapturous kisses, and loud congratulations, so composedly and naturally, without evincing the slightest inclination to whimper—looking placidly upon everybody, that a certain bachelor earl was heard to say, were he sure of such a sweet-natured, smiling, handsome baby as that, he would get married himself.

The dinner—but there is no describing how really grand it was; how *exaltedly merry* the guests became, nor how "*uncommonly tipsy*" the servants. There is no describing the enthusiasm of the company when young Lady Aimee's health was drank—nor the beauty of the decorations—the bright faces, the unpremeditated jokes, the sly and cunning nothings. Suffice it to say that the company were in the height of unparalleled joy, when the appearance of a post chaise, the horse in a violent foam, and the driver so full of ale, or news, or both, that he tumbled from his seat, made everybody uncomfortable.

Instantly all was confusion—for a messenger had come—not to bring the baronet's mother, and his young heir, but news that "the venerable lady had suddenly fallen into a fainting fit, just as she was prepared, and on coming to, had sent immediately for the baronet and his lady to receive her blessing before it was too late—as she had evidently but a few hours to live."

Many and many charges did Lady Walden give Ruth about the baby. She felt not the least concern to leave it with the nurse, though had she marked the wild, haggard look on Ruth's face, particularly the purplish rim about her eyes, she might have demurred. But nobody noticed it in the general hubbub, and when the young mother came back for the third or fourth time, to kiss the baby, and repeat her directions, and to say that to-morrow before noon they would send for her—she stood still for some seconds and gazed mournfully in the face of the child.

"I'm only too glad it ain't *you*, sweet darling," she murmured, forcing back the tears; "I feared—I know not what—but it seemed as if some-

thing would happen to my baby. Sad enough indeed, as it is—how sudden and awful! Now, Ruth, I charge you take good care of her, and don't neglect her for an instant, I pray you, don't. What makes me hate to leave her so?" and once, and yet once again, kissing the crowing babe, she hurried away.

Ruth looked after her with a singular expression. A wild, exultant light danced in her restless eyes; she held the babe more closely, and talked to it as if she were not really conscious of what she was saying, looking abstractedly at the retiring crowd.

"It is—it is high tide at twelve," she muttered, "I must be ready; not for worlds would I fail, and to-morrow—proud deceiver, to-morrow," she gasped as she said it, "you shall have your reward. My pretty babe, I will not kill you—I will not drown you—but never, never more shall that proud man look upon your beauty—never more—never—never."

"Who *are* you muttering at?" said Ware, coming forward, attired in bonnet and shawl.

"What, are you going too?" asked Ruth, scarcely able to suppress a laugh of exultation; then changing her manner, she added, "how lonely it will be here, nobody but baby and I."

"Oh, no," answered Ware, quickly, "some of the company's to stay, and I shall only be a little way off. I'm going to see an old friend up at Hackleby's farm—and—I don't know," she added, slowly, "but you might take baby and go too—if you are in the least afraid to sleep alone."

"I had rather stay," said Ruth, with a quick and anxious manner, "I never feel afraid—beside, I shall have baby with me."

"Just as you please," added Ware; "and you've no need, you know, to say a word about—about *my* going; Lady Walden *might* take it unkind of me, but you see there's nothing I can do here, and as I shall be back in plenty time for the first carriage—"

"You needn't fear that I shall mention it," said Ruth; "if—if you'll just do me a favor," she added, hesitatingly. "If you are going to Hackleby's farm, you pass directly by my father's. By the time you get there they'll all be asleep, for they never light candles; but if you would just slip a letter from me in between the shutters so they'll see it when they open them in the morning, it'll be a great favor, you don't know *how* great a favor," and with trembling eagerness she took a little package from her bosom.

"Oh! if that's all it can easily be done. Give me the letter, and mind when you take off baby's slip, fold it carefully and put it in the glass box gilt with flowers, and place a bit of spice in it.

That dress cost forty pounds, and that's more than you or I could earn in a year, I know. Now good-night—plenty here to keep you company," she added, pointing to a few couples walking slowly through the grounds, discussing the question whether, after all, it would be anything so very improper to light the lamps in the branches, "just to see how they would look, you know," and keep the band in readiness to play. The majority of the company thought not, as the baronet had left no orders, and so as Ruth passed up stairs with her charge, a little crowd collected on the steps and balcony in front, and in the avenue, to see the mystery of touching off the lights all previously prepared with some combustible fluid.

The babe had fallen asleep in Ruth's arms. She laid it on its little couch, and for a moment irresolutely fingered the costly clasps of gold. "Ha, ha—take off baby's slip—fold it carefully—put it in the gilt box—lay spices and myrrh between its folds," muttered Ruth, in mocking irony—"it cost forty pound, did it? I know what cost more than that—cost life—cost happiness in this world or the next—cost—but stop, that dreadful sound in my ears," she added, holding her hands to them—"let me see—shall I save it? No, no; let it be—let the gold be—let everything remain just as it is—it will cut all the keener."

Going to the door, she rang for a servant, requesting that if anybody spoke of the baby or wished to see it, to say that Lady Walden never allowed it to be disturbed—and to admit no one. The next thing she did was to write a short note, seal and superscribe it, and then she disappeared, returning with a bundle which she laid upon the floor, and sat herself down by the bedside of the unconscious babe.

"She wouldn't have slept so well," muttered the reckless girl, "if I had not given her the drops; it's a chance if she wakes up before to-morrow, after morning long enough." Again she was quiet, and anon muttering that the tide would run out fast enough by one—how it was the swiftest and strongest tide in the county.

The moon rose higher and poured its silvery rays into every nook and corner of the large room left in shadow by the subdued, half hidden light. It looked solemnly down upon the dark grove, and the liquid depths of the river. It brightened the distant hill-tops, and glided quietly into the green vallies to steal kisses from the coy lilies, leaning their fair cheeks against the moss. It spoke of peace—of a calm, holy serenity, that added to the swelling music, sending faint but distinct melody over all the

gentle scene, might have wakened in an innocent heart prayer, praise, and rapture. But Ruth sat brooding over thoughts congenial only to lost spirits. As the devotee of some revolting worship coolly maims himself to bring favor from his ghastly idol, so she to appease the growing hatred in her soul would fain plant the dagger of remorse, and bear forever after the horrible consciousness of a revolting sin, quieting conscience for the time by a false conviction that *she* could punish that crime which the world neither judged nor condemned—and feeling as if she should have the reward of heaven for the impious dealings.

It grew near the hour of twelve. She arose and opened the bundle, taking therefrom several articles and spreading them about. First, she rubbed a substance into her hair that gave it a silvery whiteness—then so transformed her face with careful limning and some sort of wash, that it soon resembled that of some poor old hag. She next fastened a miserable-looking cap under her chin—changed her garments for a tattered gown and skirt and much worn clogs—tied some gold in a little handkerchief and hid it about her person—and thus equipped took up the heavily sleeping child, whose face looked almost corpse-

like in the strong moonlight, and cautiously moving about opened a back door, and stealthily continued her winding way until she found herself by a low, open window reaching nearly to the ground. The revelry, if the enjoyment slightly partook of that character, was now going on within doors.

She sprang lightly out, took her way along a narrow path, and soon reached the edge of the river where a large pleasure boat was usually kept fastened to the bank. This she unloosed, kissed the babe passionately, laid a thick cloth in the bottom of the boat, placed the babe thereon, pushed the frail thing out into the stream, where the rapid current took it, and like a bird it shot away, and was darting down more swiftly than Ruth could think. For a moment the girl seemed overcome with horror after she had done the deed. She fell to the earth, and there laid in awful silence, while conscience knocked boldly at the door of her heart. But not long did she thus remain—she sprang wildly to her feet, lifted both hands and her white, ghastly face, exclaiming, “Rose, dear Rose, I did it for you—I *swore* he should suffer,—and—I have kept my oath.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

BY LATTIE LINWOOD

UNREST! oh, soul of mine, all fire—be free!

Why should the ties that bind thee not be riven?
See yonder clouds! they tread in majesty

Thro’ the eternal azure depths of Heaven!

Oh, tell me, is this visionary strife
To long for death that gives us only life?

Oh, let me go! I cannot longer stay

In this vile, fleeting tenement of clay!

Would’st bind my soul, oh, earthly love, oh, fame,

Or point to coming years all pleasure rife?

Ah, tempt me not, love’s full of pain; a name,

A great, a poet-name will never give

My soul surcease from yearnings; nor the claim

Of love, of law, or fear, bind this wild heart to life.

EARTHLY LOVE.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

OUR earthly loves are like the flowers

Which bloom beneath fair Summer’s sky,

Rare fragrance breathing through earth’s bowers;

Then fold their velvet leaves and die.

Like golden hues which gild the cloud,

Reflected from the setting sun;

Whose rosy vestment night will shroud,

And wrap in shadows deep and dun—

Thus earthly bliss doth speed away,

For night soon ends life’s happiest day;

So e’er will fade what most we love,

Affection buds—but blooms, above!

ELSIE'S WEDDING.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"FATHER! dear father! 'Tis useless for you to urge me further. I have said it, and by my decision I shall abide."

"But, Elsie, why do you refuse him? You do not answer me that. Beside being wealthy and moving in the first circles, his personal appearance is all, I am sure, that even a *romantic* young lady would desire."

"Father, I repeat that it is useless. I do not love Albert McIntire, and without loving, I shall never marry. And papa," she continued, pleasantly, "what proof have you that all his statements are strictly true? Now you drive your daughter, your *only* daughter, to marry one that you know no more about than yonder straggling peddler. Yet, understand me, even should he prove all that he represents himself to be, a wealthy Southern planter, I would not wed him."

"Elsie, you are proud, prejudiced, and self-willed. But mind," he added, as she turned tearfully to leave the room, "I do not consider your decision as by any means an irrevocable one, for I believe that Elsie Seymour will yet lay aside her childish prejudices and obey her father's will, aye! command."

A few hours later, and Elsie knelt by her bedside, weeping and praying; weeping over the fate assigned her by the stern, cruel-hearted old man, her father; and praying to know her duty. As if in answer to her prayer there comes forcibly to her mind the words of the first commandment of promise, "Honor thy father," &c., and she rises pale and sorrow-stricken, but resolved, and she softly murmurs, "Thy will and his be done. Not mine, oh God!"

Time passed. It was a bright day in June. The doors of Seymour Hall were thrown open wide. The cars from the city that morning brought many gay, merry-hearted passengers to — station, and the carriages and stages there in waiting received an unusually liberal share of patronage. For two hours had guests been arriving at the hall; whilst a continual stream of fresh-silked, white-gloved, bejewelled ladies came tripping down the stairs from the dressing-rooms to the drawing-rooms below. White-vested gentlemen, with gold-headed canes and spotless cravats, thronged the piazza, watching the arrivals; while the more gallant remained

within doors, breathing soft nothings to the many bright young creatures there assembled, *en expectant*.

"Julia," said a young and fashionable married lady, who had come all the way from Newport to witness the marriage ceremony of her dear friend Elsie, "Julia, I wonder how many more are coming. I already see a 'goodlie number' of the Saratogaites, and have recognized no less than twenty of my acquaintances from Niagara. *Mais apropos*, as you are to be bridesmaid, I have a little favor to ask of you, my dear," she said, speaking low and holding a small jewel case in her hand, "I have brought a little gift for the bride from 'brother Charlie,' and as it would be very appropriate for her to wear this morning, I wish you would give it to her with the request, and also 'brother Charlie's' love and many kind, kind wishes for her welfare. Only see," she continued, ecstatically, "what good taste 'Charlie' has in selecting," at the same time she held up to Ellen Acton's view a necklace of the rarest workmanship, and fairly sparkling with diamonds. "Real Golcondas," as gay Lady M—— said with a smile and a look—almost of envy.

"Beautiful indeed," ejaculated Ellen; "how very elegant and *recherche*. I shall positively have to beg your 'darling brother Charlie' to choose my bridal jewels," she added, laughingly. "Why, my dear Mrs. M——, I would rather have this 'little love,' than that massive tea-service presented by Colonel W——, Elsie's uncle."

"It is indeed pretty," answered the other, "my own offering is so inferior in beauty that I hesitate to present it. But," she added, lightly, "I don't think 'brother Charlie' would have taken as much pains in selecting for any one else. I always half suspected that he entertained a sort of *penchant* for Elsie. What a sweet little sister-in-law she would have made!"

Suddenly the rustling of silks subsides, and the murmur of voices is hushed. The minister rises, with the book of prayer open in his hand. The doors opening to the conservatory, and which had been hitherto closed, are suddenly thrown open, and the bride enters, gracefully, yet with a firm step, leaning on the arm of her future husband.

The bridal robe is stiff with richness, and the

veil of costliest honiton floats around her like a mist wreath. Her costume is allowed even by the most fastidious to be *comme il faut*. But oh! mockery! Ye eager gazers, and gay, heartless butterflies of fashion, ye see not the heart that beats beneath. All is fair on the outside, and that is all *you* think of, look, or care for.

But gaze upon that "death white countenance" with an earnest, truthful eye, and ye will then see that the lovely bride is but a living picture, one that *you* daily meet in our walks, a "gilded misery."

The responses come low and fluttering to her lips, and are heard not by the "lookers on," who are indeed more taken up with criticising her dress or conjecturing the price of the bridal veil. On Elsie's rounded arm there glitters in the sunlight that comes stealing in, as if to mock her sadness, through the half-closed blinds, a costly diamond bracelet, the gift of him she loathes, and yet has but just sworn to "honor and obey." And little Mrs. M—— is in ecstasies to see her brother's gift where she had designed it to be placed. That was to Elsie a *dear* gift, indeed, and as she receives with queenly grace the congratulations of her friends, she gazes round in search of the giver. In vain!

"No," his sister says that "he exceedingly regretted a prior engagement." But Elsie knows full well *why* he is not there.

"Give him my heartfelt thanks, dear Mrs. M——," she says, "tell him not to forget to call when——" but she could not finish the sentence.

"Certainly, my dear," said the other gaily and aloud. "Take care of yourself. I shall see you on your return in the fall. Give me a 'bridal kiss,' you know, and another for 'brother

Charlie;' for I fear," she added, in a lower and more serious tone, "you have quite broken his heart, Elsie! Good-bye, love. Others are waiting to salute the bride, and I fear I am even now too late for this train of cars."

"She is a jewel, guard her well," was her parting salutation, as she shook hands with the triumphant bridegroom.

Elsie's proud father's heart was satisfied. But as the solemn words of the marriage service fell upon his ear, he remembered the tones of her voice as she had said but a few months since,

"I do not love Albert McIntire, and without loving I shall never marry."

But such scenes are almost daily transpiring. It was but another sacrifice offered up at the altar of Mammon.

And was Elsie Seymour's wedded life a happy one? The answer is brief.

In two years she returned to that mansion which she had left in all the pomp of splendor. She came back heart-broken and crushed in spirit—and alone. Elsie having many influential friends, soon obtained a divorce from her husband, for she had already learned that he had one wife living in Italy.

Not many years after, dear reader, Elsie was again a bride. But her wedding was not surrounded by the eclat that characterized her first one. Oh, no; habited in a neat travelling dress, and becoming bonnet, with her now loved husband, and his sister, Mrs. M——, as her only bridesmaid, with a shade or two deeper on her pure brow, but with a happy heart, Elsie's vows were spoken with a calm, truthful voice, and unflinching tongue.

LOVE!

BY LIBBIE D——.

Love, what is love? a fleeting good,

A bubble on the sea,

As transient as the Summer wind

That whistles o'er the sea.

Fickle and frail, and false, though fair,

Its bright, bewitching form,

In happy hours 'twill follow us,

But shuns the coming storm.

Love, what is love? The great heart's wealth,

On one dear object poured;

To love the look, the tone of one,

Too fearfully adored.

To feel the soul grow burdened 'neath

The weight of tenderness—

A tearful happiness—that each

May feel—but ne'er express.

Love, what is love? Ah, dreamer ask

That question not again,

No joy is here without alloy—

Earth's love is linked to pain.

Think not of it—set not thy heart

Upon the things below,

When Heaven opens to thy view,

Then thou of love shalt know.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

WRITTEN IN A TRANCE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Nobody came, to begin with.

It was a rainy day in the country; and, without, the only view was comprised in an unbroken line of storm-beaten lawn, and trees and shrubs that were swaying about as though stricken with the palsy. Heavy drops came pattering on the window-panes—the birds had stopped singing—and the voice of the storm seemed likely to drown every other sound.

What mattered it that I was dressed in my rose-colored muslin, that looked like a floating cloud at sunset? Or that the rosettes on my slippers were a theme of never-ceasing admiration? What mattered it if I were young and gay? I might as well have been ninety-as nineteen!

How vainly I stretched my eyes over hill and dale for the faintest shadow of saddle or bridle, and what a delicious vision would have been the sight even of James' eternal horsemen! But visitors, alas! were not to be had when our need was the sorest; and, in no very amiable mood, I joined the party at the dinner-table.

All were convinced that just the thing they didn't happen to have was the one most earnestly to be desired. "I really wish," said somebody, "that the mails would arrive! It is high time." I wished, too, that the *males* would arrive—but I was wise enough to "let concealment, &c." They would have hailed the unlucky speech that I was about to make as a target for all the arrows of wit that the afternoon might call forth.

I sank idly into an arm-chair with the conviction that this was a wretched world—yes, it was, indeed, for no one cared enough about us to venture forth on a rainy day. I called to mind the most disagreeable people that I knew; all the acts of meanness, selfishness, and violence that I had known them to be guilty of; and I consoled myself with thinking that I was just thrown away upon so wicked a world.

"Let me show you another," said a voice at my elbow.

I started, but could see no one; the shadows of twilight had gathered around, yet I felt convinced of a presence in the room that brought a certain degree of awe that was not exactly fear.

The gentleman, who, after saying, "Let the evil one take me!" on some trivial occasion, beheld his Satanic majesty ready to avail himself of the offer, could scarcely have been more astonished than I.

"Look," said the voice, and, swaying to and fro above me, I saw an extensive building, that seemed filled with people.

"In consideration of your uncommon excellence," continued my visitor, and here the voice was the least bit sarcastic, "you have been presented with this castle, which is, in fact, a sort of floating world. You will find it already peopled with companions exactly after your own heart—and you are requested to take up your residence there, and enjoy yourself."

I gazed up at my future dwelling in some astonishment; but no Jacob's ladder was obligingly unfolded, and I begun to fear that I might not be able to get into my own house. But as I stood gazing upon it, it seemed nearer; and, finally, I approached the entrance, and found myself inside.

"A choice five hundred friends" had already flocked to share my prosperity, and evidently belonged to the class who "will not stand upon ceremony;" for, rather to my surprise, they were already established there. At the first glance, they seemed to belong to the Harold Skimpole order, who asked from the world nothing but a living; for the first story of my capacious mansion was quite taken up by people of different callings.

The first apartment that I entered was a dressmaker's studio; and the presiding goddess of the establishment was measuring off a piece of rich silk.

"Madam," said she, to her elegantly dressed customer, "you have two yards more than is sufficient."

Could I believe my own ears? Did her children happen not to want aprons, just then? Or had the entire edition of dressmakers been revised and corrected?

The dress was promised in the course of a week; and looking into a wonderful mirror, that seemed placed there for the purpose, I saw the

incidents of that day-week, and beheld the dress-maker's apprentice carrying home that identical dress fully completed!

There were several ladies seated around the room; and some were speaking of a contemplated wedding. The bride, in this case, was much younger than the bridegroom—she was poor, and he rich; yet, no one spoke of “a sacrifice”—no one mentioned “a daguerreotype of a handsome young man found in one of her dreams”—or said that the elderly suitor had, probably, been the death of his first wife. The course of true love was, for once, allowed to run smooth; and the fashionable dressmaker exhibited the lady's elegant dresses without a single insinuation that they were presents from her future husband.

I began to think that I must be larger than I supposed, or else Mrs. Snip would not have consumed so much material in making my dresses; for as to *suspecting* her, after what I had seen, perish the thought as unworthy both of her and of me!

Passing from this apartment, I was modestly accosted by a beggar. The woman scarcely raised her eyes; and did not even say that she had “four children!” There was no diminutive mass of rags and dirt in her arms; and she neither blessed me nor called me “a lovely lady.”

Wishing to try her, I pretended to pass on; but she did not try to stop me, and I came back to her again.

“Why do you not use more importunity?” I asked, “you will never succeed, at this rate.”

She looked at me in surprise. “I have no right to do that,” she replied, “if you choose to give me anything, I receive it as a great kindness—if not, can you not do as you please with your own?”

I gave her some silver; but, instead of kissing my hand and breaking forth into ecstasies of gratitude, she said, in a tone of deep feeling,

“You will be rewarded for this more than I can thank you,” and was lost amid the crowd.

The next room seemed to contain a sick person; for the windows were shaded, and the sound of steps was low and gentle.

A melancholy-looking man, whose face seemed to shadow forth all the scenes of suffering through which he had passed, was slowly counting the pulse of the invalid. She was quite a young-looking woman, in the last stage of consumption, and was now evidently dying.

Suddenly, the doctor fainted and fell heavily to the floor. “There is, then, no hope!” said the sufferer; and, soon, she had ceased to breathe.

I scarcely knew what to think at this unlooked-for result in my ordering of things. It was certainly more agreeable to be attended by a doctor whose heart did not seem made of iron—but, then, was it not more satisfactory to be alive?

When the fainting doctor recovered his sensibility, he delicately departed from the house of mourning; and, although rather suffering for want of cash, he scorned the idea of sending in his bill. The consequence was that the large property of the deceased went to distant relations, and the doctor's landlady, a poor widow, was minus her rent. All this the mirror showed me; but I rather inclined toward that doctor, and would, probably, have bestowed a professorship upon him, if possible. As Mrs. Skewerton says, he was “all heart.”

I then found myself in a court-room; and one of the most eloquent lawyers of the day was pleading in behalf of a client whose appearance was, to say the least of it, threadbare. There was a certain dignity, though, about the man, and a look as if he had seen better days.

Opposite, was seated a handsome man, with a very bad expression, whose face spoke of triumphant wickedness. He seemed certain of gaining his end, which was that of defrauding his poor relation out of a large property to which he was the rightful heir; but from that lawyer's lips their gushed a stream of eloquence more powerful than the thunderbolts of Jupiter.

The villain fairly writhed as he saw his own hideous effigy held up before the public, and unmercifully lashed by those quickly falling strokes of wit. Evanescent as the sea-foam—brilliant as the diamond's glow—with a rich undertone of thought, like deep church music, was the mind that thus shone forth in behalf of the right; and the noble brow contracted, and the flashing eyes wore a yet fiercer light, when he spoke of the *gold* that had been offered him to pervert his eloquence for the *wrong*. Oh! how like a god he stood there! Towering in his perfect manhood, above the abject creature who had sought to sully it with an insulting *bribe*.

At length, breathless and exhausted, he sank into a seat; and the walls fairly shook with the plaudits of that hitherto spell-bound multitude. The defrauder was turned from the room with execrations; and he of the threadbare coat was elevated to the highest place, for had he not, now, plenty of money to buy another?

I sighed involuntarily, when I heard that the lawyer was married; and wished that people's eyes were not quite so wide open to the value of precious things.

In the course of my wanderings, I stumbled, most unexpectedly, upon a love scene. It was impossible to retreat; so I concealed myself behind some drapery.

"Dearest," said the young man, "your father has, most unaccountably, imbibed a prejudice against me—but I will trust to time to alter his feelings. I do not even ask you to meet me, if it has been forbidden by him."

A pair of soft, eloquent eyes were turned upon the speaker.

"Thanks," she murmured, "for sparing me this temptation! I hope that I should not have swerved from the path of duty—but, with *that* drawback, the straight and narrow road would have seemed harder to travel."

Here, the sudden appearance of a grey-haired man afforded me some relief; for he, too, then, had been listening.

"My children," said he, enfolding them both, "you have conquered!—you are worthy of each other."

While rejoicing in the happiness of the lovers, I could not help calling to mind the good, little boy who always preferred learning a hymn to eating gingerbread. "When he makes this reply," added the proud father, "I always give him a double allowance of cake." How was it with the inmates of my castle? Did they not get a double allowance of sweets?

I was next introduced into the presence of a husband and wife.

The husband had grey hair; but the lady's was a bright brown, and she was evidently much his junior.

He appeared to be making his will.

"My dear," said he, "you will, of course, survive me many years, and I shall leave you the entire control of my property."

"Will that be quite right," she whispered, "thus to cut off your numerous relations? I cannot use it all."

"Quite right," he replied, "they wished me, Ada, to put in a clause that, if you marry again, you forfeit half the estate—but I shall not heed them. Ours has been the union of a rose-bud and a stricken tree—and it is not natural that you should *always* cherish the memory of an old man."

The lady's full lip quivered, and she burst into tears. The next moment, she was kneeling beside him, while he stroked her soft hair with a caressing motion.

"Did I not," she whispered, "of my own free will, become an old man's darling? Did I not the more treasure and prize my jewel because the casket was shattered? And will not the blow that separates us strike home to *my* heart, also?"

I looked in the mirror and beheld the scenes of after years. The old man was in ~~his~~ grave; but the sweet, young wife went about, in her dark, mourning robes, with a great grief at her heart that soon bore her down to the earth to rest beside him.

After passing a variety of other excellent people, and finding, to my great delight, that the world was just as I would have arranged it, I was, at least, fortunate enough to meet with one whom I considered worthy of so great a treasure as myself.

This was the very piece of living mosaic whom I had so many times constructed of the best parts of desirable characters; and the actual, breathing illustration of all those bright-hued dreams was a sight grand, sublime, elevating. I examined ^{my} hero from every point of view; I scanned most narrowly this perfect work; but "finishing touches," *here*, would have been "gilding refined gold."

Yes, I was quite satisfied, and ready to express my approbation; but I was soon in possession of the rather mortifying fact that this noble being, whom I had so often created in my own mind, could not bring himself to stoop to one so imperfect as myself. I had altered the world, to be sure; but, as I remained the same, as ever, the world altogether declined the pleasure of my acquaintance!

This was decidedly unpleasant; and I was only relieved from the dilemma by awaking to find that an individual, who was not even a distant relation of "nature's nobleman," had been enjoying a most "open view" of me, (my mouth being far from closed) and my castle in the air vanished as unceremoniously as Aladdin's palace.

FORGET NOT THE POOR.

WILD storm-clouds are gathering
O'er mountain and moor,
Dark Winter is coming—
Alas, for the poor!

Ye who fear not th' approach
Of grim want to your door,
While enjoying life's blessings
Forget not the poor!

M. L. K.

ANGLING FOR A GOLD-FISH; OR, WALLS HAVE EARS.

BY SUSIE CREIGHTON.

VERILY life at Newport is a great sea, wherein there swimmeth many fish. And on its shores sit patiently, anglers, both male and female, with baited hooks, wherewith each hopeth to entrap the fish that pleaseth them best. Many and divers are the devices in use; some do angle with a subtle thing called beauty, others with that shadowy substance, a title, and others again with a curious compound of love, moon-shine, zephyrs and smoke, which with a certain kind of fish hath been found to be successful. But that bait which entrappeth most of all, is a yellow substance, hard and glittering; such magic power hath it, that no sooner is it let fall into this sea, than what pushing, and struggling, and snapping succeedeth, each endeavoring to jostle aside his fellow and obtain it for himself. Beside these anglers sit various others, who having obtained their desire, do angle no more, but employ themselves in instructing others of less experience, as to how, when the fish is almost caught, they may snatch up their line in order that their final success may be more certain, together with divers other manœuvres of like nature. And much amusement doth it afford to those who walk up and down upon the shores of this sea, to watch the funny tribes that do sport therein, and the various successes and disappointments which befall they that angle for them. But I have to tell of one of the various puppet-shows, whose puppets were the anglers and the fish I have been telling of. So let us tinkle the bell, draw up the curtain, call out the actors, and watch the progress of the show.

Scene first—Ball-room of the Ocean House, at Newport. "Who is that rather foolish-looking young man with reddish hair and light blue eyes standing near the door?" inquired Miss Laura Bryant of one of the numerous gentlemen-butterflies that were fluttering around her.

"Don't know him? Why, I thought every young lady in the Ocean knew Augustus F. Baitbrook by this time 'Pon honor, greatest catch up here, casts us poor fellows quite in the shade. Worth seven or eight thousand a year, if he's worth a cent."

By a strange coincidence, a moment afterward

Augustus Frederic Baitbrook (he prided himself upon his name, and always wrote it in full,) turned around to his friend the ex-American consul of Tripoli, and asked, "Say, Tripoli," (he always gave the consul this name, perhaps to keep himself in mind of what a fortunate individual he was to have for his particular friend, so important a personage as the ex-American consul of Tripoli, for Augustus Frederic shared the fondness of we republicans for titles, the longer the better.) "Say, Tripoli, who is that splendid looking girl opposite in pink, with such magnificent eyes? The little German count is fanning her."

"That," said the consul, slowly turning round his seal ring, either to admire it, or the hand it adorned. "That is Laura Bryant, a very nice little girl. Not to know her is to argue oneself unknown."

"Of course you are acquainted with her."

"Well."

"Introduce me, then." And Miss Laura Bryant and Mr. Augustus F. Baitbrook were introduced. And between sundry glasses of champagne, and the bewildering glances shot out from the great sparkling eyes of Miss Bryant, it will not be a matter of astonishment that our hero retired from the ball-room in a lamentable state of confusion. The next morning the impression made upon his heart the previous evening, might have been inferred by the difficulty Mr. A. F. Baitbrook found in making any progress toward the completion of his toilet. First arose the important question—how should he dispose of his luxuriant hair, the pride of his heart, in the most irresistible manner. The style sentimental was first essayed, which, (by way of explanation to those who are not *au fait* in this department,) is produced by disposing the front locks in graceful curls, and allowing the back hair to remain in careless flowing waves. But, unfortunately for all romantic purposes, Augustus Frederic's hair had not the slightest tendency to a curve, much less to a curl, and after various vain attempts, the style sentimental was relinquished as impracticable. Then he tried the style poetical, that is, he endeavored

to induce his pet possession to stand on end in a formidable phalanx above his forehead, but unfortunately again the last-mentioned member being neither very high, nor very broad, he was again defeated. This question, however, being finally settled to his satisfaction, he at length arrived at that stage in his proceeding where the momentous question of what cravat he should stifle himself with, must be decided. Oh! pity him, ye cravat wearers, who have been placed in a similar dilemma. Poor Augustus Frederic arranged these articles before him, and their number was by no means small, and then proceeded to make his decision. What color *did* Miss Bryant admire most? In vain he racked his brain for an answer, he had not heard her express an opinion! Despair! there was the gong. In a fit of desperation, Augustus Frederic seized upon a blue cause of his dilemma, and when on going down to breakfast, he raised his eyes from his first cup of Mocha, and beheld charming Miss Laura gliding gracefully down between the tables attired in a breakfast robe of the most ethereal heavenly blue, the happiness of Augustus Frederic Baitbrook was complete. That same day he led Miss Bryant into dinner triumphantly, thinking that even the ex-American consul of Tripoli might envy him.

Now every man has his hobby, and that of Augustus Frederic was the art piscatory, and everything appertaining thereto. He could construct at least a dozen artificial flies upon the most approved scientific principles, but strange to say, and much to the consternation of the amateur angler, the "finny prey" paid the poor compliment to his skill of invariably rejecting with disdain all the capitulations for enveigling them, in the shape of flies, or anything else manufactured by the disappointed votary of hook and line, after much toil and tribulation. And notwithstanding Augustus Frederic was nothing of a book worm, he had all the arguments of dear old Izaak Walton (heaven bless him) in favor of angling, by heart. But what connection has all this with the simple fact of a gentleman leading a lady into dinner? ask you. I will tell you, impatient reader. Although the heart of Augustus Frederic had been violently besieged and almost taken by storm, it had not yet entirely succumbed, and it was while engaged in his favorite pursuit that its conquest was to be completed. The event took place in this wise. Upon seating himself beside Miss Bryant, Augustus Frederic, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances, felt somewhat embarrassed, and having exhausted that prolific topic the weather, was at loss what to begin upon next; for with all

his seven or eight thousand a-year, and although he was a young man, living in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, (dear reader, *please* believe me) A. F. Baitbrook was a little troubled with bashfulness. The pause grew longer. Augustus Frederic knew that his fair neighbor expected to say something; notwithstanding this, he was fast arriving at that delightful stage when one feels as if one would gladly tear every hair out of one's head, if by such a proceeding each hair would only be metamorphosed into a word. Suddenly the eye of Augustus Frederic fell upon a baked blackfish extended near him. Oh, happy thought! words came, and he asked, did Miss Bryant fish? No, Miss Bryant did not, but she would so like to learn. Might he have the pleasure of teaching her? Oh, that would be delightful, it must be such a *captivating* pursuit.

"Not always, anglers were often obliged to return without a single *captive* to recompense them for their toil." And Augustus Frederic laughed at his play upon the word, congratulating himself upon such a fine stroke of wit, and perhaps it was, for a Newport gentleman of leisure, with more money than brains, and more time hanging a dead weight upon his hands than either: these sapient youths generally possessing sufficient wit to keep out of the rain, and tie a cravat in imitation of the Newport D'Orsay, who then happened to be the ex-American consul of Tripoli, who possessed the last accomplishment in perfection, having given his whole mind to it, thereby elevating himself to the highest pinnacle of regard in our hero's estimation. As was remarked before, Augustus Frederic laughed at his remarkably felicitous hit. His laugh was echoed by Miss Bryant, who thereby displayed the most perfect set of teeth imaginable. Now what man does not like to have what he considers his "good things" appreciated? What ever influence this might have had upon Augustus Frederic, he rose from the table secretly thinking Miss Bryant the most charming girl he had ever seen, but still his heart remained in his own possession. It was finally determined that on the morrow Augustus Frederic should have the happiness of giving Miss Bryant her first lesson in the time-honored art of angling. So the next day, teacher and pupil departed upon their excursion. I shall not take time to describe the pretty little time Miss Laura made about getting into the fishing boat, and how charmingly confused she was at being obliged to give Mr. Baitbrook both her hands in order that he might assist her in. Nor what fascinating little ways she had with her. How, once, for instance, she took off her gloves, thereby displaying a pair of

gleaming white hands, sparkling with rings, bashfully inquiring if Mr. Baitbrook didn't think them dreadfully tanned. Upon which the gentleman thus solicited, gazing admiringly upon the digits in question, gallantly assured the owner of them, that snow could not be whiter. In return for this reply, Miss Laura would have tapped him with her fan, had it been in her possession, as it was she contented herself with performing the operation mentally, and exclaiming, "Oh, you flatterer," much to the delight of the individual thus addressed, for what gentleman is there that objects to being called a flatterer by a lady. But I loiter by the way. After declaring many times that she could never, never have the heart to catch those darling little fish, with Mr. Baitbrook's assistance, Miss Laura at length managed to drop her line into the water, and after some timorous little shrieking whenever it was suddenly pulled from below, triumphantly drew out (with the assistance of Mr. Baitbrook) a fish about four inches in length, denominated, in Newport parlance, a "porgie," and the same hook by which the weighty capture was ensnared, held suspended upon it the heart of Augustus Frederic Baitbrook, which article was laid at Miss Laura Bryant's feet in company with her first "porgie." So that day passed away charmingly, and others still more charmingly followed. Did Miss Laura walk, Mr. Baitbrook was by her side. Did she dance, Mr. Baitbrook was her partner. Did she ride, it was in the lightest of wagons with the gayest red wheels imaginable, its happy possessor, A. F. Baitbrook, triumphantly seated by her side. The fast young men at the "Ocean" nodded their heads significantly at each other, and whispered among themselves that "Gus was fast hooked at last." Ah, they had forgotten that the fish which after much wit and trouble seems at length securely hooked, and is nearly landed high and dry upon the bank, may from some sudden and unforeseen cause, make its escape back into its native element, leaving the chagrined and disappointed angler in a state of blank bewilderment upon the shore.

But now the Newport season was drawing to a close, and the fancy ball looked forward to with such anxious expectation by all the Newport habitués, approached, for the reader must remember it is of Newport and its fancy ball of a year ago that I speak, not of the grand apology for the latter of last season. And now costumes and *frisecurs* began to multiply upon the field of action, fair brows were clouded with anxiety, it was so very difficult to decide upon so important a matter as the choice of a costume in the midst

of such a variety, and the dowager mammas held consultations among themselves, each anxious that her own dear Josephine Henrietta, or Victoria Louisa, should appear to the best advantage. Nearer drew the night of the wished-for event, and now the shade was lifted from the fair brows of all, save an unhappy few, whose minds were yet vacillating between the various characters and costumes that fancy held up to their doubting view. So the principal business of Newport life, flirting, and eating, and dressing, went on; the ladies relieved from their temporary anxiety, attired themselves more gaily than ever. There was dressing for breakfast, and dinner, and tea, and supper; there was dressing to ride, and dressing to walk, and dressing to bathe. I wonder if the fair ones ever once thought of the lilies, but, I doubt it, and amidst all the arraying of themselves, the night of the fancy ball arrived.

"To-night decides my destiny," soliloquized Augustus Frederic in the privacy of his own room; "this very evening will I ask Laura Bryant to marry me," and standing in a meditative attitude before the glass, he considered in what form the proposal should be made. He would lead his heart's adored away from the glare and heat of the ball-room, they would stand together beneath the stars, (if it was a clear night) and he would say to her, "Dear Miss Bryant"—no that was cold, "Dear Miss Laura," that wouldn't do, either; "Dearest and most adorable Miss Laura, if so I may be permitted"—Augustus Frederic had just reached this point in his proposal, when suddenly preceding from the next room, through the thin, paper-like partition, which for all purposes of stifling sound, might almost as well have been dispensed with, he heard a voice. It could not be! No! Yes, it was, it did belong to the charming, the refined, the elegant Miss Laura Bryant. But no longer soft and syrenic in its tones, but shrilly, piercingly it fell upon the shocked ear of Augustus Frederic. "Oh, you good-for-nothing careless, clumsy"—(and here followed some names which I would rather not record) "how dare you burn my cheek with those horrid curling irons." (So those beautiful ringlets were the result of curling irons) thought Augustus Frederic. There was no doubt of it, Miss Laura Bryant, she who never spoke but in the lowest, sweetest tones imaginable, was scolding loudly and furiously her French waiting-maid, Marie, and that too in terms that were better suited to the vocabulary of a fishwoman, than that of a young lady belonging to the so-called upper tandom. And yet, Augustus Frederic *might* have forgiven this, he

might have remembered that being burnt was not the pleasantest sensation imaginable, and sundry reminiscences presented themselves to his mind of various bootjacks, and other implements of warfare projected at the head of some offending *valet*. As I have said, Augustus Frederic might have remembered all this, and forgiven and excused the fair fury, for he really did love Miss Bryant, not for her beauty alone, but for her fancied amiability, her seeming affability to all around her, and he, though rather weak, and perhaps a little fooliah, had by no means a bad heart, in which was enshrined the model of the woman that should be his wife. She should be beautiful and gentle, and low-voiced, (Augustus Frederic had a horror of loud voices in women) in short, everything that was good and lovely, and was not Miss Bryant all this? So he believed until now. Even yet this belief was not entirely dispelled, and his discomfitment and discomfiture were yet to be completed.

In the midst of the tumult caused by Miss Laura's scolding, and the shrill, voluble replies of the little French waiting-maid, the rustling of silks was heard, and a voice which Augustus Frederic knew to be that of Miss Bryant's mamma, said,

"Laura, tell Ma—— what d'y'e call her, to go away, I want to talk with you," and then he heard the door slam, and Marie chattering to herself in the entry about "de horrid awful temper of mam'selle."

"Now, Laura," went on the voice of Laura's mamma, "I think it is high time that affairs between you and that young Baitbrook resulted in something, for you know we have not much longer to stay here, and I only hired that Mary, as you call her, for the time we were to be at Newport, for I wasn't going to have you put down by those odious, ugly Mrs. Parkman's daughters with their fine French maid. And you must remember, too, that this is your second season, and some people, envious creatures, will want to be putting you on the shelf."

"Don't be a fool, ma," was the dutiful response, "do you suppose I've been with the man on his horrid fishing parties, and spoilt and bedraggled my dress, catching those wretched dirty little fish for nothing?"

Augustus Frederic stared with astonishment at hearing his favorite pursuit thus traduced by one who had vowed it the most charming employment imaginable.

"No, indeed," went on Miss Laura, "don't worry yourself, ma, of course he'll propose, and I'll be willing to venture this very night, too. I

know he was going to to-day, but some horrid people came in and interrupted us. One comfort is, if I do marry him, he's such a fool that he'll be easy to manage."

Augustus Frederic felt as if a shower of ice water had been precipitated both upon him and the love that was glowing in his heart, extinguishing it utterly. What man ever swallowed with complacency the bitter pill of being termed a fool; that was indeed the climax of his discomfiture, exceeding even the attack upon his beloved piscatory art.

"Well, that's right, child," rejoined Miss Laura's mamma, in an approving tone, in reply to the young lady's last elegant retort. "You'll be riding in your carriage soon, and that's more than that Mrs. Parkman's Henrietta Antoinette, or Victoria Heloise will ever come to, with all their fine names. Now, hurry and get dressed, I want to see how vexed they'll be when they see that new set of pearls," and the door closed behind the rustling silks, leaving Augustus Frederic in a state of astonishment, consternation and wrath, that defies description.

The ball-room was filling fast. What a scene of gayety, confusion and splendor. Here fairies were flitting about, whose little feet seemed only fitted to twinkle in a merry dance over the green-sward. There simpered shepherdesses so very naturally, they seemed to have just stepped down from out those ancient pictures (the wonderments of my childhood) that always represent blue-eyed, pink cheeked damsels, seated in impossible attitudes, tending impossible snow white flocks of sheep, while maids of honor, sultinas and cavaliers, Mary Stuarts, Romeos and Juliets, were all blended together in picturesque and amicable confusion. But now gracefully glided into the room Miss Laura Bryant, attired as Aurora. The many-hued, cloud-like robe floated around her with undulating grace. Stars, goldenly gleaming, shone out from her dark hair, and pearls rested upon a breast, whiter, more softly gleaming, than they. Her splendid eyes shone with the anticipation of her coming triumph, as if all the light in the room had in them found its focus, and as Augustus Frederic gazed at her, for a moment, all that had passed seemed like a dream. Could those red lips, wreathed with smiles, ever speak any but the softest, gentlest words imaginable? Suddenly the words, "One comfort, if I do marry him, the man is such a fool he'll be easy to manage," rang in his ear with startling bitterness, and he turned away from the contemplation of the mist-robed, pearl-bedecked beauty, with an expression in his face that very much resembled disgust.

In one corner of the ball-room sat Miss Bryant's white-plumed dowager mamma, side by side with the beforementioned "odious Mrs. Parkman," whose head also rejoiced in the waving glories of black ostrich feathers.

"I have heard that Mr. Baitbrook is a very dissipated young man. I am glad he never paid any attention to *my* daughters," said the owner of the black plumes, that nodded in approval.

"Oh, yes, we are very glad." But for all that, the white plumes knew very well that the black plumes would have been well pleased to have had that "dissipated young man for a husband for her dear Henrietta Antoinette, or Victoria Heloise."

But in the meantime Miss Laura wondered exceedingly why Augustus Frederic went on polkaing with the fairies, and flirting with the sultanas, instead of occupying his accustomed place by her side. But presently she thought, "Ah! he is waiting to get an opportunity to speak to me alone;" and shortly, by accident, of course, she found herself in one of the convenient little recesses so *apropos* for flirtations, and other ball-room affairs, and she was not very much surprised when a few moments afterward she saw Augustus Frederic making his way toward her.

"Good evening, Miss Bryant."

"Good evening, Mr. Baitbrook," on the part of the gentleman, coldly, on that of the lady spoken with a reproachful tenderness.

"I have come to say, Miss Bryant, (Miss Laura's heart beat high, and she completed the sentence mentally, "how very much I love you,") how very much," the gentleman went on in a significant, deliberate tone, "it is to be regretted that the fish Miss Bryant so successfully angled for, and so nearly secured, should have escaped. This, however, is not to be so much lamented, as it was the golden glitter alone of its scales that attracted her attention, and made her anxious for its capture. Another time perhaps Miss Bryant will do well to remember also *that walls have ears*."

A looker-on would not have seen the connection between the first and last part of the sen-

tence, but *we* do, reader. While Augustus Frederic spoke, a deep burning blush overspread Miss Laura's fair white neck: even her arms were tinged with the same glowing hue, showing exclusively that even a belle of two seasons may blush—*under circumstances*. So deeply crimson, so widely suffused was this blush, that it even reached her plumed mamma in her far-off corner, and exultingly she pointed out to the owner of the black plumes beside her, its obvious connection with Mr. Baitbrook, while her own white ones nodded joyfully, "We shall see what we shall see." And the black plumes nodded angrily back, "What care we for your daughter's blushes, or what care we if she does marry that dissipated young man, who never paid any attention to our dear Henrietta Antoinette, or Victoria Heloise."

While Augustus Frederic had been speaking, and now as he passed on with a graceful bow, (deep feeling will often render a man graceful) there was a dignity and manliness about him that even Miss Laura felt, and found time amid all her consternation, and blushes, and mortification, to express to herself by saying, "He is not quite such a fool as I thought for."

The next morning the same steamboat that left behind it the fog-bound shores of Newport, carried with it Augustus Frederic Baitbrook, perchance a trifle wiser than when six weeks before, puffing and blowing, it landed him in the midst of the same dreary, grey, dense mist, that seemed as if it might have been the collection of the puffings of endless steamboats settled in one mass. Of course it was reported that Mr. Baitbrook had proposed, and had been refused by Miss Laura Bryant, who, of course, made every effort in her power to contradict the report. And so Miss Bryant was a greater belle than ever. But, strange to say, however it was, anything connected in the slightest degree with fish, angling, anglers, or the piscatory art in general, was never mentioned in her presence, without bringing to her cheek the reflection of that same burning blush, by which it had once before been crimsoned.

LINES.

SINCE first the dawn so clearly bright,
Of thy dear presence met my sight,
Pleased with the vision, fancy's thought
Holds me entranced. In vain I've sought,
In busy scenes, to soothe my care,
A lovelier still, I know, is there.
Jewels may glitter, blossoms shine,
Colors may charm, like things divine,

And e'en the sparkling orbs of night,
Strive to surpass thy charms so bright.
Still they all fail, by thee outshone,
In loveliest innocence all thine own.
Dear object of my feeble song,
Each happy day of yours be long,
Your years with joy glide smooth along.

J. S. S

JENNY AND IDA'S NEW YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the old year turns his back to go, and we see the white locks lying upon the bowed shoulders, we keep our eyes, in which the tears are fast gathering, upon him. We say to him, "Thou dear Old Year! thou art going. But, before thou goest, we will say to thee that we love thee. Thou hast laid thy hand upon us more than once, and the sharp pain, the long time of weariness have come. Thou hast taken away out of our sight some that we loved as we did our own flesh, to lay them under the immovable sod. Thou hast often kept us watching and waiting, and still didst not grant us our desire. But out of all the pain, the tearful partings, the deferred wishes, didst thou beneficently and with a wisdom far better than our own, bring us farther and farther into a life weaned from the earth that ~~adeth~~, a life devoted with quiet love, quiet faith and quiet energies to heaven; to the growth and steady preparation of the soul for God's fit dwelling-place.

"Thus, of all thou hast done, thou hast, in all thy time, done nothing in vain. And now, in the solemn hour when we are parting forever, we bow down before thee and God; saying, reverently, to thee, 'Good Old Year, thou art gone! We see thee no more!' to Him, 'Father, in this hour, let us come closer than ever before to Thee and take Thy hand, that Thou mayest lead us to meet the unknown that cometh, the strong, the hale New Year.'"

Somewhat like this the good Jenny Overn thought and felt, in the last night of the year, as with her head bowed low on her hand, she sat in her chamber alone, listening to hear the town clocks striking the hour of midnight.

Her father had died in the year that was ending; in the early harvest-time of his life, when the fruits of his active labors in his fields and his store-houses, were already plentifully laid up for him, when his fellow-citizens were honoring him, and when his wife and daughter, the one in part blossoming, the other in ripened womanhood, were beside him, the crowning beauty and delight of his daily life; and, moreover, when one plan, the dearest and the longest cherished of his whole life, was, as he hoped, tending toward a consummation. For young

Ward was soon coming from his long sojourn in other lands; coming, as Mr. Overn was sure, before he sent him, that he would do, ripe in knowledge, in every manly attribute and grace; worthy to be the husband of his child, able to keep her through all her days close by the *still* waters of life.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY WARD was a widow's son, and poor. As a boy, he was the quietest, noblest little fellow; and this it was that made him Mr. Overn's favorite.

Mr. Overn was never the man to make any loud demonstrations of his favoritism; Henry was not the boy to whom a person of tact would make such demonstrations, whatever his habit in this respect might be. He used simply to put his hand often on Henry's head and to look down on him with a great deal of unmistakable kindness and affection on his features; Henry used simply to look up with the rosiest, best face in the world and smile. By-and-bye, without speaking of it at all beforehand to Henry, or his mother, (he had heard Mrs. Ward say to his wife, though, that she regretted her inability to give Henry an education, he longed for it so much) Mr. Overn sent this note in to Mrs. Ward:

"DEAR MADAM—I send this money to pay Henry's expenses at the academy this term. I shall send an equal sum every term until he is ready for college, if the Great Master spares him and me.
H. OVERN."

No word touching the matter passed between Mr. Overn and Henry. But they loved each other better; came oftener together; not so much to talk of a hundred matters, as people are wont in their meetings, as to feel in their quiet way how dear they were to each other and always would be, how much they were worth to each other and always would be; to have the tears gather in their eyes while they thought about it; tears of gratitude; of gratitude as strong on Mr. Overn's part as on Henry's; for, in this instance, was the generous kindness indeed "twice blest;" blest quite as much in him that gave as in him that took.

The same noble relation subsisted between them through Henry's time at college, (where Mr. Overn kept him) and after them Henry went abroad because both he and Mr. Overn felt it essential to the rounding and finishing of his learning and his manhood; and because he *longed* to go as the *true* artist longs for beauty. It was not the restless longing that tears and perpetually disquiets the soul; that, loathing its past and its present, flies with morbid eagerness to its future. Henry Ward loved his past dearly and was grateful to it. His present, in which he looked with a clear, strong vision, both backward and forward, was richer and dearer than his past; and his future, to whose use he would bring all his acquirements, all his grateful affection, seemed to him richest and best of all; as the time when he would look with a crowning reverence to God and into his own soul, saying within himself, "God, thou art good! Soul, thou image of the Most High, do thou ever be worthy of Him and of the eternal life with Him that He hath given thee!"

Both Mr. Overn and Henry wished also to have the methods, principles and theories of the Old World agriculturists, vine-dressers, and of the agricultural departments of the schools and colleges at their use; for, by the time Henry returned, Mr. Overn would finally have closed his mercantile life, and be ready for his beautiful fields; ready to make them, in time and with Henry's co-operation, so beautiful with blossoms, fruit and far-sweeping vines that every one who saw should, in a way, be enriched and made the happier for seeing. Both had visions of beautiful flowers, fruit and vegetables distributed with no niggardly hands to those who had none, and no spot on which to raise them; and visions of their neighbors who had lands, at work turning them, as he and Henry were doing, into new beauty. And into better means of profit too.

CHAPTER III.

BUT the Master had need of Mr. Overn and *did* call him away. The summons was delayed, however, after many premonitions, so that he had time to look about him and put all his affairs well in order. In one of his letters, his last one to Henry, he wrote.

"Henry, remember this now and after I am gone, you are my son, now and in the other land, but as you must instinctively feel, although I believe I have never hinted at it in the farthest degree, I desire more than any earthly thing, to see you the husband of our child, the son of our house. I think you must be able to love my

poor Jenny; I even think that you love her now; but I feel that my mind would be easier if I *knew* your sentiments. And hers toward you. For neither have I touched the subject in her hearing. I have always meant not to touch it at all, lest she, and especially you should let my wish trammel you. And I always have desired. I still, in my late hours, desire to leave you both free, *far* more than I desire a union into which a shade of unwillingness on her part or on yours shall come. I would indeed reprobate such a union with my whole soul. Remember this, son of my heart. I shall bid Jenny remember it, when I say the little I have to say to her on the subject."

The post-mark of the letter was a fortnight beyond the date. It came enclosed with the following note from a niece of Mr. Overn's, who was often staying at his house, in the lack of a comfortable home of her own:—

"HENRY—He is gone, my kind uncle. He was taken worse when he was sealing your letter; and died in two days. We know that he wrote hoping that his letter would hasten your return before his death. Now that he is gone we think that you will be as likely as any way to determine on staying indefinitely; especially when I tell you, as I am able to do, positively, that Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn are going to Italy direct next January, sometime; and that their first object on getting there will be to join you; that is, of course, if you remain. They wished me to say this to you. I expect to go with them—but I am foolish to waste my paper to say this. I want to improve myself in painting. I have wanted it a long time; but have been poor, you know. This hindrance is over; for kind uncle Overn willed me five hundred dollars. And aunt spoke to Jenny about giving me two hundred more, if I go. Jenny colored (she blushes as easy as ever) and hesitated. But she spoke as if she would be glad to have it given to me: so I suppose I am sure of it. And they are abundantly able; for uncle has left them more than twenty thousand dollars; although he wanted them to give away a great deal all along, when they found those who needed it and would be benefited by it. Just as *he* has always done, you know. Only it will reduce their fortune more; since now their income will be so much shortened. Only! now listen, Henry Ward! George Davenport (and *he* can take care of what they've got, you know) comes nearer and nearer to our friend Jenny, and she doesn't retreat one step; so that one sees what is likely to be brought about one day or another. You were uncle

Overn's choice (and Jenny knows it.) But—well, I'm tired.

"So, good-bye; and prosperity be with you.

"Aunt and Jenny would send messages, no doubt, if I were to ask them for them, as uncle always used to do when he wrote; but they are hearing George Davenport read poetry. Let me listen; his reading, they love it so much! Jenny's face is in an adorable glow.

"I wish you would reply to this, if it be only to write one 'Yes,' signifying that you have received it, and another, signifying that you have decided to remain where you are; or, at least, somewhere in Italy, until the Jocelyns come.

IDA WHEELER."

"P. S.—Ah! I forgot to tell you that uncle Overn has left you three thousand dollars; and one or two of his fields. Half of them, I believe. I asked Jenny to-day how she liked it uncle's giving you half the land, and her and aunt the other half. She colored at first and looked amazed. Then she turned her face away and cried about it.

I. W."

Ida, though she thus wrote, knew that Jenny cried because her heart had suddenly been made desolate, and the question minded her afresh of what she had lost. Henry, when he read Ida's letter, looked as if he thought it might be this. At any rate he said, "Poor Jenny!" and wept again for the dear face, the dear voice gone from this earth forever.

He did not answer Ida's letter. He sat down when it was late that night and wrote a few lines to Mrs. Overn, expressing the sincerest condolence for her and Jenny, the sincerest sorrow for himself, saying not a word of coming or staying.

When his accession to the legacy was officially announced to him by Mr. Overn's attorney, George Davenport, he simply wrote a line of acknowledgment, and another line of "cherished remembrances to Mrs. Overn." Mrs. Overn had sent affectionate remembrances by Davenport. Jenny had not sent anything. Davenport had asked Henry in his letter to him, whether he would return to America within the year. To this Henry only replied, "About my return—doubtful when it will be."

CHAPTER IV.

HENRY wrote occasionally through the summer and autumn, short letters to Mrs. Overn and others. His friends knew from these, (although he said but little about it) that he was now for some months at Jena, and anon, for some months at Berlin, that he heard many lectures and spent

many hours in the libraries of the excellent Universities there; that he had, at any rate, the friendship of some of the best scholars and most distinguished men and women there; of this last they knew most, however, from other travellers and foreign residents. The Jocelyns, who had already been once abroad, heard about it directly from a brother of theirs at Berlin; indirectly from others in Italy and Germany.

So it came to pass that people talked about Henry Ward a great deal there at B——, and wished he would come; that his own town and they, his own people, might honor him.

"Yes, indeed!" said Ida Wheeler to Mrs. Overn, who talked with her about it one day. "They talk about how good he *always* was, you know. You look just as his own mother would, when you hear the least good word about him."

Mrs. Overn said quietly and with a face still beaming with her mother-like pride in Henry, that "She presumed she *felt* very much as his own mother would."

"As for Jenny not one word!" abruptly began Ida, wheeling the music-stool so as to look directly and plumply in Jenny's face. She had been "watching" her (to use a word oftener than any other on Ida's tongue) all along. She always watched her when Henry was talked about. In fact, she very often began to talk about him with one and another; often with Jenny herself on purpose to watch her, on purpose to come, by some of her round-about methods, to such a point of inter-communication as would assuredly take hold of Jenny's blood and of her expression. "As for Jen," resumed she, after having wheeled round to the piano, given the keys a light touch, and wheeled back again, "*she* says nothing. George Davenport says nothing. Only," in lighter, quicker tones, as she turned quite round to the instrument, "he says he means to buy those fields of him; if money can do it. He talks as if he were rich as a Jew, you see." She turned her head back a little now to talk as she lightly played "Oh, Susannah," saying, "And I suppose he is rich by this time, don't you, aunt Overn? don't you, Jenny?"

Aunt Overn and Jenny did not know. Mrs. Overn replied for them both. And immediately she began to talk with both the girls about the Dunlaps, a poor family in an old cracked garret over in the next street.

Ida was soon running off though out of the room; but in the hall she met George Davenport, just let in by the servant, with his hands full of letters and papers. He had just come from the post-office.

He bowed familiarly, *very* familiarly, to Ida, held the packages up before her with one hand, with the other took hold of her arm, setting her back again toward the parlor. So she went in with him.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, with a voice and look of suddenly recovered memory; "there's a letter," looking at the superscription as he passed it on to Mrs. Overn, "from Ward, I presume. He's in Liverpool, it seems."

He gave Jenny this piece of information; gave it with suddenly stiffened voice and backbone, Ida noticed; for she "watched" Davenport too habitually. He always stiffened, she had noticed, when he spoke of Henry. His brow always fell, for an instant. He raised it again instantly, and took the tension from his neck and tongue; and the very next moment, nobody, except perhaps Ida herself, was so clear of brow, so supple as he.

Mrs. Overn just glanced the letter over, holding it with trembling hands, reading with a heightening color, when she announced to them in joyful tones that Henry was coming home. "Coming home," Mrs. Overn always said with reference to Henry's return. Davenport and Ida always said, "coming to America." Our good, still Jenny, bless her! said nothing. And she was so very quiet, that nobody except her mother who knew all about it, not even Ida and Davenport, narrowly as they watched, could, for their lives, tell how she felt. She turned a little away, with gathering color, assiduously hunting her work-basket over for the sewing-cotton—that she did not need. Ida saw that she did not need it, and a quick gleam of sarcasm went over her features as she marked it.

Henry would sail the next day in the Atlantic, Mrs. Overn said to them, again looking the letter over. "He would be at home then," she added, with a satisfaction every moment increasing, "before New Year; a day or two before. And one thing they would do," Mrs. Overn said; "they would ask all of their and Henry's friends there to spend the evening of the New Year's day with them and him; that many might have the pleasure of an early meeting with him; that he might see how many hearts welcomed him."

Mrs. Overn after this could talk and think only of Henry; could act only with reference to his coming. And as the time drew near old men and little children came through her gates, the children to bring flowers, parlor and hot-house flowers, (their mammas sent them) that they might be in all the vases when Henry came. The old men even said they "were glad."

So, on the last day of the year, when the shadows of evening were gathering, Henry

came—came through the gate to the wide door.

Passing on a few hours farther, dear reader, brings us back to where our story began, to the New Year's Eve, and Jenny sitting alone thinking of many things, listening meanwhile to the solemn voices of the night; brings us beside to Ida in her chamber, hair and dress in completest disarray, writing the following letter to Mrs. Jocelyn. That lady and her husband, who was an artist, or who was at any rate an assiduous painter of foreign landscapes, were already at New York, whence they were soon to sail.

CHAPTER V.

"You see," wrote Ida, "Henry Ward has got here. (You received my letter of the 25th, didn't you?) He got here this afternoon. I was gone out when he came. I was sorry enough, I assure you; for I meant to see how they met; and by some bold sort of strategy, by look, or manœuvre, or somehow, make a muss of the meeting.

"I heard he had come while I was on my way back to the house; heard it from a dozen, as if his holiness the Pope had come instead of simple Henry Ward. (I suppose, though, that he must be very learned and very saint-like in his goodness of life, since everybody says he is.) But between us two (and Mr. Jocelyn) I haven't much faith in any straitforward, unbroken goodness anywhere. Life, the life of everybody, and especially of myself, seems to me to be a sort of hodge-podge. I am mad that he didn't stay in Europe to be with us; mad that he is here with aunt and Jen, who pretend, both of them, to be as wise and saintly as he. And everybody else believes that they *are* all perfection. 'Pure as a babe,' 'sincere and truthful as a little child,' folks say of Jen. And he will see just how she is petted; this is the worst of it. He will think she is all goodness, as others do.

"But oh, dear, I must stop and fix myself. My bodice is too tight, my boots pinch, my hair plagues me falling into my writing, (I'll tie the curls up on the top of my head, as if I were a Camanche princess) and as delectable Toots would say, I am in a general state, thank you, of being uncomfortable entirely.

"There, now I am ready to go on.

"I came across George Davenport (went into his office on purpose after him, *entre nous*;) and brought him here ostensibly to see Henry the first thing, really to help me take care of affairs. Good! you would have laughed. Away down in your trachea and bronchial tube, I mean, as I did, as Davenport did. I can't stop to tell you

all about it in this letter; for I don't want to look stupid and ugly to-morrow on account of sitting up all-night-long. But this I will say, they looked as comfortable as three kittens when we came in upon them. Henry was speaking to Jen; and they had sincere, deep-looking eyes steadily on each other, as if they would not fail to understand, and at once love each other, just the same as if I had never done a thing to make them misunderstand and disrelish each other.

"George was 'happy to meet Henry.'"^c Or so he said (with a stiff neck though.) Was ten times happier to meet Jenny. So he did *not* say; but was assiduous 'in season and out of season' to demonstrate it by keeping *close* to her, sometimes sitting before her, sometimes standing beside, or behind her chair, leaning on it; at all times by dallying with her, by his gay words and his laughter. I don't think she likes him. That is, that she approves him; she somehow manages to like everybody; or to make it appear to others that she does at any rate. She can never get away from him though. He has power over her to keep her near him and to amuse her; and this is my chief hope. I think he can keep her to the end. She used to try to avoid him, I know. But she seems to be done with it now. I don't think that it is because she likes him more, though; but because she feels that there is no escaping him. Especially as he is careful how far he goes; going just as far as he can, and not giving her the remotest chance to say 'No.' It would, you see, in the shrewd way he manages be an absurd thing in her to take alarm or umbrage; and palpably shun him, or treat him with palpable repulsion.

"Hu! what a sound they have! the clocks striking midnight! The old year is gone, it seems. I hereby tender the compliments of the season to yourself and Mr. Jocelyn. I hereby write three lines more and then I go to bed; although I rather hate the bed. I lie awake so much with my head on fire with one scheme and another! And, when I sleep, I have such horrible dreams! You can't think! Jen sleeps exactly like a child; almost always with one hand under her cheek, like a child. She seems as if she were always feeling what I have more than once heard her say, 'It will all be right; for God takes care of all things and all beings.'

"P. S.—I must tell you though that I don't think I shall go to Europe. I fear I can't afford it. And I have something to accomplish here, you understand. If I can do what I mean to, perhaps we will be meeting you there before summer. Henry retreated a little from Jen, last evening before George. He kept an untroubled

look, however; and did not come much nearer to me. He and aunt appear as though they would talk forever and never be done.

"Just as I am likely to do. But I declare, I feel such a tension; as if I could never stop, if I were forever to try. And now while I think of it, there is another thing I *must* tell you: something ever so much in my favor. Jenny knows that her father expressed his wish—or, in unminced terms—*asked* Henry to marry her. I overheard her talking about it with aunt in her chamber, this evening. She is terribly afraid that Henry will feel *constrained* by the circumstance to offer himself to her. She means he shall see that she does not expect it. She didn't say much. Aunt comforted her with her everlasting 'gospel consolation,' as the clergy have it. She is to do right; to wait quietly; to trust in God; to feel that this mortal phase of life is a short one; and that she is not to be anxious about its concerns, since all will surely be right and as God sees best.

"Have I told you anywhere in this letter that there is to be a grand gala here to-morrow evening? I guess I haven't. There is though; and it is to be a little the choicest of anything. The rarest supper, the rarest display of flowers and grand dresses. And *Jo triumphe!* I know of a thing I will do! You see if I don't do it! Henry likes to see the hair, if it is fine like Jenny's, and especially if the head is Grecian, like hers, without ornament. She knows it. He has told her so. She likes it so herself and will dress it plain. In the first place she will. In the second, she shall wear a wreath that I will make in secret. And George Davenport shall touch his fingers to it in Henry's sight, shall praise it in Henry's hearing; shall tell Jenny with *emphasis* that he is grateful to her for wearing it. Good!

"Good! I'll keep this letter without a seal until after the party is over; and then tell you. IDA."

CHAPTER VI.

"'A crown for the beautiful, a wreath of bay!'" said Ida, the next evening, as she entered Jenny's room with a splendid wreath of laurel leaves and bright hazle berries hanging on her fingers. Jenny was there still sitting before the mirror where she had been dressing for the evening. She was done dressing. Now she sat and read in her little, worn Bible.

Ida hesitated a little after she came within the door; and then coming forward with the soft, gliding movement peculiar to her, she laid the wreath on Jenny's head.

"What is that for, Ida?" asked Jenny, raising her hand a little as if to remove the wreath. "You know——" She meant to say, "you know I never wear anything." But Ida quickly interrupted her, saying, as she adjusted the wreath more firmly, "you see, cousin Jen," stepping round and round Jenny, to observe the effect of the crown, "the New Year has come to-day. I have somehow got it into my head that it is to be a capital sort of New Year for *me*. So I want to do something grateful for it beforehand; want to crown it. I don't know any other way of doing it, but by fancying it personified in you, as I do when I thus crown *you*. And whenever my eyes fall on you this evening, I shall say within myself, 'New Year, hail! I have crowned thee for this thy coming; now be propitious unto me, all the way through; and thus shall life, for the next twelvemonth (at least) go right with me. Something it never has done yet.'"

She was intently at work as she talked, here separating and there grouping with consummate taste, the dark leaves and the clusters of berries in Jenny's crown.

"Isn't it time to go down?" asked Jenny, speaking with an air of languor, as if she were oppressed by the magnetism of Ida's touches.

"No!" said Ida; not peremptorily, but with her softest voice, as if she were only beseeching. At the same time she laid a hand on each of Jenny's shoulders to keep her from rising, as she attempted to do. So albeit, Jenny was tall, and, in her truth and self-possession, very noble, albeit, Ida was a very little body and a very unquiet, Ida had her own way. It was often so between them. Jenny's actions both in private and in public was often constrained. But up to this time it had always been so that, out of the perfect sincerity of the words she spoke to people and of the glances she gave them out of her friendly eyes, appearances had been seen through; she had been understood and approved on every hand; and loved as few of her beauty, wealth and refinement are loved, without one shadow of envy. Even Ida's ruling passions against her were not dislike or envy. She was a poor, unhappy Judas, ready to sell her cousin's comfort and her own soul's for the gold and the *clat* that would come to her of a union with Henry Ward.

"No," repeated Ida. "I think I'll dress as one of the months, and I want it settled what month I will be. It can't be May, you see; nor April; not the month of showers, nor of springing flowers; for I never shed a tear; never! I never will, let what will come! And as for flowers, I can't bear them near me; flowers, or

babies, or kittens, or any pet thing. I should like to be August," light kindling in her eyes and upon the pale, dark skin.

No one ever saw color come to Ida's face. Sudden light, as it were a flash, came sometimes. She sometimes laughed—in a low, rippling way; frowned sometimes, but always slightly, always briefly. And this was all.

"The bell," interrupted Jenny, "they are coming; we will go down now. Take off your crown, Ida, please."

"No, no!" exclaimed Ida, cutting off Jenny's egress when she was half-way to her chamber door. "I must just tell you *what* I want to do this very year. I will do it in twenty minutes," leading Jenny with her prettiest steps back to her seat. "I'll just run down first and listen to see who it is. 'Tis the Tintelons, I'll bet. Nobody else comes so early."

She was gone "in the twinkling of an eye;" and was skimming the stairs on her way down before she was done speaking.

"'Tis they! I knew it was!" she said, as in a moment she was making her noiseless way back across Jenny's room. She spoke with a mincing voice, imitating Mrs. Tintelon; and came with mincing steps, making graceful bows along.

"Now tell me," begged Jenny, trying to face Ida as she still stepped about, bowing with a gliding, easy grace.

She was done bowing at once on Jenny's speaking; but she came up to see about Jenny's crown again, telling her that she had "got it out of its correct adjustment, naughty thing!"

"What is it?" again pleaded Jenny, "please tell me at once."

"Well, you shall know!" and her voice, although still low, as it always was, sounded to Jenny hard and oppressive. "I think I shall *certainly* do something *this* year; I have been just trying and driveling long enough." She hesitated; but finding that Jenny did not speak, she went on; still standing behind Jenny, with her hands locked, lying on the top of Jenny's chair. "I think I shall be married to Henry Ward; within six months." Her voice was still firm, but so low that Jenny could understand what she said only by listening with her might. She tried, moreover, to look in her face; but Ida retreated, saying, "No! don't look at me. I don't think I'm *fit* for him. But I *will* have him, you see! And he can scold me well," she added, speaking in lighter tones. "Every time I do, or say, or look anything out of the way, he can draw down his features, you know, as the manner of such pious husbands is, and say to me, 'Oh, Ida! child of mortality!—child—of—"

immortality! don't be so bad!' So that, in six months, no Sister of Charity or sister of any thing shall be so correct and demure as I. Won't that be nice?" coming round so as suddenly to face Jenny.

Jenny looked pale, tired and very grave; but so she had been doing, for some time. Ida thought though that she was a little graver than she had been; a little paler—no, not paler; not now; for the soft glow that legitimately belonged to her cheeks was there now; brightening a little, scarcely perceptibly as Ida looked greedily studying her features.

"I *think* I shall be married to him," resumed Ida, moving away a little toward the door. "And I have reason to! I have reason to!" Jenny was slowly removing her crown, standing before the mirror. Ida cried, "No, no, you shan't take it off, Jenny!"

"Why, I must, Ida!" speaking with one hand still hold of the crown. "I never wear any such things; and should feel uneasy every moment."

"I should like to know why," beginning again to set it on correctly. "It is certainly very beautiful. At any rate, you can't see it, to be affected pleasurably or unpleasurably by it. It must be others that you think of; or, at least, one other. And if it is," speaking very fast and warmly, "I'd like to know what becomes of your great theory of 'self-developed action.' Divorced from your practice it is certainly."

"Don't let us talk about it," pleaded Jenny, with a discouraged air, letting her hand fall from the crown. "Take it off—that is a good cousin—and let us go down. Do take it off!"

"First tell me—or you will not tell me, I know. But I will tell *you*, Jenny, that you think, not of what you like, or of what anybody else likes, but Henry Ward. That is just what I think about it. And now you may wear it or not as you think—*becoming* in one of your professed individuality, as you call it."

She walked away from Jenny and her crown. Jenny looked after her with filling eyes; and, without again touching the wreath, avoiding looking again in the mirror, she said to Ida, who stood with her back toward her, looking out upon the calm, starlight evening, and thinking within herself that she hated it—"Ida, are you ready?"

Ida did not speak. But she turned slowly and followed Jenny to the parlor.

CHAPTER VII.

"HAVE you ever seen the Bacchante that Mr. Jocelyn did when he was at Florence?" Ida

asked. She came close to Henry Ward's ear as she spoke, and tipped her head stealthily in Jenny's direction. Now Jenny was standing at a table very near them, so near, that when Henry turned a little to see what Ida meant, he distinctly heard Davenport, who was with her, praising the wreath, praising Jenny for wearing it, "in spite," he said, "of the prejudice there was in some minds against such decorations."

He and Jenny both looked quickly at him, Henry saw, as the conclusion was reached. He saw that then Jenny blushed, looking with a very thoughtful face down at a print on which her hand had been resting. It was her favorite print, of the child Jesus leaning on a cross.

Henry certainly wore a more thoughtful face after this. Ida saw that he did, and at first could have clapped her hands (very softly, though, not for others to see or hear.) But very soon, as she watched his ways, keeping near him, listening to the words so child-like, yet so full of feeling and goodness; to the sound of his voice, kind as an angel's; kindest when he spoke to those old people, so deaf now that few took pains to make them hear. She felt what retribution remorse can bring; what a dread power it may take over the life, when the time comes that it does "bite like a serpent and sting like an adder."

But, hu! would she not slip its hold upon her? See whether she would not! So she made her way through the crowd of people standing, gliding this way and gliding that, until she was over by the instrument at which Jenny was just taking her seat. She was going to play "John Anderson, my Jo," to old Mr. and Mrs. Adams. They were almost done going out now, they were so old. But whenever they did come to Mrs. Overn's, they required that song of Jenny, and their tears always ran, at the same time that they smiled, before she was half through with it.

"I want to tell you something," whispered Ida in Jenny's ear, as the latter was placing her music. Jenny kept still to hear.

"You! I think Henry is really vexed, just about this wreath you are wearing. At any rate, he looked as though he was, when he and I were talking about it. Isn't he exacting enough?"

"If I think he is displeased," replied Jenny, looking earnestly but very kindly in Ida's face, and speaking aloud, "I shall tell him why I wore it. The truth will make all right. I would trust the *truth* any time, Ida. It won't always show that I did right, certainly, but it *will* always show, I hope, that I didn't mean to do

wrong; or, that if I did do wrong, I am truly sorry for it."

Our good Jenny didn't often speak like this to Ida, or any one. She was not much given to self-defence, as the reader must have seen. It made Ida quail a little as if suddenly a hand had appeared before her writing upon the wall, "Thy kingdom is divided."

She gathered anew her scattered forces, however, as soon as Jenny withdrew her eyes and turned back to the instrument.

"She ought *not* to sing! Aunt is afraid of her lungs now she has a cold on them," said she, glancing at the song and then speaking to Mrs. Adams. "Jenny, let me do it for you," laying one hand on the keys where Jenny was to begin her sopranos. "And when I have a cold on *my* lungs," bringing her face nearer Jenny's, and speaking in a coaxing voice, "you shall do my singing."

But the old people begged; Jenny disclaimed any indications of a cold in the last two days, and began running her fingers over the keys in the beautiful prelude.

"I was mad!" wrote Ida to Mrs. Jocelyn, "so mad that I trembled in every fibre of every muscle. What kept the girl up in that way, I can't think. I thought it would take all her spirits out of her, if she *knew* for a certainty that she had offended Henry Ward. For I *know* she loves him. I know it with greater certainty every hour."

Her truth and singleness of heart kept her up, thou poor Ida, thou who didst know so little how mighty a principle is the simple truth, to comfort and sustain the soul!

Henry Ward came near her as she was singing; came at length so near her that he turned the last page of her song for her. She sang

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

He did not weep, perhaps. Perhaps none of the gentlemen wept outright, save good old Mr. Adams. But many of them, and amongst them Henry, felt deep emotions; for Jenny certainly sang it with a touching commingling of playfulness and pathos.

Many of them, and especially Mr. Adams—so near the other world now—and Henry, so near it always, through the highly spiritual character of his daily life—thought how blessed that world

must be, where songs rise day and night from the redeemed; the redeemed from the grossness, the poor, foolish pride and vanity that half spoil the earthly life of us all; that make us forget it, for days, whose children we are, and what a home our Father has prepared for us.

Many of them, Henry again inclusive, as the song went on, and in the still time after it was over, thought that there was a wonderful simplicity, goodness and exalted beauty in her who sang it, and that they loved her with just the kind of affection they would feel for an angel who left her congenial place, and came here to this—beautiful to be sure, and beloved, but, sin and sorrow-stained earth, to make purer and happier all who approached her; all who saw her and heard the sound of her voice.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE company was soon called to the supper-room; and Henry, walking along beside Jenny and talking with her, was at her side at table. And just where they halted, to the exceeding great surprise of Ida, they encountered her, coming into the line from another quarter; and George Davenport making his way from still another quarter. Both Davenport and Ida said it was "very curious" that they should all meet right there. It wasn't though so very curious, since Ida hurriedly slipped into his neighborhood on their slow way out, to say close to his ear, in passing him, "Come!" telegraphing by a movement of her head and hands in that direction, that he was to go round *his* way to the table, and she hers.

They and others who stood together with their little dishes of lobster salad, chicken salad, or *blanche mange* in their hands, eating, were steadily talking for a while of Emerson—Ralph Waldo; he had just come in from the room where he had been lecturing, and was at the part of the table nearest the door; and then, after a little pause in which they all waited to hear what Henry would say farther of him, in which Henry thought, not of Emerson, but that he must tell Jenny what he thought about her wreath, he said, looking Jenny quietly in the face,

"Your wreath is a splendid thing, Jenny, but I miss the old look about your head. You used never to wear anything."

"I never do, now," replied Jenny, giving him her saucer, and at the same time signifying that she would have more *blanche mange*. "I wish you would take it off now, Ida," going a little nearer to her and bowing her head a little, "and put it on Ino." Ino and the infant Bacchus,

Mrs. Jocelyn's gift to Ida, were close by, in plaster.

Ida, without speaking, went on tiptoe, and removed it. Henry immediately deposited his mauler on the table, and taking the wreath off of Ida's nerveless fingers, laid it carelessly on the head of Ino; and then, without giving a glance to its effect, he turned back to see if Jenny and Ida had all they wanted.

"My first impulse," wrote Ida to Mrs. Jocelyn, late that night, "was to drop the wreath on the floor, and put my foot on it. But somehow, their calmness, their unchanged expression stilled me. (It was just the same as if he had said, 'Rather rainy to-day, Jenny,' and she had answered, as if the state of the weather were one of her slight concerns, 'Yes, I see it is.')

"I gave it up then. I knew then that I had no more power over Jenny! over either of them. And George, imperious as he is, felt the same. I knew that he did. He knew that I did. Emerson was coming with quick steps to meet Henry, and he—George, I mean—turned away on his heel, with a bitter shade stealing over his face.

"Before leaving this phase of my New Year's life, (bye-the-bye, my year *does* begin beautifully, don't it?) don't you wonder that Jen didn't tell Henry that I almost compelled her to wear the wreath? I know I should have done it. She never will, if they live together a hundred years. I know her well enough to be sure of that. She readily tells the whole truth (in a few words she does it always) about herself, whether it clears or convicts; and, when she has done this, she has done.

"George whispered as he was passing me on his way out, 'Come to my office to-morrow morning at ten.'

"I shall go. People would talk about it, if they knew, but they won't know; for dentist's doors and daguerreotypist's doors open close by his, you know, upon the same area, up the same stairs.

"Good night. I'll finish this long, troubled letter after I come from George's office. I hope he won't disturb my mind with any new temptation to harass me day and night. I wish I *could* be as serene in my life as Jenny and Henry are. I am so tired!

"Well and well; it is all over with me. I am going to marry George. We are going to be so rich that nothing shall be in the way of our doing all we please. And I *long* to triumph over people. (I do not mean, now, Jen and her clique. Wealth has no more power to awe and overrule them than poverty.) But I will stand higher than Jen; and I shall feel it, if she does not. I will

live at Washington yet; and members and *diplo-mats*, and even executives, shall be at my feet. I will have my way with them, as if they were puppets. George is *sure*, you see, of going to Congress in three or four years.

"Dinner! *au revoir!* Henry is to dine here, I suppose. I suppose he will be dining here every day, after this. Oh, dear! and the sight of his and Jen's still enjoyment will half madden me sometimes. *Eheu me miseram!*"

Dinner waited a little for Jenny and Henry to come. They had left their chairs and so were standing ready to come; but they loved to linger there with no sound, or sight, or ceremony near, to detach their minds one moment from the blest assurance of mutual love. Jenny knew now—and, oh! what *rest* there was for her knowing without the chance for a doubt—that she would have been Henry's chosen any way, if no letter by her father had ever been written touching the subject; that for many a year he had gone steadily on, loving her more and more.

"But," said Henry, when he saw how happy his assurances made her, how her soft clasp tightened on his hand, every moment, as he talked, "you haven't a word to say to me about your own dear self; I *assume* it altogether that you love me a little and will love me to the end." He was smiling in her face when he began. But his eyes grew serious and his voice unsteady as he concluded. He drew her close to him, to his heart. Still she did not speak; for she knew when she laid her head upon his shoulder and heard him saying softly, "Darling, darling," that there was no need of words between them.

But they must go to dinner. Henry went first. Jenny sent him, that he might be busy helping the others at table, and they busy in being helped when she came.

CHAPTER IX.

WELL, Ida and Davenport are at Washington. He is in the House; this is his second year there; and he has grown intemperate and unprincipled, for this is what his constituents say. He will not be likely to get back again. He and his wife are fast deteriorating, at least to human sight. But God, on every hand, his constituents perhaps, with His all-seeing eye, knows a spot in some still corner of their souls, where *His* love sometimes goes and so saves from utter ruin.

The home of the Wards and Mrs. Overn is ever bright with intelligence and comfort. They often journey, often have friends coming to them from near and from afar; many of them very learned,

very excellent, very agreeable people. Very common people also come; and are as kindly received, as delicately entertained as the others; so that they go away with a feeling of elevation and comfort; thinking within themselves that "it is good for them to have been there;" wishing that all the rich and learned were like the Wards; half believing that if they were, the time would come, some day, when they, or at least their children, and all who now are so poor and ignorant, would be rich and learned like them. And good like them; oh, if *that* would only be, here, where so much wrong is done!

When Henry and Jenny are alone—and often at other times; for Mrs. Overn and many who come, have nearly as much interest in the philosophers as they—Henry tells her about them; about their lives, their homes and their graves that he himself has seen; reading to her now and then from their systems or their lives. He loves to read passages like this out of Fichte's Memoirs, and she loves as dearly to hear them—for she not only has the delight of loving Fichte, but of thinking, in her woman's heart, that *she* knows one just like him; her husband.

"His life is the true counterpart of his philosophy; it is that of a strong, free, incorruptible man. And with all the sternness of his morality, he is full of gentle and generous affections, of deep, overflowing sympathies. No tone of love, no soft breathing of tenderness fall unheeded on that high, royal soul, but in its calm sublimity find a welcome and a home."

Jenny loved the inscription above Fichte's grave:—"The teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." She thinks, with tears choking her, that that shall be above her husband; for with what a beautiful life, with what gentle, loving words of truth and wisdom is daily leading her nearer and nearer to heaven! What large numbers beside herself hang upon what he says! love him and God, and all their kind, the wretched, the lost—so-called—and all; live truer, and a thousand times happier lives, for his being, unconsciously to them, unconsciously to himself, a teacher, "turning many unto righteousness!"

OH, NO! IT IS NOT SAD TO DIE.

BY ROBERT G. STAPLES.

'Tis sad to die? Oh, say not so!

Let earth be e'er so bright,
The triune God can quickly change
Its brightness into night;
Although the world be bright and free,
It is not like eternity.

Though in the grave our bodies lie,
Our ransomed souls shall rise
To life divine—transplanted be,
Beyond the beaming skies;
There we may dwell beneath the throne,
Where Jesus reigns, and reigns alone.

'Tis sad to die? Oh, no, oh, no!
Though friends may mourn our loss,
'Tis sweet to know they too shall die,
And Jordan's billows cross;
The joys of earth are fading, few,
When Heavenly bliss is kept in view.

What are our hopes while here we dwell?
The flowers which brightly bloom?
They all will fade, and droop, and die,

With Winter's breath and gloom;
Then gladly may we part with earth,
For future gems of priceless worth.

'Tis sad to die? Oh, no! we stay
Not in the silent tomb,
But break the yielding sod, and quit
That low abode of gloom;
Our spirits hold commune with God,
Freed from the clayey, cumbering sod.

'Tis sad to die? Oh, no, oh, no!
Earth's flowers are not as fair
As those which bloom in Paradise,
Beneath His guardian care;
And oh, it is not sad to die,
Though in the tomb we lowly lie.

It is not sad to part with earth,
Nor bid adieu to friends,
Since Christ has suffered death for us,
And we on Him depend;
Those whom we leave, we'll meet again,
Where there is no more tears or pain.

PIG TAIL.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—PIG.

Dramatis Personæ.—SHOW-KEEPER.—HIS WIFE.—THE LEARNED PIG TOBY.—SPECTATORS.

SCENE.—The interior of a show with chairs placed round for spectators. Against the door the music *Canterbury* for an organ

ENTER SHOW-KEEPER and HIS WIFE dressed in a man's greatcoat. She seats herself at the organ and commences playing.

(*Music on the Piano.*)

The Showman bending forward, puts his hand to one side of his mouth, as if shouting. He beckons the people outside to walk up, holding forth a placard, written "ONLY FIVE CENTS."



At last he takes up a trumpet of roll of music, and blows through it.

Enter SPECTATORS, who pay their money at the organ and take their places. The organ still continues playing, and the Showman blows his trumpet louder and louder until the Spectators grow impatient, and advance to His Wife, holding out their hands to receive their money back. Showman pacifies them, and having shut the door, leads from the window-curtains the PIG TOBY. It has a blue riband round its neck, and its skin of white mackintosh is beautifully clean. The Showman points to the Spectators, who are clapping their hands, and the Pig grunts three

times. His Wife taking from her greatcoat pocket a pack of cards, hands them to the audience, who choose a card. The pack is then spread in a circle upon the ground, and the Showman pointing to it, stamps his foot to command the Pig to point out the chosen card.

The Pig, grunting, advances to the circle.

(*Soft music on the Organ.*)

At last Toby stands before a card and grunts. The Spectators shake their heads to intimate that the Pig has made a mistake.

The Showman beats Toby with a stick.

(*Great squeaking.*)

The animal begins again and at last stands



before the right card. The Spectators clap their hands for joy.

The Pig stands on its hind feet and endeavors to perform a jig. The Audience is delighted, and laughs merrily.

The Showman then dances, and invites Toby



At last the Pig taking a plate in its mouth, goes round to the Audience to collect halfpence, when

Exit the Audience rapidly, followed by Toby, and the Showman and His Wife sneering.

ACT II.—TAIL.

Dramatis Personæ.—BOLD PERFORMER.—OTHER ACTORS.—AUDIENCE.—RAGING LION.

SCENE—*Interior of a Theatre. Candles are placed for lamps before the stage, and seats are arranged for the Audience and Orchestra.*

ENTER THE AUDIENCE running over the seats, and scrambling, and pushing for the best places. Several screams are heard, and a fight takes place at the door. At last all are seated, when

Enter MUSICIANS, who gaze for some time upon the Audience, until whistling and clapping of hands begin, when they commence tuning their instruments. A bell is heard and the music strikes up, the Audience all seating themselves. (*Music.*)

The curtain rises.

The scene is supposed to represent a desert in Arabia. Against the wall the window-curtains are drawn close, and the roaring of a Lion is heard behind them.

The Audience all point to the curtains to tell that they know where the Lion is.

Enter ACTORS, dressed as a Prince and his followers, as richly as possible.

Enter BOLD PERFORMER in bonds of jack chain. He wears a large cloak, and walks proudly, sneering at the Prince. He is ordered to bow the knee, but haughtily refuses. The Prince points to the curtains. (*Terrific roarings again heard.*)

Bold Performer starts, but recovering himself, sneers at Prince. The Prince stamps his foot and the curtains are drawn open, and discover the LION roaring. He has a fine mane of drawing-room mat, and a long tail of bell-rope, the tassel dragging on the ground.

The Audience applaud the Lion, who is confined in his cell by the rails of a folding clothes-screen.



The Prince gives the signal, and the Lion is let loose. It rushes to the Bold Performer and couches before him. The Audience applaud. He puts his foot on the beast, and opens his

hands to the Spectators, who cheer. Then holding out one arm, he makes the Lion jump over it. Next he makes the brute lie down, and he uses him in a graceful attitude for his pillow.



Renewed applause.

Last of all having closely examined the Lion's tail, he opens its jaws, and puts his head into its mouth. Pointing to the tail, he draws a placard, written "DOES IT WAG?" and shows it to the Prince. (*The Lion lashes its tail.*)

The Prince with a look of horror nods his

head, but in an instant the Bold Performer's head is bitten off.* Bold Performer falls down. The Audience scream, faint, and rush to the door, when *exeunt*.

The Lion is secured and led off by Actors, and the Bold Performer, supported by the Prince, staggers off. *Exeunt omnes.*



* It is for this point that the Bold Performer wears a cloak. He must cleverly slip it over his head, on which is placed a piece of red silk.

ACT III.—PIG TAIL.

Dramatis Personæ.—JOLLY TARS.—THEIR SWEETHEARTS.—CAPTAIN.—BARBERS.—MARINES.*SCENE*—The front drawing-room quarter-deck of a frigate. The bolster on the Canterbury for a cannon.

ENTER JOLLY TARS, with long pigtails of boas and twisted handkerchiefs. They are all putting quids of tobacco into their mouths. They shake hands, and dance hornpipes.

Enter CAPTAIN, wearing a paper cocked-hat,

and hair-brush epaulets. His sword hangs by his side. Drawing it, he orders silence by stamping. Taking from his pocket a placard, he holds it up before the audience, and on it is written, "PIG-TAILS MUST BE CUT OFF DIRECTLY!"



The men fall back in horror, they then advance with clasped hands imploringly to the Captain, who refuses, until at last he is overcome by the touching spectacle, and weeps, dashing away the tear with manly action. He stamps, when

Enter MARINES with brooms for muskets. They stand in a file, and having gone through their exercises, drive back the Sailors.

Enter BARBERS with their coats off, and aprons on. They carry combs and scissors. The men collect in a group and grumble. The Captain orders a Sailor to advance, and he refuses, folding his arms. Captain waves his sword. The Marines present brooms, and are about to charge, when



Enter SWEETHEARTS, hurriedly. They stand with open arms before the Jolly Tars, determined to protect their lovers with their lives.

Captain and Marines weep, Sweethearts by

their loving actions, persuade the Jolly Tars to submit, imploring them with clasped hands to go to the chair. Two advance unwillingly. The Barbers cut off their pigtails. Their weeping



Sweethearts pick them up, and kissing them fondly place them in their bosoms. The whole of the men undergo the operation, each one on leaving the chair shaking his fist at the trembling Barber. But the Marines protect the Hair Cutters, and drive back the Sailors.

Exeunt Sailors, leaning on their Sweetheart's arms. The Marines once more go through their gun-exercises, when *exeunt*, led off by Captain, and followed by Barbers.

TO EVA.

Give me a kind and gentle heart—

A heart that's always true;
'Tis sweeter than the fairest rose,
Kissed with the morning dew.

Give me a smile of friendship bright,
To cheer my lonely way;

'Tis sweeter far than treasures are,
Or Summer's sunny day.

Give me one look of happiness,

To see when I am nigh;
'Tis sweet to me, for ev'ry look
Doth chase away a sigh.

Oh, give me these, and then my life
Will be a smiling day;

No shade will come upon my heart,
But these might drive away. B. H. S.

ROSA BLAKE AND HER LOVERS.

BY CARRY STANLEY, AUTHOR OF "ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK."

CHAPTER I.

"ROSA, ROSA, ROSA BLAKE! Where on *earth* can the child be? Every pie in the oven's burned to a coal, I'll be bound!" and good, bustling Mrs. Blake hurried up from the cellar, milk-pan in hand, as the smell of the burning pastry reached her olfactories.

But Rosa had forgotten all about the pies, and was now high up in the hay mow, hunting hen's eggs. She had paid a visit to the stall of the white calf; had carried an apron full of oats to Jerry, a superannuated old horse; and had frightened the speckled hen from her nest, when her mother particularly wished that very hen "to set," as she technically termed it.

Mrs. Blake, with a vexed energy, was crushing lumps of white sugar under her rolling pin, when Rosa entered. The girl's appearance did not tend to mollify the mother. Her pretty curls were in the greatest disorder, with a blade of hay hanging in them here and there, and covered with dust; her neat chintz dress had a great rent in it; and an egg or two had got broken over her apron, in her descent on the rickety ladder from the hay mow.

"Rosa, I declare you ain't worth your salt, since you went to that boarding-school," said Mrs. Blake, as she lifted her rolling-pin higher than usual, and brought it down with a crash on the lump of sugar under it.

"Why, mother," said Rosa, good-naturedly, "I thought you wanted some eggs for the sponge cake, and I went to hunt them."

"I wanted you to tend to the oven first, as I told you. And a pretty batch of bread and pies I shall have to-morrow, to be sure; and so much company coming, too. It's too bad, it was as light as a cork when I put it in. Nobody'll believe, after eating that burnt up stuff, that I got the premium at the Fair for the best bread."

Rosa laid the eggs from her apron on the up turned lid of the dough-trough where her mother was working: and with a sigh and a disappointed look she stood watching Mrs. Blake, as the latter seized a large earthen pan and scraped the powdered sugar into it with her hand.

"Oh, let me do that, mother, I know I can. I used to before I went to school, don't you remember?" said Rosa, her face brightening, as

her mother took up one of the eggs, gave it a sharp crack on the edge of a cup, and divided the brittle shell evenly in two.

"No," said Mrs. Blake, still unappeased, "I'll do it myself, you'll get the yolk and the white all mixed up, and then a pretty mess I shall have of it," and she went on breaking open the eggs, tossing the rich yolks from one piece of shell to another, drawing off the white in the meanwhile with as much dexterity as a Chinese juggler tosses the balls. "This cake ought to have been beat up a quarter of an hour ago. The oven's as cold as charity by this time, I expect," and the good woman hurried over to the oven, bobbed her head in to discover the temperature, seized the long-handled scraper and spread the coals more over its surface, added a few corn-cobs from a basket in the corner, and then returned to the dough-trough.

But Rosa had taken her mother's place, and was breaking the eggs as nicely, if not as fast, as Mrs. Blake herself could have done.

"Now, mother, these have to be beaten up with the sugar, haven't they? Oh! I remember all about it now."

The dame's face brightened as she saw with what energy her daughter worked; and good Mrs. Blake began to think Rosa not quite spoiled by her schooling, after all.

Presently there was a great scraping of feet heard, followed by a clearing of the throat; and Rosa, looking up, saw a tall, uncouth man standing in the doorway, with a hand resting on each side of it, as he asked with a look rather than a bow, "Is Samuel home?"

Before an answer could be given, the figure had sprung several feet into the kitchen, for Susan, "the help," who was determined that nobody's "out shed" should look nicer than her own, and who generally scrubbed it and rinsed it till the bricks were as red as beets, threw a huge pale of water immediately in the direction of the kitchen door, so that it went sluicing over the feet of the visitor. It was with difficulty that Rosa could suppress a scream of laughter; and her plump shoulders shook with suppressed merriment, as she turned her back on the astonished-looking individual, who now stood in the middle of her mother's kitchen.

"Good day, Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Blake, "I hope Susan didn't wet your feet; she is a head-over-heels kind of a body when she once gets started working. Samuel's not about, just now, but I guess you'll find him down in the new corn-field, or else in the piece of ground they're clearing by the swamp. Or sit down and wait for him, won't you, Mr. Johnson," continued Mrs. Blake, taking a chair from which all the paint had been scrubbed, and dusting it with her apron, though it was already as clean and white as soap and sand and Susan's two sturdy arms could make it.

"No, I must be going," answered Mr. Johnson, withdrawing his eyes at last from Rosa, who, whilst her mother had been talking, had so far suppressed her merriment as to be able to turn around, with her face overrunning with sparkling mischievous smiles, which produced such an effect on Mr. Johnson, that he had, during all that time, stood in open-mouthed admiration of the fair girl.

With an awkward attempt at a bow, the visitor turned to depart, but looking around again at the Hebe in the kitchen, he backed out into the arms of Susan, who with a hickory broom in one hand, and a bucket of water in the other, was standing just outside of the kitchen door. The collision sent the water splashing over Mr. Johnson's feet again, and Susan muttered something about "people being as blind as owls," in a voice quite audible enough to reach the ears of him of whom it was spoken.

Rosa burst out into another fit of laughter, which this time she did not endeavor to suppress, as she asked, with the tears fairly starting in her eyes,

"Oh, Susan, *did* you do it purposely?"

But Susan, who had been "bound" to Mr. Blake when she was but ten years old, and who had now lived to the mature age of thirty, was a privileged servant, and she gave no signs of having heard Rosa's question, except by a twitching about the corners of the mouth, which looked suspiciously like a grim smile, and which can only be accounted for, if it was there, by a story told by ill-natured people, that Mr. Johnson had usurped the place in his bachelor uncle's affections, which Susan, with good reason, once flattered herself she occupied. It was added that her enmity was always aggressive toward the man who had despoiled her of all those broad acres, by his flattering attentions to his wealthy relative.

"That Joe Johnson's a snake in the grass," Susan said, after the young man had finally established himself at his uncle's farm.

CHAPTER II.

THE Sabbath morning dawned with such a bright, holy quiet, that Rosa Blake thought there could never have been such a Sabbath before. She stood leaning against the window frame, her laughing face sobered into a sweet thoughtfulness. Far across the meadows, and up from the valley where ran the stream, a silvery mist arose, enveloping trees and fields in hazy beauty. The far-off hill top seemed to be crowned with a halo of glory, as the mist swayed to and fro, and then slowly lifted, but half revealing the distant scenery: and she thought of Bunyan's vision of the New Jerusalem, the Holy City which came down from heaven.

The entrance of Mr. Blake aroused Rosa, and she turned around, unconscious of the tears which were in her eyes. A shade passed over the father's face, as he continued to watch his daughter, whilst he wiped his hands on the "rolling-towel" behind the door; then he went and stood by her, for she had again turned toward the window.

"Rosa," he said, "I hope that what your mother fears is not so; and that you are not unhappy at coming home, and settling down among plain country folks. It will be a dear bought education, if that year away at school has unfitted you for your station."

"What do you mean, father?" asked Rosa. "I was never happier in my life; everything is so beautiful, that I feel like crying; I don't know what for, to be sure," she continued, with a gay laugh; "but sometimes I want to cry when I am happy, more than when I am sad. Now, father, if you will only give me a little spending money to buy new books, now and then, I shall be the happiest little girl in the world;" and she fondled his great red hand between her own little ones, and looked up coaxingly in his face.

"Oh, you monkey. Not satisfied with what I've spent on you already, eh!" but he kissed his daughter with so much affection, and looked so proud of her, that she was satisfied her request would be granted.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Blake, after a pause, "mother's dreadful afraid you'll be a book-worm; so let's make a bargain. For every pound of butter that you churn, or every cheese that you help make, and all the eggs you hunt up, you shall get half price. They've always been mother's pin money, but I guess if you'll work right well, she'll be willing to take the calves instead."

Rosa gave her father a delighted kiss, and went up stairs to her mother, to ask how much

butter, and how many cheeses and eggs she sold every week.

Mrs. Blake was busy putting out her husband's clothes, which he was to wear to meeting. The snowy white shirt was fragrant of rose leaves, as she unpressed it and laid it open on the bed; then the new cassimere pants, and the buff vest, and the grey socks, and red bandanna handkerchief were all placed beside it, before she answered her daughter.

"What do you want to know for?"

Rosa explained her father's promise, adding, "you know, mother, that you are to have half, as well as all the money father gets for the calves."

"Well, I don't mind, if it will only make you buckle to and work a little; but I guess you'll not earn much that way, with all your new-fangled notions," and Mrs. Blake opened a long drawer as she spoke, and took from thence her husband's Sunday coat, which lay neatly folded throughout the whole week in that particular drawer, the sole occupant.

We must acknowledge that it was with something of a flutter that Rosa Blake dressed herself for meeting, for the first time after her return from school. She was not at all above the vanities usual to girls of seventeen; and she hesitated some time between her *barege de laine*, and her plaid summer silk, and one of her two tissue dresses. The silk was decided upon, and as she arranged the apple blossoms which composed the full trimming of her pretty straw bonnet, so that each petal would show, she smiled to herself as she thought that the severest critics on her dress that day would be obliged to confess that it was in good taste.

Mr. Blake kissed his daughter when she descended to the sitting-room, and called her his "Rose-bud;" and Mrs. Blake gave a satisfied smile as she arranged Rosa's collar and the bow on her bonnet.

But once in the open air, all the girl's vanities vanished. As the well-fed horses jogged slowly along, Rosa leaned forward to inhale the fresh air in long gasps. The blackberry bushes, waving with blossoms, in the hedges; the wild roses; the sweet fern, and tasseled pine, all seemed to possess a new beauty and new fragrance.

"I feel somehow as if God was walking the earth, to-day," said Rosa, softly, and almost unconsciously.

Mr. Blake turned around and looked at his daughter in surprise; then he put down his hard, weather-beaten face and kissed her, as he said, "God bless you, Rosa;" and he endeavored to turn his thoughts from his fat cattle and teeming earth to subjects more suited to the day.

Meanwhile vehicle after vehicle passed them rapidly, the occupants looking out and giving friendly nods and "good days" as they drove by. It required, at last, Mrs. Blake's injunction to her husband to "jog on a little faster, for she did hate to be late to meeting," before he noticed the snail's pace at which his horses were going. When they entered the meeting-house gate, the wagon sheds were already nearly full, and knots of people stood about the doors and under the trees, awaiting the coming of the pastor as a signal for their entrance into the meeting-house. The men and women stood apart from each other, as determinedly as if they were unforgiving enemies; the former talking about the crops, the weather, and the field "hands," and some of the younger ones looking very stiff in their Sunday suits; whilst of the latter, one female complained that her girl had gone off a week ago, and promised to return the next day, and that she had never set eyes on her yet; and another inquired of a neighbor if she could let her have a couple of dozen more cabbage-sprouts; and a third requested of a friend, that if she went to town that week she would match her some brown silk; and another lamented the scarcity of cherries, for she "didn't know what she *should* do for pies;" and so on throughout nearly the whole congregation, mere secular affairs being carried almost to the very altar.

Yet there were some, nay, many, who were sincerely pious people. Men who out of very thankfulness for all their blessings, and in the name of Christ, would give a good milch cow to a needy or unfortunate neighbor, or supply a poorer family than their own with many a basket of spare-ribs, and scrapple, and sausage; or rosy-cheeked apples and a fat turkey for Christmas: and women, who after a toilsome day at the wash-tub or baking-oven, would make dainties to carry to a sick child and sit up with it, and watch it with motherly care; but their daily anxieties and hourly pleasures were, we think, more easily laid aside than the envyings and strivings; the new bales of merchandise and "the tables of the money changers," which, too often in our great cities, occupy the house of God.

Mr. Blake handed his wife and daughter from the wagon, and then drove the horses under the shed, whilst Mrs. Blake stopped to greet a neighbor, and Rosa stood for a moment irresolute, for she expected some one should have come forward to speak to her after her year's absence. But none of her old playfellows advanced a step. Most of them stood in a group under a tree, eyeing her askance, their handkerchiefs primly folded in their hands; whilst some, who thought

if Rosa saw them looking at her, she would suppose they were admiring her dress, turned their backs upon her. Rosa, however, took in the whole thing intuitively. "They won't speak first, because they think I've grown proud," she said to herself, so she advanced with a kind smile, saying, "How are you all, girls? I'm so glad to get home among you again." And thus, in an instant, the circle was opened, and Rosa was in the midst; and before they went into the meeting-house, she had invited them all to come and see her, and have "a good, old-fashioned time;" and each of her friends had decided in her own mind that Rosa Blake "wasn't one bit stuck up," if she did dress so fine.

CHAPTER III.

WHILST the minister was reading the hymn, Rosa happened to look across to the other side of the house, and the first person whom she noticed was Mr. Johnson, a little in advance of her, leaning his arm on the back of the pew and gazing steadily at her. In spite of herself, a smile flitted over Rosa's face at the recollection of Joe's quick entree into their kitchen the day before. But Rosa little knew how difficult had been the performance of Mr. Johnson's toilet duties that morning, and all on her account. The bottle of pomatum, which had been bought months before from a travelling pedlar, had been opened for the first time, and half of its contents glistened on his sandy hair in great streaks; his collar, which, with its stiffly starched edges, was in frightful proximity to his ears, was attached to his shirt front by an extra quantity of pins; whilst his dark blue satin vest was made still more resplendent by the gilt chain which crossed it. But it was Joe's buff and blue cravat, that he considered the triumph of art. Twenty-five minutes, by his great silver watch, had it taken him to accomplish the "rose" which ornamented its front, a rose which he thought would be the envy of all the young men at meeting. The cravat had been taken off and unfolded, and folded again; it had been tightened and loosened; the loops had been drawn out and drawn in; and at last the "rose," as that peculiar kind of bow is called, bloomed forth to his satisfaction. Mr. Johnson's silk handkerchief had been deluged with half of a shilling bottle of cologne; a contemporary purchase with the pomatum; and after adorning his button-hole with a sprig of "old man" and some sweet-briar, he felt fully competent to ascend his buggy and appear at meeting.

The second line of the hymn had been sung,

when a clear tenor glided in, that attracted Rosa's attention. She looked around and discovered that the voice belonged to a young man of most prepossessing appearance, but whom she had never seen before. Rosa knew that it was rude, and said to herself that it was wrong in meeting to be glancing around so frequently, but she was irresistibly attracted by the stranger.

Mrs. Blake, good soul, in the meantime had noticed the direction of Mr. Johnson's glances, and they had set her speculating upon her daughter's probable destiny. The effect was apparent by her nudging her husband when he drove up the wagon after meeting, and saying in a low voice, "Samuel, suppose we ask Joseph Johnson over this afternoon. It's but friendly, for he must be lonely with no women folks about the house."

Mr. Blake stood with the reins in his hand, looking somewhat puzzled, but he only answered, "Very well, mother, if you say so," and turning to Mr. Johnson, who was near, he gave the invitation. We need not say that it was accepted.

"Mother," said Rosa, as they drove homeward, "is Jane Thompson going to be married?"

"No, child, not that I've heard of. What made you think so?" was the reply.

"I saw her talking to a strange gentleman after meeting, and thought he might be somebody from B—— that she was going to marry."

"Oh, no, that was Mark Anderson, that teaches school down in the red school-house."

"And a proper good teacher he is too," put in Mr. Blake, "I only hope we may have the luck to keep him; we have never had such a one since I've been on the school committee."

"Does he board around as the other teachers did?" queried Rosa.

"Yes, he's at James Thompson's now. I expect our turn to have him will come pretty soon," replied the mother. And so Rosa apparently dismissed the subject.

Two or three carriage loads of the expected company had arrived in the afternoon before Mr. Johnson made his appearance. Rosa, who was walking in the garden with Jane Thompson, saw him go around the corner of the house, where he thought he would be unnoticed, and take out his silk handkerchief to dust his boots.

Susan's story of "Joe's underhand ways," and her positive assertion that he was a "snake in the grass," had greatly prejudiced Rosa against her new admirer; and as the spirit of mischief was often traitor to her good heart, she quietly glided up behind him, saying, "It's a very warm, dusty day, Mr. Johnson."

Joe started as if he had been shot, and what

with his confusion, and the exertion consequent upon the stooping and dusting, the perspiration stood on his forehead in great drops.

Throughout the afternoon Mr. Johnson attached himself to Rosa particularly, and Mrs. Blake, whose fears for the bread which her daughter did not watch, had been entirely allayed on cutting it, turned her whole thoughts to Joe and her Rosa, even while she gossiped about her dairy and chickens with her friends; and she "dreamed dreams" of the time when she would be mother-in-law of the fine farm next to their own, and of the improvements that Rosa would make in the spring-house and vegetable garden.

As for Rosa, the child, she was somewhat *distracted* all the afternoon, so anxious was she, yet so afraid, she knew not why, to ask Joe Johnson about the teacher. At last she said, with what she considered quite a Machiavelian piece of diplomacy,

"Does Eliza Richards teach school this summer?" and the little hypocrite stooped down to pluck a pink as she spoke, in order to hide her blushes.

"Oh! no, indeed, there's a master teacher this summer, and such a nice one too, you can't think," was Jane's reply.

"I don't think much of him," said Mr. Johnson, impressively, as he looked at Rosa.

"Why?" asked Rosa, "doesn't he appreciate the advantages he enjoys in your society?"

Mr. Johnson glanced at the dimpled face of his fair interlocutor, and was puzzled as to whether the question was asked in respect or mockery: but he replied,

"No, but he's such a highty-tighty kind of chap; and he doesn't know so much after all."

"Oh! Mr. Johnson," said Jane, deprecatingly, "he's one of the nicest young men I know, and he never makes a body feel afraid of him, if he is so smart."

"One isn't always afraid of smart people, Jane," answered Rosa, "why I'm not a bit afraid of Mr. Johnson," and her bright eyes glistened with merriment.

The unarmed lover colored to the roots of his hair with pleasure, and making a stiff bow, he laid his hand on the blue satin vest which was supposed to cover his heart, as he had seen it done in the play when he visited the theatre at P—.

The next Saturday came, and Mrs. Blake was busy as usual with her weekly baking. Rosa stood by the table washing cherries for the pies, when Mr. Blake entered, saying,

"Mother, it's our turn to have the master now, I believe, so I met him down the road just

now, and told him I would stop for him and his traps this afternoon, as I came out of B——"

"It's always the way," said Mrs. Blake, as she held a pie-plate up on her outstretched palm and shaved off the overhanging crust. "Here I am, hurrying myself to death to get done, to go into B—— this afternoon, and now that room has to be put to rights for the teacher."

"Why, mother, there isn't a room in the house that isn't fit for a queen to see," said Mr. Blake, well knowing his wife's weak point.

"You go on with the baking, mother," added Rosa, "and as soon as I've filled the pies, I'll fix the room for you. I'd like to do it."

So Rosa was soon heard singing away up stairs in the little room over the hall; which she swept and dusted, and spread the bed with a gay patchwork quilt, and coarse linen sheets, fragrant with laurel blossoms. The window-curtains and bureau cover were of immaculate whiteness, and on a little table which she fished from a spare room, she laid her choicest books and china ink-stand. The girl turned to survey her work as she was leaving the place, and she thought but one thing was wanting to complete the comfortable appearance of it; so she went down the steps, jumping two at a time, and made her way to the garden. Jim, the black boy, was bribed with the promise of two large ginger cakes when they came out of the oven, if he would bring some fern leaves from the neighboring woods immediately; but it was with a doubtful smile that Rosa thought to herself, "I do not know what mother will say when she sees this lustre pitcher," as she arranged the ferns and stalks of glistening white lilies in it.

So when the little looking-glass frame had been hung with feathery asparagus branches, gay with red berries; and a tumbler of roses, honeysuckle and pinks placed on the table with the books; and the prized lustre pitcher put in a conspicuous place on the wooden mantle, Rosa went down to call her mother.

Mrs. Blake surveyed it for a moment in silence, and then said it would all do well enough, but that Rosa might have spent her time better than in rigging the room up in that style, and that she was certain that the pitcher would be broken.

The girl that had been so happy in doing all this was terribly disappointed, but she was fully compensated when, that afternoon, Mark Anderson entered the sitting-room, after having deposited his trunk up stairs, and said,

"What a charming room you have given me, Mrs. Blake I'm afraid that you have made it so comfortable and tasteful that I shall not want to leave it very soon."

Mrs. Blake's face glowed with a pleased smile, though the look which accompanied Mr. Anderson's words was on her daughter.

That evening Rosa sat on the porch steps, and listened, during the long twilight, to her father and the teacher; saying nothing herself, but secretly thinking the young man a mine of wisdom; and when she went to bed, it was to lie awake a long, long while, and wonder whether Mr. Anderson was engaged to be married, and whether he would not think her better educated than any of the young girls in the neighborhood.

As for Mark Anderson, he did not sleep well either, in spite of the comfortable room, and cool, fragrant sheets. Rosa's bright face seemed to haunt him. He several times caught himself thinking it was a great pity that she need go to school no more, and imagining the opportunities he then would have had of bending over her to set a copy, or correct a sum; or of the gentle way in which he would have chided her for the mischief which he knew would continually break out, in such a character as hers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE quiet of a June Sabbath afternoon reigned over all. In the partially darkened entry Mr. Blake lay on the nicely cushioned settee; in his shirt sleeves, and with his gayly-colored handkerchief spread over his face to keep off the flies; puffing and blowing and snorting like a young locomotive, sometimes accelerating his breathing to such a degree, that an actual mort partially awakened him, when he would re-adjust his head, turn a little more on his side, and then begin again. Mrs. Blake sat in her rocking-chair, bobbing her head from one side to the other, now and then unconsciously brushing away the flies which annoyed her, and having a vague notion that Mark Anderson and her daughter were on the piazza together, but that to-morrow he would be at his school all day. The schoolmaster and Rosa sat on the long piazza, each with a book in hand; Mark sometimes addressing his companion, who would look up shyly and answer him with something almost amounting to reverence, and then cast them down again on her book, but not to read; and he would turn over a page or two, and then his eyes would wander over the green grass, yellow with the sunlight, or up to the maple trees, through whose leaves the sunbeams flickered in ever changing beauty, and then back to his companion, and end it all with a sigh, that she was the heiress of rich farmer Blake, and he only a poor schoolmaster.

A rattling of the latch at the front yard gate

made both Anderson and Rosa look up, and there stood Mr. Johnson radiant in nankeen pants, which were of the most approved cut, and tightly strapped down. Closing the gate with elaborate slowness, he proceeded leisurely up the gravel walk, and at the bottom of the piazza steps made Rosa a profound bow, but only acknowledged Mark's presence by a nod.

"Take a seat, Mr. Johnson, and I will tell father and mother that you're here," said Rosa, with anything but pleasure in her countenance.

"No, no, don't wake 'em up for me, Miss Rosa, I don't want anything particular," was the hurried reply; but he looked at Mark, as if he did particularly wish that the latter would leave.

Rosa cast a quick glance at Anderson, but he turned to his book again, and left her to entertain her guest alone. At last he arose, took his hat and sauntered in the direction of the woods. The girl was in despair, and as the schoolmaster closed the gate after him, she said her parents would like to see Mr. Johnson, she knew.

"Don't call 'em yet, Miss Rosa, please," was the enamored swain's hurried, whispered reply, glancing in at the sitting-room door: and then hitching his chair nearer to the girl, he said, "I want to know if I may keep company with you. 'First come first served,' you know," and he ended his question with a leer, and a puckering up of the mouth, that induced Rosa to think he intended to kiss her at once.

Now Rosa very well knew what this phrase used to mean, when Jake Smith at the brick-yard "kept company" with their Susan. She remembered how on the Sunday evenings when Susan's beau came, she used to run around the house and peep in at the kitchen window, to see Jake's and Susan's chair drawn closely together; and how with a stealthy tread Susan used to pass her room, about daylight, still with her best dress on, but with hair somewhat rumpled; and how on Monday morning Rosa always chanced to alight on Susan's rumpled collar, which had been put on clean the afternoon before, and was now ready for the wash-tub; and how on these occasions, Susan would be so sleepy all the day; and her vivid imagination pictured herself undergoing this same ordeal, at the hands, or rather the arms of Joe Johnson, and no wonder that she answered, almost angrily,

"No, no, I don't want to keep company with anybody at all."

Yet she spoke, nevertheless, quick and low, for she had an intuitive notion that her mother would particularly like her to favor Mr. Johnson's advances. Nor was she mistaken; for immediately a "hem, hem," and a vigorous

clearing of the throat in the rocking-chair, made her look up to meet the angry frown of Mrs. Blake, who gave a couple of jerks of the head which seemed to say, "tell him yee, if he asks you again."

As for Mr. Johnson, it would be hard to define the emotions which Rosa's answer produced. He had the greatest faith in his own fascinations, but somehow the would-be-lover looked upon Mark Anderson as a rival, and he said to himself, "If that sneaking schoolmaster's got the whip hand of me, I'll"—— but he did not say what, for as his warfare was never of an open kind, most probably he was not prepared how to act.

As Rosa was helping her mother to clear the tea-table, after Joe's departure, Mrs. Blake said, "What made you treat Mr. Johnson in that way, Rosa?"

"What way, mother?" answered the daughter, without looking up, but shaking the sugar-bowl which she held in her hand, to settle the sugar.

"Why, as good as tell him not to come here any more," was the reply, in an angry tone.

"I didn't tell him not to come here, mother; but I didn't want to be keeping company with him, and sitting up all night with a strange man," and Rosa, who had commenced meekly

enough, ended with a vehemence which startled her mother, for Rosa had Susan and her tumbled collar before her eyes.

Rosa thought she heard a suppressed laugh on the piazza, but she comforted herself with the reflection that she saw her father and Mark walk toward the barn, a long while before; and she cared very little for the astonished look which her mother turned on her.

"What *on earth* does the child mean?" queried Mrs. Blake, of some invisible person it would seem, for she did not offer to address her daughter.

"Why, like Susan and Jake Smith used"—answered Rosa.

"Why, you little goose, what would Mr. Johnson care to be sitting up all night for, when he only lives on the next farm? He'd just like to come to see you, sometimes, and you needn't be so stuck up, for he didn't say he wanted to marry you," said Mrs. Blake, who thought perhaps she could pique her daughter into receiving Joe's addresses.

A saucy smile dimpled Rosa's face, as much as to say, "I'm not afraid but what I can get him if I want him," but she had tact enough to know when silence was the best policy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"ANGEL VOICES."

BY PHILA A. HABLE.

In the stream that's gently wending,
With a dreamy, sunny flow,
Angel voices softly whisper,
Sadly, plaintive, sweet and low
And the birds, that thrilling warble,
In the azure sky so bright,
Sing the songs to which they listened,
In their far aerial flight.

There are angel voices breathing
In the night-winds pensive sigh,
In the perfume-laden zephyrs,
As they balmily float by;
Come to us angelic whispers
Of the Eden land afar,
All enveloped with light and glory,
Where the pure and sinless are.

From the half-closed buds bloom-purpled,
From the wavy fragrant flowers
Angel tones are sweetly falling,
Making bright the golden hours;

There are holy angel faces,
Smiling from the fleecy clouds,
And we list to hear their voices,
As their forms a cloud enshrouds.

When night's ebon wings are folding,
Slowly, darkly o'er the earth,
When the fairest, holiest feelings
In the weary heart have birth,
Then, sweet angel voices murmur,
To the spirit, soft and low,
Like the cherished tones of loved ones
Hushed and silenced long ago.

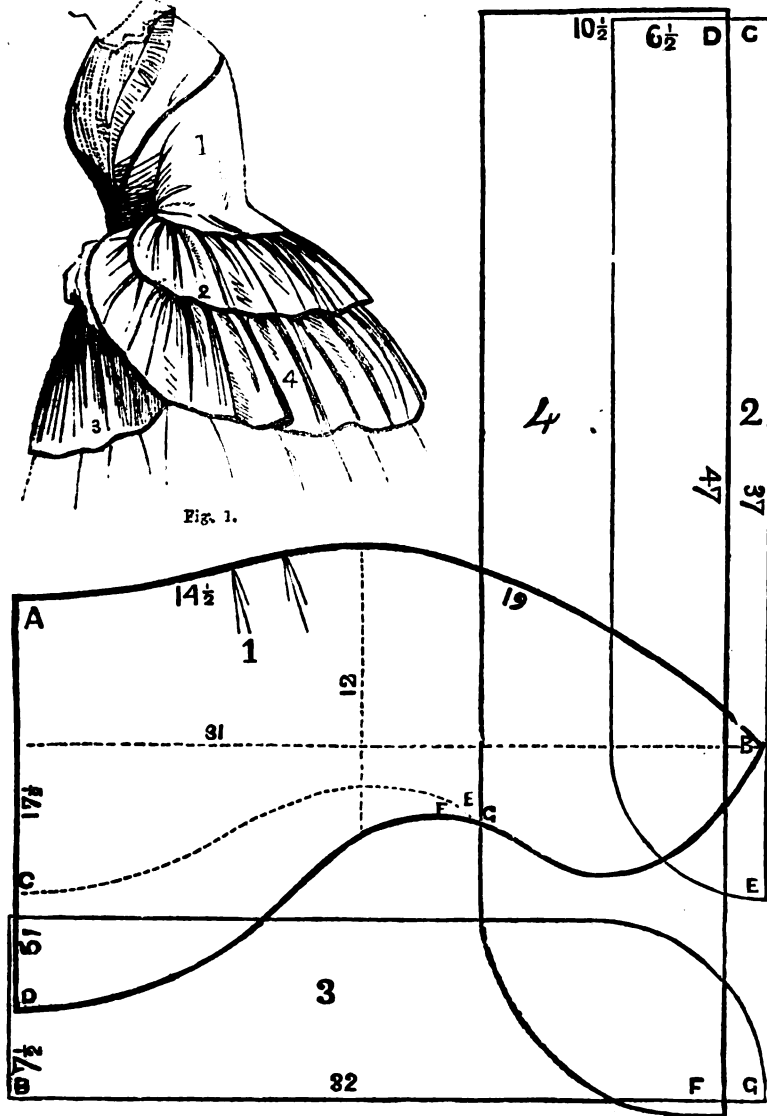
When the dew is on the leaflets,
Moonbeams silv'ring o'er the trees,
Angel tones are gently whispering,
'Mong the rustling, quiv'ring leaves;
In the solemn hour of midnight
Angels come to us in dreams,
Fold their silver wings around us,
Sing of where love ever beams.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S OWN DRESS. THE ECHARPE ORIENTALE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Fig. 1.



THE *Echarpe Orientale* is all the rage in Paris. It is modelled so as to rest on the shoulder in a graceful curve in the very spot that gives a classic outline to the bust, as may be seen by the accompanying figure. To keep the scarf in the position here given, two pins must attach it

to the dress just above figure No. 1, in front of the shoulder; a couple of moderately wide ribbon strings fasten it at the waist, more or less shut according to the form of the wearer; and a brooch to keep this knot steadily fixed is advisable. Much depends on wearing a dress properly, without which precaution the best shaped article will fall the wrong way.

The *Echarpe Orientale* seems likely to remain long a favorite in the gay city of Paris, and to supersede all others, for the simple reason that, without being remarkable, or *outré* in appearance, it shows off the figure to the best possible advantage. Any young lady can understand, by referring to an inch measure, how to cut it. The artist having numbered the *inches* exactly, all that is requisite is to have a long tape with inches marked on it, to refer to when cutting out.

To make an *Echarpe Orientale* according to the pattern given, (being that suited to a lady of ordinary size) four yards of black glaze silk, three quarters of a yard wide, is necessary; but should the height of the person, and width of the bust and shoulders be greater, more will be required, as the first frill and trimming must begin from the waist, and that in front must end within a quarter of a yard of the knee.

Having cut the pattern in paper, or old linen, according to the measurement given, it will be well to try it on the figure, and remark whether any alteration is necessary. The principal matter to be observed is, that the slight gatherings indicated on the body of the *echarpe*, just above the figure No. 1, should be gathered gradually to fit nicely round the front part of the shoulder, becoming plain again at the curved part, which is rounded so as to rest on the bust.

This done, the frills should have hems folded back of about one inch in width, and black velvet

ribbon of the same breadth placed above them. No. 2 should then be quilled in flat plaits of two inches wide, having one inch of space between each plait, and fastened down on the line marked C E, the letters on the frill being placed exactly on those corresponding on the *echarpe*. No. 4 must be plaited, and placed in exactly the same manner, only it must pass beyond No. 2 (at the turn of the arm) so as to let the hem and trimming be seen beyond. No. 3 crosses *under*, reaching to E, which finishes the mantle nicely, and allows a free passage for the arm at the part alluded to. This frill has three plaits the same width as the others at the bottom of the mantle, and one at the corner; but the rest, as far as the letter F, is plain. This done, a similar band of ribbon velvet should be placed all round at the edge of the *echarpe*, so as to finish it neatly, that above the frills resting upon the first.

As the black glaze silk used for those *echarpes* ought to be good, no lining is required; but as our climate is much more variable than that of France, it is well to provide against it. Thus, in winter, a lining can be added; only be sure it is cut out and tacked on so as to fit the *echarpe* exactly, and, as the chest is uncovered, a thick, high jacket (or *basquine*) should be worn with it, or at least a piece of wadding or flannel over the chest.

For summer spotted white muslin made up in this way is very light and pretty, and can be made to look more dressy if wanted for a *fete* or promenade, by having plain rose-colored, blue, light green, or lilac ribbon inserted the hems, where they are indicated in the figure given.

Others may be made of plain muslin, with hems of the same. Others of the same material with worked frills, or with light embroidered sprigs on the scarf, and frills of a pattern to match.

CAP-CROWN FOR INFANTS.

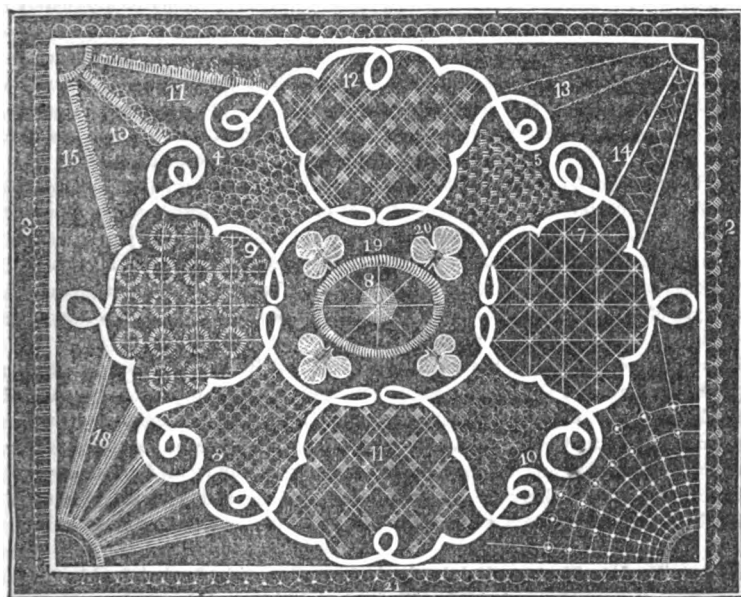
THE cap-crown is given of the full dimensions, and the design must be traced from the engraving on fine French cambric, in the usual manner for muslin work. All the black parts of the engraving are cut out, or, if round, formed by piercing holes with a stiletto. The whole pattern is simply traced and sewed over, with a thread held in, except the border, which is worked in very fine button-hole stitch. Evans' royal embroidery cotton, No. 70, should be used for this purpose.

Infants' morning caps are, in our opinion, much prettier if made of plain cambric, with the crown only worked, than if the whole cap is embroidered, unless the embroidery be of the very best description, and this is too expensive to be universally attainable. The runnings should always be stitched, and the needlework generally of the neatest and finest description.

For the illustration of this, as well as other patterns, see the front of the number.

POINT LACE STITCHES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



ALL genuine Point Lace is the production of the needle; not merely the close and heavy parts are so made, but the most exquisitely delicate nets, of which, of late years, we have had imitations from the loom, are all alike produced by the common sewing needle.

Point Lace stitches are worked on a foundation of braid or tape; or, sometimes, cambric. The braid is the kind termed French white cotton braid, being very closely and evenly plaited. That used for large patterns is No. 9; for delicate work, a still narrower braid may be employed.

Very much of the beauty of Point Lace depends, of course, on the skill of the workers; but it would not be exaggeration to assert that even more is the result of the adaptation of the materials. A very great variety of cotton and linen thread is absolutely necessary; not less than nine different kinds entering frequently into the composition of one single collar; those I use are termed Evans' Point Lace Cottons, manufactured by Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby; and they are as superior to all others that I have tried as it is possible to imagine. They are sold,

selected and arranged properly for this kind of work.

The pattern being drawn in outline, on colored paper, is to be then pasted on calico or linen; when quite dry, begin to braid it, by laying on the braid, and running it on the paper with a fine needle and Evans' Boar's-head cotton, No. 50. The stitches are to be taken through the paper, and not very closely together, except where points of leaves, and other angularities occur. In these places the braid is sewed at each end of the pattern and turned back; this is termed mitreing. The stitches must be taken across the braid; as it is not liable then to become wider.

The stitches used may be divided into three kinds: edgings, lazes, and connecting bars.

The use of the *edgings* is sufficiently obvious: they form narrow borderings to the braid or other material which is the foundation of the lace.

The *lace* stitches are used to fill up open parts in the design, such as the leaves, flowers, or fruit, the mere outlines of which are made in the braid.

Finally, the *connecting stitches* unite the several parts into one perfect mass of work.

EDGES.—BRUSSELS EDGING (No. 1).—This is merely the common button-hole stitch, or, (as it is sometimes called) glove-stitch. It is worked nearly at the edge of the braid, and differs only from the ordinary button-hole because the stitches are taken at the distance of the fourteenth part of an inch apart, and, as the thread is not drawn tightly, each stitch forms a small loop. It is worked from left to right.

VENITIAN EDGING (No. 2).—The first stitch is taken as in Brussels edging, and in the loop thus formed, four tight button-hole stitches are worked.

SORRENTIE EDGING (No. 3).—Make a stitch as in Brussels edging, but the eighth of an inch long; work one button-hole stitch in the loop; repeat at the distance of the sixteenth of an inch; two stitches are thus formed, one of which is half the length of the other. Repeat.

LACES.—BRUSSELS LACE (No. 4) is worked by doing a line of Brussels edging in the space to be filled up, and then another line, from right to left, putting the needle, at every stitch, through one of the loops of the first row. These lines are to be repeated, backward and forward, until the part is completed. In working the last row, run the needle through the braid after every stitch.

VENITIAN LACE (No. 5).—The beautiful closely-dotted appearance, characteristic of this lace, is obtained by working consecutive rows of Venitian edging, not backward and forward, but always from left to right, fastening off after completing each line; or, if the space be very small, running the needle in the braid back to the place where the next line is to begin.

ENGLISH LACE (No. 6) is used principally to

fill up large open spaces. Make a series of diagonal bars across the space to be filled up, securing the tightness of each thread by working a button-hole stitch on the braid, before slipping the needle to the next place; cross these bars by others in the contrary direction, and at the same distance (one-eighth of an inch) apart. Wherever the bars cross each other, work a small spot, by passing the needle alternately under and over the threads, five or six times round. Twist the threads twice round each other in bringing the needle to the next cross, and repeat until a spot is made at every one. Observe, that in crossing the first bars you slip the needle alternately under and over them.

OPEN ENGLISH LACE (No. 7) is commenced like the preceding, but when the two lines of diagonal bars are made, a line of perpendicular and one of horizontal threads must be added. The spot will thus be worked on eight threads instead of four. The lines to be at the rate of five to an inch.

ENGLISH ROSETTES (No. 8).—Another beautiful style of English point. It is a kind of spot, which looks like the miniature of the rosette on a baby's cap, whence its name is derived. A single spot only is used in one space, and the size is to be suited to it. The open space is crossed with four, six, or eight twisted threads; the last thread to be twisted only to the centre, where all are to be firmly joined by working one or two tight button-hole stitches. Make the rosette by passing the needle round one thread and under the next, then round that and under the succeeding; continue until you have made a rosette as large as the space requires, working from four to ten times round. Stop at the single thread, twist round it, and fasten off.

Next month we shall give the other stitches.

EMBROIDERED BRACES.

BY M^{RS}. L. L. E. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Fawn-colored kid, six inches wide, and the usual length for braces; one and a half yards of white or fawn-colored Petersham ribbon two and a quarter inches wide; narrow sarcel ribbon, to match the kid exactly; brace-fittings of the same color; fine gold twist, and the following fine embroidery silks: blue, six shades; lilac, six shades; pink, six shades; brown, one shade; blue-green, five shades; yellow-green, two shades.

The kid, being first lined with linen, must be marked with the design, and then stretched in a frame for working. The width I have given (six inches) allows for the pair to be worked in the breadth, with ample margin, as they must afterward be cut to the width of the Petersham ribbon.

A section of the pattern being given the full size, it will be easy to draw from it, repeating it throughout; the colors of the flowers vary, being alternately blue, lilac and pink.

stripes up the back of the hand, one in the centre, the other at the side of the wide stripe. The orange spot is indicated by a cross, the rest black. *D* the broad stripe. One is in two shades of green, with pink spots; the other has the same colors reversed. The engraving shows the places where the two shades are used, the lighter being uppermost, both in scroll and spot.

There is the space of three stitches between every two stripes. The narrow pattern of orange and black also runs up the thumb.

Mittens are extremely pretty with the entire pattern darned in one color; such as lavender on white, for mourning; or green or brown on white. We trust shortly to give some beautiful specimens of this kind of work.

PORTE-MONNAIE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—A small piece of fawn-colored kid leather, green and crimson ombre embroidery silks, orange and blue ditto, and one skein of plain dark-green.

As the engraving of the porte-monnaie is given the full size, it may be necessary to remind the worker, that the piece of kid chosen for embroidering must be considerably larger than it is represented.

The design may be sketched from the engraving, as that is given of the proper dimensions. The kid must be lined with fine new linen, and stretched in a small frame for working.

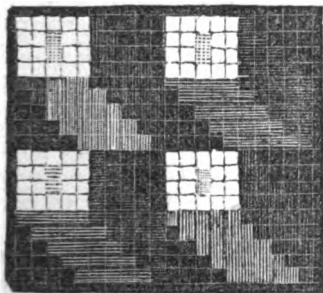
All the foliage is done in green ombre silk, the needful being so selected that the points of the leaves shall be worked in the lightest part of the silk. As great a variety as possible should also be introduced, one leaf being dark, and the

adjoining ones light; but the green of the rose-buds and heath must be on the plain dark-green.

The outer part of the centre rose is done in plain embroidery stitch, the threads radiating from the centre; the inner part is of stitches taken one over the other in a circular direction, the inner part being in the darkest silk. By a little care in choosing that part of a needleful of silk which contains the darkest or the lightest shades, roses of different tints may be produced. This should be carefully studied in working all ombre silks, as on it the beauty of the work mainly depends.

The forget-me-nots are formed of five French knots in blue silk, with a single one of the lightest orange in the middle of each. The sprays of heath are also done in this stitch, and the orange silk is used for them.

DICE PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS.



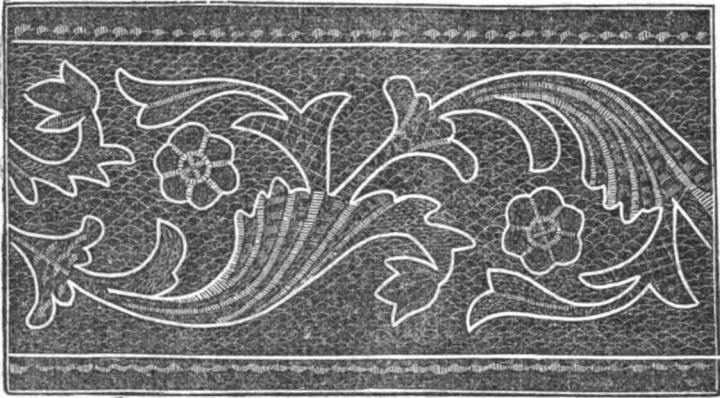
A PRETTY, yet economical pattern, which will be up remnants of wool. Of each color used, be shades will be required, with black and white. Mark on your canvass the outline of the

slippers with a soft pen and ink; then work from the drawing, beginning at the toe. You may use any number of colors, only let them be well chosen, and falling in stripes. Do not put green or blue, or any other two colors which do not blend well, close together. You may try the effect with shades in the following order: violet, orange, green, crimson, blue. That part which is quite white in the drawing is done in white wool, and there are two spotted squares which are to be black. Then the upper side of each die is in the darker shadow of whatever color may be used, and the other light. Fill it up with black.

If you work on Penelope canvass you will find it much easier.

POINT LACE INSERTION.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



MATERIAL.—W. Evans & Co's Point Lace Cottons, and No. 7 French-white Cotton braid.

A perfect section of this design is given, and is to be repeated as often as required. If a short piece is wanted—such as a length for the front of a chemisette—it is well to draw the whole of it on a slip of paper; but when any continuous piece is to be made, draw only such a length as may be conveniently held in the hand, and when that is worked, remove the lace, and work again on the same pattern, folding up the finished piece, and tacking it on muslin or silver paper, to keep it clean, whilst working the remainder. Of course, when long pieces of lace are to be produced, the braid must not be cut off until the whole is done. As many pieces are to be used as there are continuous lines in the design. In the one before us, four pieces, will be wanted, namely, one for

each edge, and two for the scroll. They are wound on cards. The ground is Brussels lace, worked in Evans' Boar's-Head, No. 120; the English lace is Evans' Boar's-Head, No. 100; the Venitian lace in the same; the Mechlin wheels in Evans' Mechlenburgh, 120, and the Venitian and English bars in Evans' Mechlenburgh, 100. The Venitian edging in the same thread, and the Valenciennes in Evans' Boar's-Head, No. 150.

To join Point Lace edgings or insertions to muslin or net, make a very narrow hem of the latter; and laying the narrow braid which forms the edge of the Point lace over the hem, run them both together. A row of Venitian or Brussels edge may then be worked, connecting the muslin and braid at every stitch.

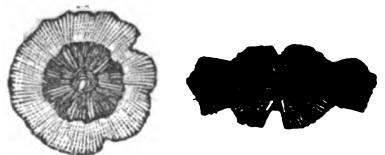
NEW-FASHIONED SHOES.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

A STRIKING novelty in Paris is that seen in



shoes, of bronze or black kid, cut out, as it were, in bands on the instep, as here indicated, and



bound neatly round, and finished with the rosettes of the same color in the centre. The

are very attractive and becoming to the foot. Any lady (who works neatly, of course,) can remodel a tolerably high kid shoe thus, or any good workman execute them to order.

For dress, satin shoes, large rosettes on the instep, edged with blonde, or other light and *rustic* materials, are the fashion. We have

seen some edged with gold and silver, that were very pretty, but only suitable for grand occasions; when extra toilette is *du bon gout*. Nothing can be more elegant than a pure white or black satin shoe; but rosettes edged with blue, white, or other slight edges to the ribbon, are much worn.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

MATERIALS.—French working cotton, No. 120. stitch, sewing over the lines. All patterns of *seri* in button-hole stitch, or in raised satin beauty and style.

JANUARY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

THERE'S a robe of snowy whiteness
Resting light upon the hills,
Where the Summer sunshine dances
To the music of the rills;
Icy fetters of the Frost-king
Have been thrown upon the streams,
On whose banks we have so often
Lain us down to pleasant dreams.

Clouds are piled in gloomy masses,
Gloomy as the halls of death,
From their darksome folds and ample,
Comes the Storm-king's icy breath;
Tall trees of their crowns divested,
Shake their branches to the storm,
Dimly lifts the Tempest spirit,
To the shy his awful form.

Winds of Winter now are sighing
Mournfully around the door,
And they seem like tongueless pleaders,
For the unprotected poor.
Though without the storm is fiercely
Raging with its mournful din,
Though storm-demons are contending,
There are light and joy within;

For the welcome firelight dances
Gaily o'er the cottage walls,
Light, within the heart's recesses,
With a softened halo falls;
Cares of life are all forgotten,
Clouds of gloominess depart,
Love's divinest halo gently
Steals unconsciously o'er the heart.

SONG.

BY BELL KAUFFELT.

Ah, yes, I would forever sing
Some sweet, wild song of love,
If I upon thy spirit's lute
The sweetest chord could move.
I'd be in ev'ry zephyr's breath
To kiss thy gentle lyre,
And on the altar of thy heart
I'd light poetic fire.

At eve, dear love, when flowers are
By angel dew's caressed,
I'd be a bee to seek thy heart,
And there forever rest;
And like soft murmur'ing in a shell,
From some bright crystal sea,
I would within thy heart, dear love,
A constant echo be,

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE PRESENT NUMBER. "PETERSON" FOR 1855.—We think we may safely assert that this is the handsomest and best January number of any of the Magazines. The first engraving will go home to every mother's heart, nay! to that of every true woman, whether mother or not. The fashion-plate is even prettier than that for December, which was universally pronounced the most exquisite out. "Love at First Sight," our extra plate, is capital—full of sly humor, and admirably engraved. The other illustrations, whose "name is legion," are a specimen of what we shall do, throughout the year, in giving patterns in bonnets, chemisettes, sleeves, basques, cloaks, children's fashions, crochet, embroidery, lace-work, knitting, &c. &c. Of the literary matter it is only necessary to say that "Peterson" has established its reputation for giving better stories—and all original, remember!—than any cotemporary: and when our friends, old and new, shall have read the articles of Mrs. Denison, Clara Moreton, Carry Stanley, the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," &c. &c., they will admit that this reputation is fully sustained. In order to give these various tales, we have thrown in twenty-five extra pages, no small matter when paper is so high.

In speaking to new acquaintances of what we design doing for 1855, we cannot do better than recapitulate what we said in the December number. The Prospectus, on the cover, tells most of what we have to promise; but it is well to know that, in six particulars, this Magazine excels all others. 1st. It is the sole ladies' Magazine that gives only original stories. 2nd. It is altogether the most interesting to read, and for next year we have engaged additional contributors, such as Mrs. M. A. Denison, &c. 3rd. It publishes the newest and prettiest fashions, which are always superbly colored plates. 4th. Its mezzotints, line engravings, and other illustrations are the most beautiful. 5th. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens writes an original novel for it exclusively every year; she is the best novelist of America; and her stories can be had nowhere else. 6th. Its crochet, netting, embroidery and other patterns; its acting charades; its receipts, parlor amusements, and other things designed for the sex, are always the newest. We may add that this department in 1855 will be infinitely more enlarged, and superior in every respect, indeed unapproachable.

Recollect, the price is only two dollars, not three. If we had space, we could quote a hundred notices of the press, and thrice three hundred private letters, as proof that "Peterson" is the best Magazine any where, at any price. But it is important to remember that the price is lower. A dollar surely is worth saving. "Peterson" is so cheap, indeed, that every

lady ought to subscribe for it, whether she takes another periodical or not. We close by quoting one of many similar remarks about an important point, *how far we keep our promises*. Says the Easton (Md.) Gazette:—"The publisher says that great improvements will be made in the Magazine for 1855, and *he always keeps his promises*."

OUR "ACTED CHARADES."—We begin, in this number, a new series of "Acted Charades." This parlor amusement is very fashionable in our Atlantic cities, especially among the intelligent who know the value of harmless mirth. We have seen judges, literary men, editors, and even grave statesmen engaged in these laughable charades. For the benefit of such persons, as may not understand this species of recreation, we will describe again what is meant by an "Acted Charade," condensing it from our November number for 1854.

The game is, as its name expresses it, a Charade, acted instead of spoken. The two most celebrated performers of the party choose "their sides," and whilst the one group enacts the Charade, the other plays the part of audience. A word is then fixed upon by the *corps dramatique*; and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through as puzzlingly as possible in dumb show, each division, making a separate and entire act. At the conclusion of the drama, the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful, they in their turn perform; if not, they still remain as audience.

The great rule to be observed in Acting Charades, is—silence. Nothing more than an exclamation is allowed. All the rest must be done in the purest pantomime. If in the working out of the plot, there should be some sentence that it is impossible to express in dumb show, and yet must be made clear to the audience, then, placards may be used. This license may also be taken advantage of in the scenic department. For instance, it would be utterly impossible for the audience to know that the drawing-room wall before them is meant to represent a "magnificent view on the Rhine," or the "wood of Ardennes by moonlight," unless some slight hint to that effect is dropped beforehand.

Another very important point with Acting Charades is the proper delivery of the gestures in the pantomime readings of the parts. Every actor ought to study the different expressions and suitable actions of the passions. So much depends upon this, that, under these circumstances, perhaps it would be better to draw up a kind of code of expressions, or laws for the better regulation of frowns, smiles, and gestures.

The great difficulty to be overcome in Acting Charades is the absence of a proper wardrobe. Very often it is necessary to dress as a Roman, a Persian,

or a Turk. Sometimes an ancient knight is wanted in full armor. In the Roman, a sheet will do for a toga; in the knight, the coal-scuttle for helmet, and the dish-cover for breast-plate, make capital armor. Greatcoats, veils, whips, walking-sticks, aprons, caps, and gowns, must be seized upon and used in the dressing up of the characters.

Social parties can play our Charades, or invent others for themselves. We shall give one of these "Acted Charades" every month during 1855, and feel confident that they will constitute a very attractive feature. A Charade is far better for an evening's amusement than idle gossip, or the old-fashioned kissing plays, very properly now considered vulgar.

"HARPER" AND "PETERSON."—We still send these two Magazines, the best of their kind in the world, for \$3.50 a-year—the full price being \$5.00. The money must be sent to Charles J. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and to no one else. Moreover the subscriptions must begin with the respective volumes of each Magazine, "Harper" with the December number for 1854, and "Peterson's" with the January number 1855. We cannot send specimens of "Harper."

How to REMIT.—In remitting, pre-pay the postage, and state distinctly the names of the post-office, county and state. Eastern bank-notes, or gold preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, if possible, and deduct the exchange. Fractions of a dollar may be remitted in post-office stamps. Even larger sums, when good funds cannot be procured, may be sent in stamps.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1855, and a copy either of any two dollar Philadelphia Weekly, or of Morris & Willis' "Home Journal," New York.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

High Life In New York. By Jonathan Slick. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—Beyond question there never has been a book published in America so provocative of mirth as this. The story is that of a shrewd Yankee, who leaves his primitive neighborhood in Connecticut, goes up to New York to visit some grand relatives, and writes back home an account of what he sees, in the rustic vernacular of his neighborhood. Between the fun in the spelling, in the style, in the naïve criticisms, and in the absurd incidents continually happening, the reader laughs till he cries. One of the London Reviews said that in the Jack Downing Letters and the Adventures of Sam Slick, there was more originality than in all the rest of American literature. "High Life In New York" is a better book than either of those thus commended: and, if we do not err, ante-

dated at least one of them; for it first appeared many years ago, so many indeed that it will be new to most of the present generation of readers. The illustrations of this edition are capital. One, which represents the verdant youth bargaining for a pair of stays, which he innocently mistakes for a new-fashioned side-saddle, came near being, to use a common phrase, "the death of us;" for we laughed till we fairly gave out from exhaustion. In every particular, "High Life In New York," is just the book for one who is out of spirits. We would give something to know the witty author; for the work is anonymous.

Leaves From The Tree Igdraysl. By Martha Russell. 1 vol. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—Under this appropriate, but rather peculiar title, one of our contributors has published a collection of tales and sketches. The tree Igdraysl, according to the Norsemen, is the tree of existence, every leaf of which, as Carlyle says, is a biography, every fibre an act or word. The best story in the volume is "The Diary," one of those tales so unaffectedly told, so full of reality, that the reader's tears fall on the paper unwittingly, as if he or she was actually an actor in the scenes described. Apart from the artistic handling of the incidents, and many bits of admirable characterisation, there is a deep religious feeling pervading the sketch, insensibly influencing those who peruse it to aspire after better things. Yet let us not be misunderstood. No book is more free from cant, or seeks less to obtrude a moral. But, as the fresh, breezy air of the mountains invigorates the physical frame, so the pure atmosphere of this story strengthens the good that is in us and makes us "hunger after" a still higher life. Another superior story is "Uncle John's Visit." There are, indeed, few writers whom we like so well as Martha Russell. Some months ago, we published, in "Peterson," a story from her pen—"How Lucy Malden Came Back To Beechy"—which was equal, in its way, to Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth." We trust she will write often.

Out-Doors at Idlewild. By N. P. Willis. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—To say that this book is charming is only to state half of its merits. It is as useful as it is fascinating. It depicts to the life the climate, scenery, air, and social and moral influences about Idlewild, the picturesque country-house of the author, located, as is generally known, among the New York Highlands. Willis has a style of his own, and it has the merit of being one exceedingly striking, so that even what would seem trivial incidents, if detailed by another, become spicy under his pen. As a daguerreotype of life in the country—no! not a daguerreotype, for it is too graceful for that—this volume will long continue to be read. In its many salient points of interest it leads any book of the season. Mr. Scribner issues it in an elegant style, though still for a reasonable price. Two illustrations adorn it, one of the southern front of Idlewild, the other of the romantic approach to the poet's eyrie-like dwelling.

Maxims of Washington; Political, Social, Moral and Religious. Collected and Arranged by J. F. Schroeder, D. D. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The distinguishing quality of Washington's mind, it is now generally conceded, was wisdom. Few men, perhaps indeed none, have ever been so almost invariably right. If any person doubts this assertion, he has but to examine the book now before us, when he will be convinced that so many sound maxims could be collected from nowhere else. On this account the work is an invaluable contribution to the stock of standard books for the people. No family should be without this store-house of wisdom. The volume should be placed early in the hands of the young, and should be studied, again and again, by those advanced to manhood. It shows the range of Washington's mind, that there is scarcely any social, moral, political, or religious question now agitated, which he did not discuss, sixty years ago, generally indeed in few words, and often only in its elements, but yet with a comprehensiveness and soundness of judgment which unearths error at once. The maxims are arranged under convenient heads. The volume is neatly printed on superior paper.

Martin Merivale, His Mark. By Paul Croyton. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—Another book by another contributor to "Peterson." Paul Croyton, better known to our readers by his real name, J. T. Trowbridge, is one of the most promising of our rising young authors. In this, his most elaborate work, he has added to the language a book that will live; and he may now, therefore, take rank with novelists of established reputation. He belongs to a good school also, for he copies Nature faithfully, eschews melo-dramatic writing, and conscientiously adheres to the moral and pure. Some of the characters, in this fiction, are particularly well-drawn. "Cheesey" is really an original, and blind Alice a beautiful creation. The work, moreover, is full of graphic scenes. It is a healthy, pleasing book, admirable for the family circle: a novel that a father can bring into the house, and commend to his children. Numerous superior illustrations adorn the book.

Children's Trials; or, The Little Rope Dancers and other Tales. Translated from the German of Auguste Linden. 1 vol. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.—In this pretty little volume we have five charming stories for children. To judge from the absorbing attention which our little one gives to them, they are quite above the average merit of such narratives. We feel confident, therefore, that we can recommend them. The book is neatly printed, and illustrated with colored lithographs.

Beautiful Bertha. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—This elegant little volume is just the gift for young people, who have ceased to be mere children, but are yet not in their adolescence. Mrs. Tuthill is one of our most popular writers in this walk. The book is prettily illustrated.

Mile-Stones In Our Life-Journey. By Samuel Osgood. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—In this elegant volume the author aims, as he says in his preface, "to treat the chief stages in human life, in connexion with their attendant lessons and experiences." The style is graceful, the sentiments pure, the truths wholesome, the moral eminently instructive. The following are a few of the subjects treated:—"Childhood," "The True Hero," "Manhood and Its Business," "Middle-Age," "Immortality as Fact," "Immortality as Motive," "Home Evermore," &c. &c. If more of such works were published, so abounding in suggestive teachings, and made so attractive by the graces of style, the world would be the better for it. A publisher, who helps to introduce such volumes to the community, is really a benefactor. We hope to see the book widely disseminated. In the elegance of the topography and the superior character of the paper, the volume exceeds most of the books of the month, and is peculiarly fitted for the parlor or the boudoir.

Popular Tales. By Madame Guizot. Translated from the French by Mrs. L. Burke. 1 vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—This is a book which we earnestly recommend to parents for a Christmas, New Year's, or Birth-Day Gift to their children. The stories are excellent in tone, graceful in style, and crowded with interesting incidents. Among the religious portion of the French population these tales have enjoyed a wide popularity; and the American publishers, in procuring their translation, have conferred a substantial benefit on our youth. We know no collection of sketches which are more popular with those for whom they are designed. The volume is neatly printed, tastefully bound, and embellished with numerous illustrations.

Cloverhook Children. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—These delightful stories are destined, unless we mistake, to great popularity. They are told in a style of simple elegance, adhere closely to Nature, and are thoroughly American in their feeling, if we may borrow a word from painting. Every family, where there are children, should have a copy of the work. The tales are more intellectual than stories for children generally are, a great merit, and one which cultivated households especially will prize. The volume is issued with the characteristic neatness of Ticknor & Fields, who have done more to improve the public taste than any other publishers in America.

The Pride of Life. By Lady Scott. 1 vol. New York: Long & Brothers.—Really a capital novel. Saverell is a fine character, so also is Arlington; while others, less agreeable in themselves, nevertheless are readily sketched. The plot is skillfully managed, keeping interest alive to the last. The moral of the book, that haughtiness in regard to birth is a false and dangerous vice, is one that will commend it peculiarly in this country, where the social distinctions of rank are properly ignored.

You Have Heard of Them. By Q. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This volume is destined to make a noise. It is a series of racy sketches of American and European notables, comprising nearly all the names about whom one is curious. The author seems to have known personally every person whom he describes, with the solitary exception of Giulia Grisi; and disavows having consciously heightened the truth. The work is one to preserve as well as to read. Redfield has published it in good style, with a portrait of Horace Vernet, and a vignette title-page, a most graceful affair, with a head of Grisi. "You Have Heard of Them" is the very kind of book to please the more intelligent class, and, therefore, just the one for our hundred thousand readers.

Heart's-Ease; or, The Brother's Wife. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Decidedly the most delightful fiction of the season. The first work of this author created quite an excitement among novel readers; but "Heart's-Ease" is destined to a still wider popularity, if merit will secure admirers. The characters are capitally drawn, especially those of "Violet" and "Theodora;" the sentiments are pure; and the interest of the story is maintained with great skill. The tale is one we can recommend to families, as belonging to that healthful class of fictions, which improve, instead of perverting, the reader. Like all of Appletons' publications, "Heart's-Ease" is issued in an exceedingly creditable style.

Ida May. A Story of Things Actual and Possible. By Mary Langdon. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We received this work as the very last sheets of our January number were being prepared, so that we have not yet had time to peruse it and pronounce on its merits. We observe, however, that the critical journals of London, in which metropolis the book has already appeared, speak of it as a superior production. The "Church of England Quarterly Review" affirms that if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had never been written, "Ida May" would have "attained the popularity of that marvellous tale." The publishers have issued the volume in a very neat style.

Southward Ho! A Spell of Sunshine. By W. Gilmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A collection of the novelist's shorter tales, skilfully interwoven into a narrative of a voyage between New York and Charleston, the various stories being supposed to be told to while away time. We rank the book among Simms' best. One often wishes just such discursive reading as the volume affords. As usual with Redfield's publications it is issued in capital style: and, we may add, matches the corrected edition of the author's novels.

The Rat Catcher; or, The Magic Fire. Translated from the German by Mrs. H. C. Conant. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—A delightful tale of "the olden time," for juveniles, appropriate for a present during the holidays. It is neatly published, and at a low price.

The Wanderers by Sea and Land. With Other Tales. By Peter Parley. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this book for juveniles. It is altogether the most meritorious of its kind which has appeared this season. The publishers have excelled even themselves in the printing, embellishing and binding of the volume. Such beautiful typography is not often seen this side of Paris. The engravings are also superior. We recommend it to heads of families as peculiarly suitable for a gift-book at the approaching holidays.

Theatrical Journey-Work and Anecdotal Recollections of Sol Smith, Esq. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is another volume of Peterson's "Library of Humorous American Works." We have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over it, and commend it to all who wish for a little harmless merriment. He was a wise man, who said that the best panacea for a long life, was to laugh whenever one could. A portrait of Sol Smith adorns the volume.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Cure Chilblains.—Rub the chilblains with warm spirits of rosemary, to which a small addition of oil of turpentine has been made; after this, apply soft linen, moistened with camphorated spirits, or either of the following embrocations: Soap liniment, and compound camphor liniment, of each half an ounce; oil of turpentine, three drachms; mix, and keep constantly applied;—or, alum, two drachms, distilled vinegar and proof spirit, of each half a pint. Prepared chalk, thickly powdered on the chilblain, is also said to be very efficacious in keeping down the inflammatory swelling.

Dict for Birds.—All birds in confinement suffer much in the feet. They should be soaked in tepid water, and carefully cleaned; but unless the canary is extremely tame, the process may, from fright, produce epileptic fits. Avoid sugar in the diet, which injures the stomach; give a little groundsel, or other green food; and at moulting time, occasionally put a rusty nail in the water, which strengthens the stomach. Hemp seed should be sparingly given, as it is very heating. German paste may be procured at any seedsman's or bird-fancier's.

To Preserve Steel from Rust.—Add to a quart of water, a half pound of quick lime. Let this stand, and pour off the clear liquor, and stir up with it olive oil to the consistence of cream. Rub the steel which is to be put by, with this mixture, and wrap it up in paper. If the article cannot be conveniently wrapped in paper, cover it very thickly with the paste.

To Fatten Fowls.—Fowls or chickens may be fattened in four or five days by feeding them three times daily with rice boiled in milk, always fresh, as sourness prevents them from fattening. Give them clean water to drink. By this method the flesh is made particularly white.

Mulled Wine.—A French receipt for mulled wine: Boil in a teacupful of water a quarter of an ounce of spice (cinnamon, ginger, slightly bruised, and cloves) with three ounces of fine sugar, till they form a thick syrup, which must not on any account be allowed to burn. Pour in a pint of port wine, and stir it gently till it is on the point of boiling only; it should then be served immediately. The addition of a strip of orange-peel gives the flavor of bishop. In France, light claret, or vin du pays, takes the place of port wine.

Lemon Pudding.—Stir over a slow fire till they boil, four ounces and a half of butter, with seven ounces of sifted sugar; then pour them into a dish to remain till nearly cold. Mix very smoothly a large dessert spoonful of flour with six eggs that have been whisked and strained; add these very gradually to the butter and sugar, with the grated rinds and juice of the two lemons; put a rim or lining of puff-paste to the pudding, and bake it for an hour in a gentle oven.

French Malted Butter.—Pour half a pint of good, but not thick, melted butter, boiling, to the well-beaten yolks of two very fresh eggs, and stir them briskly as it is added; put the butter again into the saucepan, and shake it high over the fire for an instant; but do not allow it to boil, or it will curdle. Add a little lemon juice, or white vinegar, and serve immediately.

Fruit in Jelly.—Put into a basin half a pint of clear calf's-foot jelly, and when it has become stiff, lay in a bunch of grapes, with the stalk upward; over this, put a few vine leaves, and fill up the bowl with warm jelly; let it stand until next day, and then set the bowl in hot water, up to the brim, for a minute; then turn out carefully on a dish.

Barley Water.—The proper mode of making barley water is to boil pearl barley for a few minutes, then throw away the water and add other, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of barley. Boil quickly, and then let it simmer for an hour, when it is to be strained and sweetened, according to taste. This drink is a very nourishing one for invalids.

Lemon Drops.—Grate three large lemons, with a large piece of loaf-sugar; then scrape the sugar into a plate, and add half a teaspoonful of flour; mix well, and beat it into a light paste, with the white of an egg; drop it upon white paper, and put in a moderate oven, on a tin plate.

sleeves. Head-dress of moss-roses to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

FIG. II.—A BALL DRESS OF PINK CRAPE AND BRUSSELS LACE.—The lower part of skirt consists of six puffings of crape, studded by bows of pink satin. Above this are four rows of narrow Brussels lace; above these again are five puffings of crape, studded with bows, and then come three more rows of lace. Corsage in the shawl style, trimmed with white lace, and a pink satin bow. Very short puffed sleeves. Hair rolled back from the face and trimmed with pink flowers.

FIG. III.—A EUGENIE CRAPE DRESS FOR EVENING WEAR.—This material is very thin and should be worn over silk or satin. It is trimmed with three flounces, each flounce having alternate stripes of blue and white. The corsage is made to open to the waist, and is plaited from the waist to the shoulders. The pagoda sleeves are trimmed with a bordering to correspond with the flounces.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Frock of tartan poplin. Black velvet jacket, with lapplets turned back. The lapplets, basque, and ends of the sleeves, edged with black silk fringe. Chemisette and under-sleeves of cambric, ornamented with eyelet-hole work. A round hat of black plush, ornamented with a long black ostrich feather. Trousers of cambric muslin, edged with eyelet-hole work. Boots of blue cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

FIG. V.—COSTUME FOR A LITTLE BOY OF SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—Paletot of fawn-colored cloth, falling loosely over the figure, without being confined at the waist either behind or in front. It is faced with two rows of fancy silk buttons, intermingled with passementerie. The sleeves, which descend only about half way down the lower arm, are trimmed with passementerie and fancy buttons. Under-sleeves of white cambric, ornamented with needlework. Trousers of dark-blue cloth. A small Glengarry bonnet, bound at the edge with tartan ribbon. A band of blue velvet is fastened in front by a small silver cockade, and surmounted by a black eagle's plume.

FIG. VI.—ALMA CLOAK.—The material of which this is composed is black silk, of a peculiarly rich and substantial texture. Like almost all the cloaks of the present season, the form is circular. A rich bordering of gold in a palm-leaf design extends along the bottom and up the fronts of the cloak. This gold bordering, which presents the effect of superb embroidery, is woven with the silk. The cloak is edged at the bottom by a broad fringe of black sewing silk with a heading of net interspersed with gold. The hood is fastened by a tassel of an extremely novel description, and the character of which is quite in keeping with the oriental splendor of the cloak which it adorns. It is a triple tassel formed of black silk and gold, mounted on a flat head.

FIG. VII.—A GREEN VELVET CLOAK also of a circular form. The great beauty of this garment con-

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF WHITE ILLUSION, over white satin. The illusion dress has four skirts, the lower one having three rows of white satin ribbon around it, while the upper ones consist of three tunics, each trimmed with blonde lace with vandyke edge, and looped up by moss-roses and buds, and long tendrils. The corsage has a shawl berthe composed of blonde like that on the skirt. Small puffed

ists in the peculiarly rich and graceful fringe, which is very deep, and of the same shade as the cloak, and interspersed with dots of lighter green. A rich gimp heads the fringe. The yoke is trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the cloak, and has two bows and ends of ribbon on each shoulder.

FIG. VII.—**GARNET VELVET BONNET**, with guipure applications. A piece of velvet edged with lace is put on the top and its flowing ends fall over the curtain behind. Inside, white roses and blonde.

FIG. IX.—**SILK BONNET**.—The crown is entirely covered with narrow velvets ornamented with black lace. The front is trimmed with a wreath of bows of ribbon of two colors. At the edge of the front is sewed a lace fall. Inside, flame-colored velvet pinks mixed with jet.

FIG. X.—**THE ANNA BODY**.—It is made entirely of English point lace and trimmed with a deep flounce of the same. The ornament is composed of painted ribbons, bordered on each side with English point lace. Bows of the same with long ends are placed on the sleeves.

FIG. XI.—**THE HORTENSE BODY**.—This body, which is charming for dinner or evening toilet is made entirely of Venice point lace. It is low, and ornamented with ribbons as braces covered with lace and terminated by a lace forming a revers. The bottom of the body is trimmed with a deep lace, as are also the short sleeves. This very graceful body may also be made of black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Lace will be most profusely employed as trimming this winter both for outer garments and dresses. For full toilet there will be a great many dresses with lace flounces. Some of these flounces are nearly three-quarters of a yard in depth, and are accompanied by berthes, and sleeves corresponding in design.

Many house dresses are made without basques, though the latter are very much worn, but as we said in a former number, much larger than they have been, the bottom reaching to the top flounce of the dress. Braces of ribbon, velvet, or lace, are much worn. As trimmings, watered ribbon, plush, lace, velvet and fringe are much used. Morning dresses are often made with a round pelerine cape, which reaches to the waist. All morning dresses have the skirts made open, which makes a handsomely trimmed petticoat indispensable.

CLOAKS.—Several of the cloaks recently received from Paris are trimmed with a new kind of braid, three or four inches wide. This braid, which is set in straight rows or bands, has a middle stripe of moire, edged on each side by a narrow border of lace. The moire stripe is either black, or of some dark color, and the plush border blue, green, or violet.

Also other kinds of braid are formed of a combination of plush, moire, and satin, and are figured in a pattern in squares, lozenges, stars, &c. The stars are often of various tints, contrasting well with the dark moire ground. Rows of plush, either

plain or figured, are employed for trimming cloth cloaks.

Also not unfrequently, cloth cloaks are lined with colored silks of a hue harmonizing with those in the trimming. They are also lightly wadded through the sleeves as well as the body of the cloak. One of the prettiest cloaks which we have seen is a short paletot of blue velvet, simply trimmed with a deep berthe formed of a silk network and tassels. The same trimming at the end of the sleeve.

BONNETS.—Bonnets formed of one material, and plain—that is to say, without drawings—are again coming into fashion. The flat crown has been revived, and is gradually progressing in fashionable favor. Black velvet bonnets, which are again becoming favorites, have a fall of black lace attached to the edge. This fall may be from five or six, to twelve or fourteen inches in depth. If of the latter depth, it forms a *voilette*, or demi-veil. When narrow lace is employed, it is turned back over the bonnet at the top and droops at the sides only.

Various modes of arranging the under-trimming of bonnets are at present adopted; and it is hardly possible to point out one which has the preference over the rest. Blonde, flowers, velvet foliage, bows and ends of narrow ribbon or lace, and sometimes even small tufts of feather, are all in turn employed to ornament the inside of the bonnet. The trimming on each side is seldom uniform; for instance, on one side there may be a flower, and on the other a bow of ribbon; or on the right side, bouillons of blonde, with loops of narrow ribbon intermingled, and on the left, sprays of crape foliage. Many dress bonnets have blonde lappets tying under the chin. This style is generally becoming.

COLLARS will be in great variety, small, with cuffs to match for undress toilet, and larger for full dress. Some are continued down the front, thus forming an elegant breast-piece on a high-bodied dress; others, called *broche* collars, will have a deep lace slightly gathered. This lace is continued in front and is gathered round a little embroidered insertion forming points. These points cross on the front and are attached by a brooch.

HEAD-DRESSES are composed of a variety of flowers, extremely rich in appearance, formed of crape and velvet, the crape occupying the centre of the flower. Among the most elegant of these flowers are the dahlia, the double poppy, the tulip, and the peony. The colors are variegated and of the most brilliant hues, and their effect is much heightened by the addition of the black velvet foliage now so much in vogue, or a fall of black lace.

HANDKERCHIEFS are now composed of lace and embroidery mixed. Nothing can be prettier than the handkerchiefs in which fine valenciennes meanders in the midst of bouquets or wreaths of embroidery of admirable finish. The plain hem stitch is still a favorite style for plain toilet, sometimes having the addition of the initial letters, or the lady's full name embroidered in one corner.

DR. FONTAINE'S BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

FOR

Beautifying the Complexion, and Eradicating all Tan, Pimples, and Freckles from the Face; for the Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, and many Medicinal Purposes.

REMOVES TAN.

Pimples.

FRECKLES.



FOR SHAVING

Cleansing

THE TEETH

HIGHLY perfumed by its own ingredients, tested by the experience of years, and recommended the faculty of almost every European city, and established under the patronage of almost every Physician in London and Paris, and thousands of individuals, who make daily use of it in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. It is

THE GREATEST LUXURY

A lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothing sensation, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We give a few of the prominent properties of the Balm of a Thousand Flowers, already established by actual experience. This Balm

REMEDIES EVERY DEFECT OF THE COMPLEXION,

And establishes in its stead Beauty and Health, at the time when both, by the changes of age, freaks of nature, or disease, have been obscured and undermined.

IT CLEANSSES THE SKIN,

And draws to the surface all impurities, and every species of pimples and blotches; also, removes tan, sunburns, sallowness, and freckles, imparting to the skin its original purity, and an unsurpassed freshness, rendering it clear, smooth, and white.

IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH AND INCREASE OF THE HAIR

Causing it to curl in the most natural manner. It cleanses the head from dandruff, giving vigor to health, and life to the roots of the hair. It is a

SUPERIOR ARTICLE FOR SHAVING, being superior to all descriptions of SOAPS, CREAMS, PASTES, AND AS A DENTIFRICE FOR CLEANSING THE TEETH,

It is by far the most medicinal of any compound yet discovered, preventing decay, relieving ulcers, and cankers, and renders the teeth white as alabaster.

For bathing, for suffering infants, and for adults, to promote sweetness of body, cleanliness, health, and strength, and to prevent eruptions, etc., there is no article more suitable than this Balm may be used in cold or warm, hard or soft water.

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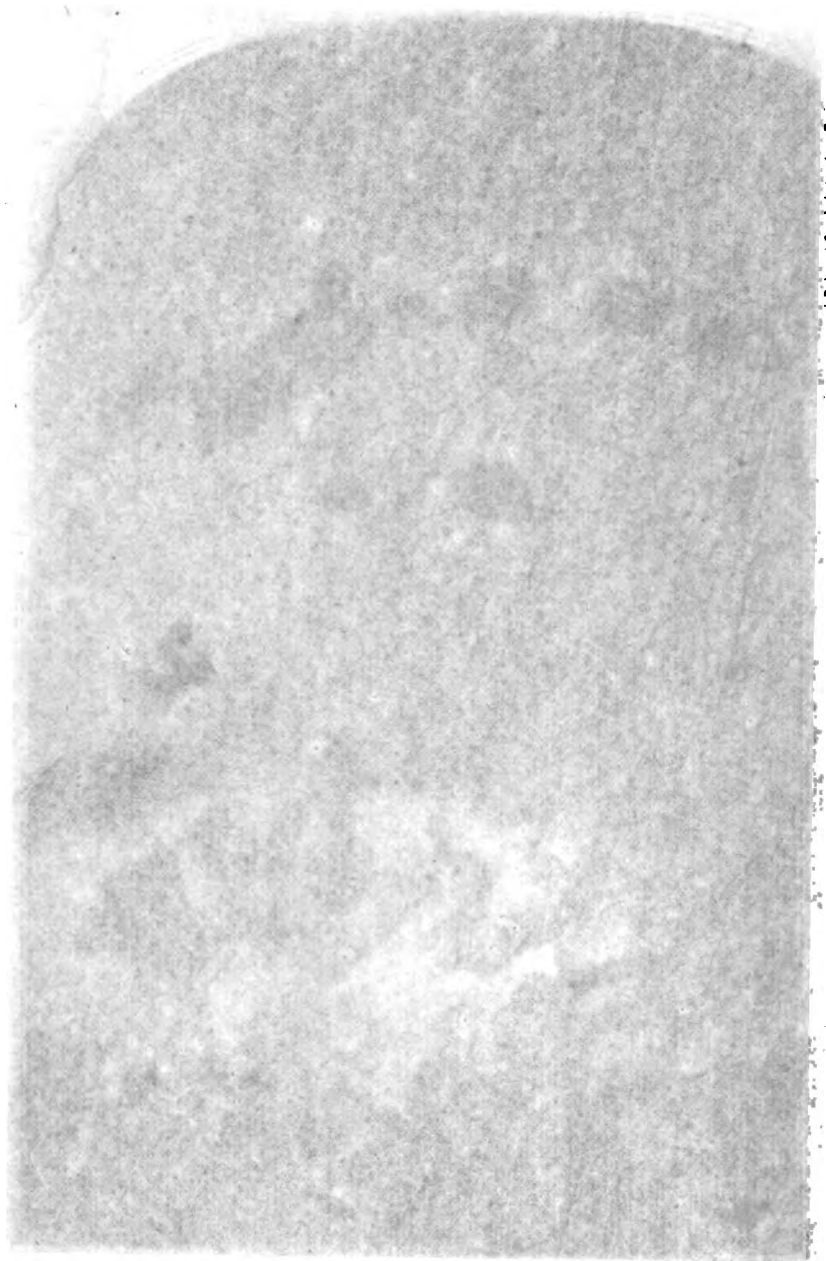
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THE ANGELS' CARE OF THE SLEEPING CHILD.

THE ANGELS' CARE OF THE SLEEPING CHILD.



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SCHOOL-BOYS PLAYING BOW-BALL.

Bertucca.

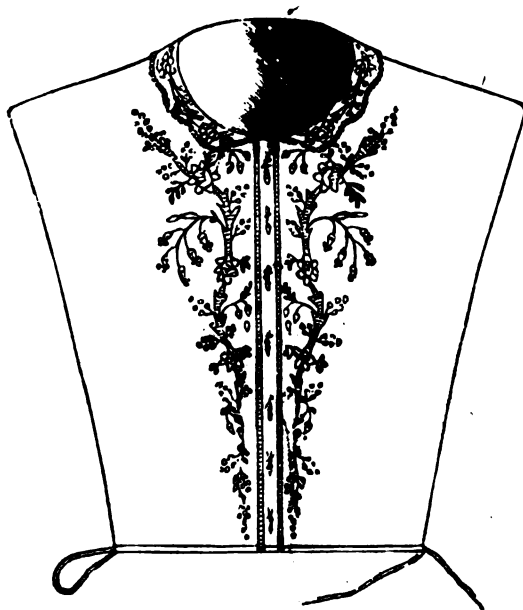
NAME FOR MARKING.



THE MADAME BERTUCCA.



PELERINE FOR INFANT.



CHEMISETTE PATTERN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1855.

No. 2.

JOAN OF ARC.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE story of Joan of Arc is familiar to all. But a doubt long existed as to the exact nature of her character. Falling a victim to treachery, and executed by the enemies of her country, every means was taken, by her murderers, to blacken her reputation. English history, even to this day, is generally unjust to her.

The truth, as Michelet has established from contemporary writers, is that Joan was an enthusiast, who, being endowed with a vivid imagination, realized what to others were mere dreams. The advanced science of the nineteenth century recognises such phenomena. Joan honestly believed that she saw angelic visions, that she was in communication with spiritual advisers, and that heaven had delegated to her the task of liberating her country from the English yoke.

After having been the terror of the invaders, for more than a year, and achieved a series of successes which ceased only with the final liberation of France, Joan was captured by a party of Burgundians, who had joined the English against their native land and were then besieging Compiègne. To the disgrace of her king, Charles the Seventh, no effort was made to procure her exchange. To the still greater disgrace of the French prelates, they sought to get her into the hands of the Inquisition, instigated by a secret leaning to the British. Her doom was not left long in doubt. The unscrupulous men, who directed English affairs during the infancy of Henry the Sixth, believing that the disgrace and death of Joan was necessary to the retention of the British conquests, determined to buy her of the Burgundians. Ten thousand livres, and an annuity of three hundred more, large sums in that day, were the price of her blood.

To have merely executed the poor girl would not have answered the ends of her enemies. It was requisite to destroy her influence as well as to take away her life; and for this purpose there was nothing so efficacious, in that age, as a

charge of sorcery. The traitorous French prelates lent their aid to this malignant plot. The bishop of Beauvais and five others, with the Vicar-General of the French Inquisition, were the prominent judges selected to be the tools of the British party. Every ingenuity of mental torture was exhausted in order to induce Joan to confess to crime. Her answers were perverted; she was denied counsel; the rack was threatened; and even the pretended authority of the church was invoked against her. At last, on the promise of life, she was induced to sign a confession artfully put before her. But nothing could save her, for not only did the brutal English soldiery, who had been prejudiced against her as a witch, cry out for her blood, but even the nobility demanded it.

The vile arts which were now adopted, to bring her to the stake, would seem incredible on any authority less positive than that which has come down to us. At last the base intrigues succeeded. Having laid aside the male attire, which she wore before her condemnation, she was tricked into resuming it, and for this was condemned to the flames as a relapsed heretic and sorcerer. Placed in a cart, she was hurried to the market-place of Rouen, where the dreadful doom was to be inflicted.

The stake was fixed upon a lofty scaffold, not only that all might see her suffer, but that the executioner might not be able to approach her to shorten her agonies. Brought to the foot of the pile, Joan knelt down, and after imploring pardon for herself, and audibly forgiving her enemies, turned to the bystanders and besought them to pray for her. Her behavior was so devout, humble and touching, that sympathy for her became contagious. The bishop of Beauvais himself melted into tears; the bishop of Boulogne sobbed aloud; and even the English cried, the cruel Winchester with the rest.

But this emotion was only temporary. Re-

covering himself, Beauvais began to read the act of condemnation, in which the dying girl was mocked with false accusations of schism, idolatry and magic. When the terrible sentence was pronounced, Joan, turning to the crowd, asked for a cross. An Englishman, rudely fashioning one out of a stick, handed it to her. She took it, kissed it devoutly, and pressed it to her bosom. A priest, hastening to the church of St. Sauveur's, brought a crucifix, which she embraced, having first placed the other under her garments next to her skin. While he was exhorting her, the English began to grow impatient, and one of them rudely asked the priest if he intended them to dine there. Immediately, and without waiting for an official order, others tore her away, and dragged her to the pile. As she gazed on the great city, the motionless and silent crowd, and the infuriated invaders, she cried, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer for my death."

Above her head was a placard, denouncing her as a heretic, apostate and idolator. When she had been made fast to the stake, the executioner, from below, set fire to the faggots. At the sight, nature gave way for a moment, and she uttered a cry: but seeing that the priest, who had ascended the scaffold with her, showed no signs of fear, she forgot her peril in the thought of him, and begged him to descend. The smoke was now mounting around her. Occasionally tongues of flame shot up almost to her person. Beauvais, in this extremity, advanced to the foot of the pile, hoping to extract some admission from her. But she only answered, with mild reproach, "I die through you." In vain he sought to make

her accuse her king. Though deserted by Charles, she would not defame him, but defended him to the last. "Whether I have done well or ill," she said, heroically, "he is faultless."

At last the flames reached her person. Again, nature succumbed for an instant, and she shrieked for holy water. But immediately she recovered herself. She called on God. She protested her innocence. From the foot of the pile, the Dominican, whom she had forced to descend, encouraged her with words, holding out his crucifix to her as he spoke. At times the smoke and flames concealed her entirely from view; but her voice was still heard invoking God and his saints; nor was a cry of fear or a murmur of pain ever again wrung from her. The spectators could not endure the awful sight. Many fled in horror from the square; thousands were in tears; some prayed aloud for her with choking sobs. A few only of her bitterest enemies attempted to laugh. One of these, a brutal Englishman, was about to throw a fresh faggot on the pile, when suddenly her head sunk upon her bosom, and crying, "Jesus!" she died.

Twenty years after the French king did tardy justice to the martyred Joan. A commission, procured from the Pope, after hearing the depositions of more than a hundred witnesses, pronounced her innocent, and declared her sentence null. On the spot where she was executed a cross was erected, which has subsequently been replaced by a statue of her. In the succeeding reign, still more ample amends were made to her, for her judges were ordered to be prosecuted. Two of them only survived, but these were tried, condemned and executed.

WILL YOU GO?

BY MARY E. DAWLEY.

SAY not that other climes are fair
And lovelier than our own—
That flowers bloom on other shores
Where you may find a home—
What though the sun shines brighter there,
No cold, nor frost, nor snow—
It would be Winter in thy heart
Without us—do not go!

Oh! do not dream that lapse of time
Can heal the broken heart.
The friends we find are ne'er so dear
As those from whom we part.

Lonely you'll be—you'll surely be,
Far from the ones you know!
Many will be your hours of pain
And sorrow—can you go?

Yet more—though you may chance to find
In other lands a home.
Though you may meet warm friends and kind
When far away you roam—
Do you not hear my spirit's voice
Pleading in murmurs low?
My heart will break when you are gone,
Beloved—will you go?

MRS. WALDEN'S CONFIDANT.

BY ALICE CARY.

FOURTH OF JULY! The beating of a drum and the screaming of a fife were heard in the distance—some few thin clouds moved about the sky, as if to keep the light from dazzling—the air was soft and refreshing, not over warm, just sufficiently in motion to stir the young thrifty corn, and bring the scent from the tomato and potato vines—the orchards looked well, and the harvests generally had fulfilled a good promise. The people all through the neighborhood of Jacksonville were glad, and thought their village was about as thriving a village as was to be found in that part of the country—and so they well might think—the best farms commanded fifty dollars per acre—the soil was naturally productive, and there was abundance of wood and water and stone; fine clay for making bricks; beside other advantages at the basis of independence, and which made the farmers about Jacksonville naturally a little proud—and this pride extended from their own possessions to the property of their neighbors, and took in the fifty lots and thirty dwellings—the meeting-house, two grocery stores and tavern, denominated Jacksonville. There was talk of a seminary being built during the summer, and some prospect of the erection of half a dozen new dwellings, beside the certain addition of a third story to the tavern. The difficult execution of a new sign was already in commission, and it was whispered about the device was to be an eagle soaring toward the sun, with the motto beneath, “upward and onward.” The commission had been entrusted to the wagon-maker of the village, whose ability in painting carriages served to warrant a genius for painting eagles. There was some regret that the sign could not have been completed and swinging before the “North American Hotel” on the glorious Fourth, but the regret was not enough to mar the general joyousness, and as for the landlord, the excellent Peter Holt, he had a secret project of his own that the completion of the third story, and the putting forth of the new sign should give eclat to the general training in the fall. Therefore he compressed his lips and put his full moon of a face under a dubious cloud when inquired of concerning the sign, saying simply, “we shall see what we shall see.”

The people about the neighborhood had been astir before the cock on the day I write of, for a general celebration was to be held in Jacksonville, and in addition to the usual forms and ceremonies, two of the oldest men in the neighborhood—real Revolutionary soldiers, were to head the procession which was to form at the North American Hotel precisely at ten o'clock, who were to bear between them the American flag; and on each side of them little girls were to walk with baskets of flowers, garlands for the conquering heroes. And here let me say, their honors, while among us, were too few.

The village, which stood on a rising ground, could be seen two and three miles away, from positions where no woodland intervened, and now, even higher than the steeple of the church, shone the bright colors at the top of the liberty pole.

Not more than a mile away, and plainly in view, not only of the steeple and the liberty pole, but also of the people gathering in front of the hotel, and in hearing of the music, lived the family of Timothy Walden, consisting in all of husband and wife, Matilda, a young woman of eighteen, and two boys, fourteen and sixteen.

They had been early astir in common with their neighbors, but not joyously astir—they were not people who joined in celebrations, why, nobody knew—they did not know themselves—but they honestly believed themselves too poor to be justified in spending so much time and money.

There had been some hope on the part of the young people, up to the last moment, that they might be permitted to join in the festivities of the occasion. Even to drive the geese from the common, and assist in the removal of hoop-poles and staves, preparatory to the grand march, would have been esteemed a privilege by the boys, and to be allowed the most obscure position where she might see the procession and the green arbor over the dinner-table, would have made holiday enough to Matilda, and she would have been quite willing to forego the white dress and pink ribbon which the young ladies generally had.

When the breakfast was concluded, Mr. Walden went out to the harvest-field as usual, and

apparently did not once think of a suspension of labors. Sullenly the two boys followed, half wishing it might rain and spoil all the fun for other people, for nothing so embitters the heart as the constant denial of innocent pleasures. And here let me say that Mr. Walden was the owner of sixty acres of as good land as was to be found in the neighborhood, beside all necessary horses, carts, and implements of labor generally. His fences were in repair, and a thrifty orchard and commodious barn had rewarded his industry. A house, too, he owned, or rather the foundation of a house, for it was unplastered and unpainted, and altogether unfurnished except the actual necessities about the kitchen and sleeping-rooms. The sun streamed across the bare floors through the uncurtained windows, and great piles of bedding and heaps of rags and wool filled the empty rooms—there were no flowers about the yard, and the garden in the rear was quite overgrown with weeds.

A good, patient, hard-working woman was Mrs. Walden—but she was not hopeful any more—she said she was tired of hoping. She had tried so long and so hard to get a little beforehand in the world, and what had it amounted to? Thoughts of this sort were busy in her mind on the beautiful Fourth of July aforementioned. It had never been her habit to indulge in hard thoughts, but somehow that day she could not help it—the house had never looked so naked and comfortless; she had never seen so little prospect of ever having anything, and in her absence of mind she let fall the coffee-pot and broke it in pieces, as she cleared the table; true, it had leaked a long time, but then it was better than none—dear me, what would become of them! She had done her part—nobody could say she had not—who then was to blame? if it was not Timothy she did not know who it was. This suspicion once allowed to come into her mind, made room for many accusations, and she put together all the Fourth of Julys and other holidays she had spent at home and working hard, and no thanks from nobody, which meant, from Timothy. They had never had a Christmas dinner nor a New-Year's dinner so long as they had kept house—and who was to blame—why somebody must be; but no matter for that, she must try to do her duty at any rate—so she worked on, thinking harder and harder things. Happening to look toward the field, she saw the two boys turning summersets in the shadow of a tree, for they felt it to be their right to be idle on the Fourth of July, and for the moment she felt as if she was all the one that did anything to any profit, and this the more, perhaps, that

as she looked she saw Timothy making his way to the fence where young Dr. Meredith, who was just come home from prosecuting his professional studies in a distant city, was waiting to shake hands.

"Dr. Meredith, indeed!" exclaimed the unamiable woman, "a great doctor I guess he is." And if her supposition that it was impossible for John Meredith to be a doctor could have been analyzed, it would have been found to consist chiefly of the facts that she had known John Meredith when he had but two shirts, she had known the colors of all his various boyhood coats, and how hard his mother worked and how much she denied herself for the sake of educating him; and more than this, she knew his mother before him, and all her family. That she had ever known John to be other than a good and obedient boy she would not say—but what of that—there he was, dressed finely, and going to pass the day in idleness—perhaps ere he would read the "Declaration," and be called "doctor" by some silly young girls, at any rate.

Then her thoughts naturally reverted to her own daughter, and she became aware that her wheel was still, which added to her irritation, and in no mild terms she enjoined her to go forward with her work.

Still, ever and again there was silence in the parlor where Matty should have been spinning—how could she keep her eyes from the public road filled with wagons and carriages, and young men and women on horseback and on foot, all with happy faces and dressed gaily, going to the Fourth of July. Amongst the rest there is one who looks earnestly toward her and bows very low, and close against the pane she presses her face before she sees it is Dr. Meredith; but her sweetest smile and a double recognition are given, for though she has played "hide and seek" with him many a time—aye, and even beaten him in the spelling class at school, she is pleased to see that he has come home, and never once thinks it is not possible for him to be a doctor. "Dear me!" says Mrs. Walden, as the wheel stops again, "well, I must work all the harder for the idleness of the rest, I suppose," and with a shining tin pan in her hand she makes her way to the garden. She don't know what she will find, she don't suppose she will find anything, and sure enough she does not; the cucumber-vines are yellow, and seem to be dying; there is not a cucumber to be found larger than her little finger, and as for the tomatoes, they might just as well never have been planted; there are a few onions run up to seed among the weeds; the cabbages are not

heading at all, and she can't tell where the best bed was made. So, through nettles and burs she makes her way out again, stopping for a moment at the current-bushes, as a forlorn hope—she finds a few poor little berries, but if she picks them now there won't be any left, so she leaves them for a greater emergency, and with an empty basin returns to the house. The flies are buzzing thick along the ceiling, and one or two old hens are picking the crumbs from off the floor—they ought to have plenty, but they have not—there are not more than half a dozen chickens in all, about the farm; the hens don't do well—she don't know why; possibly there is some fruit in the orchard large enough to cook, but she don't know as she will traipse there after it, if there is; there is part of an old ham left, she will cook some of that for dinner, and when that is gone she don't know what they will do. She is mending the fire when Timothy comes to the well for water, and seeing pieces of the broken coffee-pot, says,

"How did this happen, Sally?"

"I let it fall," she answers, "and I don't care if I did."

"Why, Sally, what put you in such a humor? I am sorry the coffee-pot is broken, but I did not mean to blame you;" and he adds by way of lessening the disaster, "see here, I have been doing mischief, too," and he exhibits a hole in his shirt sleeve which he had caught in a brier and torn.

Sally does not speak, for she secretly believes that her husband alone blame her, perhaps from the fact that she is blaming him.

"I am afraid our Fourth of July friends will get wet," says Timothy, looking up at the sky, and making a last effort to elicit some notice from Sally before he goes back to the field.

But for the first time in her life she refuses to speak, and with tears brimming up in her eyes goes to the closet and takes from the shelf a bundle of old patched and darned shirts, and sitting down, adds patches to patches, and darts to darts—there are a dozen good new ones on the shelf, to be sure, but if they were worn out they would not be new—so with the tears falling fast she works on. There is a rap on the open door, and looking up she sees Mrs. Eliza Bates—a neighbor whom she has known well ever since her marriage, and before, in fact. Indeed, they were quite confidants at one time. But their intimacy has not been very great for a long time—Mrs. Walden has never felt that it was right to have any confidant but her husband—and it is the fault of Mrs. Bates that she is given to talking over much, and Mrs. Walden

knows it. She has had, too, great worldly prosperity, and this has cooled the friendship formerly existing between them, perhaps. But sympathy is sweet, and when Mrs. Bates says in tones of real kindness, "why, my dear Sally, what can be the matter with you?" at the same time putting her arm kindly about her neck, she answered, crying all the time, "I am so glad you have come, Eliza, for I felt so lonesome and bad, sitting here alone."

"I knew I should find you at home, and so while all our folks were gone to the Fourth of July, I thought I would come and see you, though you don't never come to see me."

"How good you are," replies Mrs. Walden. "I suppose everybody knows they can find me at home of holidays, by this time," and she hides her eyes in her apron.

Mrs. Bates holds her hand very close, saying, "really, Sally, it's too bad," after which she makes moan without the use of words, for a few minutes.

"Don't, Sally, don't cry," she says, at length, "but tell me all about it; a body must have some confidant—now, I tell my daughter Kate all my troubles—but some mothers don't say to their children all they feel." And in thus showing out her friend, Mrs. Bates was actuated by the kindest feelings.

"I suppose we all have our troubles," sobbed Sally Walden, for Mrs. Bates had spoken of hers, and therefore she could admit her private griefs more freely, and Mrs. Bates joined in quickly, "to be sure, Sally, I know I have mine—now if you had seen what a fuss there was at our house this morning about going to the Fourth of July, you would think you were not the only persons in the world that need cry; I got so worried out that I just gave up, and said I wouldn't go at all. I tell you, Sally, my life is nearly tired out of me in one way and another. Now Peter Bates is just the hardest man in the world to get along with, and if I did not manage and twist and economize every way, I could not get along; but I am determined that my family shan't be a whit behind anybody else." And here she went on to explain how she had taken her own dresses and made them over for Kate; how she had managed to make old things about the house look almost as well as new, and when at length she stopped to take breath, Mrs. Walden could not help giving some of her own grievances utterance; she did not want to say anything against Timothy, she did not intend it, but she did. "It's too bad," said Eliza Bates, "and though Timothy Walden is as good a man as ever was, and I believe means to do what is

right, he don't do his part by you, and I don't know as it's any more harm to say it than think it, and I have thought it a good while, and I am not the only one. Everybody knows," she continued, "that you never spend money—that you are always at home and always at work, and they can't help saying how does it happen that the house is never finished, and that Matty is not dressed as fashionably as other girls? Somebody must be at fault, and every one knows it is not you."

Now Mrs. Bates had thought many a time, and said it, too, that Sally Walden was more to blame than her husband—that she seemed to have no ambition and no pride since her marriage, but suffered all things to go at loose ends. But now that she sat beside her, and saw her thin cheek and old faded dress, and saw, too, the bundle of coarse patched shirts she was mending, her heart was softened a little more toward her than it had been lately, and hardened proportionably against her husband, and for the sake of being agreeable, and as is human nature, under the circumstances, she could not forbear speaking more than she really thought, or more than at another time she would have thought. She even proposed, in the heat of her zeal for her friend, "to give Timothy a talking to."

Many things about her own private affairs she put into the keeping of her friend, Sally Walden, such as that Peter Bates did not always give her money for the asking—that herself did a good deal of the managing that he had credit for, and that her daughter Kate would not now be, as she was, one of the very leaders of the Jacksonville society, but for her special exertion. And here she whispered very confidentially that Dr. Meredith had been two or three times to see Kate, and that she had reason to believe it would be a match. When Mrs. Walden arose to make some preparation about dinner, "don't, dear Sally," said the confidant, "I can eat anything that you can, so don't give yourself any trouble."

"I could not give you anything if I were disposed," answered Mrs. Walden, "there is nothing but ham and potatoes about the house."

"No matter, I had rather talk than eat," replied the confidant, and to ham and potatoes the neighbors sat down. Matty came from her spinning, and the boys from the field, but Mr. Walden did not come in to eat, he could not take time, as he was working hard to get some grain in the barn before it should rain. The neighbors had not noticed till then how cloudy it was, and Mrs. Bates cut her visit short as soon as the meal was concluded, assuring Sally, by way of

parting consolation, that she would come again soon, and that she would not fail to give Timothy "a piece of her mind." Tears came to the eyes of Mrs. Walden, for vexation with herself was struggling with gratitude to her confidant, and the annoyance was not lessened, when Mrs. Bates said, pointing to the worn-out shirts, "I'll declare, I would not try to mend such things, you lose more time than all you gain, and if Timothy Walden would not buy better shirts, he might go without any for all of me."

Mrs. Walden did not say, "Timothy has a dozen better shirts," but she thought it, for her heart was beginning to turn to its true allegiance. And the two boys returned back to the field, and Matty to her spinning work, and Mrs. Walden put away the dinner things with a heavy heart, and sat down alone, trying in vain to reconcile herself to herself—she could not do that, nor could she see a clear way before her at all; a feeling of bitterness and blindness, of inability and impossibility, kept her hands idle and drew her face into a frown. She did not see as she could do anything, and she did not know as she would if she could.

As she sat so she failed to see or hear the flies that came humming thick and black along the ceiling, and the shadows that deepened and deepened where the sunshine had been; she did not see the leaves turning their grey linings out, nor the clouds of dust that blew up along the road; the tempest in her heart did not allow her to see the one along the sky. Suddenly a bright flash opened, and at the same time blinded her eyes, and the crash that came after it deafened her ears, and at the same moment made them sensible of voices, reproachful voices that she had never heard so distinct before. Quick she hurried to the door, and strained her eyes toward the meadow, that was divided from her now by the blackness of the storm; a strong wind was bending the tops of the trees—she could hear branches breaking, and the frightened cattle lowing as they ran hither and thither; the rain dashed heavily on roof and grass and dry dust: the eave-drops ran over, and the wind as it came bent in the very walls of the house. Matty left her spinning and clung to her mother as the lightning flashed again and again, and the thunder rolled as though breaking its way along the heavens. Awe-struck and trembling stood the mother, her eyes still bent on the meadow.

"Oh, they are coming," cried Matty, "I am so glad;" but scarcely had she spoken the words when it was discovered that the children came alone; to the frantic inquiries, for they came crying as they ran, they replied that a tree

under which they had taken shelter was struck, and that their father was killed.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Walden, her face growing white, and her limbs sinking beneath her, and her daughter and sons answered by sobs and cries, deepening, if it might be, the fear and terror of the time.

"What is the matter, my good friends?" said a voice, kindly and earnestly, and a young man that Matilda recognized as Dr. Meredith, stood in their midst. The awful calamity was explained, and the young man hastened to call the assistance of another neighbor who was returning like himself from the celebration at Jacksonville, and with a brief word of comfort and hope they hurried to the field, accompanied by the oldest son.

Ages seemed to pass in the minutes till their return, and when they came, the pain and the weight of ages seemed to stop and crush down the hearts of the mother and her children.

Dead—they were bearing him home dead!

"Let me die, too," exclaimed the almost distracted wife, throwing herself on his bosom—but when the doctor said there was yet hope—he might be only stunned and senseless, the struggle between hope and despair became almost phrensy—never till now had she known how good Timothy was, and how much she loved him. With almost superhuman faith and energy the young doctor strove to subdue the last enemy, for he was not yet quite triumphant. "Oh, if he were only well—if he could only speak to me once more, and say I was forgiven," cried the poor wife, as she rocked herself to and fro and moaned for her own wicked accusations, as she now thought them, almost as much as for the lost; for there is no thought so bitter as the memory of a wrong to the dead. In her heart she accused herself of being his murderer; it was as if heaven had taken him away to show her how good he was. One who went to see how the tree was divided by the lightning, returned carrying a pitcher of blackberries, seeing which the youngest boy began to cry all the more; "he was picking them for you, mother," he said, "it was the last thing he did." Mrs. Walden could not speak; everything seemed to show her that herself was more and more to blame. Suddenly there was a cry of joy—the dead man was alive! No enemy, even death itself, it seemed, could stand before the array of love that fought him back. Words would fail to describe the joy of that household when the husband and father was able to say, "my wife and my children!"

The storm swept by—the breeze came fresh

and cool from the meadow—the clouds broke to pieces and scattered from the heavens, and the sun came out broad and bright for the setting. Dr. Meredith's reputation was established; for all the Jacksonville people said "if he can bring Timothy Walden to life, what is there he can't do?" and so came one and another for his medical advice and assistance. Perhaps the faith of his patients had something to do with it, but certain it is that great success attended him.

As may be supposed, Mrs. Walden found it the easiest and most natural thing in the world to say, "Dr. Meredith"—indeed, she quite forgot whether the coat he used to wear was black or brown, and as for the two shirts, she would not be positive but that he had had three; and she was quite sure she had seen him at work in his mother's garden a thousand times when other boys were playing. There was new light come into her world, and as the work and bustle of her life stood still while she waited at Timothy's sick bed, she found time to see how many blessings she had, and how many she had neglected.

She made no complaint of the time she was losing—on the contrary, she had never talked so cheerfully and hopefully in all her life, and it was perhaps as much owing to her good nursing, as to Dr. Meredith, that Timothy was so soon able to be about his work again.

"Now be careful, Timothy, and don't try to do much," said Mrs. Walden, as after a fortnight's illness he went forth from the house. He looked up in astonishment—came back a step or two—asked her what she said—perhaps for the pleasure of hearing it over, and when in substance it was repeated, he said he felt stronger and could walk better than he had supposed he could. So grateful and so loving was the look he bestowed on her that Sally could not help saying, "Eliza Bates give him a piece of her mind, indeed—she had better attend her own affairs, and I will tell her so if she comes here meddling with my husband." And as she went from room to room to see what was in them, and what could be done with their contents, she kept communing with herself something in this wise. Here are rags enough to make a carpet, if they were sewed, and here are heaps and heaps of bed clothing—enough to last all my life, and Matty, poor girl, has been spinning all the summer to make more. I'll take the yarn I proposed to have made into coverlids, and have it colored and woven into carpets—I will see if I can't have carpets as well as Eliza Bates, and though we have not money to buy new furniture just now, we can make what we have appear better. So she worked on and on, and at the bottom of all

her work was the thought that she would show Mrs. Bates that she had the best husband in the world.

Matty clapt her hands in glee when her mother told her she had concluded to make carpets and not coverlids of the wool she was spinning. "Oh, it will look so much better," she said, "when anybody comes," but she thought when Dr. Meredith comes. It was easy work spinning after that, and very soon the wool was made into yarn, and sent away to be colored and woven. Then the rags which had cumbered the house so long were out and sewed and sent to the weaver's. Barrels and boxes were removed to the barn, and some curtains for the windows were made of common chints muslin, and Matty and her mother thought they would look almost as well as *bought* curtains, when that they were bleached and ironed smoothly. At any rate, they were better than Mrs. Bates'—both were sure of that. And all the while the work was going forward, there was cheerfulness in the house that had never been there before.

They had so much more time than they formerly had, they could not understand how it was, for though they were getting so much done they were not all the time working—for now and then they stopt to plan and sometimes to admire what was completed, and yet they had never accomplished so much when they had not taken time to speak in all the day. "If Mrs. Bates can make dresses for Kate out of hers, perhaps I can make some for you out of mine," said Mrs. Walden to Matty, one day, "there is my wedding dress and my old black silk and my white dress, and one or two gingham and calicoes, I believe, in the old chest up stairs, and I shall never wear them again." The chest was accordingly opened and the dresses examined—the white one was bleached, and with the addition of a yard or two of new cloth made Matty the prettiest dress she had ever worn—the silk, which had been an ample pattern in its time, proved all sufficient; the calicoes were made to assume new fashions, and Matty was dressed like other girls.

"There, Sally, you have been doing so much lately you deserve some pay for it," said Timothy, as he threw a neat parcel into the lap of his wife one evening when he returned from Jacksonville. It was a new dress, the first one she had had for a long time, and when she laid it in the closet she stopt to wipe her eyes, and having done so, she removed the old coarse shirts—they were not fit to wash windows with, she said, and she guessed her husband could afford to wear as good a shirt as Mr. Bates.

"No, Sally," said Mr. Walden, "I must wear

the old ones a little while longer till we get the doctor's bill paid." And he untied his purse and began counting the money he had already saved for the purpose mentioned.

"If it were not for that debt," said Matty archly, "we might have got the house plastered, might we not, father?" She blushed and lowered her voice, for the doctor was already at the door.

"We were just talking of you," said Mr. Walden, "and perhaps I may as well ask now as any time what I am to give you for your services to me?"

"Not a cent," said Dr. Meredith, "my little service was nothing compared to the great service you have done me, for it was through you that I obtained the confidence of all the Jacksonville people."

"What a nice young man he is," whispered Mrs. Walden to her husband, when the young people had walked apart, and she added, "if he is in love with Katy Bates I don't see what he comes here for."

Mr. Walden smiled, and said he would see about the plastering the next day.

"Now, boys," he continued, "if you are a mind to help, I'll pay you the same that I would my other hands." Of course they were delighted, and when the house was plastered, half the money had still been saved, for to give it to the children seemed the same thing.

"Is it not beautiful!" exclaimed Matty, when the walls were finished and the curtains hung up and the carpets laid down—"why I never saw such a change with so little money."

"I wonder if Mrs. Bates' house looks any better?" replied Mrs. Walden, as she walked from one room to the other, not knowing which to admire the most.

"Mother and Matty have made the house so nice," said the boys, "we must see if we can't improve the yard a little." So they trimmed up the rose-bushes and swept off the grass and white-washed the fence, and the more they did the more they found they were capable of doing, and that a little *will* was better than a good deal of money. They even began to believe they could, the next year, make as good a garden as anybody.

"To be sure you can," said their mother, "but some how or other we get along with the table much better than we used to—"

But the "some how or other" was that she herself made the most of what she had; and when she had flour and lard and sugar and fruit it was easy to make short-cakes and pies, and cakes too. When she had nice butter and milk, and sometimes eggs—not so many as she would

like—another year she must try to raise more poultry—she did not complain, however—the potatoes were excellent—the apples had never been finer, and she could exchange her extra butter for such articles at the grocery as they had not at home—and she always finished her congratulations by saying while they were all alive and well they must not complain, for she never forgot the terrible day that Timothy was brought home dead. Neither could she quite forgive Mrs. Bates, she often said she was sure she wished her well, and that she would not lay a straw in her way—but when Timothy got a new coat and hat she hoped Mrs. Bates would see them. Three months were gone since Mrs. Bates had made the proposal of giving Timothy a piece of her mind, and still that malicious work had not been performed.

“Suppose we give her an opportunity by inviting her here to supper,” said Mrs. Walden.

Matty warmly seconded the plan, and a day was at once fixed. Such a busy time there had never been seen at Mrs. Walden’s as the supper induced. The house was set in complete order—the nicest coverlids were spread on the beds, and

the frilled pillow-cases brought from the closets—a half dozen new chairs were bought—the silver was scoured, and the nice china set in the nicest order. Mr. Walden was to wear his new clothes, and Mrs. Walden the new dress; the boys were to make special preparation, and Matty was to wear her white dress.

Cakes were made, and custards, and a variety of delicacies I need not enumerate prepared for Katy Bates and her mother in the most excellent style; and as a crowning triumph Dr. Meredith was invited.

“It is all admirable,” he said, when he was told why the supper was made, for since the Fourth of July he had been very intimate at Mrs. Walden’s, “but I have an amendment to suggest, which is that my mother and the parson shall be invited.”

I need scarcely say that Mrs. Bates, notwithstanding the charming occasion offered her, never gave Timothy a piece of her mind. Training day in Jacksonville saw the completion of the third story of the North American Hotel, and brighter even than the new sign, shone, upon that occasion, the faces of Dr. Meredith and his bride.

WRITTEN IN THE WOODS.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

GREAT works of one who reigns supreme o'er all!

In gazing on your majesty and might,
I think of Him who made you, at whose call
Earth, sea and Heaven were formed, darkness and light.

In early Spring upon your beauty bright
I wondering look; and in gay Summer-time
I lay beneath your shade, while fancy's light
Carries my spirit onward to the brine,
Where stout hearts on you tread, and white sails
o'er you shine.

And I do love when Autumn-time draws near
To rove beneath you, as in childhood's hours,
Gathering your fruits to every school boy dear,
The walnut and the hickory; while pale flowers
Look sadly up to Heaven from sheltered bowers;
The last sweet games of Summer at whose breath
They joyful woke 'mid sunny gleams and showers,
Now meekly do they meet the reaper Death—
And sweetly through the air floats their last dying
breath!

I listen to the blue-bird's plaintive note,
As o'er your heads he to the Southward flies,
Pouring in sorrow from his little throat
His sad farewells; for here 'neath sunny skies

He watch'd his unfledged brood, and ere did rise
Over the Eastern wave Sol's glorious rays,
His ne'er missed morning song I learned to prize;
Oh, did I share your heart, bright bird, my lays
Might too resound to His the great Creator's praise.

And oh, ye forests, oft in Winter-time
I gaze upon your branches white with snow,
Through which a ray of light doth often shine,
As if to tell the unlife-like bark below,
There comes a time when you again shall glow
'Neath cloudless skies, and round you sweetly
bright

The fairest flowers of Summer-time shall blow,
And Nature wake again to life and light,
And happy birds sing corals blithe and bright.

And ye shall stand in might and majesty
Long after I my mortal course have run;
And with your tall heads tow'ring to the sky,
Through countless years first greet the rising sun.
By your strong aid great battles shall be won,
And borne by you man cross the ocean's foam,
And while upon this earth looks down the sun
Ever in majesty abroad, at home,
Your stately forms shall rise, your swift keels
proudly roam

"I WOULD NOT FORGET THEE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I WOULD not forget thee—thine image still lingers,
And blesses my heart in its desolate hours;
Like an orison breathed in the calm hush of evening,
And like dew that refreshes the withering flowers.
’Tis long since the dreams of that old time enthralled
us—

’Tis long since I worshipped, when thou wert my
shrine—
But mem’ry still wafts on her pinions so gentle,
Those moments of bliss when I first called thee
mine.

I would not forget thee—the’ time has now numbered
Long, long, weary hours since fate doomed us
part,
It can never destroy the sweet fancies we cherished,

Nor efface the loved image I wear in my heart.
So sweet and so holy the spell that was woven,
So radiantly bright the dream round us cast,
That now, even now, I would not awaken,
Although its soft transports are over and past.

I would not forget thee—no, no, there are moments
When I look to the past with a feeling of pride,
And think that a being so gifted and lovely,
Once dwelt in my heart as my own spirit-bride.
And though through this wide world our paths are
divided,
Perchance on the shores of Eternity’s sea,
Our spirits will meet in the joy of that morning,
When the mourner goes home, and the captive is
free!

SONG.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE chain which links my soul to thine,
I sometimes fear may be less bright,
That sorrow yet may dim the shrine
On which my soul has cast its light.

When’er thou art, or seemest cold,
My bosom saddens with a fear,
That love so easily controlled,
May perish when it is most dear.

I know not why such thoughts should come,
To frighten thus my brief repose,
As humming-birds that cease to roam,
Find shelter in the fragrant rose.

And slumbering in its blushing core,
Content with all the sweetness there,
Forget the blossoms that before
Tempted their wings to try the air—

My spirit-bird has found her rest,
And in the shelter of thy love,
All timidly she builds her nest,
Without a thought or wish to rove.

She leaves it to less happy things,
To seek all flowers that brave the sun;
She is content to fold her wings,
And gather honey but from one.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

A TENDER paleness, stealing o’er her cheek,
Veiled her sweet smile as ’twere a passing cloud
And such pure dignity of love avow’d.
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak.
Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in Heaven; e’en so to me
That soft compassion which none else could see
120

Beam’d lovely, to my heart alone address’d.
Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That love e’er taught his fairest votaries,
Were to that look ungentle, cold disdain.
Casting with sadness on the earth her eyes,
In silence to my thought she seem’d to say,
“Who calls my faithful friend so far away?”

MARIE TREVOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58.

CHAPTER V.

THE COTTAGE AND THE CASTLE.

THE dawn came on with clouds. A few teams rattled along the country road—the smoke curled white and dense from the chimnies of the distant cottages—but the home of old Miles Goldfinch wore a deserted look. The garden had been neglected of late, and the marigolds strove to put a cheerful face upon the matter—notwithstanding they were quite crowded down by weeds of noxious quality and homely show. Soon, however, appeared some signs of life within. The front door was opened, and a bright-looking, curly-pated boy appeared, and sitting on the big, polished stone in his night-gown, began voraciously masticating a huge piece of brown crust, thus staying his appetite till breakfast time. Pretty soon a sturdy, farmer man went toward the well with his bucket, and lustily swung the cool, refreshing beverage from the black depths below. Window after window was thrown up, so that the sun just struggling through the clouds, sent a solitary spy to reconnoitre within. There was not much to be seen save the quaint, wide, homely old brick hearth—and the straight-backed chairs ranged each side of the room—a long pine table in the centre—a little, yellow-washed, wooden settle in one corner—and now and then bending over the crackling fire, a smart-looking woman, clasping a large baby to her bosom, thus attending to more occupations than one.

As her husband came in, she superintended filling the kettle—and then sat down with a good-humored smile to welcome two more little ones who ran in, fresh from sleep, slapping each other with great, good humor, and screaming their mirth aloud.

"Hush! you'll wake grandpa," cried the mother, smiling and frowning.

"Grandpa's awake—I been in there," lisped the elder, "and here he is now."

At that moment an aged man appeared, leaning on a staff. His silver hair—his weak and tremulous gait, his shaking hand bespoke his great infirmities, and yet the settled sorrow of

that face alone threw a chill over the warmest heart, so palpable was it, that even children could read his suffering, and were silent in his presence. On he came, tottering and pausing, looking about with the air of a wearied, suffering spirit, then slowly advancing to the great arm-chair, he sat as slowly down, and essayed to smile a mournful smile at the children who crowded silently about his knees.

"Where is Jimmy?" he asked, tremulously.

"Here he is—and—what have you got my son, a letter? It's too early for the postman."

"I found it under the window, where I planted my strawberries," cried the young and handsome rogue, swallowing his last mouthful with a tremendous effort—"somebody must have threw it there; see, it's all wet."

The old man's son took the letter from the hand of his boy, and cast a meaning glance toward his wife as he read the direction. "From Ruthy," he involuntarily exclaimed.

"What—eh? Ruthy did you say?" cried the old father, "poor girl—once I had two—there *she* used to sit," he continued, pointing on one side of his knee, "and there sat Ruthy. How bright it always seemed when they were here—and both had their pretty arms about the neck of their old father, now *she's* gone—and *they've* gone—both of them; the house looks like a tomb now, it does," he put up his shaking finger to wipe a tear from his furrowed cheek—"come, boy, what is it? what does Ruthy say?"

Meanwhile the wife of John Goldfinch had sprung to her feet, frightened at the sudden rigid look and immovable attitude of her husband.

She could not find voice to speak, before he with a gesture of despair threw the letter at his wife and rushed from the house. The children gazed on all this with a strong inclination to cry; for with their instinctive penetration they knew trouble had come. The wife and mother read with an anxious countenance that grew ashy pale before she had done, the following; while the old man, unconscious of trouble, smiled and looked in the fire.

"DEAR FATHER—You will never see me again—but *Rose is revenged*. Farewell, and pray for me. Bless me, my father, for I have brought the cold, deceiving heart to judgment.

"BROTHERS—What you with strong hands and burning souls could not accomplish, a weak woman's will has done. You will see the minions of the great and guilty flocking about your door, demanding Ruth Goldfinch. Tell them she has fled to a distant land—and if they call her the child-stealer—point to the river—speak of my poor injured sister's honor—ask them who stole that! and health, life and peace away from a guileless family, and planted shame and grief in an old man's path. God be with you all,

RUTH GOLDFINCH."

"What *has* she done?" asked the wife, who had striven in vain to draw her husband to a seat in the little chamber whither he had betaken himself, and talk calmly before they disclosed anything to the old man.

"Heaven knows!" he cried, with a groan of despair—"hark! what noise is that?"

They flew down the stairs. Three men in police uniform had made their way into the kitchen, and stood there, confronted by the old man, who had raised himself to his utmost height, and with blaring eyes and gestures of defiance shouted hoarsely, "Away! hounds—away! or the old man will tear ye in pieces. What! dare ye—*dare* ye come with this language to my very hearth? My child, my innocent child, a thief and a murderer—God, God of heaven—if I go mad look to your lives!"

John sprang forward and held his father's hands—"I pray you, *father*, father, *only* hear me," but the old man, no longer weak, threw him aside as if he were a child.

"Hear," he shouted, "yes, *hear!* they accuse Ruth, our innocent Ruth, my noble girl, they accuse her of *murder*—by heaven! my heart has bled over one foul transgression—but let them breathe the word again, and I will *see* blood—I will *taste* it, villains! Where is the letter, John—give me the letter; you said it was from Ruth."

"Father, father," groaned the young man, in such excess of agony, that the veteran's uplifted arm sank to his side, and he gazed with vague, wondering looks, mechanically repeating, "the letter, my son—the letter."

But John sat motionless, his face buried in his hands. His wife sank weeping also at his feet—and the poor children standing outside the door, whither they had retreated, sobbed as if their little hearts were broken.

The old man looked on for another moment,

he seemed bewildered, "John, John, my son," he asked, in a mild and faltering voice, "John, has—has anything happened? Rose—has—has she come back, my son? Ruth—are they both here? then let us return thanks;" and kneeling down the shattered mind poured forth fragments of prayer and old petitions; he was no longer sane—his mind was gone—and forever.

"Oh! she is dying, poor, dear creature—poor, dear creature—and I because I did not stay—I shall lose my place—and the baby, the dear, innocent little thing that never did harm, dead and gone—and Ruth, that awful, crazy girl, gone too—oh, dear, dear, if this isn't too awful—too awful—what *shall* I do?" and poor Ware, almost crazy, rushed frantically from end to end of the room, next to where her lady was lying in a fainting fit—then ran from corner to corner, and finally stopped before the five or six physicians who were in attendance upon the unhappy Lady Walden.

The baronet had not been seen since morning. He had early received the note that Ruth had written the preceding night, and hastily read it amid shrieks, groans and confusion of the direst kind. And thus it ran:

"BARONET OF WALDENWOLD—Cold-hearted wretch—look for your child where your base designs—your cruel desertion drove my unfortunate sister. Look where the river runs strong and rapid—look for both her and I where you will find neither.

RUTH GOLDFINCH."

He crumpled the letter up in his hand violently, muttering between his teeth, "I knew the devil was in her, I saw it in her eye. Madman that I was, why did I provoke my fate?—my child—devil!—oh! fiend, look to your mistress," he said, more calmly, as he observed one of the upper servants regarding him with fixed and horrified aspect; "I am going for the police, and send to Lady Walden's, my mother, tell them to keep the boy by all means."

All day and all night they searched—and for many days and nights—but no tidings of either Ruth or the child—almost every road was guarded, but nobody had been by, except, the toll-keeper said, very early in the morning a miserable little, old wretch, who begged her way, somewhere before daylight it was.

Lady Walden for many a long month never left her sick chamber. It was rumored that all that time she had been delirious, but that now, with a slow step and white cheek that smote the baronet to the heart to look upon, she moved

wearily about her beautiful home. That in a large box by her bed she kept all the little dresses, all the little toys of her lost darling, and every morning drew them forth with caressing fingers and a breaking heart. It was very sad to see her thus—and the baronet, too, grown so moody and miserable—even the very servants caught the melancholy of the house, and every body said it looked like the place of doom. The baronet indeed seemed suddenly to grow prematurely aged—his hair began to turn white, which would have been very remarkable in so young a man, if there had not been his great trouble to account for it. The only creature who seemed alive to life and joy was the young Lord Henry—but though Lady Walden loved her boy, still the memory of the dear lost child took from her the comfort of enjoying his society, and although she applied herself diligently to his education, her wan face told that her heart was with the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

A TREASURE FOUND.

"WHAT is it, mate?" asked the stout, burly captain of the famous "Manchester Sisters," as the former kept scrutinizing some object afar off through the old grey ship's spy-glass.

"Indeed, sir, it does seem like a small boat without a soul in her, but a right nice little thing, and I warrant you worth saving."

It was a clean, jaunty-looking schooner, quite new, and a very picturesque thing on the deep, dark blue of the ocean—the vessel commanded by Captain Counters, and he had been heard to boast, often, that he would not exchange the "Manchester Sisters," no, not for any big craft that sailed the salt pond. Evening was wearing when the tidy mate descried, or thought he descried "a rathin flotin," as he expressed himself, and sure enough before fifteen minutes had elapsed it shaped itself out of the mist, rocking and rolling, drifting at the mercy of the winds; and occasionally as it came near, a faint moan could be heard.

"There's a suthin alive in that there," said the mate, and hardly sooner had he spoken than the schooner's "cockle-shell was let down, and men stationed to pull in the caft.

"A baby! by all that's gracious, and alive too," shouted one of the men: "poor thing! she's smoot cried herself to death, judging by the eyes."

Slowly and carefully it was gathered up and soon laid in the mate's arms, who held it as if it was a piece of pasteboard.

"Dang it, I can't help it, sir," exclaimed a

weather-beaten tar, dashing the tears from his eyes; why he should have so said was incomprehensible, for nobody had spoken to or observed him until he added, "Dang it, it's just like her."

"Just like who?" asked the captain, who had not quite recovered from his blank amazement on receiving this acquisition to his crew.

"The last one, sir; had seven, and all of 'em dead—seven fine girls—and *she* looks like the last one."

A queer thought came into the captain's head; he was not very fond of children. "Look here, Trevor," he said, "if you'll take the child and take good care of it, I'll excuse you from duty till we get home—then if you like you can keep it. No doubt all that belong to it have gone to the bottom; it had rich ones, anyhow, whoever they were, for look at that dress—my creation! but it must have cost! Gold pins too, or what d'ye call em's—see, that's to pay you for your trouble, you shall have them all, Trevor;" and as if he had done a very magnanimous thing in giving away what was not his own, the captain motioned to Trevor to take it, which he very tenderly did with a tear still standing in his eye. It seemed utterly exhausted—but the humane care of the sailors in supplying it with weak water and wine, and feeding it as it grew stronger with biscuit dipped in a solution called tea, soon revived the little stranger. It shared Jack's rude bunk—it slept in his arms, and learned to smile at and cry for him. He even taught it to walk, and strengthened its little limbs with ablutions of salt water—so that through lack of that tenderness with which the wealthy enervate their offspring, it grew surprisingly—and the slight tan of sun and wind did not render it a whit less beautiful. The rough sailor even learned to make it clothes; and a few of the captain's shirts were converted into nice dresses for the daintily born babe.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK TREVOR'S HOME.

Straight into the little parlor whose tiny shelf shone with glittering sea-moss and bits of pearl, whose empty fire-place was garnished all over with huge conk-shells, and upon whose neat little table in the centre stood a miniature "navy ship," the work of Jack Trevor's own hands, into that very parlor one sunny, summer's afternoon Jack Trevor burst, as soon as he could disengage himself from the coach, with his young prize in his arms, rejoicing in a large blue bonnet and bright red dress which the honest tar had bought for the child.

"Mercy on me, Jack," exclaimed his delicate wife, recoiling a pace or two, "where did you get that—that baby?" This was after she had rushed wildly into his arms and almost smothered the little one in kissing him—but baby by this time was accustomed to rude handling.

"Now where do you think?" asked Jack, attempting a droll look, which sat in comic grandeur on his queer little face.

"I'm sure, Jack—what *should* I think—I—I'm sure—whose is it?"

"Yours," exclaimed the sailor, as bounce went the baby into her lap; and before she had quite time to scream out, she had felt the pressure of the dear, velvet cheek—and whosoever it might originally have been she cared not, but held it to her bosom and wept.

"Now that's putty," said Jack, with something like a smile distorting his features, while the tears came rolling from his eyes—"that's fine! guess I'll bring you another present soon. You needn't hug it so powerful, nobody 'll take it from you—found it out at sea in a boat—relations all dead and drowned—handsome dress and gold thingumgigs—guess there was desperately rich, anyhow; poor baby, poor baby, ain't you glad you've got a mother anyhow?"

"And did you really find it, Jack, out at sea? poor, dear thing; only to think—was it a wreck?"

"Well, I should *reckon* it was suthin o' that kind," answered the tar, gazing admiringly on the natural manner in which Mrs. Trevor "took to" the babe—"but ain't you got any news? How's old Salem prospered since I've been gone? Ah! ha! Susy, there you are, my darling," and a pretty rosy face was held temptingly up, and as any gallant sailor would have done, Jack kissed it.

"I didn't expect you so soon, uncle," said his little niece, very much astonished just that moment at beholding the baby—"why, where did you get *that*?"

"Only think, my dear, he found it; found it out at sea," cried Mrs. Trevor, almost breathless with delight, "ain't there something about her, now, that looks like little Marie?" she added, almost ready to cry again—"look, it's trying to get on the floor—la! I thought it was such a little thing it couldn't walk—there! do see now."

Thus saying, she watched in great triumph while the babe steadily moved toward Jack, and held up its chubby arms to be taken.

"There's arms for you," cried Jack, lingering, although Susy repeatedly said that dinner was ready, "there's arms for you—there's legs—

there's the tetotalest, cunningest little feet—and if its face ain't a beauty, what *is* a beauty? Only you look at that hair," and he twined a slight, glossy lock about his thick forefinger—"only see them great eyes, bless 'em, look at them dimples and them, Lor' bless us, ain't her cheeks like the red streaks on an apple? Ain't she a prize, hey—ain't she a handsome one? I don't believe there's a baby in the United States can beat her," saying which, holding her over his shoulder, he went out to dinner.

The babe, whom they named Marie, threw wonderfully. All the good wife's care was for her; and it seemed as if Providence had sent the child to lay hold of her heart ere sorer, deeper trouble came to her humble but happy hearth. For before Jack went his next voyage, which was to be his last, he said, pretty Susy also went over the seas to become the wife of a missionary, and from that *last* voyage Jack never returned.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SLOP-SHOP CLERK.

"I'll tell you what, ma'am, you may think yourself well off to get that price—why we only give ordinary-looking people—my good woman," said the coarse clerk, leaning over the counter, and peering under the neat, little black bonnet with a look that sickened the heart of his listener, "we only give ordinary-looking people one and sixpence—but our genteel and pretty customers, my dear, if they suit us, as no doubt *you* would, we give *two* and sixpence; a marked difference, you see."

The woman, who *was* young and withal good-looking, was so thoroughly heart sick and wearied that she could have borne anything but marked insult, taken *any* price for the work which laid neatly folded on the counter. She hardly heard the conclusion of the clerk's speech, but drawing a beautiful child closely to her side, and leaning against a post affixed to the counter, she said faintly, "Give me what you think proper for the shirts—I did my best—put two rows of stitching in each plait and ironed them very smoothly—and if you'll be kind enough to give me the pay for *these*—"

"Bless us, madam! we make it a point never to pay—*never*, on no account, till the whole batch is done—I think you took twelve. But I'll tell you what it is," he added, impudently laying his hand where it touched hers, and brought the blood tingling to her cheek, though she would not appear to notice the indignity, "*you* shall have the change. It's a particular favor, you know—*you* know it's what we don't often do, only where

we—where we—hem—take a—that is, where our customers *particularly* please us," he added, in an altered tone, suddenly abashed by a look from under the little black bonnet, from which the veil was hastily drawn.

"Ain't she a handsome one though?" he asked himself, straining his eyes after her retreating figure; "*must* be a widow—one child—poor, reduced and so forth. Hold up the prices awhile, come down through hard times, and she can't stand it long, ha, ha, we'll give her a penny per sheet and the cotton to find, Stewart prices," he added, rubbing his hands; "*starvation prices*, that's how we come it over the good-looking ones, and so—and so they, they're willing to eat their pride at last—hang it, they deserve to come down, why don't they behave themselves? What do they look a fellow out of his senses for if he says a pretty thing? Mighty high, now it's just laughable to see them sport their lofty looks—but hunger 'll bring 'em up, especially them that has children, they either come to terms or die slap off, leaving their handsome babies to starve or be brought up by the city. I can find many a one on the street, though, that scorned to be spoken to by me years ago—ha, ha, slop-work is the general leveller—slop-work makes brisk business for the city-fathers, it's the grand sewer of the nineteenth century, it empties all the trash down," saying which with a grin, he resumed his chalk and marked a skeleton figure on the stout blue cloth before him, destined to take in some unsuspecting son of Neptune, perchance to be wet with saltier brine than that of the wide, cheerless ocean.

Grasping her little Marie tightly by the hand, the sailor's widow walked shyly but hurriedly through the great city. First she called at a baker's and bought two large loaves; and though the child asked it not, a penny's worth of sweet cakes; and then turning into a dimly narrow and dirty street, stopped before one of its old houses, and timidly moved through a group of coarse Irishmen into the entry, up, up, up four long flights of creaking stairs, into a back chamber neat and clean, but scantily furnished. There she proceeded to take off Marie's tidy little bonnet of black, her dress of threadbare silk, her little polished gaiters, and substituted a plain cotton apron and worn shoes. Then she went through the same form with herself, talking and smiling to the little Marie in an absent kind of way, while every few moments she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Whatever the old room was, the child made it seem beautiful. She was a lovely creature with her milk-white forehead and great, soft blue

eyes, filled to the brim with love. Her hair hung like skeins of gold just rippling with a slight curl over the fair, rosy cheeks and dimpled shoulders. Each time the widow looked at her a new light came over her care-worn face, though in a moment the great burden of unspoken sorrow resumed its old resting-place.

The child prattled about, a little while, after the scanty tea had been served, while the widow taking from the closet a heavy bundle, unrolled it and sorted out the several parts of a linen shirt: and still at ever everything she did the tears fell heavily. After the child laid its head upon the pillow dreaming happy dreams, the poor woman threw by her work and sobbed aloud, "It's almost gone," she said, in broken accents, "the money Jack left is almost gone, and I'm going too; I feel it here, in my heart, I'm going very fast, and what will become of her? She's such a pretty creature," she murmured, looking at the sleeping cherub, "that somebody will be kind to her for her beauty's sake—but how will it be when she has grown to womanhood?"

"It may not be so bad with me," she added, after a long pause, pressing her hand to her heart, "but this burning fever—this beating pulse—this hollow cough—these deathly feelings at night when I spring from my sleep with the damp, cold sweat on my forehead—oh, God! in mercy hear my prayer! If I am to die, Father in heaven, in mercy provide a home for my innocent darling before I go."

Again she resumed,

"How cruel it was in him to taunt me so! cruel, cruel to give us toilsome work of pain and labor; to make us sit from day's dawn till the night, and give us scarcely enough to buy bread for our children; and then insult us because the hand that protected us once lies in the cold grave, and we have none to care for us."

God help you all, widows, in great and hardened cities! If you are strangers in a strange land, few indeed will come to your hearth where the brands of human love are turned into grey white ashes, and hope covers like a starved mendicant counting the rents in his tattered garments. Many a time must the spirits sink like lead, cold, heavy and palpable; and the chill of the heart's fever, seldom succeeded by a glow, alas! freeze up even love itself. Through a thousand channels the bitterness of the unfeeling world will flow in, and quench, if it can, even the desire of honesty; so that life must be hereafter but a living death—and death a hideous tormentor that points only to unending gloom. But however much the glitter of gold may shut out

eternity to the cold, unfeeling eye of wealth, there is a time of reckoning coming to all men—look to it ye who traffic in human souls!

CHAPTER IX.

CARE AND LABOR.

DAY after day the widow toiled, but her strength failed her rapidly. She was soon obliged to take in coarser work, of flannel and cotton texture: and no longer able to carry them home herself, a poor neighbor, a rough but kindly-hearted girl, volunteered to go for her, and also to do any little favor in the way of errands, taking care of Marie, or whatever the sickly woman could not herself attend to.

"For I'm sure she's a nice, decent body," she exclaimed to her mother, on coming one day from Mrs. Trevor's little room, "she's a nice, decent, and a clever one too, I know. It makes my heart ache, it does, to see her look so healthy-like—her cheeks redder than mine—redder even than Miss Mitten's, the milliner's who puts paint on and no mistake—and yet she can't hardly ever walk across the floor. If she only had a husband to earn what little pa does, and even we altogether can but just make out, and me braiding straw and you making duck trousers," she added, in a parenthesis, "though to be sure we might more than make the pot boil if pa didn't drink—but poor soul there she sits, meek and quiet as a lamb, and never complains, and I know blessed well she must be hungry often enough, because when I carried in that soup yesterday her eyes sparkled up—my! as if she hadn't had anything to eat for a month."

Seeing the man come by with huckleberries, the good girl snatched up a sixpence she had been saving in the corner of her drawer for a week, toward buying a new comb, and laid it out in berries for the sailor's widow and her little charge. After delicately presenting them, she noticed that Marie had been crying bitterly; that her eyes were red, and her little bosom heaved with hardly repressed sobs.

"Poor thing," said the widow, glancing up from her work with blazing cheeks, and eyes that almost burnt one to look at, "poor thing, she has been begging so hard to go out, and I daren't let her without me, for you know what the children are in this neighborhood, it sickens me to hear their oaths, and I would rather die than expose her to such dreadful things."

"What'll she do after —?" began the girl, but suddenly she bethought herself of her bluntness, and left her speech unfinished.

"After I am gone you would say," answered

the widow, looking up calmly, "somehow I don't seem to fear for her then. It appears to me as if God would stretch forth his arm," she added, with solemn emphasis, "and take her under His protection. It looks as clear as sunlight," she went on talking to herself, "for all her great beauty, her utter helplessness, and her being a girl, I don't seem to have the least fear. Ever since that night I prayed to God I have been at rest. What will happen, or how it will happen I don't know, and I scarcely think of it. And when the time comes—though it will be hard to leave her—yet

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"Well, *I never!*" exclaimed poor Sally, vehemently blowing her nose and rubbing her eyes violently, "how you can talk of dying so, and never feel frightened nor nothing—well, *there!* I couldn't feel so to my dying day."

"It's because I'm a Christian, Sally, and ~~tru~~ Christians never fear death, because it's the opening of a new life to them, and not the cold grave they look at. They feel as sure of waking with a new body, and new powers, as you feel of seeing the dawn of another day, or perhaps I should say, as little dread that they shall not wake up in eternity."

"It's past my comprehension," said Sally, with another gruff demonstration of feeling—"but I was going to say, *Miss Trevor*, that if you wanted any work carried home, I've done up my ironing, and I'll go for you *now*; and if that fellow gives me any more impudence about my cheeks or eyes, I'll slap him right in the face, *that I will!*"

"Then I shouldn't get any more work," said the widow, with a faint smile.

"No more you wouldn't," replied the girl, softly, "but can't a body show that she ain't to be put upon? Impudent puppies, they think, some of them ninnybobs do, that because a girl ain't rich, or educated, or such things, that she ain't got proper self-respect. Only let 'em *try* to give any more insulting speeches, and I'll get my Jo, if he hasn't waited on me more in a month, to jest go there and give him the best horsewhipping *he* ever had—and he's had more than one, *I'll* be bound."

Saying this, she left the room to run opposite and fetch her bonnet—then as she held the roll of work in her arm, a sudden thought seemed to strike her.

"It's real pleasant," she exclaimed, lingering at the door, "maybe you wouldn't trust her with me, but I won't let go her hand onc't; and she looks so pale."

This she said pointing to Marie, in whose eyes, as they were raised with an anxious, inquiring gaze to the face of the widow, a gleam of light had been kindled.

"I'll bring her back as careful—as careful—as—as gold, if you'll let her, and I'll dress her, she looks nice enough—only a bonnet—may she?"

To this the widow assented, pointing to the closet where the child's better clothes—though sadly worn at the best—were kept, and Sally proceeded with great alacrity to put them on.

Tucking the yellow ringlets very carefully within the faded bonnet, the widow gave many a charge to Sally, and kissing her darling, sent her, for the first time, out of her presence, then wearily moved about to provide their homely supper.

An hour elapsed—Mrs. Trevor had sat down to the table long ago in momentary expectation of her darling; but finding she did not appear, gave herself up to anxious care, and foreboded every accident that ever has happened to children in the crowded streets from time immemorial. Flushed and haggard by turns, she alternately looked from her narrow casement into the courtyard, and moved with ill-boding alacrity to one as weak as she, down the many stairs into the passage, and gazed up the street for her child.

"Something *must* have happened," she cried, bursting into tears, as she sought the room where Sally's mother lived—"oh! what shall I do?"

"You needn't fret if my *darter's* got her in charge," said the old lady, in a tremulous voice, "she's the carefulest creeter about such things you ever see. Why only think! two dozen clear starched to-day, and not a wrinkle or a scratch on one; she's an uncommon gal, Sally is—and bless my soul, turn your face right round, for that's she, sure as we had mush and milk this mornin' for breakfast."

Yes, it was "she," and Marie with her, looking so radiantly happy, with a little paper bag twisted at the top in each hand, her cheeks dotted with dimples, and the eager, good news almost bursting from her widely dilated eyes, while Sally, with a look of much importance, stood by with mouth wide open, and a vastly pleased face.

"Why have you been so long, my darling?" exclaimed the widow, throwing her thin, fleshless arms about the body of the beautiful child, and folding her to her bosom.

"To the nice lady, mamma; and she give me this—and this for you—and she will come here, too, to see you, mamma. Look—taste."

Mrs. Trevor turned to Sally, and the good girl related quite a little adventure. She had been to the shop, she said, got the money and some more work, and was just coming away, when Marie, attracted by a hand organ and a monkey dancing on the pavement, pressed her to stand and hear the music ever so little a minute. A rich-looking and handsome lady sat at one of the grand windows, who as soon as she caught sight of the child stared at her quite earnestly, and in a little after sent a fine-looking serving man—she supposed it was a serving man, though he was dressed quite genteelly—to ask her if she wouldn't bring the child in just a minute for the lady to see.

"Well," continued Sally, "I thought it wouldn't be no harm, so in we posted, pet and I, into one of the splendidest-looking places you ever did see—and it wasn't only the entry too—but there was figgers there and pictures, and red and yellor glass, and a shandeler, and a carpet that was too good to tread on, and gold things on the stairs, and gold things on the walls, and I declare if the paper wasn't all gold too. But they carried us furdur in—and there, my goodness creation! I couldn't tell you what *wasn't* there, it looked grander than a jeweler's shop, and I didn't hardly darst to set down on such fine things as them sopy's, and I didn't hardly darst to look, nor to speak, nor to breathe. Then the lady she took Marie, and began to talk to her, and undone her bonnet so the hair all come down; then she looked kind o' sad enough, and took out a little gold locket with a face in it, and kept saying, 'how very like!' I thought she never would have done kissing and talking to her—and pet, she took it all jest as natural as if 'twas her right, and so who cares? What, *she* afraid? no, no, she jest looked round at the fine things as she does on the old walls here at home; and she sat on the lady's knee and played with her handsome curls, and talked away till I up and said, 'I was sorry, but wan't she afraid her ma might be uneasy, and she sick, you know.'"

"Her ma—who is her mother?" she asked.

"So I made bold to put in a word about you, ma'am; how that you was sick, and—and—and—"

"And I suppose you told her how very poor I was?" added the widow, sadly—"but then what did she say?"

"Why not in so many words exactly I didn't tell her *that*, but she said she must come round to-morrow and see you; that she was very fond of children, and Marie particular put her in mind of *somebody*—and her face had such a

dreadful, sorrowful kind of look, that I somehow couldn't bear to see it. So she'll be here to-morrow, and here's the work—two pockets more to put in, and not another cent for the trouble. I *do* think them bare-faced men ought to be screwed up to a crust and cold water; there, I *do*. But never mind—I shall git through work sooner to-morrow, and I'll put them extra pockets in—they shan't git it out of *you*."

"Thank you, Sally, you are very, very kind," murmured the widow, faintly, taking Marie's hand and leading her to their room, "it will be but a little while longer, and then I shall need no help," she added, in an undertone—and indeed her trembling limbs and ashy paleness—her hurried, painful breathing betokened the near termination of all her earthly sorrows.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLOUD-DREAMS.

BY ANNIE GRAY.

Misry shrines ye seem
Clouds of night!
When the distant thunders moan
In unearthly monotone,
Doth my spirit dream
Of dark Druid rite;
Takes the owlet's scream
For a wilder theme.
Clouds, ye clouds of night!

Seem ye chancels pale,
Clouds of night!
High and stern as moonless fane
Haunted by the ghoul's dark train,
Bend ye to the gale—
Toss ye cold and bright
Till Love's snowy veil
Seems your billowy trail.
Clouds, ye clouds of night!

Ghastly faces gleam,
Clouds of night!
From the chiks of gloomy cells,
Where the thunder's pean swells,
And the lightning's beam
Is their only light;
Lonely captives do they seem,
Peering through your star-sprent stream.
Clouds, ye clouds of night!

Volumes writ on high,
Clouds of night!
Mystic tales of distant spheres,
Pages blistered o'er with tears
Of wierd Poetry,
Seem ye to my sight;
Faint ye grow, my eye
Watches anxiously.
Clouds, ye clouds of night!

FEBRUARY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

BRUMAL month! Thy solemn voices
Tell my soul of childhood's years,
Fill my heart with untold sadness,
And my eyes with unwept tears;
For the dead with soul-full features,
Pass before my mental gaze,
With the fleeting pleasure shadows
Of my childhood's happy days.

Though the storm without is raging,
And against the dusky pane,
Like the sound of demon footsteps,
Beats the chill and frozen rain;
Yet the rattling of the rain-drops,
Finds an echo in the heart,
And a thousand recollections
Into life and being start.

When the days begin to lengthen,
And the snow-robcs disappear,
When the tender blade is springing,
And the song of birds we hear;
From the South-west dreamy whispers,
Borne upon the zephyr's wing,
Come, like dream-land's gushing music,
With sweet stories of the Spring.

Yes, the gladsome Spring-tide's coming,
For her silv'ry voice is heard
In the distance, like the carol
Of a light-winged Summer bird;
Soon will play a new existence,
In the new awaken'd bowers,
For the fairy Spring-tide's coming,
With her train of birds and flowers

THE SIN OF PROFANITY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY FITZ MORNER.

GEORGE FERGUSON was a young man of great promise; his friends all said so; his enemies all said so; and he was perfectly well aware of the fact. The "right of suffrage" had been his but three years, when he was called upon to take the editorial charge of a paper of an independent and reformatory character which was ushered into existence in the town of B—. Prosperity was his, and the *Recorder* soon obtained a large circulation. But there soon after appeared another sheet in B—, which became quite as popular, in a short time, as his own. The *Gazette* "picked flaws" in the *Recorder's* manners, and argued fiercely on matters of the utmost importance to the nation; while the editors of the two were on the most amicable terms imaginable, privately. But of this nothing has a bearing upon my tale.

It was a cold morning in the winter of 18—, when Mr. Ferguson bounced into the store of an elderly friend, with a "Good morning, Mr. Williams!"

"Ah! good morning, friend Ferguson; how are you?"

"Well, I'm so-so," said George, rubbing his hands over the stove; "but it's a d—d cold morning, ain't it?"

"What did you say?" said Williams, gravely, as he looked over his desk at our friend. "Really, I do not know how cold *that* is; but it should be very, very cold, George, before I would use such an exclamation."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said Ferguson, with a flashing eye.

"Insult you? By no means; is it an insult for me to direct your attention to your own language? Indeed, do you not think, George, that it is a grand mistake you have made in not preserving your language so pure that it might be free for comment, on all occasions?"

"Mr. Williams, what do you mean? I do not understand this! Are you joking me?—or what is it?"

"Joking, George!—and on *such* a subject. Far from it. I am aware that my conduct is very strange to you; but George Ferguson, listen to me! I have known you for years—ever since you ran at your mother's side in frock and hat—

I have tossed you upon my knee—I have watched your progress from infancy—and of late years I have observed your inclination to profanity in language, and *now*, George, I am willing and anxious to show you what a folly you commit. The habit is gaining upon you to a fearful extent, and I wish to warn you of it. Will you listen?"

As he spoke, Mr. Williams laid aside his pen and advanced from behind his desk. Mr. Ferguson made an evasive answer; avowed his willingness to consider the thing, but plead haste, and invited his friend to call at the office in the afternoon, when he would be more at leisure.

"No, no, George, I do not wish to give you a lecture, and I will detain you but a moment. Will you hear me?"

Mr. Ferguson nodded assent.

"In the first place, then, you know, do you not, that you *are* addicted to this habit of profanity?"

Another nod.

"And, knowing this, there are many reasons why you should break yourself of it, at all hazards. First and foremost, it is a violation of God's holy commandment—'for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' Next, there is no *gratification* arising from it, as from all, or nearly all, other sins. There is nothing tempting in its appearance, and, look at it as you will, there is no excuse whatever for it. A man steals, perhaps, from want; he lies that he may screen himself from punishment; he breaks the Sabbath that he may revel in pleasure; but he swears—for what? Nothing! Men, reputedly respectable men, too, daily commit one of the most fearful sins noticed in the Bible—blaspheme and insult that mighty One who holds their lives in His hand—for no earthly reason but indiscretion. And further, I have had frequent occasion, George, to notice the effect of this thing in your business, and I can assure you that, in a merely worldly sense, it is deteriorating to your interests. I could tell you of many a dollar you have lost by this very habit. There was Mr. Hughes, now, who had the direction of the printing of Dr. Morgan's discourse. You remember what a feeling was produced in his congregation some time since,

by a powerful sermon on the vicious tendencies of theatres; and you remember equally well that many thousand copies were printed for circulation. Now I know, George, that those pamphlets were meant to be done at your office. But as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Allenford were talking on the superior beauty of your work, Mr. Hughes said he should feel wrong in entrusting such a job to a person addicted to profanity."

"Well, if men choose to be so foolish, let them," angrily interrupted Ferguson.

"But the *fact* is as urgent, and if men avoid you because you displease them, then you must change your ways, if their friendship is of any importance to you. But no man can be blamed for objecting to subjecting the minds of their children to being led to a disregard of precepts contained in your paper, by the well-known fact that you, their propounder, are addicted to profanity. You know, as well as I or they, Mr. Ferguson, that such apparently insignificant matters do undoubtedly have a bearing on the morals of the young. You do not see men swear at an evening party, do you? And you would not swear in the presence of Dr. Morgans, or Rev. Mr. Howard; which shows plainly that you are as well aware of the fact as anybody."

"Yes, Mr. Williams," said Ferguson, as that gentleman paused, "I *am* aware of it—well aware. But do you not know that it is a very hard matter to refrain?"

"Yes, I suppose it is, very. Yet men do it. It is said to be as difficult to conquer the habit, as to break off from the use of tobacco or ardent spirits; but this I do not believe."

"But it is true, Mr. Williams. In fact I believe it is harder. A man has command over his muscles, and, as the Quaker advised, may keep his hand wide open when tempted to drink, and so disable himself from conveying the thing to his mouth. But in this case the muscles have no part—it is the *will*. A man may keep his hand open, and yet swear like a trooper. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Don't laugh, George; the subject is a serious one, and demands serious consideration. However, I can give you as good a rule as the Quaker's, if it can so apply; although I fear as mind controls muscle the remedy is a poor one. But, if you wish to try it—whenever you are tempted to swear, keep your mouth shut!"

"But, Mr. Williams, an oath falls from one's lips as easily as breath heaves from one's lungs. I should never swear at all if I had time to think of it beforehand, and I am not half the time aware when I do swear."

"Did you ever resolve, firmly and resolutely, that you *would* cease? Did you ever make one *real energetic effort* to shake off the habit?"

"No—never. It is a fact. Because I never saw very forcibly any reason for it. I know that it is wrong—and yet there is no feeling of guilt in my mind, similar to that which follows a theft or a falsehood. But I cannot stay longer, Mr. Williams. Good morning."

"Good morning!"

Mr. Ferguson walked down the street wrapped in profound meditation, and so absorbed was he that he passed his office some rods ere he discovered his mistake. As he wheeled about to retrace his steps, an oath fell from his tongue. He bit his lip with vexation, for he now observed it, and instantly he cursed his own carelessness—thus again sinning. It is thus that the habit manifests itself when once acquired. Our swearer saw fully the magnitude of his vice, and he determined to "wrestle with the madman," like the fabled Greek, until he should dash him over the precipice.

For two weeks Mr. Ferguson strove resolutely with his failing, but with little apparent progress. He broached the subject to his wife, and she (women are always right on such matters) fully agreed with him that it was his duty, before God and before man, to conquer himself. It was the want of a deep, firm, sensible conviction of the fearfulness of his sin that prevented him from doing so.

One cold, windy day in March, Mr. Ferguson came in from the street, and banging the door after him, ran up to the stove, snapping his fingers, and exclaimed, with an oath,

"How cold it is out doors, Mary!"

"Hush, George; here is Dr. Morgans!"

Ferguson fairly jumped. He stood in astonishment a moment and gazed incredulously at the clergyman, who, for his part, was as greatly astonished as himself—not at the rencontre, but at the language he had heard. Recovering his composure, he saluted the abashed young man with a kind "Good morning," and extended his hand.

The salutation was returned in a very embarrassed tone, and the two were for some moments silent. At length George spoke—

"What shall I say for myself, Dr. Morgans?"

"Say, God forgive me, and enable me to avoid ever using such language again while I live!"

"I have said that, in substance, long ago," said George, "and it is not enough. I cannot keep a resolution which is merely spoken with the lips, without being felt on the heart as well."

"But, Mr. Ferguson, why do you not so feel it?" said the clergyman.

"Because, (I suppose) I am not thoroughly imbued with a feeling of the necessity of such a step—which, however, my friends unite in telling me, is great. Can you suggest a remedy for my sin? If so, I will listen with gratitude to what you may say."

"I am placed in a delicate position, notwithstanding, Mr. Ferguson; it is seldom that I have to endeavor to convince a person of your standing, that he is living in the practice of one of the most enormous vices we behold."

"Enormous! Excuse me, but is not that an extravagant word, doctor?"

"Not at all, Mr. Ferguson; by no means. And here you at once advance evidence corroboratory of what you just stated—want of appreciation of the extent of your sin. Is it not an enormity which is actually frightful to behold, that men can listen to Gospel truths week after week; can deliberately and feelingly respond, God have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law; can ejaculate every Sabbath day, *Hallowed be thy name*, and then go out into the world and mock these truths, and break that law, and shame that prayer, by using God's holy name in light and frivolous conversation?"

"Strange! that this never occurred to me before!" breathed George.

"Again, do you consider, Mr. Ferguson, that every time you use the name of God in vain, the exclamation is a prayer, not meant for such indeed, but still, for all you know, accepted as such? Suppose that the words are borne up to the throne of Almighty God as a prayer—then, oh! how many souls have you prayed the Supreme Being to consign to everlasting damnation! If God should hear and answer those prayers, how many of your friends would find an eternity of torment!"

Mr. Ferguson started from his chair and paced the room. He was evidently agitated. The clergyman pursued,

"Oh! my dear sir, I fear for you, as for all those who are addicted to this dreadful habit.

What will be their portion in eternity? *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain! the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain!*"

"Why have I not felt this before?" groaned Mr. Ferguson. "How could a man be so foolish? Preposterous!" and, after a pause, "but true!"

"My brother, you are wiser. You see guilt more plainly, do you not?"

"I do; but how am I to avoid it?" said Ferguson.

"Rather ask, how can I sin again? Of this rest assured, my friend, he that abhors an oath will never use one. Learn to look upon the thing with terror, and you can never give utterance to one without shuddering at the act. Thus you are safe. Never write, nor repeat, nor *think* an oath, and you will eventually learn to regard it with as deep repugnance as you did in your childhood. There is no other way."

Mr. Ferguson paced the room in silence. The scene was becoming painful, and Dr. Morgans rose to take his leave.

"Remember, now, my friend," said he, as he offered his hand, "in this lies your hope. Shun an oath as you would a snake, for oh! it is a deadlier foe to your well-being, and its fangs are more poisonous than serpent's ever were. Good morning!"

As he retreated from the doorway he repeated, as though reluctant to leave the subject, in a solemn tone, "*The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain!*"

As Mr. Ferguson turned to his wife, she met him with an encouraging smile.

Without a word in reply, Mr. Ferguson retired to his study, and knelt in prayer. God heard it, and blessed the supplicant.

The next number of the *Recorder* contained a powerful article on the sin of profanity, and from that day the business of the firm increased. A tone of morality soon settled upon George Ferguson, which resulted in his eventually becoming pious and honored.

SUMMER EVENING.

BY SOPHIA DIXON.

There is no breath of discord in the air,
No tints but those of glory in the sky;
It is a Summer sunset, where all fair
And lovely things before our vision lie,
From the half shadowed earth, to where on high
The mingling of all colors rich and rare,
And deep or bright, is softening on our eye.

Who thus can view them, nor beholding share
The influence of their beauty? When the sod
With its wild flowers is sweetest, and the breeze
Floats like a whisper'd music through the trees
In melody of joy? Oh, who hath trod
Such scenes, nor felt his spirit soar from these
In silent worship to the living God!

THE BARTONS.
A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE is no use in talking, Gustavus, I have chosen a cap for Charlie, and he shall wear no other."

"Don't be unreasonable and obstinate, Emily: I wish him to wear the cap which I have selected."

"It cannot be," said the lady, decidedly. "I would not show my want of taste by putting a *blue* cap and *purple* mantle on my child."

"But you will make your child hideous by clothing him in such showy colors; when you know that both, the green especially, makes his delicate complexion look sallow and sickly."

"Every one I saw yesterday said he looked beautiful; and when I first tried on the cap at the store, Mr. J—— said it was the most becoming one imaginable."

"Of course. What else would he say when he saw it was your choice? If I had been there you should not have had it."

"That would make but little difference: if Charlie cannot be supplied with a cap from his papa's store, there are plenty other stores where he can be suited."

"I tell you, madam," said the husband, with increasing anger, "you shall not disfigure Charlie in such a manner. Dress the babe as you please, make it as frightful-looking as you can—but in Charlie's dress I *will* have a voice."

"Dress the babe as I please!" repeated the wife, mockingly, "and what, I pray you, is a child of four years but a babe? No; when he is a few years older I will cheerfully admit your right to select his apparel; while he is a little child, I prefer to use my own taste in such matters."

"You know as well as I do that blue is the most becoming color to a child like Charlie; and I do believe," added he, petulantly, "that if I had not happened to express a preference for it, it would have been your choice."

"Oh, surmise and believe as you will; he shall wear the cap which I have chosen and no other."

"He shall wear it, you say?" reiterated the husband, sternly.

"He shall wear it!" repeated the wife, with calm decision.

"Then, madam, all I have to say is this, and I wish you to understand it distinctly," rejoined the now thoroughly enraged husband, emphasizing every word, "the day that next sees Charlie Barton in the street with that green cap on his head, will also witness our immediate and lasting separation."

"Then this day will witness both," was the wife's rejoinder.

"I have made up my mind to this course," resumed Mr. Barton, "so make your choice accordingly. I am weary of continual disagreement—there must be an end of it."

"As soon as you please, I am also weary of it, and will not dispute the point with you. We are not suited to each other—the wisest plan is to part."

"And that plan will be acted upon. I have suffered enough from your ill-temper and obstinacy, and will hear no more:" and the incensed man left the dining-room while his wife was replying.

"No, you would prefer a more submissive victim to your tyranny," and she also left the room to prepare for her accustomed morning walk.

The marriage of Gustavus Barton and Emily Sanders had been, as their sentimental friends declared, "one of true love." A gay, handsome girl, entering on her seventeenth year, Emily had become acquainted with the equally gay and handsome Gustavus, who had just attained his majority; both fell in love at first sight, and their mutual attachment was soon revealed. Mrs. Sanders was pained by her daughter's precipitancy in a matter of so much importance. She listened with a smile half of pleasure, half of sad incredulity, to the vehement protestations of eternal love and constancy with which both the lovers met her objections to their speedy union, based on their youth and inexperience. However, to the object of her daughter's choice she could make no objection. Old Mr. Barton had established his son in a business connection with an extensive and prosperous firm; the young man's pecuniary prospects therefore were good—his moral character unexceptionable. So, not

without some natural misgivings, Mrs. Sanders yielded consent; and the day on which Emily completed her seventeenth year she was united to her happy lover. The wedding was an elegant affair. Mrs. Sanders was in easy circumstances, and having until her husband's decease mingled much in gay society, had a large circle of fashionable friends who graced the nuptials with their presence. The Bartons, too, with their aristocratic connections were there, smiling graciously on the fair, blushing bride. A beautiful house was presented to the young pair by old Mr. Barton for their residence; its rich and elegant furniture was a gift from the mother of the bride; and the happy couple entered on their wedded life without a cloud in all its bright horizon. During the five years that intervened until the day on which our story opens fortune had smiled upon them. Gustavus prospered in his business, and was looked upon as a man destined to achieve great wealth and influence. Emily was as handsome and admired as ever; and but for the death of her mother, which occurred about two years after her marriage, had known no cause of sorrow. Two lovely children frolicked within their beautiful home, and in the eyes of the envious world the Bartons were the happiest of the happy.

But it has been said there is a skeleton in every house, and theirs was no exception to the rule: for the happiness that might have been as unalloyed as ever falls to the lot of mortals, was disturbed by scenes of constant altercation and discord. The merest trifles gave rise to contentions, which were sustained on either side with equal perseverance, as if they were ingeniously seeking some means of self-torture, until they, surrounded by every earthly blessing, came to regard themselves as among the most unfortunate and ill-fated of beings. The poet has said truly,

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive."

But forbearance was a word poetically unknown to our friends; *self-pity* was indeed indulged to an extent that rendered them the more exacting and irritable; and forgiveness, though some times graciously and gracefully extended, afford no guarantee of future caution or amenity.

The dispute concerning the *green* and *blue* caps affords a sample of the sinful folly by which domestic peace may be embittered and destroyed. Little Charlie was the pride of both parents, and it was a matter of consequence that he should appear to the best advantage to others. Blue

was Mr. Barton's favorite color, and the preceding winter the child was dressed in accordance with his taste. But Mrs. Barton could not think of arraying her darling in the same color for two successive winters, even though it was the most becoming to his frail, delicate beauty; moreover a lady who was regarded as a model of taste had selected a purple velvet mantle, and green velvet cap and plume for her little boy, and Emily resolved to imitate her choice. The father immediately objected to the green cap, and brought from his store one of rich blue with a handsome plume, which the mother protested Charlie should not wear: the subject was renewed several times with increased asperity, until, as we have seen, it led to a threat of final separation.

Alas! that the love once so warm and tender could be weakened to such an extent by petty disagreements! Yet weakened it undoubtedly was, for the silken chain had long weighed heavily as one of iron, and the severance of its galling links seemed the only means of regaining peace and happiness. Three hours after that decisive conversation, Mrs. Barton, dressed in the most elegant style, and leading little Charlie with his purple mantle and green cap, by the hand, was slowly pacing the fashionable street with a friend whom she had met during a morning call. Emily was in her gayest mood. During the past hour compliments extravagant enough to satisfy even her most exacting vanity had been lavished upon her fair boy: and she was chatting merrily as if no thought of care had ever crossed her mind, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed gleefully, "Oh, here comes papa!" and with secret uneasiness she saw her husband in company with another merchant, coming toward them. As they met, both gentlemen politely raised their hats, but at the same instant, a gleam of suppressed anger shot to Mr. Barton's eyes, which had just noticed the unfortunate green cap, and without a word he passed on. By a great effort Emily preserved her gay manner until she parted with her companion, when returning home without delay, she dismissed Charlie to the nursery, and began arranging her personal effects as if for immediate removal. While she was thus occupied, Gustavus hastily entered. He glanced around at the disordered apartment, then turned a scrutinizing regard upon his wife, who, continuing her task, cast upon him an occasional glance of inquiry. At last he spoke.

"You have not forgotten, I presume, what was said this morning?"

"No; I have not forgotten it," was the brief reply.

"Your resolution is then taken?"

"It is."

"And so is mine; let things take their course."

His voice was husky with grief and anger, and he paced the apartment several times rapidly, as if seeking to keep down the struggling emotions. Then opening a bureau-drawer he drew forth papers, glanced carelessly at them, and replacing them, turned more calmly to Emily.

"These are the title deeds of the houses."

"I have no need of them," interrupted Emily, haughtily.

"You are aware that they were purchased for you and the children, and the income accruing therefrom will probably be of some little use." He paused an instant, then added, "For the rest, as soon as I can arrange my affairs, half of what I possess will be at your command; give me the address of the person who will act as your agent."

"When your children are grown up, of course you will do your duty by them. At present I need no assistance in maintaining them."

Emily spoke quietly but firmly, and for a time nothing more was said.

"Why cannot you remain in this house?" asked the husband, at length. "I will never trouble you with my presence here again, if that is what you fear."

"No, I will not remain here," she rejoined, hastily. "After to-day the house will be at your disposal. The furniture I will take, as it was my mother's choice."

She broke off abruptly, for the recollection of her deceased parent brought tears to her eyes, and her hands trembled nervously as she continued her employment.

The husband's heart softened as he saw the gushing tears. He knew how deeply she had felt her mother's death; how she must miss her at this juncture: and for a moment he accused himself of perverseness, and half excused her; but he quickly hardened himself against the repentant impulse.

The door opened, and Charlie gayly bounded into the room. His father caught him in his arms, and gazed upon him with a mingled pleasure and pain. But the little fellow saw that his mother was grieved, and struggled to free himself from the close embrace.

"Won't you stay with me, Charlie?" asked the fond father, and there was deep mournfulness in his tone. "Mamma is going away—won't Charlie stay with papa?"

The child looked strangely from one to the other, but when the question was repeated, replied readily,

"No, I must go with mamma;" and gliding

from his father's relaxed grasp, was folded closely to his mother's bosom. She cast upon Gustavus an expression of half dread, half defiance.

"Fear not that I shall ever deprive you of him," he answered to that look with bitterness; "I have no longer wife nor child."

After a time he approached Emily, and extending his hand, said, with forced composure,

"At least, let us not part as enemies—good-bye!"

Emily's hand trembled as she placed it in his, but resolutely smothering her feelings, she responded to his good-bye with equal appearance of indifference. He again embraced little Charlie, who still holding to his mother with one arm, put the other around his father's neck, while his artless pleadings fell sadly upon the ears of the misguided ones. Gently Mr. Barton put away the encircling arm, and in a low tone asked where was "little sissie."

"In the nursery with Jane," replied the child, and the father departed to bestow a last caress on the petted babe.

Presently a light tap was heard at the door which was partly open, and Barton's voice called softly to his first born. The child hesitated, and it was not until his mother whispered "go," that he approached the door. Gustavus stood on the outside. He drew the child to his bosom, looked at him fondly with moistened eyes, as he whispered, "Charlie, you will never see papa again—won't you love him always when he is far away?" kissed him again and again with passionate tenderness; then suddenly taking his watch from his pocket, put it and his pocket-book into the tiny hands of the sorrowful and bewildered boy, sat him down on the threshold, and rushing down the stairs, the quick closing of the door announced to the listening wife that he had left the house. And she sprang to the window, gazing wistfully through the partially closed blinds after that familiar form until it passed from her longing sight; then gave vent to her long suppressed feelings in a burst of agony. Long she wept, heedless of the artless endearments of her distressed child; and when she became calmer, and with a return of infantile vivacity he showed her the beautiful watch and pocket-book filled with gold and bank notes "papa gave him," she pushed him from her side, and covered her face with her hands, sobbing in the convulsive agony of sorrow and self-upbraiding. Oh, peace of the human heart! how powerful art thou to work the misery of thy blinded victims!

The next morning Mrs. Barton with her children

left the city. A trusty domestic who was to remain in her service was directed to superintend the removal of the furniture to a small town, at some distance, where she intended for the future to reside.

Gustavus also had disappeared, having on the close of that eventful day, retired into the country, whence he wrote to his mother a full account of what had occurred. The old people were startled and grieved by the intelligence, but they found all attempts vain to bring about a meeting between the two so sadly estranged, which might lead to a reconciliation; for on returning from the country, Gustavus speedily made arrangements for a trip to Europe, and was soon "abroad on the Atlantic wave," far from the city which was filled with a thousand vague and contradictory rumors connected "with that strange affair of the Bartons."

CHAPTER II.

THE windows of a large, handsomely-furnished chamber were thrown open to the soft breezes of May, which, toying with the light lace curtains, admitted the golden day-beams in picturesque alternation with cool, deep shadows. From the garden beneath the sweet fragrance of early flowers came floating on the pure, balmy air, and from the clustering foliage of trees close by, the ravishing notes of bird-song filled the apartment with melody. Separated from the neighboring dwellings by its spacious garden, shut in amid shade trees, clambering vines, and blooming plants, the house though remarkable neither for design nor architectural beauty, presented an attractive aspect, which seemed to denote it the abode of simple and unpretending happiness; and the admiration of the passer by was doubtless often clouded by an emotion of envy toward the fortunate occupants.

Ah! how seldom can we judge rightly by appearances!

In the most dismal haunts of penury, in the dilapidated hovels which one passes quickly with a shudder of pity and disgust, none could be found more utterly oppressed with real heart-grief than the sad, tearful woman who, sitting in that pleasant room, surrounded by glad sights and sounds, sees but one object—the suffering occupant of the couch by which she watches with patience that never wearies—with eye stronger than death—with agony that wrings every fibre of her maternal heart. Not alone the unutterable anguish of the mother hovering o'er her suffering, dying child is hers—there is no other feeling that renders more acute every pang—every trial.

How often during the delirium of fever did the piteous beseechings of the little patient for a joy that could never more be his, fall on her shuddering ears! How often after returning consciousness would the thin, wasted fingers tighten about hers—the blue eyes, now unnaturally large and brilliant, be raised imploringly to her anxious face—while the plaintive words, "Mamma, won't you send for papa to come to see Charlie—oh, when will he come home again?" would wake a new throb of anguish. Then would she clasp him convulsively in her arms with passionate caresses, whispering the while sweet words to comfort the affectionate child, while on her own wan brow the lines of care and sorrow already traced, grew deeper and more legible.

Few months had passed since she was moving in conscious pride amid gay and fashionable associates, yet how few of them could have recognized the lively and blooming Emily Barton in that sad, spiritless woman, wasted by secret sorrow and maternal solicitude? For many weary weeks little Charlie had been an invalid; hope alternately rose and fell in the anxious parent; now the last glimmer of hope had faded from her sinking soul, and the unclouded glory of advancing spring—the beauty of that lovely day mocked her with its cheerfulness, for a fearful presentiment haunted her through the rosy hours, that with the fall of night on nature's glories the darkness of bereavement would envelope her in gloomy clouds. And it was to be so. For when the animation with which the little invalid, so long confined to a sick bed, hailed the fair scene he had pined to look upon, had passed, the quickened pulse as if exhausted by its transient animation grew feeble and lower—a chill pallor took the place of the momentary flush of joy—and the signs of approaching dissolution became more fearfully evident.

'Twas after a long, restless sleep that the child suddenly started up and bent eagerly forward in a waiting posture, his dilated eyes fixed with wild intensity on the doorway, the breath coming quickly and with difficulty through the parted lips. A domestic with cautious tread entered the room. The child fell back upon his pillow with a sigh of disappointment, the light faded from his changing features; and with slow gathering tears he murmured, "Oh, I thought it was papa—I thought it was papa! Oh, why don't he come? mamma won't you send for him?" and checking his sobs he looked up to her with that yearning, eager expression peculiar to the dying. A sharp cry broke involuntarily from the wretched parent, and the wild burst of grief that would not

longer be stayed, for a moment compelled her to turn from the bed. It was the first time since early morning that he had uttered the words, which, all through that long, wasting sickness, had expressed his childish longings, and the mother's heart seemed breaking as she caught this pitiful request. Alas! the wide ocean rolled between the father and his dying child.

The affectionate little fellow saw her grief; his lip quivered again, and with his damp brow laying close to her cheek, he murmured softly, "Don't cry, dear mamma, don't cry!" till suddenly starting up with a new thought, he said eagerly, "papa will come home some time, won't you tell him Charlie was a good boy, and loved him so much, oh, so much." Again his little strength exhausted, he fell back rubbing his tiny hand over his mother's tear-bedewed face, as he continued whispering half unconsciously, "don't cry, my own sweet mamma!"

But the mother wept on long and bitterly without fear of disturbing the loving child, who now lay unconscious alike of her tears and caresses. Time passed on counting out the last hours of that brief young life; and from that death-like stupor little Charlie awoke amid the angels hosts of heaven.

Convinced at last that it was but the inanimate remains of her precious one on which she gazed with mournful intensity, the mother gently withdrew her arm from the dear head it had pillowed, and pressing one long kiss on the marble brow, bowed her head upon her clasped hands in silent prayer. Long had she prayed for strength in her impending trial; with agonized fervor had supplicated Him who holds death and life in His hands to spare her darling, or enable her to give him up uncomplainingly to a love deeper, fonder than even her yearning tenderness. During that long season of sorrow she had lived over much of her former life, realizing the sinfulness of the discontent she had indulged when surrounded by undeserved blessings; and the retrospect while it filled her with shame and remorse, awoke also the better feelings of her nature, which had so long lain useless and almost extinct beneath the rank weeds of pride and petulance. Hence, in this hour of darkness, when her attendants, knowing with what a passionate fondness she had regarded her fair and gentle boy, expected to see her overwhelmed with frantic grief, her sorrow deep and agonizing as it was, was yet tempered with Christian resignation and hope.

The beautiful remains of the angel Charlie were laid in the quiet church-yard not far from her dwelling, and thither would the bereaved mother often repair to weep and muse above the

hallowed spot. Of a fine summer afternoon she would take her little Emily, now a sprightly, winning child, whose lisping prattle wiled many a weary hour; and they would wander through the shady precincts of the "city of the dead;" or while sitting beside Charlie's grave the mother would talk of her lost angel to the little one, who with her head leaning on "mamma's" lap, and her large bright eyes filled with wondering thoughtfulness, would listen with unwearied interest to the oft-told tale. But when autumn came with "changing skies," the mother often deemed it prudent to leave Emily at home, and her visits to the grave-yard were now more sad and suggestive of mournful reflections, as she drew near the little mound from which the bright flowers she had planted were fast fading away.

One afternoon, it was toward the close of October, her steps were directed to her accustomed haunt. Two days had past since her last visit, and the heavy rain that had fallen almost continually during the interim, had robbed the grave-yard of the remnants of summer beauty: and as she passed slowly through the damp leaf-strewn paths she trembled with grief and nervousness, when her eye rested on the spot so dear to her maternal heart. There, more than anywhere else, she thought, were the ravages of the chilling storm; and she wept more disconsolately than since the first days of bereavement as she bent over the faded mound—her face bowed upon her hands as was usual with her in seasons of great anguish. She continued thus indulging her grief till startled by an approaching footstep, and looking up beheld a gentleman almost at her side. With a wild scream she threw her arms about him sobbing convulsively, "Oh, Gustavus, our Charlie's gone! our own darling, darling little Charlie!"

The gentleman was indeed Gustavus Barton. Vainly had he sought in foreign climes the peaceful happiness he had recklessly shipwrecked, and returning to his native city was told of his son's death. Stunned and heart-stricken he had set out to visit the grave, and wandering through the church-yard had witnessed his wife's anguish, which softened still more his relenting feelings. Tears streamed over the face of the proud man, as tenderly supporting his distressed wife, he knelt with her beside the grave where reposed the remains of him who had been so dear to both the erring parents. He could not speak, and Emily also wept in silence, till at length as the night shadows deepened they rose sadly, and together proceeded to her quiet dwelling; where the only remaining object of parental tenderness was clasped in the fond embrace of a father of

whom her infant mind retained no remembrance. The sight of her recalled more vividly her brother's image, and he exclaimed mournfully, "My bright, beautiful boy; I told him he would never see me again—but oh, I thought not of death!"

In the city where the first years of their married life were spent, Mr. and Mrs. Barton now

reside, less gay, but more really happy than in the time to which both look back with painful self-upbraiding. But the lessons of the stern teacher affliction have not been vain, they have learned mental forbearance, which renders lasting the reconciliation tacitly made at the grave of little Charlie.

"I'LL NEVER FORSAKE."

BY ALLIE ALTON.

Though all of earth should leave thee,
Though earthly friends deceive thee,
This should never grieve thee,

"I'll never forsake."

Through every sorrow and pain,
Thy Saviour is always the same,
Should'st thou then ever complain?

"I'll never forsake."

Though earthly tears may blind thee,
And its cold fetters bind thee,
Oh! canst thou not still find me?

"I'll never forsake."

Though I leave thee to sink beneath the wave,
The bitter waters thy parched lips lave,
I'll surely stretch forth my hand to save,

"I'll never forsake."

In the fiery furnace thy soul would prove,
Prove if thou hast loved, if still thou dost love,
If thy treasures are still in thy home above,

"I'll never forsake."

Thine every cry of grief I hear,
The breaking heart I'm ever near,
The balm I'll pour, oh! do not fear,

"I'll never forsake."

Jesus wept o'er earthly grief,
To aching hearts he brought relief,
Why, doubting one, thine unbelief?

"I'll never forsake."

Though with sorrow thou art bowed to the dust,
Though with anguish thy heart is crushed,
I am thy Saviour, canst thou not trust?

"I'll never forsake."

Pure gold is 'neath the furnace's glow,
Pearls lie beneath the ocean's flow,
And you must search for these, you know,

"I'll never forsake."

You soon the golden gate shall see,
Soon at my feet may kneeling be,
Soon from all earthly fetters free,

"I'll never forsake."

LET ME SLEEP IN THE VALLEY.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

'Tis not in the dreary old burial-ground,
Where silent the mourners tread—
'Tis not where the ghostly tomb-stones rise
Like sentinels over the dead,
That I would slumber through countless years,
When my spirit from earth has fled.

There's a shady spot in the valley below,
Where gently the zephyrs sigh,
And between the banks where the lilies grow,
A streamlet glides murmuring by;
'Tis there 'neath the shade of the willow grove,
That in death I would wish to lie.

For close by the banks of that silver stream,
Where the sunbeams so softly pour
Through the hanging boughs of the willow trees,
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On earth's green and mossy floor,
There's a little mound which I visit oft,
That the wild vines are creeping o'er.

And she sleeps there whom in youth I loved—
My gentle and trusting bride,
Who years ago, in that trying-place,
Went wandering by my side;
Oh, God! thou know'st how I loved her here—
How my heart bled when she died!

I am passing, ah, swiftly, from earth away—
From earth that once seemed so fair,
And now I have only one wish to make;
Oh, grant me my dying prayer:
When my spirit shall soar to eternal light,
Then lay me beside her there.

HOW TO CHOOSE COLORS IN DRESS.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

EVER since fashion was known at all—that is almost as far back as mother Eve—some ladies have had a peculiar knack in choosing the colors for their dress. This enviable faculty they have generally been unable to explain. It has been reserved for a Frenchman, M. Chevreul, to elucidate the subject, by discovering what he calls the *law of simultaneous contrast of colors*.

M. Chevreul's attention was first directed to the problem, by observing in the Gobelins tapestries, that the blacks, though known to be the most perfect of that color made, frequently looked dingy, in consequence of the color placed next to them. Pursuing his researches, he found out that every color had a certain other color, which made it seem tame, if placed next to it. This brought him to the discovery that every color has what he calls its complementary. In other words, if we look at red it tends to diffuse over the surrounding space green; if at green, red; if at orange, blue; if at blue, orange; if at greenish-yellow, violet; if at indigo, orange-yellow; if at orange-yellow, indigo. Each of these colors are complementary to that one which it thus tends to diffuse around it.

From this arises a law of color, which M. Chevreul calls the *law of simultaneous contrast of colors*. It is, that when we regard attentively two colored objects at the same time, neither of them appears of the color proper to it, (that is to say, such as it would appear if viewed separately) but of a tint resulting from the proper color and the complementary of the color of the other object; and that, if the colors of the juxtaposed objects are not of the same tone, the lightest tone will be lowered, and the darkest tone will be heightened. Thus, if we place red and yellow side by side, we find that the red, losing yellow, appears bluer; and the yellow, losing red, appears bluer; in other words, the red inclines to purple, and the yellow to green. If we take red and blue, the red will incline to orange, and the blue to green. If we take yellow and blue, the former will incline to orange, and the latter to violet. The fundamental reason of this phenomenon being, as we have before said, that each color tends to diffuse its complementary hue over the color or colors placed next to it.

When this law of color is understood, the

adaptation of colors to the complexion, and to the different parts of the dress, becomes a matter comparatively easy. A few specific examples, however, will best show how what great changes are produced by the contrast of colors.

Red and White.—Green, the complementary of red, is added to the white. The red appears more brilliant and deeper.

Orange and White.—Blue, the complementary of orange, is added to the white. The orange appears brighter and deeper.

Green and White.—Red, the complementary of green, is added to the white. The green appears brighter and deeper.

Blue and White.—Orange, the complementary of blue, is added to the white. The blue appears brighter and deeper.

Take the same colors in juxtaposition with black:—

Red and Black.—Green, uniting with the black, causes it to appear less reddish. The red appears lighter or less brown, more orange.

Orange and Black.—Blue, uniting with the black, the latter appears less rusty, or bluer. The orange appears brighter and yellower, or less brown.

Green and Black.—Red, uniting with the black, the latter appears more violet or reddish. The green inclines slightly to yellow.

Blue and Black.—Orange unites with the black, and makes it appear brighter. The blue is lighter—greener, perhaps.

Finally, to show the effects of juxtaposition upon analogous colors, or such as belong to the same class of colored rays:—

1. Take red, and place it in contact with orange-red, and the former will appear purple, and the latter become more yellow. But if we put the red in contact with a purple-red, the latter will appear bluer, and the former yellower or orange. So that the same red will appear purple in the one case, and orange in the other.

2. Take yellow, and place it beside an orange yellow—the former will appear greenish, and the latter redder. But if we put the yellow in contact with a greenish-yellow, the latter will appear greener, and the former more orange. So that the same yellow will incline to green in the one case, and to orange in the other.

3. Take blue, and put it in contact with a greenish-blue—the first will incline to violet, and the second will appear yellower. But put the blue beside a violet-blue, and the former will incline to green, and the latter will appear redder. So that the same blue will in one case appear violet, and in the other greenish.

“Thus we perceive,” says M. Chevreul, “that the colors which painters term simple or primary—namely, red, yellow, and blue—pass insensibly, by virtue of their juxtaposition, to the state of secondary or compound colors. For the same red becomes either purple or orange, according to the color placed beside it—the same yellow becomes either orange or green—and the same blue either green or violet.”

We might increase these examples almost without limit. By applying this law of the *simultaneous contrast of colors*, in every possible combination of color, we would be able to give the reader a certain rule when to wear any two given colors in juxtaposition, and when not. But this would require volumes. It is sufficient to give a few general directions, leaving the sex, whenever they hesitate how to arrange colors, to fall back on the law, and so solve the difficulty.

There are two types of face, in regard to color or complexion, in this country—namely, the blonde and the dark; the one with fair hair, fair skin, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks—the other with black hair, dark eyes, and brunette complexion. In the fair type, the various hues are all of the same class; and accordingly the harmonies of analogy predominate over the harmonies of contrast. In the dark type, the reverse is the case; in fact, the black hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyes, contrast in point of tone and color, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the complexion, which in this type is redder or less rosy than in the blonde type—and it must not be forgotten that when a decided red, like that of a brunette's complexion, is associated with black, (as in her hair and eyes) the latter color acquires an excessively deep tone, much darker than it really is. It is owing to the one class being pervaded by the harmony of analogy, and the other by the harmony of contrast, that the faces of blondes are generally characterized by softness and sweetness of expression, while brunettes are distinguished by brilliance and power.

In coming to consider what colors suit best in the head and neck dress of blondes and brunettes respectively, we find that blue accords well with fair complexions, and yellow (apricot, for instance) and orange-red with dark ones—these colors being respectively the complementaries or contrasts to the predominated hue in fair and

dark complexions. We may add, that yellow and orange-red, contrasting by color and brilliancy with black—and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair—frequently produce a good effect upon ladies of the dark type. But as an interesting study for ladies, let us give, in an abridged form, M. Chevreul's opinions upon this subject:—

“*Red drapery*:—Rose-red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone. *Green drapery*:—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green. *Yellow drapery*: Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange, it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes. *Violet draperies*:—Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects: thus, it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. *Blue drapery*:—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favorable to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange. *Orange drapery*:—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. *White drapery*:—Drapery of a lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves

the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently, it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect—appearing more grey than white, because the threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it, produce the effect of a mixture of small white surfaces with small black ones. *Black drapery*:—Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermillion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to the same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist."

In regard to ladies' bonnets, it is generally supposed that a great deal, if not the main part, of the effect is produced by the color of the bonnet being thrown or reflected upon the face. M. Chevreul, after experimenting, in his usual painstaking way, with various colored bonnets upon white plaster-casts, found that this was a mistake—that the reflection, even under the most favorable circumstances, is very feeble, except upon the temples—and, moreover, that these reflected hues have always a tendency to produce, as they pass into the ordinary daylight, colors the very opposite of themselves; so that when rose-color is reflected upon the face, a space lightly tinged with *green* will intervene between it and the parts of the face illuminated directly by the daylight. As for any reflected tints falling upon the face while the present fashion lasts, the thing is impossible; for the bonnets are placed so far off the face—or rather, we should say, off the head—that any reflected tints can fall only on the hair. Here is M. Chevreul's *catalogue raisonne* of head-dresses in relation to fair and dark complexions; and it will be strange indeed, gentlest of readers, if you do not find "a love of a bouquet" that will just suit you in the list here presented.

FAIR-HAIRED TYPE.—A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose or red flowers, suits a fair complexion.

A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue.

A light-blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers.

A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose.

A rose-colored bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-color may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect.

I shall not advise the use of a light or deep red bonnet, except when it is desired to diminish too warm a tint in the complexion.

Finally, never wear either yellow or orange-colored bonnets, and be very reserved in the use of violet.

TYPE WITH BLACK HAIR.—A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* of the type with black hair, as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, and yellow.

A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connection with the blonde type, except that for brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue.

Bonnets of rose, red, cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose.

A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and the head-dress.

It is the same with bonnets of an orange color more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades.

A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers are preferable to all others.

A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or light complexion; nor can it be allied to such a red as a tint of orange brown. When it suits a brunette, it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings.

A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow

will suit. Yet if we interpose between the violet and the skin not only the hair, but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this color may become favorable.

It must be added, that, whenever the color of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the head-dress by masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories—such as ribbons, wreaths, or de-

tached flowers—of a color complementary to that of the bonnet, in the way above prescribed for the violet bonnet; and the same color must also be placed on the outside of the bonnet.

For much of this article we have been indebted to a more elaborate one in Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1854. Our aim has been to give, in a popularized form, the pith of that article, itself an abstract of M. Chevreul's very able and original treatise.

COMFORT.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

"Comfort ye my people, saith your God."

"COMFORT!" word of wondrous power!

As, amid the desert's heat,
Flows a trickling stream of water
Near the traveller's faltering feet—
This is, to the human spirit,
God's best gift, that we inherit.

In the over-arching forest
Through the glittering, frosty day,
Where no step disturbs the stillness,
Save the red-bird's on the spray,
Shadowy boughs wave to and fro,
Weaving tracery on the snow;

Writing, evermore, seem writing,
Fingers of unearthly white,
One sweet thought, of precious meaning,

"God is in the Winter-light,"
Little fern and lofty column
Speak it out, in accents solemn.

When the angel Spring is wooing,
Silently, along the hills,
Swift of foot and spirit loving,
Breaking fetters from the rills,
Then each herb, and creature, listening,
Hears the word with eyelids glistening.

Underneath the gorgeous portal,
Where man's eloquence is best,
Nothing to the heart comes nearer
Than the sound of Heavenly rest—
And below the rudest steeple—
"Comfort, comfort ye my people!"

STELLARANIA.

BY J. G. CHACE.

How lustrous are those little orbs
That twinkle on the azure deep,
Ever gleaming, ever streaming,
Vigils keep!
On, and on! from star to star,
How silvery sweet their shinings are,
Ever lightening, ever brightening,
Little star!

Shine on! shine on in all thy glory,
Thou art famed in olden story,
Ever shining, ne'er repining,
Watchful star!
When creation's new born morning,
Blessed the God of its adorning,
Silvery songsters, silvery songsters,
Thou wert there!

Then the dome of Heaven was pealing
With the songs thou wert revealing!
Chaos into light was stealing,
Blushing star!
Angels on the heights ascending,
Revel in thy lustrous blending,
Unto God their worship tending,
Beaming star!

Earth's freed spirits pass thy portals,
On their way to join immortals!
Visions gleaming from afar! they behold
Their pilot star!
On, and on, from star to star,
How silvery sweet their shinings are!
Beaming, blushing, glowing, gushing,
Fount of stars!

ROSA BLAKE AND HER LOVERS.

BY CARRY STANLEY, AUTHOR OF "ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK."

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CHAPTER V.

FARMER BLAKE's new barn was to be raised. Mrs. Blake was in her glory. It was to be the largest, the most complete barn in the country. The very thought of the future bursting granaries, the overflowing hay-mows, the well-filled stalls, made the good dame try to strike up a tune as she went about her work. Her happiness extended to all around her. Rosa had not once been called stupid nor idle, during the vast preparations which were being made for the supper after the barn was up: and even the schoolmaster partook of her graciousness.

"Give the children a short nooning, Mr. Anderson," she said, as she was preparing his dinner basket with her own hands, "and then you can let school out earlier. You must be sure to come," and she hurried off to the well-stored pantry, and selected a custard pie, which had been baked for the great occasion, but being somewhat burnt she concluded to bestow on the schoolmaster.

Mrs. Blake's early dinner had scarcely been cleared away, when the yard commenced filling with vehicles of all descriptions. From every one emerged one or more honest-hearted, sun-burnt farmers in their shirt sleeves, who gave Mrs. Blake a congratulatory nod if they happened to see her, and then proceeded to join their companions around the new barn. The greatest hilarity and kindness prevailed everywhere. There was a deal of dry humor, a witty saying now and then that put the whole company in an uproar, and much good-natured bantering. A few of the neighboring "women folks" had accompanied their husbands, in order to assist Mrs. Blake. Rosa and her friend Jane Thompson had left their elders in consultation over friocasees, and taken a stand where they could overlook the workmen; and the girls' laughing faces encouraged all who came near them to make a passing remark.

"Never saw such a barn as this, Rosy, in P——, did you? Why, you could tuck one of them jim-crack things in your hay-mow, and room to spare," said an old farmer.

"Come, girls, lend us a hand, don't be idle,"

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a more bashful young fellow would remark, looking sheepishly away as he spoke.

"If they would only do as I tell 'em, they'd have it in its place in a twinkling," said Joe Johnson, joining the girls.

"I'm sure of it, you know so much," said Rosa, demurely, "but how would you do it?"

Mr. Johnson attempted to explain, but either Rosa's knowledge of mechanics was not very extensive, or he was not particularly lucid, for she did not see how the work would be advanced one inch by his method.

"There's Mr. Anderson, he seems to be explaining something. I believe he knows everything, almost, and I'll be bound he'll find out a way," said Jane Thompson, whose admiration for the schoolmaster was only surpassed by that which she felt for his brother, a clerk in the largest store in B——.

"Some people's great on talking and palavering, but you never see them put a shoulder to the wheel themselves," said Joe, angrily.

"That's *very* true," said Rosa, looking at Mr. Johnson, who received the implied compliment most deprecatingly.

In a few moments the schoolmaster joined the girls, when Rosa said,

"Mr. Anderson, you don't seem to be of much use here. Suppose you come with us to help fix the tables in the long shed, and carry the chairs and benches."

"Oh, let me help, too. I'd like to," said Joe, taking a step toward the house.

"No, you know they can't get along without you here. Put your shoulder to the wheel, Mr. Johnson," answered Rosa, and her black curls seemed fairly to dance with mischief, as she walked away with Anderson and Jane.

The table in Susan's glowing brick shed, was loaded with all the good things which Mrs. Blake deemed proper for such an occasion. Such pitchers of amber-colored cider and white milk; such dishes of chicken friocased in cream; such a ham with a ruffle of white paper around its neck, and spotted all over with thumb marks of black pepper; such custard, and dried apple, and green huckleberry pies; and plates of Boston

cake, and York cake, and jumbles, and real old-fashioned rusk. A shout and a hurrah proclaimed that the barn was up, and all walked backward to take a survey: then at Mr. Blake's invitation they trooped toward the house for supper. How the pump-handle went, to be sure, as each one bent his head down to the nozzle, and laved his face and hands in the pure water, and then drew from his pocket a small comb to smooth the hair with!

The men seated themselves at the table, and Mrs. Blake and Susan presided over the coffee-pots and tea-pots on one side, while the assistant dames, as well as Rosa and Jane Thompson, waited on the guests.

"Well, neighbor Blake, when that barn's finished, it 'll be about the nicest one in this part of the state," said one sturdy farmer, as he poured out his coffee into his saucer, and blew on it to cool it.

"Pooty hard work to raise such a thing as that," said another, taking a huge bite off the piece of pie he held in his hand.

"Yes," answered the owner, who was always willing to give "honor to whom honor is due," "and if it had not been for our good friend the schoolmaster, here, it wouldn't have been up by this time, and maybe not at all. It was awful tough work."

"He told us everything just as plain as if it had been in a book," said another.

"I'm afraid my explanation would have been of little use, if there had not been plenty of willing hands to execute," replied Anderson. "It was only a simple rule of mechanics."

"Simple enough," muttered Johnson, as he helped himself to a slice of ham, "it is just what I told 'em."

Joe had made frequent visits to the bucket of cider, which had stood in the vicinity of the new barn, that afternoon, emptying tin cup after tin cup of it, and that with what he drank at the supper-table, was beginning to tell upon his demeanor.

Rosa was reaching over the crowded table for a plate of biscuit, which stood opposite to Joe, when he, taking advantage of her being so close to him, and really scarce knowing what he was doing, took the opportunity to squeeze the disengaged hand, which hung by her side. The girl's angry impulse was to box his ears, but as she turned to leave the table, she contented herself by touching Johnson's chair, which was tilted on its two hind legs, with her foot, and depositing him on the ground. The discomfited lover gathered himself up as he best could, and after casting a mortified glance on Rosa, who

had not appeared to notice the mishap, he concluded that it was all an accident.

CHAPTER VI.

THE early supper had been cleared away, and by dark everything in Mr. Blake's quiet household had resumed its ordinary appearance. Rosa went out on the piazza where her father and Anderson were talking over the new barn, and the chance of its being roofed in and completed before the coming harvest. The excitement of the day had died away, and a reaction taken place in Rosa's feelings, so with a sigh she seated herself on a step by her father, and leaned her head on his shoulder. The loving old man patted her cheek, and kissed her, and called her a baby, and then arose and went into the house.

"Well, Miss Rosa," said Anderson, "how do you feel after the bustle and fatigues of the day?"

"I don't know," said Rosa, laughingly, "but I believe I've got the blues."

"You are feeling some contrition, perhaps, for Mr. Johnson's fall," was the answer, as a whiff of smoke from a cigar curled up in the moonlight.

In spite of the serious tone in which this was said, Rosa laughed gleefully.

"Why should I feel contrition, I'd like to know," asked the girl.

"Because you caused the fall, Miss Rosa, and as he was your father's guest, it was neither polite nor kind," was the grave answer.

"He squeezed my hand," burst out Rosa, through her tears.

"But do you not know that there was nothing you could have done which would mortify Mr. Johnson so much. Why not tell him on the first opportunity that you would not allow any such liberties, if you did not like them."

"Like them!" said Rosa, indignantly, "I felt like boxing his ears."

A smile played around the lips of the school-teacher, at the petulant answer. He took two or three puffs of his cigar, then he said,

"I have no right, I know, to talk so to you, but I cannot help seeing and regretting these little things which are growing on you, and marring your character."

"What a good preacher you would make," answered the girl, with a forced laugh.

"I hope so," was the grave reply, "as I want to be one, some of these days."

"Be a minister in earnest!" queried Rosa, raising her head from the post against which she was leaning: and the awe which she had at first

felt for Anderson, and which had gradually disappeared, all returned again.

"Yes, but it may be many years yet, for it will take a long while for me to save enough money to enable me to complete my studies. I have not said much about it, for it all seems so far in the distance. What do you think of it, Rosa?"

A smile played over the girl's face, for it was the first time the schoolmaster had ever dropped the "Miss," when addressing her. She wondered whether Anderson would mind if she asked her father to lend him the money, but she felt that she dared not do it without his approval; and then the smile died away, and she sighed again, as she sat with her linked hands, clasping her knees, gazing out on the moonlight; and she thought how superior he was to anybody she knew, and what a foolish, unfeeling girl he must think her; and ended it all with another sigh, and wondering who would be his wife.

As for Anderson, he sat within the shadow of the prairie rose, which was trailed along the side of the porch, and watched the changes in his companion's face, as she leaned against the pillar in the full moonlight, and asked himself how many weary years he would have to labor before he would be in a situation to ask sweet Rosa Blake to be his wife, and if before then, her hand might not be given to another.

"Come, Rosa, you have not told me what you think about my being a minister," said he, after a long silence.

"I don't know. I suppose it's best for you," answered Rosa, with a sigh, and she got up and went into the house, with a feeling of humiliation, and a heavy weight about her heart.

CHAPTER VII.

For many days gay Rosa Blake seemed quite subdued. The corners of her sweet mouth drooped, her bright eyes had a thoughtful look in them most unusual, and she went about her household duties with a gravity which none had ever seen before. Even the obnoxious Joe Johnson was kindly, if not cordially received, and poor Rosa began to hope that she was going to be more like what Mark Anderson would wish.

But it was impossible for this state to last with a temperament like hers. She could no more help being gay, and laughing and mischievous, than the sweet summer flowers could help blooming. As her old manner gradually returned, its brightness would be shadowed now and then by the recollection that Mark Anderson

was going to be a minister, and that he thought her a trifling, unfeeling girl.

And so Anderson taught his school, and Rosa hunted eggs, and churned, and laughed away, a perfect sunbeam in the house; and Joe Johnson's visits became more frequent. He was entirely assured that his acres had subdued Rosa, whose more kindly manner to him had given him vast encouragement.

But Mrs. Blake was not satisfied. She did not approve of her daughter's deference to the schoolmaster's opinions, nor her listening so quietly when he read, nor the long walks in the woods with him, nor the twilight *tete-a-tetes*; and as she sometimes averred, she sincerely wished him in "Scramscatska, or some of them outlandish places he reads about," instead of in her house.

"Thanks to goodness, he'll soon be gone," she said to her husband one day.

But Mr. Blake was unsympathizing, and only replied,

"Well, mother, I'm rather sorry. He's a clever young man, I think, and I shall miss him a good deal, what with his reading the papers to me, and playing chequers of an evening."

"So will Rosa, I expect; he's always a fooling about her, and making her believe she's so smart, and that nobody's good enough for her that hasn't got book learning. To think that he's expecting to get *her*, and him as poor as a church mouse," and Mrs. Blake tore off an extra sized patch as she spoke.

The subject of the schoolmaster was all at once presented in a new aspect to Mr. Blake, who was quite silent for some minutes. At last he said,

"Well, it isn't quite what I looked for, that's a fact; he don't know nothing at all about farming."

"I don't believe he knows a potatoe from a turnip till it's cooked," answered the wife, as she jerked her thread through her work. "Now there's Joe Johnson, that would give all he's worth for Rosa, as anybody can see with half an eye; but she treats him no better than a beggar. Such a splendid farm as that is, and joins ours, too," continued the good lady in an aggrieved tone.

"Maybe I could get that piece of meadow land, if they struck up a bargain," said Mr. Blake, after a pause, to whom all the advantages of the match had just then made themselves apparent; for be it known, that the aforesaid piece of meadow land, which belonged to old Mr. Johnson, and who, when he found Mr. Blake was really anxious to have it, was just as determined that

he would not sell, was a kind of Mordecai at the gate of good Mr. Blake's happiness. So that piece of meadow land was thrown in the scale against Mr. Anderson's chequers and newspapers.

"Where is Rosa, now?" asked the father.

"Gone a blackberrying—and to meet Mark Anderson, I suppose," replied Mrs. Blake.

Now at this very moment, and when Rosa's destiny was being decided by a piece of meadow land, she was singing away by the road side, filling her basket with delicious berries, and thinking how much Mr. Anderson would enjoy them for tea.

"Pleasant day, Miss Rosa," said a voice behind her suddenly, as she was thus engaged. It was the voice of Joe Johnson. The song died on the girl's lips, and with a short recognition, she went on picking the berries.

Joe stood awkwardly enough for a few moments, then asked her to let him help her.

"No, thank you, it is not worth while. I have nearly enough," replied Rosa.

"I saw you here as I came across from the hay field," he said, "and I thought you looked lonely-like, so, as I'm in no hurry, I'll just wait and see you home."

"Well, as you are so kind," replied Rosa, "suppose you gather those fine berries that I saw over the fence; it will save me climbing sway up there, and they are too nice to leave," and she pointed out the spot to Joe. Mr. Johnson obeyed with alacrity, and kept up a random conversation with Rosa, who stood some distance below him on the road side.

"There are some great big ones here, just by this cedar bush," at last exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "but let me empty these into your basket first."

Rosa held up her basket, received the fruit, and thanking him with a pleased smile, bade the enamored lover, in an unusually gracious voice, to get the largest he could.

The fence was on quite a high bank, so that conversation could not be carried on very easily, but Joe picked indefatigably for a little while, when he called out from behind the cedar bush, "Oh, Miss Rosa, I've got the basket lid most half full a'ready."

But no answer came to this piece of information, and he repeated it, yet with no better success. At last he arose and peered around the bush, and down where he had left Rosa, but she was not there. Then he looked across the fields, then up, then down the road, and at last he saw her walking leisurely along and talking to Mark Anderson.

For a few moments indignation kept Joe motionless, then exclaiming, "Darn his eyes," he took the basket lid which he held in his hand, filled with luscious, dewy berries, and poising it for an instant, he sent it skimming down the road, in the direction of his fair tormentor. If the lid was meant to reach Rosa, it never arrived at its destination; and she, unconscious of, or uncaring for the angry storm which she had raised, chatted on gaily of the flowers which she had found, and which, with true artistic taste, she had sprinkled over the berries she was showing to the schoolmaster.

Just then she looked up and saw Joe with his hands by his side, exactly as they had fallen after he had dismissed the basket lid; and when upon seeing her he turned away, and posted across the peach orchard in an opposite direction, she broke into one of her gay laughs.

"What is the matter, Rosa?" asked Anderson, whose eyes followed the direction of her own, but seeing nothing.

"Oh, it's such a good joke," was the laughing reply, "I left him in the lurch that time," and her eyes sparkled with fun.

It was with difficulty that the schoolmaster restrained a sympathetic smile.

"I suppose you mean Mr. Johnson," said Anderson.

"Yes, to be sure I do; he is *such* a stick. A body can't stir without his popping up like a ghost beside them," replied Rosa, with vivacity, and she detailed her afternoon's exploit.

Anderson was more amused than he would have liked to confess to Rosa, but he would not applaud, and he was afraid his voice would betray him if he attempted to condemn her conduct, so he said nothing, but a grave look settled on his face.

Rosa waited for a moment, then finding her companion made no remark, she cast a quick glance at him, but gathered no encouragement from the expression of his countenance.

"Of course you think it was all wrong, Mr. Anderson," she said at last, with a pout on her red lip, and some little bravado in her manner.

"Your own kind heart, Rosa, must decide that. You can imagine whether Mr. Johnson is wounded or mortified by your conduct."

There was no reply made, but the two finished their walk in silence. At tea time, the berries peeped up most temptingly through their coating of fine white sugar, but Rosa could not eat of them. She sat balancing her spoon on the edge of her cup, almost ready to cry, as she thought how silly and heartless her conduct must appear to Anderson.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DEAR me," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, suddenly, as she saw farmer Thompson's heavy wagon go past, "that just puts me in mind that I promised Mrs. Thompson a setting of our Muscovy duck's eggs. I was to have sent them over yesterday, but I forgot all about it."

"Let me take them, mother," said Rosa, quickly, "I can easily get back before dark."

Mrs. Blake gave a willing consent, arranged the eggs nicely between layers of tow, and handed the basket to Rosa.

"If you will wait a minute, Rosa, I will go over with you. I want to see Mr. Thompson on school business," said Mark, as he helped himself to another spoonful of berries.

With a pleased blush, to think that Anderson did not believe her so very bad after all, Rosa said that "she would walk slowly on, and he might join her if he choose," her pride forbidding her doing such an undignified thing as waiting for him.

Mrs. Blake was in dismay, for it seemed to her that she had thrust Rosa into the lion's mouth, when one reason that she had approved of her daughter's going was, that for one evening at least, the conversation on the piazza would be stopped. She looked over the clear sunset sky in vain for some clouds, as a pretext for calling Rosa back; but none could be found; and before any other reason presented itself the girl was out of the gate, and Anderson reaching down his hat to join her.

The full June moon was looking down through the intertwining boughs and quivering leaves of the trees, and making a moving network of moonlight on the greensward beneath them, as Mark and Rosa proceeded slowly homeward. With eyes dewy with tears, the young girl was gazing over the sleeping landscape bathed in a soft light; feeling that irresistible longing which so often creeps over one at the sound of some music, as if it was the heart's cry for the unattainable; a vain, wild wish that the holy quiet of the night might enter into her soul and purify her. A low sigh aroused her companion from his reverie, as he walked by her side, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed down, unheeding of the beautiful, sad smile on the face of the earth, which had so affected Rosa.

"We are almost home, and I have so much to say to you; will you turn and walk back with me for a little while, Rosa?" asked Anderson, and he took the girl's hand and placed it on his arm.

"I have been wanting, dear Rosa, to tell you how much I love you," said he, as he imprisoned

the hand which clung to his arm in his own, "but I saw such a weary waiting for you, if you consented to be my wife, that I have sometimes felt as if it would be cruel to you to ask your love."

Rosa cast a frightened glance at her companion, and drawing her hand suddenly from his arm, she asked, as if scarcely believing what she heard,

"Do you really mean *me*? Oh! I can't believe it, Mr. Anderson, I'm so unworthy of you," and she stopped for a moment, and gazed with a kind of bewildered expression into the schoolmaster's face.

A grave smile stole around Mark's lips as he replaced the hand on his arm, and answered,

"Indeed I *do* mean you, little Rosa. I fear I love you more dearly for your faults, though I know you will try to correct them because they are wrong. But do you know, darling, that it may be years before I can have a home for you, and call you my wife? It is cruel to ask such a sacrifice of you, dear Rosa. I see now how wrong it was."

The holy beauty of the night appeared to have melted into her face; and the girlish heart, lately so wayward and unquiet, seemed suddenly to have grown calm and strong with her woman's destiny, as she answered frankly,

"I love you, Mark; I *will* wait."

There was an eager pressure of her hand, a kiss almost of reverence on her brow, then a long, happy silence.

"It will be asking a great deal of your parents, Rosa, to give you to so poor a man as I am. It *does* seem presumptuous," at last said Anderson.

"But they love me so much," said the girl. "I am sure mother will consent, if she sees it for my happiness. As to dear father, I do not believe he will object at all, he does not care for money."

"Shall I speak to your father about it, dear Rosa? Or would you rather tell your mother first?"

"No, no, you speak to father first, Mark. I am afraid I am a little bit of a coward; but perhaps my mother may be disappointed at first that I did not fancy Mr. Johnson. It is growing late, and she may be worried; had we not better go home, Mark?" Her lips seemed to linger over the last word, as if the right to call him that name was too much joy.

"Good night, dear Rosa," said Anderson, he imprinted a kiss on her cheek in the shade of the prairie rose, "I will try to speak to your father to-night. May good angels watch you."

With a sudden impulse the girl turned around

took his head between her two hands, gazed a moment into his eyes, and pressing a kiss on his forehead, darted off as if ashamed of what she had done.

She went into the kitchen to deliver Mrs. Thompson's message to her mother. Mrs. Blake was "setting rising," and in no very good-humor when her daughter entered.

"A pretty time of night, to be sure, to be phalandering about the country with a young man," commenced her mother.

"We staid a long while talking with Jane and Mr. Thompson," replied the daughter, evasively. Yet her conscience smote her, for she felt that she was not dealing frankly with her mother.

Mrs. Blake stirred in her yeast with no diminution of ill-temper.

"Once for all, Rosa Blake, I tell you that it ain't modest, and I won't have it. You'll be the talk of the whole country round," said the mother.

Rosa stood with her hands on one end of the dough-trough, watching her mother's face with a mournful look in her sweet eyes, and then she said, "Don't scold me to-night, please, dear mother," so sadly that Mrs. Blake suppressed what farther she was going to say.

"Is there anything I can help you do, mother?" asked the daughter, at last, glancing around the neat kitchen.

"It's a pretty time to ask that, after all the work's done," grumbled Mrs. Blake.

Rosa lighted her candle and went to her room. She saw the heavy cloud gathering, which, in her first happiness had seemed "no bigger than a man's hand," and as she knelt by her bed, the voiceless prayer that scarcely arrayed itself in words, was, that in no way might she fail in her duty. She at last arose from her kneeling position, put out her light, and sat down by the window. On the piazza below she heard her father and Mark conversing in low voices. In vain she listened, that she might catch from the tone of either, something favorable to her hopes, and she leaned over her window-sill, gazing out on the dewy night that was bearing the perfume of June roses, and honeysuckles, and wall flowers, up to her chamber. At last the voices on the piazza ceased. She heard the hall door closed and looked, and Anderson's step pass her room, and then Mr. Blake's slow, heavy tread up the staircase. She half rose from her seat, hoping that her father would come to her door to say a few encouraging words to her, but when she heard her own chamber door open, she sank back again with a sigh of disappointment. But over all this floated the thought, like a rose-colored cloud at

sunset, "he loves me, he loves me." That sentence was the refrain of everything. And she buried her face in her pillow, as if to hide from the cold, pure moonlight the blushes of joy that were mantling her cheek, and the smile that parted her lips as she closed her eyes in sleep, murmuring, "he loves me, he loves me."

Mr. Blake entered his room with a sigh. He took his key from his pocket, and proceeded slowly to wind up his huge silver watch. With unusual deliberation he hung it on the nail by the looking-glass, and as he gave the last twist to the black string, he said,

"Well, mother, the business is done."

"What business?" asked Mrs. Blake, who was laying comfortably in bed, watching her husband's movements.

"What business?" she resumed, finding he did not speak. "You don't mean to say, Sammy Blake, that you are going to let a man that's no better than a beggar, marry your daughter?" and in her energy Mrs. Blake rose on her elbow, gave her soft pillow an energetic shake, and then plumped down into it again.

"No," answered the husband, slowly, as he leaned his elbows on his knees, and dangled by the string, the shoe which he had just taken off, "no, but I a'most wish I had. He's a real fine fellow, I tell you, and I'm afraid that she's desperate fond of him, mother."

"She knows just as much about love as a sucking calf," answered Mrs. Blake, as she flounced over on the other side. "If the thing is put a stop to at once, it'll make no difference in a little while. She hasn't known him no time, and she'll soon get over it."

Mr. Blake shook his head, saying, "I don't know." Then he added, "and it would be a very respectable match in the end for her, for Anderson tells me he's going to turn minister."

"That's all smoke to blind you," was the answer; "and you would have them to support, I suppose. A pretty match it would be, to be sure, to come creeping into her father's house with her husband, instead of having a fine home of her own, like Joe Johnson could give her. I hope you may get the meadow land, that's all," and with this settler, Mrs. Blake turned her back to her husband in sullen silence.

But as farmer Blake made no reply, she soon spoke again.

"What did you tell the man? Can't you let a body know?" she asked, at length, turning her head partially round, and hitching the sheet up with her shoulder.

"I didn't give him any encouragement at all; and you had better speak to Rosa about it in the

morning," answered the father, for the good man shrunk from seeing the pain which he must inflict. He had almost convinced himself an hour before, that his daughter had not known Anderson long enough to grieve about him a great while; but now somehow he began to doubt it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE twittering of the birds in the maple boughs by her window, roused Rosa just as the grey, solemn dawn was creeping over the horizon. She sprang from her bed and went to the window. Everything was awaking to life. From farm-house to farm-house the shrill-voiced cock sent out salutations. The domineering old turkey, with head erect, flashing eyes, ruffled wings, and slow, stately strut, marched around his bewildered hen, in a most Blue-beard fashion, as she in vain endeavored to keep her little hungry flock together; a cow or two in the barn-yard had risen from their recumbent position, and were poking their noses among the dry corn-stalks; the dogs walked about for a little, put their heads down on their paws on the ground, stretched themselves, gaped, and then quietly curled themselves up again; toads went hopping over the gravel walks in search of their morning meal of flies; puss, with a stealthy tread and steady eye, was walking around the arbor-vitæ tree, watching the wren, as it hopped about, perking its little head first on one side, then on the other, with a saucy look in its bright eyes, as if it defied its aleek enemy; the twittering of the birds changed into full, glad songs, till one would think their little throats would burst with rivalry; and heralded by rosy clouds, the sun came up the eastern horizon. Then it seemed as if the whole earth was jubilant with life. It was like the exultant chorus in a solemn oratorio.

The girl's spirits rose higher as she gazed. All her hopes appeared feasible now. With the cold, unsympathizing moonlight, her fears had abated; and rejoicing as everything else did in the glory of the summer morning, she hurried to escape out into the fresh air.

The farm-house below was in vigorous life. The pump-handle boomed continually, ending now and then with a squeak and a groan; the farm-servants went whistling away toward the barn with their hands in their pockets; and troops of little chickens were crying "*peep, peep,*" and picking up crumbs around the kitchen-door. As Rosa passed through the back shed, she reached down the basin of golden Indian meal, and moistening it with some water, called

the little flock after her, scattering the food as she went.

In a short time Mrs. Blake approached her, ostensibly for a milk-strainer which hung on a lilac-bush near, but really that she might impart to her daughter her views with regard to Anderson.

Rosa looked up with a sly, blushing glance, but her heart fell as she noticed her mother's face.

"You are waiting here to see Mark Anderson, I suppose," said Mrs. Blake, without circumlocution. "Your father told me all about it last night. I was really astonished at his impudence. He wants your money, that's all, and you may tell him that we won't consent."

All this was delivered in a hasty tone, and with eyes which avoided poor Rosa's beseeching ones; for in spite of her harshness and her ambition, Mrs. Blake sincerely loved her daughter; and she wanted to be over with this unpleasant duty.

"We don't want to be married yet for a good while, mother," pleaded Rosa, "only say you are willing that I should have him at last."

"It's all nonsense; you might wait till to-morrow before he'd be rich enough to marry you; a pitiful schoolmaster," answered Mrs. Blake, working herself into a passion.

"He's going to be a minister," said the daughter.

"Minister or schoolmaster, it's all one; he'll never be able to support you," retorted the dame.

The tears came to Rosa's eyes, and her voice quivered, as she said,

"Dear mother, I know you are not in a hurry to part with me; and what difference does it make if we are willing to wait."

"All the difference in the world, if neither your father nor me thinks him a proper husband for you."

"But mother——" commenced Rosa.

"There's no use saying a word more about it," broke in Mrs. Blake, as if afraid that her daughter's tears might soften her heart, "your father told Anderson as much last night," and she turned toward the house.

Breakfast time came, and Rosa did not make her appearance. Mark took his seat at the table as usual; but the good-hearted farmer felt sorry to see that the young man played with his spoon and knife and fork, more than he ate. There was no comment made by any one about Rosa's absence; but as Mr. Blake, passed out of the door the schoolmaster joined him, and requested that he would leave his trunk at Mr. Robert's

as soon as convenient, as he should not return to Mr. Blake's again.

The good farmer grasped the thin hand of Anderson in his own, with many compunctions, and without saying a word in reply, muttered to himself as he walked away, "he's a whole team, I declare."

Mark took his book out on the piazza to read till school-time, as was his custom; but he could not fix his attention upon it; and it dropped by his side in his reverie, from which he was aroused by Rosa's approach. The poor girl's eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"It is not wrong to speak to you this once, is it, Mark? You know what my father and mother have said; but I wanted to tell you that you must always believe that I love you; though I can never marry you without they are willing," and she sunk on the bench in a flood of tears.

"Dear Rosa," said her lover, bending over her, "I have perfect faith in you, and would not ask you for one moment to disobey your parents; but if we wait patiently and cheerfully, perhaps by-and-bye they will look on our marriage more favorably. Keep up a good heart, darling, and you will be my little wife yet."

But Rosa could only weep; it seemed at that moment as if the burden was too great to bear.

"If they only wouldn't ask me to marry any one else, it would not be so hard; but I know they will," sobbed she.

"We cannot see how, yet, dear Rosa; but I believe that these crooked ways will be made

straight, and if we do our duty, all will come right at the end. We know that we love each other, and that must be sufficient at present. I think it wiser to leave here now, Rosa, because we must get accustomed to the separation, and it is best not to exasperate your parents by being together."

They sat a long while in silence, the girl with her head on her lover's shoulder, quieted by his words, till at last he bent down his head, saying,

"There's a long, farewell kiss, dear Rosa; I must go now; but be patient and cheerful."

"Farewell, Mark, I shall always love you," she said, then flew up stairs to watch him, as far down the road as she could see him from her chamber window.

Rosa did not leave her room till dinner time, and then the slight degree of composure which she had attained was destroyed by her father's unusually affectionate manner. He was constantly offering her the choicest pieces on the table, or piling her plate with things with which she choked in attempting to eat; and at last she was obliged to rise and leave in order to hide her tears.

The good man looked distressed, and shook his head; but Mrs. Blake said, "he made the girl worse than she would be, by noticing her."

Anderson's trunk was removed that afternoon, and Rosa went into the now vacant room, swept and dusted it herself, and then arranged everything as nearly as possible as it was when he occupied it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

CHEER THEE UP.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

CHEER thee up and joyous be,
Ne'er give way to ling'ring sorrow;
Sad and dark may be to-day,
Brighter far will beam the morrow.
Why unto thine heart enfold
Cypress where the rose is springing!
Then throw off thy gloomy fears,
Fast to hope and duty clinging.

Sadness but impedes the race
Which on earth is set before thee,
Then look up with cheerful face
Though dark clouds seem hov'ring o'er thee.
For the warm and rosy light
Through their forms will soon be shining,
What though dark and dun they seem,
Each hath still a silver lining.

Faith and Hope will e'er sustain thee,
Should thy path with thorns be set;
Angel forms are hovering round thee,
He who made thee loves thee yet.
In the path of right press onward,
Nobly here thine end fulfil;
Trust in Him who dwells above thee,
Bow before His sovereign will.

Cheer thee up and never falter,
Still the rightful way pursue;
In thy heart great objects cherish,
What thou plannest, nobly do.
Ne'er lose time in useless sorrow,
Ne'er waste life in vain regret;
He who made thee will sustain thee,
For He sees and loves thee yet.

SEA-SHORE.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—SEA.

Dramatis Personæ.—CAREFUL MOTHER.—LITTLE CHILDREN.—TWO BATHING WOMEN.—NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN.—VISITORS.

SCENE.—*The Beach at Newport, with the curtains at the end of the room bulged out like the awning of a Bathing Machine.*

ENTER BATHING WOMEN, supposed to be wet through. They bow to CAREFUL MOTHER AND LITTLE CHILDREN, and express their great love for the darlings. Careful Mother makes signs to them, and they fetch towels and hand the Bathing party into the machine.



Enter VISITORS, who, by pretending to swim, inform Bathing Women that they wish to bathe; and having each paid, they demand towels, and hurry off with them under their arms.

Enter (from behind curtains) one of the Little Children in its night-gown. It screams at the sight of the water, and kicks violently, but is



instantly seized by the Bathing Women, who take it by the arms and legs and plunge it into the waves. This is done three times, when the Infant is taken out in a fainting condition, and handed to Careful Mother.

When all the "angels" have been dipped, the Mother closes the curtain, and *exunt* Bathing Women.

Enter NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN, swimming in

a huge mackintosh for bathing-gown. He wears spectacles. He expresses that it is very cold, and that he is about to get into his bathing machine and points to the one which Careful Mother and Little Children have hired. Advancing to the curtains, he is surprised to find the door locked, and pushes violently against it. A loud scream is heard within. As Nervous Old Gentleman continues pushing, a parasol is thrust out from the curtains. He is pushed back, and falls head over heels into the water.



Enter Two Bathing Women armed with sticks. They keep their eyes shut, and dash off Nervous Old Gentleman.



The curtains of bathing machine are then drawn aside, when exit Careful Mother and Little Children with very wet hair, and looking so much better for their fainting and screaming. Bathing Women bow them out.

ACT II.—SHORE.

Dramatis Personæ.—RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER.—LORD HASTINGS.—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.—CARDINAL BOURCHIER.—BISHOP OF ELY.—JANE SHORE.—SOLDIERS.—CITIZENS.

SCENE 1—*Council Chamber at the Tower. At the end of the stage, the sofa of state for the Lord of the Council. Arm-chair for throne.*

ENTER LORDS OF THE COUNCIL robed in dressing-gowns of state, and wearing their ermine victorine wigs of office. They take their seats on sofa.

ENTER LORD HASTINGS, as magnificently dressed as he can be. He is received by the Lords of the Council, who hand him to the arm-chair throne. Some converse, and some read newspapers.

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

ENTER RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER in cap and

plumes, and a pillow stuffed up the back of his mantilla for royal hump. At his side is hung his sword, which he draws on entering. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, also very richly dressed, follows closely. The Dukes wink to each other, and the Council seem alarmed.

Gloster advancing toward the table, bares his arm and strikes the table with his sword, whilst Buckingham exhibits a placard on which is written, "JANE SHORE DID IT."

Lord Hastings, rising, expresses great indig-



nation, and, by hitting the back of his head with his hand, intimates that Jane Shore ought to be beheaded; or at least (putting an imaginary cord round his neck) hung.

Gloster is greatly enraged, and striking the table three times as a signal.

ENTER SOLDIERS, with helmets of meat covers, and armed with brooms for halberts. They seize Lord Hastings, who is led off to execution.

Exit Gloster, surrounded by trembling Council, who compliment him on his great beauty and wisdom.

SCENE 2—*An imaginary street, with St. Paul's supposed to be visible in the distance.*

ENTER GRAND PROCESSION, headed by CARDINAL BOURCHIER and the BISHOP OF ELY in their sacerdotal robes of chintz bed-curtains, with mitres of newspapers; the DUKES OF GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, and the LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, follow in their robes of state.

ENTER SOLDIERS well armed, and carrying banners of fire-screens.

ENTER JANE SHORE, with her hair down, and



closely guarded. Over her is thrown a white sheet, and in her hand she carries a drawing-room candlestick. She is pale and weeps, but is hurried on by brutal Soldiers. Gloster again winks to Buckingham, who puts his finger against his nose in answer.

ENTER CITIZENS, who cheer the Dukes and hoot Jane Shore. She trembles and does penance by the window-curtains, after which she is hunted from the stage by enraged Citizens.

Gloster is proclaimed King, and exit Procession.
(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

ACT III.—SEA—SHORE.

Dramatis Personæ.—ARTIST.—HIS WIFE.—HIS DAUGHTER.—BOATMEN.

SCENE—*The Sea-shore at Newport. The tide is down.*

ENTER ARTIST, whose beard of tobacco proclaims him to be a foreigner. His WIFE and His DAUGHTER, follow in walking costume. In his hands the Artist carries the music stand for easel, and under his arm a music port-folio. His Wife has her basket, and His Daughter a large

umbrella, and the shovel for spade. The Artist opens his umbrella and commences painting, while His Wife knits a purse, and His Daughter, in a white pinafore and sash, digs holes in the sand. The Artist several times leans back to see the effect of his picture, and they are delighted with the fine painting. They are so intent upon their work that they do not see that



the tide is coming in very fast. This can only be shown by the sudden exit of Artist's hat floating to the door by means of a piece of string.

Enter BOATMEN, who shout to Artist, but are unable to make him hear.

His Wife, on looking up, is alarmed at finding they are surrounded by the waves. They are greatly terrified and fly to the ottoman, to which

they cling as if to the rugged rocks. Artist waves a pocket-handkerchief, and puts his wife's bonnet on the end of the umbrella as a signal. His Wife, in vain, endeavors to pacify His Daughter, who is kicking and screaming; and, at last, overcome by her feelings, she bursts into tears. The waves are supposed to mount higher and higher. His Wife and His Daughter cling



tightly to Artist, who becomes more and more frightened. He embraces them, and tries to persuade them to let him swim to shore, but they refuse.

Enter Boatmen rowing the sofa, which they pull close up to the rocks of ottoman. Artist, His Wife, and Daughter, hastily step into the craft.



GRAND TABLEAU.

THE BELLE.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

Though youth with a garland fair
Hath decked her brow,
And beauty lent its willing aid
To make her lovely now;
Yet age will soon o'ertake her,
Then both will flee—
And quickly will she pass away
To dim obscurity.

Yet there is a charm unfading
Through life—eternity—
That time can have no power to change
Or cause to flee;

A purity of soul within,
A trimmed and burning light
To guide us to that other world
Where never cometh night.

Then haste while lasts the sunlight
To make thy passport sure—
For daily, hourly in thy glass
The sand becometh fewer.
And clouds are gath'ring thick and fast,
And the river must be crost—
Then unless thy pathway's lighted
Thou'lt be forever lost.

AMY NORTON'S VALENTINE.

BY FANNIE SMITH.

AMY NORTON leaned her head wearily against the back of her rocking-chair, the tears rolling down her cheeks without her knowing it, as she sat with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, looking out of her window high up in the third story of her uncle's house.

It was St. Valentine's day, and she could see on the opposite side of the street the postmen and dispatch-men running about as if crazy, delivering mysterious-looking missives at the neighboring houses. At the dinner-table she had seen her cousin Charlotte and Lizzie Rogers' Valentines displayed and counted on with pride; had heard them wonder who this and the other pretty trifles was from; and what their brother Dick, the handsome young lieutenant, would send to the rich heiress, Emma Walton.

Amy's lips quivered as she bent over her plate, and felt that in all this laughter and gaiety she was supposed to have no part. A long sickness had weakened her mentally and physically, and this was the first day she had made sufficient exertion to get down stairs.

No, she had no part in it, except as far as the two younger children were concerned. Their gentle cousin Amy was their prime confidant. Mamma was too nervous, and Lotte and Lizzie were always too much engaged to attend to their childish wants, so to Amy they carried all their troubles and pleasures. And that morning, after she had heard Charley his French lesson, and tried to attend to little Flora's music, she had copied verses into various pretty wreaths of painted flowers on satin paper, and directed innumerable Cupids with their torches and arrows and bleeding hearts, to the young masters and misses with whom the children considered themselves to be irrecoverably in love. Charley at ten thought young ladies in pantaletts scarcely out of the nurse's arms, and little Miss Flora at eight said she *did* wish she knew a boy that wore a coat.

All this unusual exertion and sad thoughts had worn the convalescent out, and when her tardy cousin Dick had taken his place opposite to her at the dinner-table, and said in his cordial manner,

"By the stars and stripes, little girl, I'm glad to see you afloat again," she could have cried outright at his kind words.

But her dashing cousins thought her too insignificant a personage to engage for even a few moments the attention of their gay, handsome brother, so they commenced with,

"Now, Dick, do tell us what you sent Emma Walton."

"That's a secret, ladies," answered the brother, drawing down the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, but we won't tell, and we know how to keep a secret," said the two sisters together.

"Well, as you both look like the Sphinx, particularly Lizzie, who has such thick lips, perhaps you may be trusted, and I'll tell you just this much——"

But the girls had to wait, while he took a piece of turkey, then a mouthful of potato, and a sip of sherry, for the young lieutenant liked what he called "good rations," before he went on.

Each sister sat and eyed him anxiously, and Lotte thought it was vulgar to eat so much, and had they not stopped him, another piece of turkey would have followed the sherry.

"Well?" they questioned together.

"Well," said Dick, "I haven't got it ready yet. It's a matter of importance, I assure you, girls. It will require a great deal of thought, for I've made up my mind to offer myself to the lady to whom I send the Valentine."

"Oh, you dear, good brother," said Lizzie.

"Won't it be nice to have Emma Walton for a sister," added Lotte.

"Don't be too fast, girls, maybe she won't have me."

"Pshaw, Dick!" again chimed the sisters, as if for any one that was free refusing their handsome brother was impossible.

The lieutenant finished his dinner with a relish, then drawing his napkin across his mouth, he asked,

"Well, cousin Amy, how many Cupids for you to-day. Any Valentines, eh?"

"No," was the languid reply, without raising her eyes.

"That's bad," and he stroked his moustachios. "If I hadn't vowed I'd send but one, you should have one yet."

Amy took a mouthful of water, and then seemed to be looking for a Valentine in her glass. She left the table as the dessert was being

placed on, pleading fatigue, and as Dick rose to open the door for her, she did not stop to thank him, but rushed up stairs into her own room.

"So you are tired, girls, of having me at home, are you? I wouldn't have believed it," said the lieutenant, peeling an almond.

"No, but it would be so nice to have a wedding, and a sister-in-law, and all that," said Lizzie.

"And for you to marry and settle down, and not go to sea any more, now that aunt Bradford has left you so much money," added Charlotte.

"You know it has been my wish a long while, Richard," said Mrs. Rogers, in a desponding tone. She always spoke as if her children's high spirits were too much for her.

"Well, I'll sacrifice myself for the good of the family, and take your advice. Blame yourselves if I make you wretched, ladies," and Dick fished out an almond from the bottom of his wine-glass as he spoke.

So Amy sat at her window, and felt as if no one cared for her. And she thought over her happy childish days, and how her father and mother had idolized her; and of their beautiful country home; and how her cousin Richard spent all his vacations there; and of the pony he taught her to ride; and of himself and Towser pulling her out of the pond, when she went to gather water lilies; and how he teased her to kiss him and called her his little wife; she thought of all this, and if smiles came up at the memory, they were quickly quenched by tears for the sorrows which followed. Then came recollections of her mother's shrouded form, and the darkened house, and the hushed footsteps of the servants; then of her father's broken fortune and failing health and last blessing; and of the earth which fell with a hollow sound on the coffin-lid, and of the brown grave beside her mother's green one. Then of the blank which her life had seemed to be since then. And how she had been received into her aunt's family, not unkindly, it is true, but with indifference; how she had sunk almost into the condition of an inferior, helping the children with their lessons, teaching Flora music, amusing her aunt; dressing her cousin's hair; and taking charge of the patch-basket on every Wednesday.

Poor Amy! poor child! She felt as if there was not a ray of sunshine on the broad earth, and she leaned her head on her arm against the window-sill, and sobbed out, "Oh, if I had only died! if I had only died!"

She forgot the anxious eyes which had watched her during her illness; the parties and engagements that the girls had given up, in order to attend to her; the efforts that her weak aunt had

made to have her comfortable; the oranges that Charley had bought with his own pocket money for her fevered palate; the careful hands of little Flora, that darkened her room to the exact tone, which she liked; the books, the tempting clusters of white grapes, or the flowers, which Richard sent to her room every day; she forgot all these in her present feeling of desolation.

No, not all; for the recollection of Richard's gifts stood pre-eminently out, only making her sorrow the more bitter.

She looked up, saw on her dressing-table, a wine-glass which contained a white rose nearly withered—the last of a beautiful bouquet that her cousin had sent her; with a passionate impulse she snatched it from the water, threw it on the floor and crushed it with her foot; then she leaned her head down again and sobbed like a little child.

So the dreary afternoon wore away, and her chamber darkened, and the lights in the street were being lighted.

By-and-bye little Flora came tripping up stairs, humming in her thin, childish voice,

"Oh, what's the use of sighing,
When time is on the wing,"

but she stopped as she opened the door, calling out, "Amy, Amy, where are you?"

"What is it, Flora?" asked her cousin.

"Oh, are you there? It was so dark I couldn't see you. What makes you set without light, Amy? I think it is horrible. Mamma wanted to know if you wouldn't please dress me for the cotillion party? Eliza has gone out."

Amy arose, lighted the gas, and commenced getting the child's things from the bureau-drawers.

The little girl pirouetted around the room humming a waltz, whilst her cousin was thus employed, but suddenly stopped as she exclaimed,

"Oh, Amy, what do you think? Our Dick is going to marry Miss Emma Walton. I don't like her, she's so proud—I wish he'd marry you, instead; but won't we have lots of fun for all? I mean to sit up as long as anybody stays, and dance every set, the night the girls give her a party."

"What dress are you to wear to-night, Flora?" interrupted Amy.

"My white muslin and new pink sash," replied the child. "I mean to coax mamma to get me a dear little white silk for the wedding. What will you wear, Amy?"

But without waiting for a reply, the happy little creature rattled on,

"I'm engaged for every waltz to-night already.

Tom Rawlson says he thinks this white frock so pretty. I expect he'll ask me to dance some plain quadrilles with him, but quadrilles are such flat things after waltzing. Gus Walton will be mad, I guess, for I haven't kept one waltz for him, he's such a disagreeable fellow. What do you think he said, Amy? why that, that stuck up sister Emma of his called you a 'sister of charity.' I do wish our Dick would marry somebody else."

The toilet by this time was completed, and the embryo belle giving a glance of satisfaction at the mirror, picked up her handkerchief and little slippers and departed.

Amy turned down the gas light, and took up her seat again at the window. The tea-bell sounded, but she did not stir, she could not meet the family with her troubled face and swollen eyes. Presently the servant knocked at the door.

"Missus Rogers send up word be sure drink de hot tea and eat de oshters, cause dey's particular nice, Miss," said James.

Amy took the tray and sat it on the table, and seated herself in her old position without tasting the food.

In a little while Flora came up stairs to tell her if she got tired to go to bed, and that she would creep in behind her as softly as a mouse, when she came home; then she heard Charley's voice calling through the house for his mislaid cap and comforter; then the carriage drive up to take the girls to a large party; then her aunt's chamber door close behind the nervous invalid and her bowl of chamomile tea and camphor bottle; and she felt more lonely and desolate than ever.

Another knock at her door aroused her.

"Here's a Valentine for you, Miss," said James, with a broad grin, as he handed it in.

Who could send her a Valentine? It must be a mistake, she thought, as she carried it to the light. It was folded like a letter, the direction was plain enough, and she opened and read:—

"DEAR LITTLE AMY—I love you very much; I believe I have loved you ever since I saved you from an Ophelia-like death, in the pond, and called you my little wife. I hope, sweet cousin, that I'm not out of my reckoning if I have sometimes thought it returned. Forgive me if you do love me, if I pained you by what I said to-day at the table, but I was selfish enough to wish to know my exact position, and to enjoy putting the girls on the wrong track.

"I'm a worthless fellow, I know, dear Amy, but if you will only be my little wife, by God's help I will try to make you a good husband.

"If your Valentine, dearest, is deficient in the

usual polished sentences, believe me that your sailor cousin's heart is none the less warm.

RICHARD."

Amy wept harder after reading this than she had done all the afternoon, but such joyful tears. Then she stooped down and picked up the crushed white rose and kissed it; and then she read the letter again.

"Mister Richard wants to know if Miss Amy won't please be so kind as to step down to de parlor. All de family's out, and he's lonely-like," said James, again at her door.

Amy bathed her eyes and arranged her disordered dress, and with half eager, half reluctant steps she descended to the parlor door. She could not find courage to enter, and as she heard her cousin walking up and down the room, whistling thoughtfully, she determined to go up stairs again and write her answer. But just then the parlor door, by which she was standing, opened, and Dick came out for the purpose of hurrying her down.

"Afraid to come in, little one?" he asked, as he drew her into the parlor. "I hope that's not an unfavorable sign for me, Amy?"

But Amy only shook her head in the negative, and cast down her eyes.

"Then you do love me? God bless you, cousin Amy," and he drew her slender, shrinking form toward him.

He sat stroking her soft blonde hair, in happy silence, her tears flowing afresh. He pressed her to his side, whispering,

"Hush, little one, don't cry, you'll be ill again."

"It's very foolish, I know, but I'm so happy now, and I've been so miserable, Richard. But didn't you love Emma Walton one bit? And what will aunt and the girls say?" asked Amy, in affright, for till that moment she forgot there was any one in the world but Dick Rogers.

"I don't love Emma Walton one bit, Amy, and as to the *bonne mere* and the girls, I'll make it all right with them. Are you satisfied now, Mother Carey's chicken?" he asked, with a gay smile.

It required but little more eloquence to satisfy his cousin, and the two sat there till they heard the children come in from the cotillion party, and pass what they supposed to be the deserted drawing-room; and feeble as Amy's illness had made her, she bore the fatigue of sitting up wonderfully well, till she heard the carriage drive up, about one o'clock, and the girls return from the party. She hurried from the room, scarcely waiting for her lover's good night kiss, and in her flight dropped Richard's letter.

"Why Dick, what's the matter? Why weren't

you at Mrs. Davis' to-night with Emma Walton? You didn't send the Valentine, did you?" asked the sisters.

"One woman, and one question at a time, is as much as any reasonable man can be expected to attend to," said the brother, throwing himself on the sofa.

"What's this?" asked Charlotte, as she picked up the letter which Amy had dropped in her hurry.

"Amy's Valentine," replied Richard, stroking his moustache, with a demure smile.

"Why, it's just like a letter," said Lizzie, putting out her hand to take it.

"Who is it from? let us read it," said the two. Dick watched the girls, still stroking his moustache.

"Richard *who?* not you?" asked Lotte.

"You are only joking! Emma Walton!" added the bewildered Lizzie.

"What a storm, I must escape," said Dick.

"Don't go, don't go. How could you be so foolish? You are not serious. Tell us all about it," chorussed both the girls.

So Richard drew a sister on each side of him,

and told them how long he had loved their cousin; and how unhappy such a wife as Emma Walton would have made him, and ended by asking their sisterly love for poor Amy.

The girls were evidently very much disappointed; but they loved their handsome brother dearly, were good-hearted girls in the main, and really liked Amy, so, though they sighed over Emma Walton's large purse and gay connexions, they promised with a little sigh, to give their cousin no occasion to think she was an unwelcome sister.

As to his mother, Richard knew he would have no trouble, she would be quite satisfied if he was only happy, and she not bothered; so with a gay heart he bid his sisters good night.

It was wonderful how Amy's happiness improved her. Her eye and cheek had a brightness in them that they had not known since childhood; her laugh was as gay as little Flora's; her manner lost its timidity, and assumed so lady-like a self-possession, that the girls became really proud of her; and Richard said that it was all to be attributed to the VALENTINE.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY VIOLET VALE.

PRIMROSES in the meadows lift up their dewy eyes,
The skylarksingethsoaring into the bright'ningskies,
The last pale star is fading with pearly tints away,
And like a timid maiden cometh the dawn of day.

The hare leaps thro' the clover, and birds amid the
brake

At first begin but softly, then the full chorus wake,
Now golden rays of sunlight creep o'er the fields so
green,

But mist is in the valleys and forest trees between.

The wild deer stoops to drink, in the blue, unruffled
lake,

For he hears no huntsman's bugle the ringing echoes
wake,

The bright-eyed squirrel flitteth gaily from tree to tree
And on his honey errand hath flown the "busy bee."

And insects hover humming beside the flowing
stream,

Whose wings like richest jewels in the sunlight flash
and gleam;

The fresh breeze bends the flowers, and bows the
lofty corn,

And life, and light, and beauty, dwell in the Summer
morn.

SIMILIES.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

On the trees the leaves are yellow—
In the valley waves the grain—
Over all the sunbeams mellow
Pour like rain.

In the grove the flowers are dying—
Dying like sweet souls away,
And the winds are sighing, sighing
All the day.

Years are lapsing like the shadows
That o'er hill and valley fly—
Like the flowers that in the meadows
Bloom and die.

Age upon us all is stealing,
Like old Winter coming on;
Time, its worth to us revealing
When 'tis gone.

FRAGMENTS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE POOR WIDOW'S LAST RESORT.

DID you ever go to a pawn-broker's sale, reader? From our corner we can see the red flag that proclaims the mart. It is a sad thing, that pawn-broker's sale. Unredeemed articles offered to the highest bidder—unredeemed, and why? because of poverty, sickness or crime. Let us go there; what is the auctioneer offering now? A rich brocade silk dress. Some fair one wore it, for even the open garment revealed the grace that filled it once. And how came it there? Fancy a picture; a woman, young, poor and beautiful, reduced to sudden poverty. Some relics of her former state remain, the rich dress her husband gave her before he embarked on that treacherous deep. Her babe is sick, her fire scant, her landlord importunate. She *must* have money—more money—for work her fingers to the bone, if she will, she gains but scant pittance. A thought flashes upon her, leaving her heart dark again—"the rich dress; the pawn-broker's," oh! could she only raise something on it, she could get it again in some future, better time, she knows she could. She folds it up with pale fingers; her trembling steps seek the dark entrance—she gains indeed but a pittance, and saying she will come for it again, with flushed cheek and aching heart she bends her way home. She never returns to claim it. The sturdy sailor who gave it, the happy, joyous creature who wore it, the babe with its bright eyes that wandered over its richness, are all asleep together, one in the sea—two in the grave.

There go multitudes of household things. There silver spoons; think how many rosy lips may have kissed them; how tears may have dimmed their lustre at the parting. There goes a child's pretty frock; perchance the dainty limbs that once frolicked beneath it are clothed in rags now—or the shroud. Look at them watches, how they glitter! Yonder bracelets have seen the light of many a festive revel. There is a chain of brilliants; I know not why, but there seems guilt fastened like blood upon each flashing link. Many a poor victim of passion wends her way recklessly to the pawn-broker's; many with the kiss of pollution upon their seemingly pure lips. They come here deserted—desperate. They lay down their rubies

and their costly rings—their jewels and their robes for which they have sacrificed so much. They seize the little pile of silver, laid by the unquestioning clerk on the counter, and hurry away—but they return not. No longer driven in gay equipages, they crawl through the dark streets, and sinking lower and lower in infamy—die alas! without redeeming or redemption. Pity when you hear of such—God alone seeth their temptations and their suffering. Scorn not—but strive to save.

THE DEATH-BED.

PERHAPS the following affecting description of the death of a little girl, caused by violence and accident, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The child was a model for beauty, and in disposition angelic—but listen.

I crept in—hushed—awed. I dared to glance toward that little bed with its snow-white coverlet. My eyes rested with a sort of fascination on her two blue orbs, moving vaguely with burning, restless glances. A bandage covered her beautiful forehead, another crossed the face and chin, and spots of blood clotted the masses of bright, glistening, golden curls spread all over her pillow.

As I stood there—my hands for very sorrow and agony folded tightly on my breast, she exclaimed softly to her mother, and yet as if talking to herself, "Mamma, I know that my Redeemer liveth." Dear lamb—it was her last Sabbath's lesson.

"Yes, love, I believe you do," answered the stricken mother, fervently, lifting her tearful eyes as if pleading with heaven for strength.

"Mamma," again sounded that low voice, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—and then the sweet spirit wandered to green fields. "Get me that branch of blossoms; how they shine! there is nothing else green there. They told me not to climb the hill but the flowers of heaven grew there, and little angels picked them for me. See how they shine! see their beautiful colors—mamma—mamma—I—I want—I know that my Redeemer liveth—I—know—"

A deep groan burst from the mother. Starting wildly, she clasped her hands and flew to the door, crying, "Father, come up and see her die—quick, or you will be too late. God support my

darling," she added, sobbing violently, "the dear lips how they quiver! Darling—do you know us? Here are father and I; speak, precious child, do you know us, Rose?"

The white fingers outspread—the lids moved tremulously; we bent down with hushed breath, and from those parted lips came the last words of our beautiful Rose—

"I know that—that—my Redeemer——" and

the gasping breath trembled and fluttered to God who gave it.

All the children of the village followed our sweet flower to her little "garden home"—the grave. Now every summer the path there is strewn with fragrant roses—and beautiful wreaths are twined over a modest white stone, on which is engraved in golden letters the simple name—"Rose."

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

DAYLIGHT groweth fainter, dimmer,
And along the silent floor
With the firelight's gleam and glimmer,
Dance the shadows quaintly o'er.

Now a ray all bright and golden
Shineth out, then dies again;
Like a memory sweet, tho' oldon,
Flooding o'er the heart with pain.

Light a moment, then dark shadows
Fill the lowly, silent room;
As the flowers that wreath the meadows,
Fade away when chill winds come.

And I sit me fondly dreaming
By the quiet ingle-side;
And within my heart are gleaming
Thoughts that bless the eventide.

Yet I know that I may never
Meet the objects of my dream

For between us flows forever
While I live—Death's waiting stream.

But I hear their voices blending,
Sweetly, surely, evermore;
Like an angel message sending
For me, from the farther shore.

But I wait, and softly listen,
Yet a little longer stay,
While the river's swell and glisten,
And its ripples pave my way.

Ah! my feet are growing weary
To be laving in its tide;
And the hours are almost dreary,
Waiting for my angel-guide.

With that angel, holy, peerless!
Those cool waters passing o'er,
I shall tread all sinless, fearless,
On the distant golden shore.

HEARTFELT PRAYER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

WITHIN the silence of my room
I bowed my head in prayer;
My heart was fill'd with bitterness,
Oppress'd with heavy care;
My mind was full of vanity,
And as I lowly knelt,
The want of faith and trustfulness
Within my soul I felt.

My heart was proud, and all my strength
Was fleeing swift away;
Upon the world were all my thoughts,
And yet I knelt to pray;
In agony I raised my voice,
My woe I could not bear;
Send, oh, my Lord, thy spirit down,
Assist me in my prayer."

With thoughts of prayer I knelt me down,
But words I could not speak,
There were no tears of penitence
Upon my furrowed cheek;
A voice within my soul was heard,
"Escape," it said, "the snare;"
"Oh, Lord," I cried, in agony,
"Assist me in my prayer."

It came, it came, and as the sun
With glory fills the West;
So in my heart the promis'd peace
Brought holy thoughts of rest;
An angel sped on noiseless wing,
Throughout the cloud-girt air,
From Heaven's throne the spirit came
Oh, this, yes, this is prayer.

DESTINY.

BY SALLIE A. L. HILBURN.

"TALK not to me of destiny. The very word, as you use it, is a fiction, the weak invention of man's sophistry, when seeking to shift the responsibility of his guilt from himself to the Good and All-wise Being, who metes out to each his just reward. Man makes or mars his own fortunes—aye, and woman, too; so, my dear Therese, instead of lamenting your destiny, you had best begin amending it."

"Aunt Annie, you speak thus because you deem it wise and philosophical: but I have been too often hurled from the highest happiness, by some unforeseen calamity, to cherish a hope of shaping my own destiny."

"Therese, my love, your words fill me with sad anticipation; they remind me so forcibly of one whom I loved in other years, one whom you but too closely resemble."

"Of whom do you speak, dear aunt, and why do you sigh?"

"I referred to Isabelle Mortimer, the child of my dearest school-friend; and I sighed to think of the events which marked the history of one who entered life with such bright promise, so joyous and beautiful. If you are not weary of an old woman's reminiscences I will tell you as much of her life as I can remember."

"Do, aunty, that would be so kind. Your moralizing is very acceptable when thrown into the form of a story."

"Just as people swallow sugared pills, I suppose? Well, Therese, I cannot blame you with your impulsive youth for rebelling at the tediousness of age. But to my story."

"The Mortimers were neither poor nor rich: raised above the approach of want, rich enough for comfort but too poor for luxuries, they occupied the happy medium ground where contentment finds its choicest blessings. They were restless and ambitious, consequently felt poor. My friend, Mary Mortimer, despairing of herself and husband ever attaining to that worldly elevation which she coveted, cherished a hope that Isabelle would step into that position on arriving at womanhood."

"I must give some explanation of the then existing divisions of society in our neighborhood, or you will not be able to understand their dis-

content. The party which held the first rank, and considered itself as emphatically the aristocracy, was composed entirely of families possessing great wealth, (some of whom had had it in possession for two or three generations) and with no other claim to distinction. This class of the community, linked together in the closest bond of union, surrounded their homes with every luxury, and turned a repelling front to all the world beside. Neither beauty, wit or intelligence could hope to pass the barrier without the great talisman—gold. Yet Mrs. Mortimer persisted in her plans for Isabelle with that indomitable resolution which is in itself an assurance of success. In view of the great object, every germ of talent in the child's mind was most assiduously cultivated.

"She gave no promise in childhood of her after loveliness, or perhaps that charm, instead of intellect, would have been regarded as the great lever. As it was, poor Bell's brain was kept under a constant pressure, and it being an easy task to win her to study, she made as rapid progress as any hothouse plant.

"You know me too well, Therese, to suppose that I disapprove of the most careful mental culture, but I do think our efforts should be very judiciously made. Isabelle was a very gifted child, and would doubtless have had a perfect passion for study under any circumstances. Unfortunately knowledge was not held up to her as an end in view, but as a secondary consideration, and a means of attaining to a higher social position. Daily and hourly was the subject discussed in her hearing, of their present unfortunate circumstances, until the poor child was led to regard with contempt their many blessings, to feel the chain of poverty where it was not, and to regard life as a worthless boon unless enjoyed in the homes and society of the little great ones of the earth."

"Ere I pass from her childhood, I would mention one of the many means taken by the mother to secure for her child the coveted honor. Her friends (school-friends) were carefully selected from among the children of these much envied people. When visiting Isabelle at her home it was made so agreeable to them as to retain a

pleasant place in their memories, and she learned to count no sacrifice too dear which rendered their partiality permanent.

"These friendships were more lasting than school-girl's attachments are ordinarily, and on leaving school they visited her with the same familiarity as of old. Thus the door was opened. At sixteen Isabelle was ushered into the great world a beautiful enthusiast, and with the pre-sage of extraordinary talent. Of course her triumph was without a cloud. And now began her own responsibility; now it was in her power to influence her own destiny. She was too highly gifted not to feel the necessity, the worth, and the vast importance of conscientious action in the most trivial thing. Her cheek would glow, and her eye glisten through tears, when drawn out upon the subject of truth; but the first introduction into the world of fashion convinced her that its triumphs were accomplished by pleasing deceptions, and that its exterior was but a web of falsehood. She preferred the triumphs of a belle to the peace of a quiet conscience, and truth was sacrificed.

"Do not look upon Isabelle as a monster, or wonder that I loved her; remember, Therese, that I have dived under the sparkling surface and brought to light the darker shades of her character, passing over the thousand charms which would have made a lovely heroine had my purpose been only to relate a pleasing story. Isabelle was ardent, imaginative, witty, and a poetess; she had the starry eyes, the silvery laugh, and the train of lovers belonging to the stereotyped heroine.

"She loved me as tenderly as you, Therese, and was as confiding in our intercourse. How often she would exclaim, with a sigh, 'Oh that the world were truer, or that society were simple. I cannot be otherwise, I cannot conquer destiny.' It was useless to contend with her; she would repent at the moment with tears and many wise resolves, but to-morrow found her more inextricably entangled in the labyrinths of folly. Our intimacy declined as her popularity extended. I could not refrain from speaking truth, and she cared less to hear it.

"Her mother was happy and triumphant. Isabelle had conquered, Isabelle was a star in that haughty circle, and now it only remained for her to make a suitable match. Mary Mortimer was herself too truthful and high-souled a woman to be willing to see her child a coquette. Her only wish had been to have Isabelle's worth acknowledged by those who had once frowned on herself, and for her to marry some one of high birth worthy of her, and who would estab-

lish her position on a solid foundation. But she had set the stone in motion and could not stay its progress.

"Isabelle, as I previously intimated, preferred the heartless triumphs of a belle. Her artless and confiding manner was a skilful illusion, and completed every conquest began by her beauty and talent. I would watch her then with shame and indignation as she played her treacherous part. To the minister she was an ardent devotee, or half a convert; to the votary of pleasure a worldly butterfly; to the cynic, a caustic wit; to the philosopher, a calm, thoughtful student of nature. I witnessed her conquests, which exceeded in number and difficulty any which I have heard recounted, but in the meanwhile how many true friends she had estranged, how many intimate associates, among young girls, had confided their engagements, but to excite her cupidity and have their lovers swell her list. Still beautiful, still fascinating, her career was arrested, and her triumphs at an end. Miss Mortimer had attained to celebrity, but not such as one might covet; her true character was universally understood; and Isabelle acquired the painful knowledge that the steps which she had taken were calculated to sow her worldly path with thorns, and place her reputation at the mercy of every malicious person whom she had angered. Enemies sprang up around her at every step, the envenomed dart of slander pierced her on every side, and disappointment developed the seeds of early decay. Poor Isabelle! beautiful, gifted and beloved, yet her life had been a failure.

"'Alas! alas! my destiny!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, my child,' answered her mother, 'you have gone too far, you should never have stooped to falsehood.' 'Hear me, Isabelle,' I said, detaining her, as she would have rushed from the room, 'your destiny, as you term it, is not half fulfilled. It is in your power to arrest the current of public opinion, to hush the reproaches of your own conscience, and reinstate yourself in your own and the world's good opinion.'

"'How?'

"'By being true. Be true to yourself, the world and your God. Shun the appearance of deception, shun the sacrifice of conscience to pleasure, act from your own clear knowledge of duty.'

"'Once, once this might have been, but now—to go back—to retrace all my missteps—to bear the world's contumely throughout youth, and wear away my best years in a vain effort to retrieve the past! Oh, I cannot, cannot do it.'

"'You can, indeed, Isabelle. Rouse your-

energies, and *let conscience speak*. You act from the mistaken idea that worldly favor is the most desirable thing, but in seeking that you lose all. Seek then after the favor of God "and all these things shall be added unto you."

"I thank you, my friend," she answered. "I will think of it."

"I hoped she would think of it seriously, but pride and ambition, and the love of splendor were yet too active in her breast. Temptation, new temptation, wooed her again to the path of pleasure, and she rushed boldly on in her career as if no disappointments had ever stayed her. Mr. Clinton, a gentleman of pleasing exterior, high birth, and large fortune, became a suitor for her hand. Seemingly it was a most desirable union: but Isabelle had heard a whisper from the world of his dissipation, and should have trembled to unite her weak and wayward character with his. But here a parent's pride sustained her own inclinations, and Isabelle became the bride of Albert Clinton."

"I saw her sometimes afterward in her princely home, once more a ruling star of the gay world, at others whirling by in her glittering equipage, growing more and more beautiful, but with a strange glitter in her eyes, a contraction of her brow, and a haughty curve of her lips (once ever moulded to a dreamy smile) which told of some bitter, bitter disappointment."

"About a year after the birth of her beautiful boy, I bade her a long adieu; intending to visit the North. When once the journey had been accomplished I felt a reluctance to return. No home ties bound me to my native soil, no duties demanded my return, and I preferred remaining where I found society so congenial. I had, indeed, a very strong tie to detain me, for Mary, my youngest sister, was then at school in Hadley."

"Three years rolled away, during which time the letters written me by Isabelle and her mother were cold and brief, giving no intimation of what was passing in their lives; but at the end of that time I received a long letter, almost a journal, from Isabelle, whose contents summoned me back with speed. It is there in my desk by you, Therese, I have preserved it as a memorial of my poor friend; read it child."

Therese opened the closely-written packet, and read—

"DEAR AUNT ANNIE.—You ask me in your last of my inner life, of the history of those three long years since we parted. Three years! it seems to me a life-time. How shall I begin to tell you all—all the agonizing scenes which have traced their history on my brain and heart with a pen

of fire! Oh, kindest, truest friend, would to heaven that I had listened to your warning; but it is past, and my regrets avail me nothing. When I stood a bride at the altar, I loved—truly loved my husband. You know how fascinating his manner, how noble he was in seeming. Oh, through that fascination came the sharpest blow to my poor quivering heart. You know how ambition has been the ruling principle of my life, but you know not, perhaps, how haughty, ungovernable pride, filled my heart. To accomplish my objects I had once stooped to deception, to falsehood; yet in my soul I loved truth, I scorned a lie. It seemed to me baseness could not come nigh my household. How think you then I bore to know the deep blackness and duplicity of my husband's soul? The world had called him wild, dissipated and extravagant; but that was not the beginning. Slowly the truth forced itself upon me. I learned from his own drunken, babbling lips that he was a gambler! a swindler! a liar! That he had wronged the trust of many a lovely maiden! That he was an infidel, fearing not God or man! Oh! my soul grows sick as I recall these things. You, bending over this page, will sigh, and pity me; but my cold pen can never paint to you the agony of that hour. Nay, my words, were you present, could not afford a true picture to you whose life has passed so peacefully. There are some agonies too deep, too burning for language to portray, such is mine. Naught but such love, so awfully betrayed, could realize what I have borne. I first strove by supplication to win him back, he sneered and scoffed at my tears. Then I tried the power of taunts, and poured into his ears my withering scorn; he hurled me from him with an oath, and hastened to his more agreeable companions. All of this, and much more, passed before you left me, but it was necessary for me to go back, to retrace all of the fearful past. I bore my sorrows with Spartan pride, and wore to the world a smiling front, while my soul writhed on the torturing spear. I recalled with shame my own early aberrations from the path of truth, and felt that my punishment was just. Truly had I been reached through my own actions. Methought I repented, methought my faith was now grounded on a rock; but not yet, not yet had all self-sufficiency been uprooted from my breast, and yet more remained to suffer. My baby boy, my blue-eyed Walter, heaven's most precious gift to me, came just in time to save my reason. I was fast going mad between agony and wounded pride, when pitying Providence laid this priceless treasure in my arms. I bent over my boy with the fondness of a mother

for her first-born, and with the gloating eye of a miser, watching his only treasure. He, I thought, as I sang his lullaby, shall redeem our fallen honor. He shall scorn a lie with all my own intensity. Watching this sweet flower unfold its petals, I forgot all the world beside. But alas! a curse hung over my every hope, and my gentle Walter wrung my heart with a sharper pang than ever had his father. He grew a strange child, silent and sad, watching me from the cradle with his great speaking eyes wherever I turned. As he grew older his limbs waxed not in strength, but all day long he would lie upon the door-mat, or out on the grass, watching the stirring world around him with his strange, melancholy look, and ever murmuring a low infant song. I shuddered as I marked his feebleness, for surely some secret disease was preying at his vitals; but my baby-boy was not to fall by disease. One evening I remember well, I sat at my room window watching the stars, and dwelling sadly on my unhappy destiny; when a door opening suddenly up-stairs let loose upon my ears the noise of drunken revelry, songs and shouts, arousing me from my reverie. It was strange that with my usual watchfulness I did not fly to seek for Walter. But I heard my husband's footsteps, as he reeled along the hall, and his words, as he exclaimed, 'I must seek my lady wife to learn how she fares during my neglect,' and this chained me to my seat. He was on the second floor, and I listened expecting to hear him pitch down stairs. He stumbled and exclaimed with an oath, 'what is this?' kicking the obstacle from his path. A frightful presentiment flashed like lightning through my brain, and I rushed from the room hearing a faint cry followed by a heavy fall. I reached the stairs too late to save him. Catching up his mangled body I hastened to the light.

"I cannot linger even now over that fearful scene. He died. My only treasure passed from earth away, gasping his last breath in these arms. After one wild scream, as I flew to save him, I did not weep or moan. Calmly as if turned to stone I decked him in his grave-clothes, curled the soft golden ringlet round his forehead, and then sat down beside his couch to keep the night-watch. Oh, think of a mother watching beside the couch of her murdered boy! her only one! As I sat there with my great grief slowly crushing the life out of my heart, the door opened softly, and a crouching form stole in. I felt, though I did not turn my eyes, that it was *him*. My heart throbbed violently, the breath in my nostrils grew thickened, a mist floated before my eyes, and a moisture started to my forehead

at his presence. He stood on the other side the corpse, and I bit my lips until the blood came to keep back the gathering curses. After a great while he spoke, extending his hand across the couch—'Isabelle! forgive me, pity me. God is my witness I did it not intentionally.' 'Back, man,' I answered, hoarsely. 'Dare not to touch me or my boy. You have made my heart desolate. Stand there and gloat over your deed, if you will, but mock not my agony.' 'Oh, Isabelle, is mine no agony?' 'Yours!' I shrieked, wildly, 'you, the drunkard, the murderer, do you feel? Ha! ha! Go on. Go down to the grave, feeling thus. Yes, you shall feel. The curse of a bereaved mother shall drive you madly on through time, and all eternity. My vengeance shall never sleep. Night and day I will curse, and will pray God to curse you. Leave me.' I fell back in strong convulsions, and knew nothing more for months. Then I awakened to reason in my father's house, and looking round on the old familiar scene, feeling a great void in my heart, knew that I was desolate. My first act was to obtain a divorce from my husband, and now I have done with him. I vowed to curse him always, but that is past, nay, I can even pity him—alone with his remorse; and as we meet no more this side the tomb, I can look forward to our union above with the hope that our souls shall be so purified from earthly dross as to bear no memories of hatred or revenge. * * * * And now in my haughty isolation from the world, I had a friend, a *sympathizing* friend. Deceived as I had been, the suspicious coldness of experience melted before his deep sympathy of manner, and I gave him my confidence—finally my love. I was wrong, but guiltless. I dreamed a sweet dream of a union with him, and life gliding gently on to the grave soothed by his love. The young heart yearns for support, and it is when choosing for comfort the things of earth, instead of bearing our anguish to the throne above, that we are liable to new deception and sorrow. I was also especially formed for social pleasures, and attached myself to some females whom I counted bosom friends. To these I confided enough of my first sorrow to justify me, and then I told them of my second love. These were sacred trusts, but who is ever faithful? They betrayed me, took my confessions for a foundation, and built them on a fearful structure which went nigh to ruin me. Oh, aunt Annie, how shall I confess to you that scandal has been busy with my name? I was a divorced wife, and however unfortunate such an one may have been, the world ever seeks to fix the stain on her. He, the viper, now threw off his mask, and sneering

at my unutterable wretchedness, revealed the true nature of that love which I had thought so holy. A second time despair overwhelmed me. But on this occasion pride stood my friend, and I cast out the insidious viper from my bosom. * * * * I went for health to a gay watering-place. Here my extreme youth, beauty, melancholy, and unquestionable talents (I speak as of the dead) drew around me an admiring circle, and fearless of evil I yielded to the intoxicating influence of popularity. The dark whispers from home followed me here, friends fell off, my late exuberance of spirits, which had been rejoiced in as an evidence of returning health, was now counted an indication of guilty hardness, and I became desperate in truth. From the gay world I fled to this my last refuge, my childhood's home, and prayed God that I might die. From this depth of misery sprang up my salvation, the light of eternal truth dawned upon my mind, and I became convinced that the hand of Providence had been in all these dark dispensations, drawing me insensibly to him. Had His love, instead of pride, been my support in the first trial, He would not have failed me. Had I gone to Him in my desolation, He would have soothed the weary heart with the balm of heavenly love. Thank heaven, He has conquered the world in my heart, and I have ever been able to review the past with something like calmness while I wrote to you. Before closing this sad history, let me assure you that I do

not throw the blame of my misfortunes on my Creator. I feel that my own hand wrought out this destiny, fearful as it is. And now, my kind friend, I entreat you to come to me. The sun of my life is setting, will you not watch its last lingering rays?
ISABELLE CLINTON."

When Therese ceased reading, the good old lady could not speak at first for tears. After a little space she resumed,

"When I received this letter, I had just laid my gentle Mary in her grave, and had no need to linger in the northern clime. I reached her home in time to close the eyes of my poor Isabelle. She sank sweetly to sleep as a child cradled in its mother's arms, her hand resting in that of her repentant husband, and a smile of forgiveness illumining her dying features. Thus passed away the cherished idol of that home, on whose beauty and whose talents, those desolate hearts had built such high hopes of worldly aggrandizement. Think you, my child, that her career would have been thus marked by unusual misfortune had her aim been duty, her worship truth?"

"No, dearest aunt. Your moral is here too pointed to be denied. The wretched husband is, I suppose, that gloomy Mr. Clinton, who clouds every festive scene with his face of woe."

"You are right, and I hope will gather another lesson from this—to pity the misanthrope who your first impulse would condemn."

THE SPRING-TIME JOURNEY.

BY N. F. CARTER.

I go, I go,
Ere the Summer roses blow,
To the land above.
Yet I murmur not to feel
Death-mists o'er me coldly steal,
For the smile of love,
Brightens for my spirit's weal

I go, I go,
Ere the Summer roses blow,
From the earth away.
Though it has its beauties fair,
Sweeter ones are blooming there,
And the zephyrs play
With their fragrance rich and rare.

I go, I go,
Ere the Summer roses blow,
To the great Unknown.
Even now the pearly gates in sight,

Brighten with a living light,
And the loveliest throne
Gladdens with its glory bright.

I go, I go,
Ere the Summer roses blow,
To the angel throng;
For this mortal sight grows dim,
And I hear their Heavenly hymn,
I must join that song,
By the Living Fountain brim!

I go, I go,
And the Summer rose shall blow,
Sweetly o'er my grave!
When each year anew it springs,
And abroad its fragrance flings
On the airy wave,
Listen for mine angel wings!
Farewell—I go—I go!

THE DESERTER'S MOTHER.*

BY H. J. VERNON.

In the year 1809, Pierre Pitois was sergeant in the twelfth regiment of the line, then quartered in Strasburg. He was a native of that half savage, half civilized part of Burgundy, known under the name of Morvan; and his comrades ever spoke of him as "a tough customer." Always the first and last to fire, he had the reputation of liking but two things in the world—the smell of powder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one day our friend Pierre took it into his head to address a letter to his colonel, in which he applied for leave of absence to go and see his aged mother, who was dangerously ill. He added that his father, being seventy years of age, and suffering under a paralytic affection, could not be of any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, and he pledged himself to return as soon as the health of his mother should be restored.

The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, "That as the regiment might at any moment be ordered to take the field, no leave of absence could be obtained."

Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; and then a second letter was received by the colonel, in which Pierre informed him that his mother had died without the consolation of giving her last blessing to her only child, and in which he again solicited leave of absence, saying that "He could not state his reason for this request—it was a family secret"—but earnestly imploring the colonel not to deny him this favor.

Pierre's second letter was as little successful as the first. The poor fellow's captain merely said, "Pierre, the colonel has received your letter; he is sorry for the death of your old mother, but he cannot grant the leave of absence you require, as the regiment leaves Strasburg to-morrow."

"Ah! the regiment leaves Strasburg; and for what place, may I ask you?" said Pierre.

"For Austria," replied his officer. "We are to see Vienna, my brave Pitois; we are to fight the Austrians. Is not that good news for you? You will be in your element, my fine fellow."

Pierre Pitois made no reply; he seemed lost in deep thought. The captain caught his hand, and shaking it heartily, said,

"Why do you not speak, man? are you deaf to-day? I am telling you that, in less than a week, you are to have the pleasure of a set-to with the Austrians, and you have not one word of thanks for the good news; nay, I verily believe you have not even heard me."

"Indeed, captain, I have heard every word, and I thank you, with all my heart, for your news, which I consider very good."

"I thought you would," said the officer.

"But, captain, is there no chance of obtaining the leave of absence?"

"Are you mad?" was the reply. "Leave of absence the very day before taking the field?"

"I never thought of that," said Pierre. "We are, then, on the point of taking the field, and at such a time, I suppose, leave is not given?"

"It is never even asked."

"It is quite right—it is never even asked. It would have the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I will not press it any more; I will try and get on without it."

"And you will do well," replied the captain.

The next day the twelfth regiment entered Germany, and the next—Pierre Pitois deserted!

Three months after, when the twelfth regiment, having reaped in the field of battle an abundant harvest of glory, was making its triumphal entry into Strasburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously dragged back to his corps by a brigade of gens d'armes. A court-martial was immediately called. Pierre Pitois was accused of having deserted at that very moment when his regiment was to meet the enemy face to face. The court presented a singular spectacle. On the one side stood forth the accuser, who cried,

"Pierre Pitois, you, one of the bravest men in the army; you, on whose breast the star of honor yet glitters; you, who never incurred either punishment or even censure from your officers; you could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it almost on the eve of battle—without some powerful motive to impel you! This motive the court demands of you, for it would gladly have it in its power—if not to acquit you which it ought not, perhaps, either to do or to desire—at least to recommend you to the emperor's mercy."

* From the French.

On the other side stood the accused, who answered,

"I have deserted without any reason, without any motive; I do not repent. If it were to do again, I would do it again. I deserve death—pass sentence."

Pierre Pitois heard the sentence read with the most unflinching gaze. He was warmly urged to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed.

He was carried back to the military prison, and it was announced to him that, as a mark of special favor, he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

In the middle of that night on which was to dawn the day fixed for the execution, the door of Pierre's dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern officer advanced to the side of the camp-bed in which the condemned was tranquilly sleeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence, awoke him.

Pierre opened his eyes, and staring about him, said,

"The hour, then, is at last come!"

"No, Pierre," replied the officer, "it is not yet the hour, but it will soon come."

"And what do you want with me until then?"

"Dost thou not know me, Pierre? No matter, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz—and bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, Pierre, I have had for thee a regard no less warm than sincere. Yesterday, on my arrival at Strasburg, I learned thy crime and condemnation. I have prevailed on the jailor, who is a relation of mine, to allow me to see thee. And now that I have come, I would say to thee, Pierre, it is often a sad thought for a man about to die, that he has not a friend near him to whom he might open his heart, and intrust with some sacred commission to discharge when he should be no more. If thou wilt accept me, I will be to thee that friend."

"I thank you, comrade," replied Pierre.

"Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweet heart?—to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart? a sister? I never had either."

"To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in my arms!"

"Thy mother, then?"

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice

suddenly and totally changed, repeated, "my mother! Ah, comrade, do not utter that name, for I have never heard that name—I have never said it in my heart—without feeling melted like a child; and even now, methinks, if I were to speak of her——"

"What then?"

"The tears would come—and tears do not become a man. Tears!" continued he—"tears, when I have but a few hours to live! Ah! there would not be much courage in that!"

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and yet I would not be ashamed of weeping, were I speak of my mother."

"Are you serious?" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand. "You, a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep?"

"When speaking of my mother? Certainly not. My mother is so good, so kind; she loves me much, and I, too, love her dearly."

"She loves you, and you love her? Oh! then, I may indeed tell you all. My heart is full—it must have vent; and however strange my feelings appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen, then, for what you said just now is quite true. A man is glad, when about to die, to have a heart into which he can pour out his own. Will you listen to me, and not laugh at me?"

"Surely I will listen, Pierre. A dying man must ever excite compassionate sympathy."

"You must know that since I came into this world I never loved but one being—that being was my mother. But her I loved as none love—with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe I used to read her eyes, as she read mine; I guessed her thoughts and she knew mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweet-heart or wife; I never had a friend; my mother was everything to me. Well, I was summoned to take up arms; and when they told me I must leave her, in a paroxysm of despair I declared they might drag me limb from limb, but never should they take me from her alive. With one word spoken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she changed my whole purpose."

"Pierre," said she, 'you must go—it is my wish.'

"I knelt before her, and I said, 'I will go, mother.'

"Pierre," she added, 'thou hast been a good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil. Every citizen owes himself to his country: it calls thee—obey! Thou art going to be a

soldier. From this moment thy life is no longer thine own; it is thy country's. If its interest demands it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou should'st die before me, I should weep for thee my heart's tears; but I would say, "He gave, and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" Go, now, and if thou love thy mother, do thy duty.' Oh! how precious those holy words; I have never forgotten them. 'Do thy duty,' she said. Now the duty of a soldier was always, and in all things, to obey; and in all things and always, I obeyed. It was to go straight forward—to face danger without hesitation—without second thought; and I went straight forward—faced danger without hesitation—without a second thought. Those who saw me thus seek, as it were, to meet the bullets, said, 'There is a brave fellow!' They might have better said, 'There is a man who loves his mother!'

"One day a letter brought me the tidings that she was ill—my own poor mother! I longed to go to her. I asked for leave of absence; it was not granted. I remembered her last words—'If thou love thy mother, do thy duty. I submitted. A little after I heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses forsook me; at any risk I determined to travel to the country. Whence proceeded so ardent, so impetuous a desire to see once more a place where my mother had just died? I will tell you; and as you have a mother, and as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me.

"We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race. We have not received the instruction, nor attained the knowledge that they have in the cities; but we have our beliefs, which the townfolks call superstitions. What matters the name? Be they superstitions or beliefs, I have them, and clever would be the man that could uproot them. Now, one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave mould, such a virtue that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and of never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear, how sweet! With it death has no terrors—for death, without forgetting, or being forgotten, is but a sweet sleep and calm repose after a long toil. That flower—I panted to see it bud—I panted to gather it! I abandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh—no flower appeared. I waited. Six weeks elapsed, and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower—'Forget-me-not.' As I plucked it, I

shed glad tears, for methought that little flower was my mother's soul; that she had felt that I was near, and under the form of that flower, had given herself to my heart once more.

"There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower; what more did I want? I remembered my mother's charge—do thy duty! I sought the gens d'armes, and I said, 'I am a deserter—arrest me.' * * * And now I am to die; and if, as you assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower, which, at the risk of my life, I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise me that you will see that they do not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother; and if I thought it would be broken—oh! I should not have the courage to die. Say, do you promise to do what I ask of you?"

"I promise!" said the officer.

"Your hand, that I may press it to my heart. You are very kind to me; and if the Almighty God were in his Omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted.

The next day had dawned. They arrived at the place of execution, and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmur that ran through the ranks changed into almost deafening shouts,

"The Emperor! the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

He appeared, dismounted from his horse; and then, with his short, quick step, he walked up to the condemned.

"Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the emperor, "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devote it not to me, but to France! She, too, is a kind mother! Love her as thou didst thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs,

"Long live the Emperor! France forever! My mother! my mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois!

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

BY SALLY SLICER.

I BELIEVE half the people of Centreville are trying to find out how old I am. As if that was anybody's business but mine. It was very rude in Mrs. Green, yesterday, to come in to see me without knocking at the door. "Taking a neighbor's privilege," indeed! Then 'twas so provoking, too, that she should find me sewing with my spectacles on. I declare her words are ringing in my ears yet. "I want to know if you are obliged to wear spectacles, Sally. Do tell if your eyesight is failing. Why you must be most as old as I am." She looked as if she didn't believe me when I told her that my eyes were weak. Some people have so much curiosity.

And as if that wasn't enough, in comes that saucy Kate Parsons, this morning, to show me her birth-day presents. There was a roguish twinkle in her eye when she said, "I was sixteen yesterday, Miss Slicer, how old are you?" And when I told her I was "just as old again as half," she went tripping away laughing, as if my answer pleased her wonderfully.

I almost hate that girl whenever I think of her calling with me at Mrs. Browns. There sat that great fat baby in the cradle, sucking his fist, with his face all plastered over with molasses candy, and that creature caught him up, kissed him, tossed him in her arms, and finally danced up to me with him, exclaiming, "That's Miss Slicer; bubby isn't afraid of Miss Slicer. Why the dear little fellow wants you to kiss him; don't you, bub?" At that he clapped his hands, laughed, and jumped toward me; his mother stood looking on so pleased and proud of her baby; and what could I do but kiss him. Pah! the dirty little imp! I sicken at the thought of it. Kate knew how I hated babies, and arranged it for the purpose of plaguing me. I know she did.

Here I have been sitting by the window nearly an hour, without seeing any one pass by. But there is a couple of men over in the grave-yard: they must be setting up a head-stone for old Mrs. Hart. I can't help thinking of what her son's wife said to me the day of the funeral; "She was sorry to have her die, for she could do almost as much work as any other person in the village." The only expression of grief that fell from her lips. Poor Mrs. Hart! she always

had to work like an old slave, but she is at rest now. Heaven preserve me from ever having to live with a son's wife! There is no danger of that, however, in my case, thank Providence. I couldn't help laughing the other day when Mrs. Hart told me "the old grey cat was dead; that the cat had the consumption and lived nearly a week without eating anything, and she felt real bad every time she looked at her, for she couldn't help thinking of poor old grandmother Hart." What ideas some people do have.

Here comes Bill Jones down the street with a basket full of parcels. I guess it must be sugar and raisins for the wedding-cake. I do believe Sarah Jones is going to be married. I should think her mother would have more sense than to allow her to take such a step. Only imagine! young things eighteen and twenty years old marrying. They're no more fit to take charge of a house than so many babies. Why here am I, thirty-fi—, well, no matter just about the right age, but nobody seems to think of it.

I think there ought to be a law made that no girl in Centreville shall be married, so long as those so much older, and better qualified for such a life, remain single. Some one ought to petition the Legislature to have such a bill passed.

There goes Dr. Hall into the store. They say he gave Patty Mills a powder of birch sawdust, and told her to add a teaspoonful of rum and a pint of boiling water to it, and take it to cure the pain in her side. Well, she is always complaining, and always gadding about, and asking the doctor to prescribe for her whenever she meets him, and I suppose he thought she didn't need any medicine, and that his dose couldn't hurt her; but I can't defend his practising such deceit. It savors too much of quackery. I shall not believe that he is a regularly licensed physician till I have seen his diploma. Mercy, I had forgotten that the bread was in the oven. I declare it's too bad! every loaf is burned as black as a darky's face. But one can't always have their thoughts about them; besides I think seasons of reflection are beneficial to a person's mind.

It's so comforting, in fact, when neighbors are so wicked, to look into one's own heart and

find oneself as kind and obliging and good and charitable as I am. I have no patience with these mischief-makers and busy-bodies that go about meddling with everybody's business. If they would only stay at home and keep their tongues (unruly members that they are) still, and attend to their own affairs, as I do, this world would be a much happier home I'm thinking.

THE SOLITARY ROSE.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

Why art thou here, oh, pretty rose!
To dwell upon this barren land,
Where but the haughty thistle grows,
And graceless weeds their leaves expand?

Was it some heartless lass that took
Thee from thy kindred flowers away,
And set thee down upon this rock,
To die, and unbemourned decay?

Was there some cruel bird that stole
Thee from thy cell, when yet a seed,
And dropped thee here, with malice full,
That thou shouldst rise in care and need?

Or is't thy choice? Didst mount the wind,
And fly to this retreat to mock
This prickly weed, and all you find
Upon this bleak and sterile rock?

Methinks thou'rt proud, oh, pretty rose!
Hast sprang from wealth and noble sires?
Then why didst leave thy snug repose
To dwell among malignant briers?

Was there some quarrel among the heirs—
Some feud, perhaps, to gain the throne?
Didst fly from blood, or tempting snares?
Or did thy parents thee disown?

Or didst, perchance, choose to exist
Far, far away from kindred flowers,
Where thou, without antagonist,
Couldst shine supreme in Nature's bowers?

Why dost so proudly upward peep,
And blush when sunbeams smile on thee?
Dost think one day to make a trip
The world beyond the skies to see?

Or dost delight to read the stars,
And study how to mete their track?
Perhaps thou makest callenders,
Or foretoll'st by the Zodiac!

Thou'rt silent, saucy, pretty plant!
Dost speak a tongue of foreign climes?
Then I must e'er be ignorant
Of all thy sorrows, joys, or whims.

Forgive, if I have lisped a word
That gave offence, most gracious rose!
Or if my inquiries have stirred
Some sad reflection from repose.

We part!—we ne'er again shall meet.
I bid thee, dear, adieu! farewell!
May peace be thine in thy retreat,
May happiness around thee dwell!

TO MY SISTER.

BY WILLIAM O. BROWN.

OVER the sea, and over the lee,
There floats a strain of minstrelsey,
A chime of bells from the church-spire swells,
And rouses my heart to ecstasy;
Yet sound cannot be so sweet to me
As the voice of a sister's sympathy.

In ev'ry land, by Nature's hand,
There is fram'd some beautiful wonder;
A landscape mild, or a cascade wild,
With its sound like rolling thunder;
But nothing I see, is so dear to me,
As a sister's face beaming tenderly.

A sister's smile, the heart will beguile
In the midst of the heaviest sorrows;
From a sister's tones, the soul that moans

Often quiet and confidence borrows.
Then blessed be they who can trustfully say,
"The love of my sister, it burneth away!"

To thee! to thee! let affection be
As pure and sincere as thou givest;
Thy trustful heart, may it never smart
From a deed of pain, while thou livest.
Let others but be as loving as thee,
And the earth will be bless'd with felicity!

Mary! to me thy name must be
The symbol of love and purity.
'Tis a strange mistake which the Hebrews made
When they say that its root means brine of the
For no other sound in the world can be found,
Which purer and tenderer thoughts do surround

ART OF STAYMAKING.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

In pursuing our intention of giving a series of articles, instructing the readers of "Peterson" how to make their own dresses, we take up, this month, the subject of Stay-making. There is nothing in dress so important as to have stays made properly. Physicians unite to say, that, while such heavy skirts are worn, stays are indispensable to prevent pressure on some of the most delicate organs of the body, which is invariably the result where skirts are tied around the waist, without stays to *distribute their weight*. A badly fitting stay, however, cramps the figure, and injures the health seriously. A correct stay avoids tight-lacing, and it is how to make one of this kind, that we shall now proceed to describe.

THE MATERIALS.—For the materials take half a yard of Contille; a piece of stay-tape, for casing; some whalebone, either ready prepared, or in strips to be split and shaved to size; a steel busk; wash-leather sufficient to cover it, and webbing to case it; a paper of 8-between needles; a reel of 28-cotton; a box of French holes; and a punch for putting them in.

DIRECTIONS FOR TAKING THE MEASURE.—Measure round the waist, noticing the number of inches; deduct two as an allowance for the clothes. Next take the measure of the bust, by placing the measure in the middle of the chest, at figure 1, (see engraving) and pass it over the bosom to figure 8, not tightly, and no allowance here to be made for the clothes.

Then, from figure 8, passing the measure closely under the arm, to figure 1 of the back, which is not to reach the middle of the back by an inch and a half. Next, place the measure at the bottom of the busk, and pass round stomach and hips, allowing about four inches for clothes, and then take the length of the busk.

It must be remembered that stays ought NOT to MEET when they are laced on.

It will be found to simplify the directions very much, if a form, similar to the following, be first prepared, and the number of inches written against each as the part is measured, and then no confusion can possibly take place in the cutting out:—

Waist.
Bust.
Back.
Hips.
Length of Busk.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUTTING OUT.—A pattern must now be prepared according to the directions given in the engraving, which can easily be done by enlarging the design, and adding the requisite number of inches between each figure.

THE BACK.—Double the Contille sufficiently wide to take two whalebones, the holes, and to turn-in for felling-down, as marked in the engraving; then lay on the pattern, and cut out the two parts of the back together, allowing for turnings-in, about half an inch at the seam under the arm.

THE FRONT is cut out by placing the pattern so that the straight way comes in the direction of the little bones up the bosom, leaving a good turning-in up the front seam, which creases off in patterns on the double Contille, as it is better to cut out every part in the double, that you may have each side exactly alike.

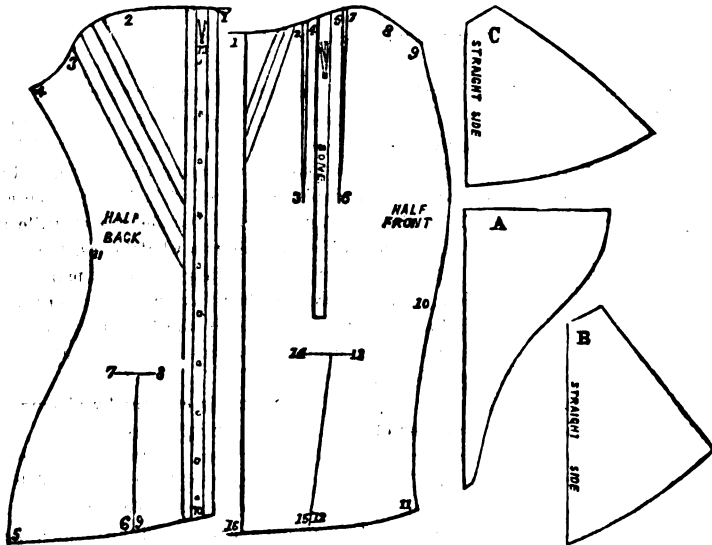
Should you desire to increase the size of the stays, it must ALWAYS be done by allowing the required additional size on the front and back at the seam under the arm, and by proportioning the arm-hole to the increased size.

When the bosom-gores are to be put in, the Contille is merely cut from figure 2 to figure 8, and from figure 5 to figure 6, in a direct line, *cutting none away*. In cutting places for stomach and hip-gores, in front and back, cut straight up and then from figure 7 to figure 8 in back, and from figure 13 to figure 14 in front. Then cut out all the gores as directed in the engraving.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—1st.—Stitch a place for the first bone at back, and for the holes, the width of half an inch, keeping the line perfectly even by the rays in the Contille, and fell down a place for the second bone on the wrong side.

2nd.—Fit the bosom-gores by making a narrow turning-in, from figure 2 to 8, and from figure 8 to 4; fix the gore at 8, the straight side of the gore next the busk, tacking it very closely up to figure 2; then fix the other gore in like manner at figure 6, the straight side next the arm-hole, tacking up to figure 7.

3rd.—With a measure, make the required size across the bust, by increasing or diminishing the gores at the top; tack the other sides very firmly from figure 8 to 4, and from figure 6 to 5, shaping them prettily, narrow at the bottom, and of a rounded form toward the top; then stitch them very neatly, and cutting away superfluous stuff



on the wrong side, hem down, beginning each side from figure 3 to 6.

4th.—Hem a piece of stay-tape at the back, for little bones, and stitch down the middle of it on the right side.

The other half front to be done in a similar manner.

5th.—Put in the stomach-gores, turning-in from 14 to 15, and tacking the straight side of the gore under it, and fix the hip-gores in the back in like manner, the straight side to the holes.

6th.—Join the seams under the arm, by pinning figure 10 of half-front to 11 of half-back, to half the size of waist required, wrapping the front on to the back. Everywhere face each piece to its fellow piece, and crease it, that it may be exactly the same size and shape. Then do the other half in the same way.

7th.—Having closed the seam, finish the stomach and hip-gore, by measuring and making to the size required round the hip, by letting out or taking in, rounding them to fit the hip; face and crease the gores for the other half, which is to be finished in the same manner.

8th.—Take a piece of webbing wide enough to case the busk when covered with wash-leather; double it exactly, and tack down the half-front, the double edge being scrupulously down the centre of the stays; fell it on very closely. Then stitch the two halves together at the crease down the middle; turn the other half of the webbing on to the unfinished side, and fell it down as before, turning in a little piece top and bottom, and finish.

9th.—Bind the stays very neatly top and bottom.

10th.—Put in the holes, two near each other at the top of the right side, and two near each other at the bottom of the left side—the rest at equal distances.

Proceed now to the boning, which do by scraping them to fit nicely; then, having covered them with a piece of glazed calico, cut at the bottom of each bone-place a hole, like a button-hole, and work it round like one. Put the bones in, and drill a hole through the stays and the bone, about an inch and a half from the top and bottom of each bone, and fasten them in with silk, by bringing the needle through the hole to the right side, and passing it over the top of the bone, as marked at figure 12. Then put in the busk, and if a hook is required at the bottom, put that in before the busk, which is best done by leaving a short hole in the seam, and passing the hook through, fastening it securely at the back. The busk must be stitched in very firmly top and bottom.

Should the stays have become soiled in the process of making, they are easily cleaned with bread inside and out, and when cleaned, must be nicely pressed, taking care to make no creases anywhere.

If these simple directions be strictly adhered to in the making up, a pair of well-fitting stays, at a trifling cost, will reward the pains of the worker, and which could not be obtained ready made under five dollars.

SPANISH POLKA.

FOR A CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OLD.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Six ounces claret four-thread Berlin wool; one ounce of white Pyrenees ditto; a pair of knitting-needles with beads, No. 8, and another, No. 10.

With the claret wool and finest needles cast on 242 stitches, and knit two plain rows. Now tie a bit of white thread at the 36th from each end, and at the 56th from them. These four pieces of cotton serve to mark the places where you are to decrease by knitting three together in every alternate row, after the 24th.



Begin the pattern, which is ordinary brioche stitch, adding three stitches at the end of every row, until there are 86 more at each end; in the next row cast on 21 more at the end, and when you come to the end of the next row do the same. Meantime after 24 rows done without decreasing, you will take in three stitches at each of the white threads, in every other row, until you have decreased, in each place, 27 stitches. To produce the proper effect take in first at one side, and then at the other of the white thread, so that a ridge from each side disappears alternately. You may then do 60 rows, without increasing or diminishing. It will be necessary to make button-holes at one edge, at the distance of every 30 rows, thus:—Knit 6 stitches, cast 9 off the left hand needle, by passing one over another without knitting them; then cast on 6 on the right hand needle, in this way diminishing by three at every button-hole; at the other edge you will not decrease at all.

You now form a gusset for underneath the arms by making a stitch on each side the ridge which runs up from the side of the outer decreasing, nearest to the front: at each you will increase 18 stitches in as many rows, as the alternate ones only have the made stitches; continue to knit in the brioche stitch.

In the next row, knit as far as the first 18 stitches. Turn back; cast off the 18, and knit the other backward and forward as usual, forming one side of the front, up to the shoulder, for 86 rows; always continuing to make the button-holes at equal distances, if this is the side for them. Now cast off a stitch loosely at the end of every row, and one stitch only is left. Draw the wool through. Now continue the piece for the back from the gusset; knit across the back, to the end of the other 18 stitches, turn; cast them off, and do 86 rows; then cast off a stitch at the end of every row, until 8 ribs are cast off at each edge. Cast off the remainder. Do the other side of the front to correspond with the first.

FOR THE SLEEVES.—Cast on 99 stitches, knit 2 plain rows, then the brioche stitch. Gradually decrease two ribs at each edge, and knit about 6 inches. Now cast off 24 stitches at each edge, and knit eight rows before casting off the remainder.

THE COLLAR.—Cast on 102 stitches, and do the depth of an inch with the claret wool, and cast off. Then with the white wool, and the same needles, take up stitches along the two ends and one side, and knit one row. 2nd.— \times knit 2, make one by bringing the thread before the needle. \times all round. 3rd.—Purled. 4th.— \times knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, \times repeat to the end. 5th.—Purled. 6th.—Cast off. This finishes the collar.

The deep lace frill, which gives so elegant a finish to this polka, is done with the coarse needles in Pyrenees wool. It is double, and is to be done as follows. Cast on 30 stitches, and knit one plain row.

1st Pattern Row.—Knit 7. \times make 1, knit 2 together, knit 6. \times repeat till 7 only are left. Make 1, knit 7.

2nd Row.—Purl 5. Purl 2 together, \times make

1, purl 1, make 1, purl 2 together, purl 8, purl 2 together. \bowtie to the end; purl the last 5.

3rd Row.—Knit 4, knit 2 together, \bowtie make 1, knit 8, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, \bowtie to the end, when make 1, knit 8, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 4.

4th Row.—Purl 3, purl 2 together; \bowtie make 1, purl 5, make 1, purl 3 together, \bowtie to the end.

These four rows form one pattern, and must be repeated five times, after which do two plain rows, and slip all the stitches on a finer needle.

Do another piece with a depth of only two patterns, and two plain rows. Then holding the two pieces of lace together, knit one now with a stitch off each needle, thus uniting the two frills. Do another plain row, and a series of holes, thus:—Knit 3, \bowtie make 1, slip 1, knit 2, (not together) pass the slip stitch over. \bowtie repeat to the end, when the last 3 are to be knitted plain. 1 purled row; 1 plain ditto. Cast off. To be sewed round the bottom of the jacket.

To trim the sleeves, cast on 96 stitches, and work in the same way. When three patterns are done, begin the upper frill, to which do two before joining them. Complete like that for the body, and sew on to the sleeve, closing it up the edge.

Now sew up the shoulders, add the collar and sleeves, and plait some white 8-thread fleecy to make the trimming down the fronts and round the neck. The buttons are covered also with pieces of white knitting, so that every part washes.

Those who are not acquainted with brioche stitch may be glad to learn that it is simply— \bowtie bring the thread in front, slip 1 as if purling, knit 2 together, \bowtie . The wool of which these polkas are made is the finest Spanish. We have them both in claret and blue, with white lace borders.

By using coarser needles, and 8-thread wool, a larger jacket will be produced.

MUSLIN EMBROIDERY, FOR GAUNTLET OR BISHOP SLEEVES.

MATERIALS.—French muslin, and Messrs. W. Evans & Co's Royal Embroidery Cotton, Nos. 40 and 50.

There is a pretty way of making sleeves now, which has the merit of warmth. A strip of muslin, deep enough to reach from the wrist to above the elbow, is embroidered in a rich, bold design along one edge; not, however, quite close to it. The design should be from four to six inches deep; but as the dress sleeves are not very large, the former depth will probably suffice. The edge is worked in button-hole stitch, as if it were intended to be cut out; but instead of that, the muslin is gathered into an embroidered band, and formed into a pretty bishop sleeve.

The design we now give is extremely well adapted for this purpose.

The holes forming the diamonds are traced, pierced, and sewed over, as is the design in the centre of each; but the various parts of the flower in the scallop are overcast, and being very open, should be traced with a double thread to make it stronger. The edge should also be considerably raised.

For gauntlet sleeves, the scallop must be cut out, and the work formed into a frill, and set on a band.

The design is given of the full size, in order that our friends may be able to trace it themselves. Take the pattern from the book on tracing paper; lay the muslin evenly on a table, with a strip of blue marking paper over it; place the tracing paper above that, and then go over the design with a point of a pencil.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

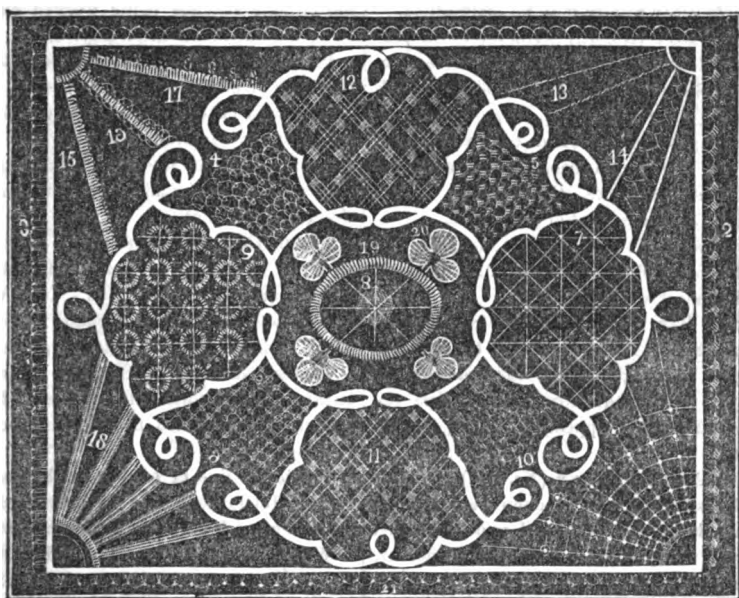
BY EMILY H. MAY.

To be worked with fine French working cotton. The edge to be done in button-hole stitch, and the parts heavily worked must be stuffed before working. The grape-leaves are in satin stitch,

the tendrils and stems in over stitch, and the four larger flowers in the ordinary embroidery stitch. The upper and smaller flowers must be done in what is called the French knot.

POINT LACE STITCHES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



We conclude, from our January number, the description of Point Lace stitches. It will be remembered, that, in that number, we described them up to the ninth stitch.

MECHLIN LACE (No. 9).—This is one of the most beautiful, and at the same time, complicated stitches in the list. Those who have worked it, however, all confess that the effect amply repays the trouble. It is worked thus:—A number of diagonal bars, each of a single thread, cross each other in the space to be filled up, at the distance of one-quarter of an inch from each other. Then all the bars in one direction are to be covered with button-hole stitch. Begin in the opposite direction, in the same way, and work it nearly to the crossing of the two. Pass the thread loosely round the cross twice, slipping the needle under one and over another thread, so as to form the small circle seen in the engraving. This is to be covered with button-hole stitch; and as, from the looseness of the thread, it is otherwise somewhat troublesome to work it, pin it down on the paper with a second needle. In the middle of each quarter of every alternate round, a dot is to be worked, thus: instead of drawing the thread

tight, as usual, put in the loop a pin, which is to keep it about the eighth of an inch in length. On this loop work three button-hole stitches; then withdraw the pin, and continue the round.

VALENCIENNES LACE (No. 10) has a very heavy appearance, and contrasts admirably with lighter stitches. A space to be so filled up has a number of radiating threads, meeting in a common centre, to be very closely darned with extremely fine thread.

HENRIQUEZ LACE (No. 11) is, on the contrary, a very light and delicate stitch. It must never be done with coarser thread than Evans' Boar's-head, 120. With this make a diagonal line across the space to be so filled in, and return your needle to the point you began from, by twisting the thread back again. Make another line, parallel with this one, and not more than the tenth of an inch from it. Twist it over four times, then on the single and double thread form a spot, by darning the three backward and forward about sixteen times. To do this, you must separate the two threads twisted together whenever you make a spot. Continuing twisting your needle round the single thread, for the space of one-quarter of an inch, when you will form another

dot. Repeat until this line is finished. Make similar ones at one-quarter of an inch apart in the entire space; and then cross them with others, worked in precisely the same manner, in exactly the opposite direction. Take care that where the lines cross each other the thread is twisted between the first bar and the second, that a small, clear square may be maintained.

CORDOVAN LACE (No. 12) is similar to the preceding, but less delicate and less troublesome. The twisted bars are made the tenth of an inch apart, and a third single one, in going back on which the spots are worked on two twisted threads and the single one. They are also crossed by similar ones, the crossing of the threads forming a diamond of four holes.

CONNECTING BARS are stitches used in the various kinds of Point Lace, to unite different parts. The most simple is the

SORRENTO BAR, (No. 13) which is made by passing a thread from one part to another, fastening it by a tight stitch, and twisting the thread back on the bar thus formed; pass the thread round until it appears as much twisted as a rope.

BARS IN ALENCON POINT (No. 14.)—This is almost the same as our common herring-bone stitch, but the needle is passed under the last thread after every stitch before taking another, which twists the two together. Where the space is more than half-an-inch wide, it is requisite to pass the needle more than once under after every stitch.

VENITIAN BARS (No. 15.)—Pass the needle backward and forward two or three times, and work the bar thus formed in close button-hole stitch. If it be a cross-bar, work the button-hole stitch half the length; make the bar in the opposite direction, work that; and if another is required, do the same before finishing the first bar.

EDGED VENITIAN BARS (No. 16) are merely

the above edged on each side with Brussels or Sorrento edging.

DOTTED VENITIAN BARS (No. 17.)—To make these bars, pass the thread across the space two or three times, and make four button-hole stitches on the bar thus formed; put a needle in the fourth, and draw it out until it will allow of three or four button-hole stitches being worked on it; continue the bar in the same way.

ENGLISH BARS (No. 18) are used to connect two lines of edging. Pass the needle backward and forward between two opposite stitches four times each way, always putting the needle in the *under* side of the edge. Sometimes these bars are *radiated*, by missing a stitch more on one side than on the other.

The marked characteristic of SPANISH POINT (No. 19) is a kind of heavy satin stitch, with which parts are ornamented. It is very much raised, and afterward worked in button-hole stitch with fine linen Mecklenburgh thread.

Continuous rows of Sorrento edges worked backward and forward, like Brussels Lace, form a variety represented in the corner of the engraving.

The lower line of edging in the engraving is termed Little Venitian. It is worked like the other, but with only one button-hole stitch.

When, by means of these different stitches, the pattern is formed into a solid mass of work, the stitches at the back are to be cut, to detach the lace from the paper; the threads may then be picked out, and the article is complete.

To join Point Lace on to cambric or muslin, make an extremely narrow hem on either, and lay the inner line of braiding on that. Join them together by running on the middle of the braid through the cambric, and then working a line of Brussels edge on to the inner part of the braid, taking every stitch through both substances.

"GUARDIAN ANGELS."

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE IN THE JANUARY NUMBER OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

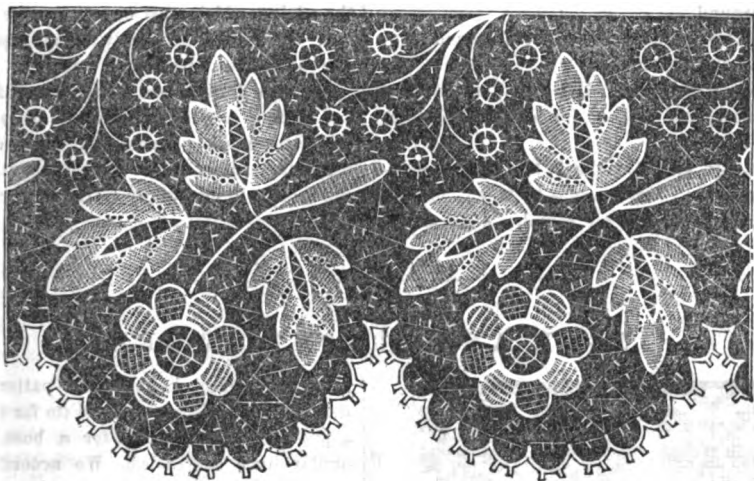
BY D. HARDY, JR.

ARE there guardian angels watching
Us with meek and holy eyes?
Do they come on silver pinions,
From their home within the skies,
Down to earth-land lone and dreary,
To watch o'er the sad and weary?

Happy thought; it we will cherish
Till our days on earth shall cease,
For the soul it lifteth upward,
To the realms of joy and peace,
Where our "lost ones" sing supernal
Anthems to the Great Eternal.

BRUSSELS POINT LACE.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



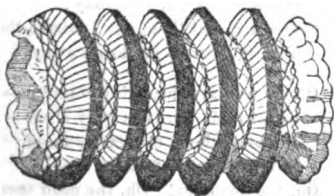
MATERIALS.—The Point-lace cottons of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby.

This lace, the design for which may be traced from the pattern, is in the simplest style, though not, on that account, less beautiful. Each scallop contains one sprig in rich, heavy stitches, on a fine and closely guipured ground. The Raleigh bars which form that ground, are done in No. 160 Mecklenburgh thread; the edge, in close

button-hole stitch, with Raleigh dots on each small scallops, in No. 100 of the same. The foundation stitch, in which the leaves, and every alternate petal of the flowers, is worked, is done in No. 120, Boar's-head sewing cotton; and the spotted lace for the other petals, in No. 140, Mecklenburgh, as also the Mechlin wheels which form the small flowers.

SPANISH UNDER-SLEEVE.

MATERIALS.—One ounce of white Pyrenees wool, and four knitting-needles, No. 14.



Cast on sixty stitches, namely twenty on each of three needles, close it into a round, and knit one round.

1st Pattern Round.— \times knit 1, make 1, knit 3, knit 8 together, knit 3, make 1 \times 6 times.

2nd Round.—Plain knitting.

3rd Round.—Like 1st.

4th Round.—Plain knitting.

5th Round.—Like 1st.

6th Round.—Plain knitting.

7th Round.— \times purl 8, purl 2 together, \times 6 times.

8th Round.—Purled.

9th Round.— \times make 1, slip 1, knit 2, (not together) pass the slip-stitch over the two, \times all round.

10th Round.—Plain knitting.

11th Round.—Knit 2. \times make 1, slip 1, knit 2 as before, and pass the slip-stitch over the two. \times all round. End with make 1, slip 1, and pass it over the two first of the round, the first of which you must put on the third needle.

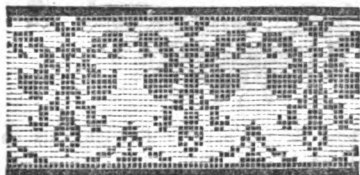
12th Round.—Plain knitting.
 18th Round.—Like 9th.
 14th Round.—Plain knitting.
 15th and 16th Rounds.—Purled.
 17th Round.—↗ make 1, knit 1, ↘ all round.
 18th to 39th Round.—↗ make 1, knit 2 together
 ↘ all around.
 40th Round.—Knit 2 together all round.
 41st Round.—Purled.
 Repeat from 8th to 41st round inclusive, 4
 times more, and then as far as the 16th round
 only.
 EDGE.—↗ knit 3, make 1, ↘. 2nd round.—
 Plain knitting. 3rd round.—↗ knit 3, make 1,
 knit 1, make 1. ↘ all round. 4th round.—

Plain. 5th round.—↗ knit 3, make 1. ↘ all
 round. 6th round.—Plain. Cast off.

A second edging is knitted under this, by
 taking up, with a fine knitting-needle, the back
 of the stitches of the last purled round, and
 doing six rounds before beginning the pattern of
 the edging, which must be exactly like the upper
 one. If wished extremely warm, these sleeves
 may be knitted with Berlin wool.

Done in Berlin wool, with one puffing only,
 and then a couple of inches of ribbed knitting
 this pattern makes a most comfortable and elastic
 glove top. It will not interfere with the fur
 cuffs, but will effectually warm the wrists.

BEAD AND CROCHET WORK.



We are often solicited for a pattern of bead
 and crochet-work, such as will do for the side of
 a pin-cushion, a marker for a book, or other
 similar little elegancies. We accordingly give
 one. The ground of this pretty design is white,
 the beads are pale blue seed beads. Other
 colors, however, may be substituted.

THOUGHTS BY NIGHT.

BY MARY W. JANVIER.

O'er my head the solemn Night
 Gazeth down with starry eyes;
 Sad and strange, oh, Night, thou seemest,
 With thy darkly bending skies'
 So to me this life we live—
 Manifold its mysteries.

Hastening onward to the sea,
 Rusheth past a rapid river;
 Even thus our years are lost
 In the vastnesses of Sorrow.
 All the hours of life, to me,
 Seem but as a rushing river.

Measureless the solemn ocean—
 Deep the caves its waves o'erflow;
 O'er my heart breaks wild emotion,
 Waves of feeling come and go;
 Many are its hidden caverns
 Where the tide-waves ebb and flow.

In the dark aisles of yon wildwood
 Moon nor star flings down no ray;
 How like life now! only childhood

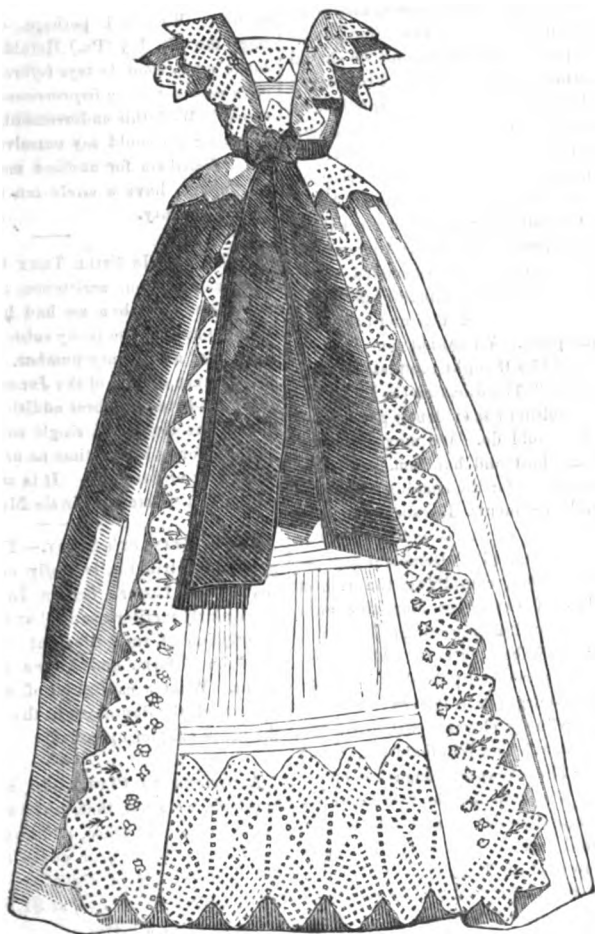
Heard Hope's magic fountain s play;
 Love's sweet star-beam, Hope's glad waters,
 Now no more refresh my way.

How the eager days are fleeting
 Past me to Eternity!
 Those I loved—my lips were greeting,
 Oh, it seems but yesterday!
 Scarce I kissed them, ere I missed them—
 Tore them from my heart away!

Others now are thronging round me—
 Sweet their words as fairy clime—
 Can I bless them, e'er caress them
 Like the loved of olden time?
 Oh, the lost ones! Oh, the dead ones,
 Buried now 'neath earth's cold rime!

Still the Night, with solemn splendor,
 Gazeth down with starry eyes—
 Pitying seem they, sad and tender,
 Cease, oh, tears! and hush, oh, sighs!
 Bend thou down, blue Heavens, closer,
 Thou art nearer, Paradise!

INFANT'S CHRISTENING ROBE.
FOR DESCRIPTION SEE FASHIONS.



SONNET.—HOPE.

BY **LUCY LINDEN.**

Hope! gentle sun that beams on Sorrow's night;
 The clouds of dusky time which veil thy sky
 Are changed to silver by thy glancing eye,
 And all the future crimsons in thy light;
 Though mountains of dull Grief obstruct thy rise,
 Yet soon thy beams creep up the rugged hill,
 And all the air with bright effulgence fill,

While proud you sail upon your azure skies,
 How springs the heart to feel thy joyous beam?
 How leaps the soul to meet thy kindly smile,
 Too often given but for to beguile?
 For oft your brightest is your latest gleam;
 Soon, far too soon, you sink in early death,
 While crimson dreams float on thy latest breath.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER. THE FUTURE.—When we threw down the gauntlet in advance, and challenged our cotemporaries to equal our January number, it was with a perfect confidence that we should excel all others, as the event has proved. From every quarter, congratulations reach us on the splendor of its embellishments, the superiority of its fashions, and the absorbing character of its literature. Private letters vie with newspaper notices in this respect. We have not room, however, to quote more than a few of these commendations: and shall select those of the press. Says the Prattsville (N. Y.) Advocate:—"Peterson for January cannot be surpassed, either for excellent reading matter or superior embellishments. Not the least feature of this number is the magnificent fashion-plate. We cannot conceive how a lady's boudoir could be thought complete without this storling Magazine." The Jamaica (L. I.) Democrat says:—"The publisher has evidently gone ahead of what he said he would do. We may safely say here, that this is the best and handsomest number of any of the Magazines, for the ensuing month, as it contains forty embellishments. Recollect, the price is two dollars instead of three. A dollar surely is worth saving!" The Milton (Pa.) Democrat says:—"It is a brilliant number, containing the richest colored fashion-plate of any other Magazine published, besides other beautiful engravings. The reading contents are from the best authors. Altogether, it is the best literary periodical published in Philadelphia." The Strasburg (Pa.) Bee says:—"The fashion-plate is dazlingly elegant; decidedly the handsomest we ever saw." The Windham Co., (Conn.) Telegraph says:—"The cheapest Magazine of its class in the Union. Peterson has the name of publishing the best original stories of any Magazine in the country, and well does he deserve it. It always gives us pleasure to read his Magazine—and if any one wishes to get ten dollars' worth for two, they have only to address Charles J. Peterson, 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia." The Germantown (Ohio) Locomotive says:—"The literary matter is, as usual, such as has never been equalled by any Magazine published." The Newark (Ohio) Times says:—"We like this Magazine better than any in the land of the kind, and in ten years intimate acquaintance with it have never met with one poor number." Says the Morris (Ill.) Gazette:—"Peterson's is not only the cheapest, but the best Magazine now published at any price."

As we wish no one to be deceived, we recapitulate what we intend to do for 1855. It is to give, in all, nine hundred pages; a steel plate and a colored fashion monthly; and about four hundred other

illustrations. Our stories will be from the first writers: and some will write exclusively for us: in short, we shall continue to excel in our reading matter. We shall, perhaps, do better than this. Says the Mt. Joy (Pa.) Herald:—"Peterson *always comes up to what he says beforehand he will do—and often makes striking improvements that he says nothing about.*" With this endorsement, which is better than anything we could say ourselves, we take leave of our subscribers for another month, by which time we hope to have a circle ten thousand larger, and perhaps twenty.

"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME."—Our friends have come to our assistance, this year, even more enthusiastically than we had hoped. Never before have we received so many subscribers up to the publication of a February number. Though we printed an immense edition of the January number, we have had already to send three additional editions to press; and if the clubs and single subscribers continue to pour in, for as long a time as usual, we shall have to print four or five more. It is settled now, beyond a doubt, that "Peterson" is the Magazine for ladies.

CARRY STANLEY'S STORY.—This new story, by our popular contributor, is really even more admirable than "Ada Lester's Season in New York." It is particularly meritorious in that rare thing, a truthful description of rural life; but the author has plainly lived on a farm, and knows what she is writing about. What a capital bit of word-painting is that picture of the day-dawn in the country, with which the ninth chapter opens!

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we state, that, when a club has once been formed at a post-office, additions may be made, at any time during the year, at the club rates. Thus, if the club was one of eight, names may be added at \$1.25 a piece; if of five, at \$1.50 a piece; and if of three, at \$1.67 a piece.

GIFT LOTTERIES.—To avoid misapprehension, we state that the publisher of this Magazine is not responsible for any gift lottery, in which his periodical may be offered as an inducement. In all such cases, the public must look to the projectors of such enterprises, and to no one else, for the fulfilment of their promises.

FUNDS TO REMIT.—We beg clubs and single subscribers to remit, if possible, in Eastern bills, as Western ones are at a heavy discount. Also, state distinctly the name of the state, county and post-town where the Magazine is to be sent.

THE "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS."—We have been testing the qualities of this article, which, the reader will recollect, was advertised in our January number. In every respect we find it fulfils the promises of the proprietor. It is one of the few, the very few cosmetics, which ought to have a place at the toilet. Fetridge & Co. will undoubtedly make a fortune by the "Balm." The ten thousand dollars which they are said to have paid for the receipt will be the fertile seed of ten times that amount in the end.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ruth Hall. By Fanny Fern. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers.—No one can peruse this work, without feeling that the writer, under the guise of fiction, describes much of her own experience. There is an earnestness, breathing through the whole, which is often terrible. The deaths of Daisy and Harry; the conduct of the father-in-law and his wife; and the struggles of Ruth to obtain a livelihood are drawn with a pen too graphic to be merely imaginary. In style the book is, perhaps, too sketchy; but nevertheless there is genius in almost every line. Much as we see to praise in the work, we cannot, however, keep down a suspicion that it is intended to pay off certain old scores of fancied neglect or insult; and this, we confess, we are sorry to see. We do not mean to say that the author has not been badly treated; but only that the public does not and cannot know the merits of private controversies; and that, therefore, it is wiser, to say the least, to avoid making strangers a party, in any way, to such disputes. Besides, is it ever right, in an author, to pillory real personages in a novel?

Poems. By Alice Cary. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We here welcome another of our contributors. Some of the poems in the volume deserve to take rank with the very best of the American muse. We may instance, in one walk, "Lyra, A Lament," and in another, "Grand-dame and Child." The distinguishing characteristic of our author is a healthy love of Nature. Alice Cary is at home in the woods and fields. Her descriptions of Nature are, therefore, living realities, and not shadowy pictures at second hand from older poets. A very decided improvement in her verse is perceptible, when her earlier efforts are compared with some of her latest. The great West, whose child she is, ought to be duly proud of her. Certainly no poet equal to her has yet arisen west of the Alleghanies. The publishers issue the volume in their usual superior style.

Manolia; or, The Vale of Tallulah. By a Georgian Huntman. 1 vol. Augusta: McKinne & Hall.—The work of an anonymous Southern author, published, in quite a creditable shape, by a firm of Southern booksellers. We hope it is the prelude to others.

The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings. By Charles Edwards. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This is a curious, yet instructive book. It goes back to the earliest rings found in the pyramids; then, discussing those of subsequent ages, comes down at last to the ring found at Stratford, in 1810, and supposed to be Shakspeare's famous lost one; and finally passes to rings in modern use. The work is at once antiquarian and poetical, historical and gossiping. Numerous illustrations adorn the volume.

Life of Horace Greeley. By J. Parton. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers.—It is not usual to write biographies of men till they are dead. But, in this case, we have the author's assertion that Mr. Greeley has had nothing to do with the work; and that the memoir is strictly that of the writer, who "takes the responsibility." The chief purpose of the narrative is to prove, by a well known example, that perseverance and talent is sure of its reward, at least in America. The work will do good.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Have. By Cousin Alice. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Far beyond all cotemporary writers for children is "Cousin Alice," whom we break no confidence, we believe, in mentioning as equally well known under the name of Alice B. Neal. Her present volume is, we think, even better than those which have preceded it. We cordially recommend it. The publishers issue it in a very neat style.

Merris England. By Grace Greenwood. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—One of the most interesting and instructive books for young people, that has been published for a long while. It is a collection of English tales and historical sketches, interwoven with descriptions of places visited by the author in Great Britain. The embellishments are unusually tasteful. Altogether it is a volume destined to be very popular.

The White Dove, and other Poems for Children. By Elizabeth W. Townsend. 1 vol. New York: James C. Derby.—In every respect a meritorious affair. The poems are excellent of their kind, the illustrations elegant, and the typography superior. Our little folks are charmed with the volume.

Pebbles from the Lake Shore; or, Miscellaneous Poems. By Charles Leland Porter. 1 vol. Philada: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—Some of these poems have considerable merit, while others are very inferior, but on the whole the collection is more than respectable, especially for a first volume.

Rose and Lillie Stanhope; or The Power of Conscience. By M. J. McIntosh. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—One of the most charming books possible for children, suitable for any one who can read, or even for those younger, if it is read to him or her. The work has a good moral.

The Lady's Almanac, for 1855. 1 vol. Boston: Jewett & Co.—The best affair of the kind out. It is prettily illustrated; full of useful reading; and quite cheap.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley, Jr. 1 vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—We welcome, with pleasure, a new edition of this remarkable work by the author of "Alton Locke." The scene of the story is laid in Alexandria, in the fifth century of our era; and the famous Cyril, bishop of that place, figures as a prominent actor. Hypatia herself is a beautiful character, albeit a Pagan; and her death, which is historical, really rises to the sublime. As a picture of life in Egypt thirteen centuries ago, the book is as brilliant as it is valuable. But there is a still higher merit in "Hypatia," which is that it exposes, with a masterly hand, the great fact that the popular Pantheism of the day, which would set Christianity aside, is only a feeble revamping of the religion of the old Greek philosophers.

The Wife's Victory: and other Nouvellettes. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of the best stories Mrs. Southworth has written. Indeed, "Brotherton Hall" may be considered, perhaps, that nouvelle in which she displays her highest genius. The admirers of Mrs. S. will hasten, we are sure, to possess themselves of this work. The publisher issues it in a style of great beauty.

Life in the Clearings, versus The Bush. By Mrs. Moodie. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—A new work from the author of "Roughing It In The Bush" will always have a large auditory. Mrs. Moodie writes from observation, and not from books, and is therefore invariably racy and original. In this fact we find the secret of her extensive popularity.

The Boat Club; or, The Bulkheads of Rippleton. A Tale for Boys. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol. Boston: Brown, Bazin & Co.—At twelve years old we should have devoured this story; and can, therefore, recommend it as a capital tale for boys. The volume is full of spirited illustrations.

The Plum-Woman; or, The Child With Three Mothers. By Gustav Nicrity. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—This is a story of a foundling, and exceedingly well told. It would make a capital birth-day gift to a child ten or twelve years old.

Country Life, and other Stories. By Cousin Mary. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—"Country Life" is the largest and best tale in this volume for children; but there are seven others, all having unusual merit. The illustrations are very good.

Old Carl, the Cooper, and His Wonderful Book. By Elbert Perce. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—A fairy tale, which will please any child delighting in the marvelous, that is nine out of ten. It is neatly got up.

The Angel Children; or, Stories from Cloud-Land. By Charlotte M. Higgins. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We have, in this neat little volume, seven delightful stories for children. The work is prettily illustrated.

The Wonderful Mirror. By the author of "A Visit to the Country." 1 vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—This little book for little folk cannot fail to find a welcome wherever it goes. We cordially commend it.

Love In Idleness. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—A cheap edition of a pleasant novel, neatly got up, by one of the most enterprising publishing houses in New York.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO LET A PERSON HOLD A PARTICULAR NUMBER OF COUNTERS OR CENTS IN HIS HAND, AND TO INCREASE THE NUMBER.—You throw a quantity of counters or cents on the table, and desire one of the company to reckon ten pieces. He complies. You give him the money to hold, and tell him that any number he thinks of between ten and fifteen he shall have. Accordingly, when he opens his hand, he finds fifteen pieces. You may perform this trick in another manner, and with as many of the company as you please. You desire one person to reckon five pieces which you give him, another six, another seven, and so on, and every person shall have one more.

EXPLANATION.—To perform this trick in the first way, you must have five pieces privately concealed in your right hand. You then tell the person who has reckoned out the ten pieces that you must be sure he has taken only ten, and moving the rest of the counters or cents away, you tell them down on the table with your left hand, and taking them up with your right, convey the pieces to the ten, and thus put fifteen pieces into the person's hand. The other way of performing this trick is by cleverly palming a counter or piece of money, and consequently putting one more into the person's hand than he thinks. You must have secret pieces, and you must divert the company with stories while attaching a piece to the palm of your hand under the table. You take up the pieces, when reckoned, with this hand, by which means you add one to the number. If capable of palming with dexterity, you may vary the trick by making the number one less. To do this you must carry away one of the pieces. N. B.—Counters or tin pieces are the best for the purpose, and dimes the best kind of money.

TO SHUT UP A PIECE OF MONEY OR A RING IN A BOX FROM WHENCE IT ESCAPES WITHOUT BEING TOUCHED.—You ask one of the company for a piece of money or a ring, which in his presence is deposited in a box. You then give him the box to hold; beg of him to shake it, when the money or ring is consequently heard to rattle within. You then desire him to shake it harder, but on being repeatedly shaken the sound is no longer heard, and the piece of money or ring is found in somebody's hat or pocket.

EXPLANATION.—This box is made so that in shaking it softly up and down it has a rattling sound as if there was money or something else in it. On pretence of showing the person how it should be shaken,

you take the box, and though locked, the piece of money or ring drops into your hand, through a little chink which opens secretly. The box will continue to rattle till shaken strongly in a horizontal direction, when a little spring falls upon the sounder, and hinders it from making a noise. It is then imagined that the piece of money or ring is gone, and by means of a sly confederate, who gives a timely hint, you point to the person's hat or pocket where it is.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

TO TELL AT WHAT HOUR A PERSON INTENDS TO RISE.—Let the person set the hand of the dial of a watch to any hour he pleases, and tell you what hour that is; and to the number of that hour you add in your mind twelve; then tell him to count privately the number of that amount upon the dial, beginning with the next hour to that on which he proposes to rise, and counting backward, first reckoning the number of the hour at which he has placed the hand: for example:—

Suppose the hour at which he intends to rise be eight, and that he has placed the hand at five; you will add twelve to five, and tell him to count seventeen on the dial, first reckoning five, the hour at which the index stands, and counting backward from the hour at which he intends to rise; and the number seventeen will necessarily end at eight, which shows that to be the hour he chose.

THE MAGICAL CENTURY.—If the number eleven be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be similar to the digit used: thus, twice eleven, twenty-two, three times eleven, thirty-three, &c. &c.

Propose to any one to place a figure, and to add alternately a certain number, till it amounts to a hundred, but never to add more than ten at a time. You tell him, moreover, that if you stake first, he shall never make the even century, but you will; in order to do which, you must first take one, and remembering the order of the above series, eleven, twenty-two, thirty-three, forty-four, &c. &c., you constantly to what he stakes add as many as will make one more than the numbers of that series, that is, as will make twelve, twenty-three, thirty-four, forty-five, &c. &c., till you come to eighty-nine; after which the other party cannot make the century himself, or prevent you from making it. If he stake first, you must endeavor to get possession of one of the above series.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLORS ON THE SAME STEM.—Split a small twig of the elder bush lengthways, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then,

tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

TO MELT IRON IN A MOMENT.—Bring a bar of iron to a white heat, and then apply to it a roll of sulphur: the iron will instantly melt, and run into drops.

TO EXTRACT THE SILVER OUT OF A RING THAT IS THICKLY GILDED, SO THAT THE GOLD MAY REMAIN ENTIRE.—Take a silver ring that is thickly gilded; make a little hole through the gold into the silver: then put the ring into aquafortis, in a warm place; it will dissolve the silver, and the gold will remain entire.

TO WRITE ON PAPER WITH LETTERS OF GOLD.—Put some gum-arabic into common writing ink, and write with it in the usual way; when the writing is dry, breathe on it; the warmth and moisture soften the gum, and will cause it to fasten on the gold leaf, which may be laid on in the usual way, and the superfluous part brushed off.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Rich Plum Cake.—One pound of fresh butter; one pound of sugar; two pounds of currants; a glass of brown brandy; one pound of candied citron and orange peel: two ounces of sweet almonds; ten eggs; a quarter of an ounce of allspice; and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar; stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and pounded cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour work the eggs in, two or three at a time; the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy; then add the sweetmeats, which, with the sweet almonds, blanched and cut small, must be well mixed in; then add the sifted flour and brandy. Bake in a tin hoop, in a hot oven, for three hours, and put sufficient paper under it to keep it from burning.

A Shoulder of Mutton with Rice.—Take a shoulder of mutton and half boil it, then put it into a stew-pan, with two quarts of mutton gravy, a quarter of a pound of rice, a teaspoonful of mushroom powder, with a little beaten mace, and stew it till the rice is tender; then take up the mutton and keep it hot; put to the rice half a pint of cream, and a piece of butter rolled in flour; stir it well round the pan, and let it boil a few minutes; lay the mutton in the dish, and pour the rice over it.

Chocolate Drops.—Reduce one ounce of chocolate to fine powder, by scraping, and add to it one pound of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, and heat it over the fire until it runs smooth, and will not spread too much when dropped out; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate. Avoid heating it a second time. Chocolate Milk is made by dissolving one ounce of chocolate in one pint of new milk.

An Effectual Method of Preserving Apples and Pears.—Having selected the best fruit, wipe it perfectly clean and dry with a fine cloth; then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly coated with cement, and having placed a layer of fine and perfectly dry sand at the bottom, place thereon a layer of the fruit—apples or pears as the case may be—but not so close as to press each other, and then a layer of sand; and in the same way proceed till the vessel is full. Over the upper layer of fruit, a thick stratum of sand may be spread, and lightly pressed down with the hands. In this manner choice fruit, perfectly ripe, may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar be placed in a situation free from moisture.

Rich Seed Cake.—Break fourteen eggs in a copper pan, and whisk them ten minutes; beat one pound of butter to a cream; add one pound of powdered sugar to the eggs, and whisk them over the fire for three minutes, then whisk till cold; mix these with the butter with your hands, as lightly as you can; put in an ounce of caraway seeds, some sweet almonds cut small, and a little cinnamon and nutmeg. Mix one pound and a quarter as light as possible with the hand, put three papers inside the tin, four or five at the bottom, and let the oven be rather brisk. When the cake has risen, and the oven is too hot at the top, cover with paper. It will be done in an hour and a half or two hours.

To Clarify Butter.—Put the butter into a clean, well-tinned or enameled stewpan, and melt it gently over a clear fire; when it just begins to simmer skim it thoroughly, draw it from the fire, and let it stand a few minutes that the buttermilk may sink to the bottom; then pour it, clear of the sediment, through a muslin strainer, or a fine hair sieve; put it into jars, and store it in a cool place. Butter, thus prepared, will answer for all the ordinary purposes of cookery, and remain good for a great length of time. In France, large quantities are melted down in autumn for winter use. When used, dissolve with a gentle degree of heat in a small saucepan, skim, and pour out for use, leaving the thick sediment behind.

Gibelotte is the favorite mode of dressing a rabbit in France, and as a rich dish, is decidedly the best. Cut up a rabbit, put it in a saucepan with butter and small slices of bacon, and brown it; then take it out of the saucepan for a few minutes and put in a table-spoonful of flour, which is to be lightly browned; put back the rabbit and bacon, and add a little Hock and French wine, either white or red, some chopped mushrooms, and sweet herbs; stew gently, and in about a quarter of an hour before it is done, add small-sized onions, previously browned in butter.

A Good Pickle.—Six pounds of salt, one pound of sugar, and four ounces of saltpetre, boiled with four gallons of water, skimmed, and allowed to cool, forms a very strong pickle, which will preserve any meat completely immersed in it. To effect this, which is essential, a heavy board or a flat stone should be laid on the meat.

To Make Ratafia.—Ratafias are liquors prepared by infusing the juices and kernels of fruits in strong spirits with sugar. The strongest French brandy makes the best. Common ratafia is thus made: Bruise an ounce of nutmegs; half a pound of bitter almonds blanched, and a grain of ambergris in a mortar with white sugar; infuse in two quarts of spirit for a fortnight closely corked, and then filter.

Cocoanut Cheese Cakes.—Wash and dry the nut, pare off the rind, and grate it; dissolve a quarter of a pound of lump sugar in a little water, then add the nut, and stir till it boils: when nearly cold, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly, and put in patty-pans, lined with puff paste. Bake, in a moderately hot oven.

To Clean Alabaster.—Remove all spots of grease with spirits of turpentine; then immerse the article in water for ten minutes, or longer if very dirty; rub over with a painter's brush; then, when dry, rub over with a soft brush, dipped into finely powdered plaster of Paris.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—HOME DRESS.—Skirt of apple green *moiré antique*. Basquine of black velvet trimmed with narrow galloon, which is edged with lace. This basquine sits very close; it opens in front. The lapets are long and come well over the hips. In front, at the waist, three small loops passed over the same number of buttons confine the basquine. Four rows of galloons are sewed flat on the body as braces. They are nearly an inch apart and parallel for about two inches at the waist, thence they diverge both above and below in the shape of a fan. Those that go upward turn round behind and follow the neck. The back is entirely plain and even at bottom. In the middle of the lappet and about two finger-breadths below the natural waist are five small buttons half an inch apart; from each of these proceeds a galloon; the middle one goes down straight, the others diverge toward the bottom. The same ornament is put on both sides of the lappets. Each galloon of this basquine is trimmed with a narrow lace gathered, which lies on the velvet. The sleeve is half wide at top, wide at bottom, first cut round, and then cut away inside so as to form an angle at the side. The seam is left open from the bend of the arm to the bottom. On each side of the opening and in the middle behind the sleeve, there are three groups of five ornaments, diverging at bottom as on the lappets. A black lace above an inch wide borders the outside of the basquine and sleeves. Embroidered muslin chemisette, with lace insertions. Under-sleeves with two frills of embroidered muslin. Hair dressed in the *Seigne* style.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF BROWN TAFFETA.—It has two flounces, one of which is trimmed with nine, and the other with seven rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The corsage, which is not seen, is in the

basque style, closed up the front. Mantelet of the same material as the dress. This mantelet turns back on the breast, and has a turn-down collar. A row of small buttons begins at the neck, follows the shoulder seam, and comes down the front of the arms. This garment, round behind, is so disposed as to form sleeves, that is to say, it is hollowed out and gathered in the seam so as to form a natural place to come on the arm. The collar has two rows of velvet, the revers two, which follow its shape. Three rows of velvet run down the front and are continued round the bottom, where three more are added. Bonnet of white turq velvet, trimmed with most-rose-buds, white blonde, and black velvet. The front comes forward in a point on the forehead and spreads considerably, rounding off behind at the sides. The crown, very sloping, of a tube-like form; the top of crown, small, flat, and low down, square at the edges; the curtain put on straight at the sides, is longer and stands out more behind. The front is slit all round in eight places. The slit is conical and forms a kind of slash out of which proceed rose-buds enclosed between two rows of blonde; the edges of these slashes have a piping along them. The inside of the bonnet is trimmed with roses and blondes. A cross-band of black velvet that lies on the hair is trimmed on the right hand side with a group of rose-buds. The curtain is also slit at intervals, and the slit is ornamented with blonde and rose-buds; a blonde runs along the edge. The strings are put inside the front, and a few ends of black velvet hang below.

FIG. III.—INFANT'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, ornamented with rich needlework, pink sleeve knots and a broad pink sash.

FIG. IV.—THE MADAME BERTUCCA is a cloak designed to fill the want so often expressed for a real winter garment, and is consequently a large cloak, with a cape from the shoulders falling over the skirt, which is in large box plaits and very full, trimmed with a rich plush trimming of the newest design, the cape in front forming a warm and graceful sleeve. It is really a cloak for comfort as well as elegance. Mr. Bell is now on his way to Paris. He is the only one of the New York Mantilla Merchants that is visiting the metropolis of fashion, and we may reasonably infer his establishment will be the place to find the latest novelties for the coming season.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S DRESS.—Frock of white pique, trimmed with rows of narrow braid. Up the front of the frock there is a flat piece, in the tablier form, scalloped at each side, and edged with fringe. The basque at the waist is edged with fringe, and a small pointed pelerine, trimmed to correspond, covers the corsage. The sleeves are demi-long, loose at the ends, and trimmed with rows of braid and fringe.

FIG. VI.—PELERINE FOR AN INFANT.—Material, white pique. The fronts are cut out in scallops, and turned back in the manner of revers. Round the throat a small turned-down collar, scalloped in the same manner as the revers.

FIG. VII.—CHILD'S CHRISTENING ROBE.—The

material composing this robe is the finest French cambric. The front consists of a *tablier* formed of rows of Valenciennes insertion, separated by rows of drawn cambric. This *tablier* is edged with a full row of scalloped lace of a very rich pattern. The skirt of the robe is edged all round with two rows of lace, surmounted by drawings and insertion. Six rows of lace trim the back part of the skirt, in the manner of flounces. The corsage is pointed in front, and the front piece is composed of rows of insertion and edging of the richest description. Two full rows of lace form lappets, descending from the shoulders to a point in front of the waist. The sleeves are formed of cambric, lace, and insertion.

FIG. VIII.—A DRESS OF MOIRE ANTIQUE, of a new style, each alternate stripe being of black velvet. The skirt is plain but full. The basquine is trimmed with fringe, which is set on black velvet lappets, and passes from the front across the shoulder to the bottom of the basque behind, in the style of brazer. This corsage is closed up the front with black velvet buttons, and the bottom is finished with a fringe. The fringe is of the same colors as the gay stripe in the dress. The sleeves consist of two pagodas, each edged with a fringe, which also ornaments the arm-hole where the sleeve is set in.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new this month in the style of making dresses. Basques are still very much worn, though they are going out of fashion slowly. They are not seen at all in evening dress. Jackets and canezons of white or black lace are much worn. They are very appropriate for the theatre, or for a style of evening costume somewhat more simple than what is usually understood by full-dress. A jacket of a very elegant kind has been made of rows of needlework and lace insertion, ranged alternately and in a slanting direction from the shoulders to the waist. The basque, which is somewhat longer than those recently worn, and the rows of lace and needlework run straight—that is to say, the ends are carried up so as to make the ends in front round instead of angular. The sleeves are finished by a deep fall of lace, and are gathered up by bows of satin ribbon with long flowing ends. The same style of jacket has been made in black lace and velvet, the rows of lace consisting of guipure insertion. Another has been made entirely of black Chantilly, the pattern being enriched by the addition of black velvet *application*, and the trimming being cut velvet.

SLEEVES intended for full evening dress, consist merely of full puffings of tulle, confined by bands of white satin ribbon, or of ribbon of a color in accordance with the dress, finished by bows with flowing ends. Sometimes the tulle bouillons are covered by falls of blonde or Honiton lace.

LACE SCARFS are also very much worn in evening dress, but as these are exceedingly expensive when of a fine quality, scarfs of illusion often take their place, and are generally more becoming, particularly to a youthful face and figure, as they have a most airy lightness of appearance.

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THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

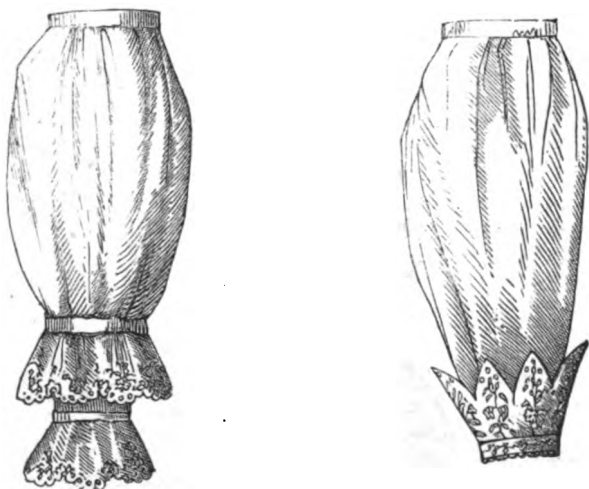


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UNDER-SLEEVES.



FLOWER IN CROCHET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

OL. XXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1855.

No. 3.

THE HUSBAND'S RUSE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Two handsome children—a boy of twelve, and a girl of ten years of age, were wandering together about a garden. They carried between them a great wicker basket, which they were filling with the choicest of the flowers, and exclamations of delight and exultation burst forth, as a bud or blossom more beautiful than its fellows, was added to the glowing collection which already graced the basket.

All was pleasant and harmonious, till the boy, Pemberton Walton, chanced to say,

"Look, Louisa, did you ever see such a beautiful rose? I declare," he added, laughingly, as he held it beside her face, "it's even prettier than you are yourself!"

Louisa's face flushed angrily; she pushed the rose away, exclaiming with a pout,

"I hate roses!"

Pemberton laughed, as he replied good-naturedly, "No, you don't, Lou, you only don't like their beauty to be praised at the expense of yours. Ah, Lou, Lou, jealous of a rose!"

But Louisa's pretty face remained clouded, and it was not till her companion's unfailing good-humor had borne a pretty severe test, that she deigned once more to smile and be agreeable.

Ten years later saw that same boy and girl united as husband and wife.

Time had made little change in them. The disposition of each remained as in childhood. Pemberton, the gay, careless boy, was equally open and good-natured as a man. And Louisa, with much that was amiable and good, still retained her besetting sin—her jealous, exacting temper.

It was impossible but that Pemberton should be fully aware of this unlovely fault in the "lady of his love," for it had been hers all her life, and many a time and oft, had he been forced to note it during their courtship; but he had the advantage of knowing also Louisa's many fine

and noble qualities, and he thought he was able to estimate exactly what risk he ran in trusting his happiness to her keeping. Besides, his almost unfailing good-humor enabled him to bear with, or laugh off her jealous fancies, as few men could, or would have done, and he hoped that his devotion, and her own good sense would, in time, cure her of her folly.

For a month or two after marriage, even Louisa was satisfied in the exclusive devotion of her husband lover. But when the wedding tour was over, and *two* honeymoons were passed, and the young husband, as was inevitable in the nature of things, began to return to old pursuits and occupations, Louisa was unable to endure this abridgment of her prerogatives—she could not bear to feel that she was but one of many objects of interest to her husband, when she had once been all in all.

She gave herself up to fit after fit of jealous wretchedness; tormenting her truly kind and forbearing husband, and annoying herself almost sick.

Did Pemberton come home half an hour late to dinner, or tea, he was sure to find his wife in a fit of the pouts, occasioned by his cruel desertion and neglect. Did he chance to omit the slightest attention or caress, to which she had been accustomed, she was certain to notice it, and he was often surprised by a shower of tears, the cause of which he could not even guess. Worst crime of all was it, he found, to profess ignorance on such occasions—that was but adding insult to injury. Do what he would, say what he would, unless he was entirely occupied with Louisa, to the exclusion of all other objects and thoughts, he found himself adjudged a cruel monster, guilty of making a fond and lovely wife "very unhappy."

In vain he sought by every reasonable concession, by playful raillery, and fond assurances

of undiminished affection, to tranquilize and soothe her—Louisa was jealous of the very cigars he smoked—the books he read—the friends he walked with—the horses he rode; and did he venture to have a pleasant chat with a lady friend, her lovely blue eyes turned absolutely green.

Pemberton, with all his good-nature, began to find things unendurable. Some way must be found to cure his wife of her folly, or she would render them both wretched. But how could it be done? Should he take her aside and reason with her on the foolishness and absurdity of her conduct? No, that plan had been already many times unsuccessfully tried.

Should he by a pretended flirtation give her apparently real cause for jealousy, and so cure her of her groundless fancies? The project seemed more feasible, but knowing Louisa's passionate and impulsive nature, he was positively afraid to attempt it—visions of daggers and poison passing unpleasantly through his mind.

He finally resolved to make an attempt to conquer her with her own weapons.

Accordingly, on coming home one evening, instead of going to his wife as usual to dissipate the gloom he perceived on her brow, by his attentions and caresses, he threw himself silently on a lounge, without taking the slightest notice of her.

Louisa was astonished. Never before had her husband failed to greet her tenderly on his return home. She did not know what to make of it. Though unwilling to compromise her dignity, she could not resist stealing a glance or two at him from under her eyelashes. She fancied he looked pale—and certainly something *must* be the matter, or he would never act so. Either he was sick, or some dreadful misfortune had overtaken him.

Quite softened by the thought, Louisa rose and coming up to him, said kindly,

"What is the matter, dear Pemberton, are you ill?"

"Headache," returned he, shortly.

"Oh!" said Louisa, affronted by his tone—and she said to herself as she resumed her seat, and took up the novel she was pretending to read, "Only a little headache—I'm not going to make a fuss over him for a trifle like that, when he causes me such torments, and then smiles at my agony," and her heart swelled, and her eyes filled at the remembrance of her sufferings.

Half an hour's silence followed.

Suddenly Pemberton sprang from his couch, and began to pace the room with gestures of great agitation, or suffering.

Louisa's fears returned. Something *was* wrong, that was certain. She threw her book aside, and entreated to know what was the matter.

"Oh nothing—nothing. Don't trouble yourself about me—pray go and finish your novel—don't disturb yourself. I see; it has come to this—I may suffer headache, fever, neuralgia, tortures, while the wife who once professed to love me sits and reads her novel. Talk to me about love grown cold, and changed affections," he continued, volubly, imitating her own strains, "I see but too clearly now, where the change lies. Why, when we were first married, I remember that once, when I chanced merely to cut my finger, you were almost frantic with apprehension. You wanted to send for the doctor, and must needs bathe it in arnica, and I don't know what—I must keep my bed—I must be bundled up to the chin in shawls for fear of lock-jaw. Now, I might have lock-jaw—scarlet fever—varioid and chicken-pox all at once, and I don't suppose you would throw aside your novel to help me."

More than ever astonished at her husband's conduct, Louisa could only suppose his wild talk to be the result of feverish delirium, and was confirmed in her belief that he was very ill.

She followed him up and down the room, endeavoring to soothe him by expressions of affection and sympathy, and begging him to let her do something for him. "Might she not send for the doctor? or should she bring him a little toast and tea? or would he have his feet put in hot water, and go right to bed? or would he consent to let her apply just *one* neat little mustard plaster? it would give such instant relief to his poor head."

But Pemberton scouted at all her proposals—declared her offers came too late to change his opinion as to her indifference, and continued to rave about her unkindness, and the change he perceived in her feelings to him. The more Louisa protested her love and constancy, the more unreasonable and unconvinced he seemed to be; till she was ready to cry from mere vexation at finding all her protestations disbelieved, and her husband obstinately of "the same opinion still," in spite of all she could say.

At last, when he was quite tired out, Pemberton allowed himself to be so far softened by Louisa's persuasions as to permit her to lead him back to his lounge, to try to get a nap. She covered him with her shawl, and sat beside him smoothing his hair, till he appeared to drop into a slumber.

Remembering that she was needed to give some directions to her cook, Louisa endeavored

to rise noiselessly, with the intention of stealing softly from the room. But at her first movement Pemberton exclaimed,

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Louisa, quite flurried, "I was only going to speak to the cook a moment"

"Going to speak to the cook!" repeated Pemberton, contemptuously. "Pray, Mrs. Walton, make no excuses for releasing yourself from the dull task of attending a stupid, sick husband—pry go and talk to your cook."

"Dear Pemberton, how suspicious you've grown," said Louisa, really distressed. Her husband interrupted her,

"I remember the time, when nothing, however delightful, could win you from my side for a moment, when I had time to be with you—now, though I am ill, a miserable cook cannot fry a potatoe, but you must run to look on, and leave me to suffer alone."

"My poor husband, are you suffering much?" asked Louisa, soothingly.

"My greatest sufferings are mental," replied Pemberton, severely, as he suddenly hid his head in the cushions of the lounge, while his frame shook with a strange agitation.

Louisa flew to him in alarm; she was convinced he was about to be seized with some kind of a fit. She hastily snatched the cushions from

his face, and to her excessive surprise discovered her poor, sick, suffering husband convulsed with laughter.

For some minutes astonishment held her spell-bound—then the perception of her husband's ruse, and the lesson it was intended to carry, flashed upon her. She stood irresolute—half-angry, half-amused—in doubt whether to be indignant, or take part in the laugh against herself.

Fortunately her better nature prevailed; and having relieved her feelings by calling Pemberton "an unmitigated humbug," she joined him in a fit of unrestrained merriment.

She candidly admitted her defeat—acknowledged that Pemberton had proved himself an excellent mimic, and had not much overacted his part.

Better than all, she was too sensible a woman not to profit by a lesson so fairly set before her, and from that day dated a great reform in her conduct.

True, from force of habit, she sometimes seemed about to fall into her old jealous fancies; but whenever this danger impended, Pemberton was sure to be seized with a timely return of his feverish ravings; and so, by out-Heroding Herod, always contrived to remain master of the field.

THE MAIDEN'S REPROOF.

BY RICHARD COX.

"I HAVE loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
I have loved thee better than words can tell!"
I heard a beautiful maiden say
To her youthful lover wild and gay;
But he answered her neither with words nor sighs,
And the tears sprang forth in the maiden's eyes,
As he turned with a careless air away
From the one he had sworn to protect for aye!

"I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
I have loved thee better than words can tell!"
Were the self-same words 'twas my lot to hear,
This reckless lover pour in the ear

Of another maiden, fair and bright,
As the star of eve in the brow of night;
Her answer to him was a chill, cold frown,
That brought the proud hopes of the lover down!

"I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
I have loved thee better than words can tell!"
He whispered again in the ear of her
Who had bowed at his shrine a worshipper;
But he came too late, and he had not power
To move her now, as in happier hour;
And her answer was, "I have loved thee well,
But now no words my scorn can tell!"

WAR.

They paint thee, War, all glorious as the day,
Pride in thy port, and glory in thy eye,
Applauding peoples crowding round thy way,
And Heav'n itself resounding "Victory!"

I see thee different. Amid wasted fields,
And blasing towns, and streams of human gore,
Dead soldiers, orphans, battered guns and shields,
A spectre grim! for such thou art, oh! War. C. A.

VARIETIES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

A COUNTRY PIC-NIC.

"HERE we are," says the minister, cheerfully.

"And the cars not come," adds a pouting-lipped, rosy-faced damsel.

What a bevy of women—we beg pardon—ladies, from one year old and upward! What a galaxy of beauty! What beds of pinks and tulips and orange roses, and blue bells and butter-cups their pretty bonnets resemble! Just look at them; a rainbow chipped all into pieces could not resolve itself into a greater infinitude of coloring.

"Where's my Jim?" cries a corpulent lady, elbowing her way through the crowd with energetic pushes; "my Jim, I've lost little Jimmy, and the cars a coming."

"Here he is," says the pleasant pastor, smiling, "helping himself to the contents of your cake-basket." The fat lady almost collapses as she sees the last morsel of her favorite slice disappear. She looks wrath at him—but the minister is by; it won't do to scold—so she only grinds her teeth, and takes the wicked urchin with an affectionate (?) squeeze by the shoulder, muttering with peculiar emphasis, "oh, *you!*"—but here language fails.

Spit, spit—clatter, clatter and whew! with a whistle as loud as that of old Atlas, (who doubtless kept his spirits up in whistling under his burden) onward rush the cars. Now for bustle and confusion "worse confounded." In vain the panting minister exhorts to order; they might listen to his warnings from the pulpit, but in a railway station—never.

And this is going to a country pic-nic! To whirl past amalgamated trees, fences, farms, and a strip of blue-white river for miles, and rusticate in a grove on the edge of the rail. That is not the way *we* like to pic-nic. Give us the country frolic, where the wagons are brought on gay with red streamers and flags, and fresh dew-sprinkled roses; from wreaths and pendants of which peep out happy, smiling ruddy, faces. We prefer the old hay-cart, that Dick the farmer—joking, sunburnt Dick—heaped high with the nice-smelling hay only yesterday—and the scent of the clover yet elings to the rude vehicle. This with wives and little ones happy at our side, is country pleasure. Out with your flying cars; let

us stop to snuff the orchard perfume, to gather blackberries, to break off slender limbs and whip up the old cart horse, who knows we're only in fun, and wouldn't jog an inch further for prince or queen.

And then to drive home at a moderate pace over the old county road, hallooing to the farmers coming home with empty carts, singing snatches of pleasant songs; catching the swell of the scented fields, or the glory of the sunset clouds, joining in the hearty untrammelled laugh and innocent merriment of happy childhood—to get to the ancient homestead, its walls all brown and red with a century's moss, to lead the venerable working quadruped dressed up with leaves and flowers as he is, to his supper, and then to go in and do justice to the fresh doughnuts and cheese—this is the way to have and *enjoy* a country pic-nic. Maids and lovers take notice.

BAD BREAD AND BUTTER.

We have acquaintance with a bright fellow, rejoicing in the cognomen of "Musty Crusty." Those who know him very well call him Mustard—for it must be confessed his jokes sometimes sting. Those who do not pretend to intimacy (for the most part very small boys with cigars who imagine themselves men) nick-name him "Old Must." Well, "Old Must" is something of a genius in his line—being mostly favorable toward gunning and punning. We were talking of a very unpleasant person one day, when suddenly "Old Must" broke forth with,

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I don't like Miss M—: shall I tell you the reason why?"

Of course the company wanted to know—so Musty put on a proper face and said,

"Well, it's because she's very ill-bred, and I defy you to find any so disagreeable *but her*."

LET THEM CRY.

THAT accommodating commodity, "exchange paper," says, "*Dutch babies never cry—long life to them.*"

Don't anybody who has "we toddling things," say "amen" to that. One might as well love eternal sunshine—a fadeless blue never broken into rich fragments of painting by the clouds. As soon would we possess an automaton, or the

gure from an old china tile as a baby that never ries. How could we prize the beauty or the ood-nature of the little things without the hadows of baby grief as well as the lights of aby joy? The mother's love would be but half rawn out, till she saw the quivering lip and tears elling over the innocent cheek. Then she holds er babe closer to her bosom, hushes him with weet words, and sings soothing lullabys.

Shouting, bounding, crying childhood for us. e remember once offering three spirited, curly-eaded children, a trifling reward if they would eep entire silence for the space of thirty minutes. And a long and most wearisome half our that one seemed to us. There they sat,

each in her little chair, mute, motionless, with clasped hands and bright, restless eyes. The room was like a grave; and we could not forbear the thought, "suppose it were always so."

Let children be human. Let them laugh—let them weep. Let them fill the house with sunshine or the noise of lamentation. When you look at them for the last time, as they sleep in their white shrouds, with flowers strewn about their dead beauty, you could bear the wildest shrieks, came they only from *living* lips. Let children be children. The world will teach them all too soon to plant the smile where the tears should spring; to wear the mocking mask of gladness when the heart is full of sorrow.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Dawning o'er the sky of blue,
Come light clouds of snowy hue,
As come drifting fancies bright
O'er the brain with golden light;
Fit they o'er the azure sky,
As our dreams go fitting by;
Like a robe of spotless white,
Unfolded by some fairy sprite.

While the winds go dallying by,
Drift they up the Western sky;
Like a bird's unfolding wing,
With a noiseless pinioning;
Like a downy elder bed,
With white curtains overspread,
Still clouds come—till one by one
Down the white-winged snow-flakes come.

Messengers all pure they are,
From the spotless world afar;
Sarely snow-white angel hands,
Gathered from unsullied strands
Those fine flakes, and with light showers
Flung them o'er this world of ours;
And the rustling, falling snow,
Seems like angel whispers low.

Or perchance from fairy bowers,
Downward come the snow-crowned flowers;
Wreaths are falling on the lea,
Twined by hands we may not see;
Icy buds unfolding white,
Gem the earth like stars of light;
If not angels thus deck earth,
Fairies give the snow-flakes birth.

When was here the Summer-time,
And the sweet-breathed flowers kept chime
With the mystic fairy bells,
Breathing incense from their cells,
Wooing perfume o'er the breeze,
From their fragrant, whisp'ring leaves,

Till the downy music's gush
Died away in twilight's hush,
And the leaves were folded up
In each floweret's green-cleft cup;

Then, mayhap with footsteps light,
Forth came fairy, fay, and sprite:
In the moonlight's silvery hours,
Gathered up the fairest flowers;
Rose-leaves—buds of every hue,
Laden heavily with dew,
Far away were softly borne
Ere awoke the sleeping morn.

Wave they garlands fresh and bright,
For their sinless brows of white,
Bound them there with dewy spray
Till their color fled away;
Clasped they rose-leaves in their hands
Till the touch of snowy wands
Faded out the rosy hue—
Crystallized the drops of dew—
Then the flowers came to earth,
Pure snow-flakes as o'er had birth.

It may be that fairy spell
Rests in every dale and dell:
But we love the snow which rests
On the vine-clad hill-top's breast,
Lifted, waved by every gale
Like a fair bride's snowy veil,
Floating 'round her fair and white,
Like a misty wreath of light.

Feathered snow-flakes softly rest
On the earth; as to its nest
Comes the dove with snow-white wing,
When o'er fragrant seas comes Spring,
Dassling snow-flakes, glittering, fair,
If not angels from afar,
Give to earth a snow-white crown:
Fairies send the snow-flakes down. P. A. M.

HOW UNCLE JOE WAS CAUGHT.

BY ELLA RODMAN

Wm all felt perfectly safe respecting uncle Joe, ever since the dislodgment of that artful house-keeper, who was always sighing and pitying his loneliness; for, although he counted his money by its hundreds of thousands, he appeared to think that he had been sent into the world for the express purpose of contributing to the happiness of his nieces, nephews, and hosts of relations, that were as numerous as the legs of a centipede.

Poor man! he was scarcely more active in the catastrophe I have to record than Jack Bunsby, of happy memory, who was so relentlessly captured by the inexorable Mrs. Mac Stinger.

It was a bright autumn morning—one of those days when people feel happy from very small causes, and part of the old innocence that existed when the world was a baby comes back and makes us thankful for the blue sky and the warm sunshine—when “business is looking up,” and all wear smiling faces. The hour was an early one, and the pave was consecrated to Wall street brokers, merchants’ clerks, dressmakers, and school girls.

A long, green veil floated obligingly down the back of the bonnet, and exposed a face that drew nearly all the eyes that encountered it back for a second look. It was as pretty as the face of the wax-doll the little girl is playing with; and Miss Emily was quite as well aware of this circumstance as the many pairs of eyes could wish her to be.

She walked demurely on, pretending not to see; but presently a boyish face peered down into her own, and the books were taken from her hands with a manner of charming assurance.

Emily blushed, and said, “good morning, Mr. Buckley,” in answer to his “good morning, Miss Halstead;” and then they talked of the opera and the last party; and Emily took care to speak very pleasantly to Clara and Ellen Newman, who passed them fearless; and the two walked on until they reached the corner where all the damsels at Madam C——’s school insisted upon being deserted by their attendants, in order to honor the pleasant fiction which madam indulged in, that *her* young ladies were too much engaged by their studies to think of such trifles as beaux.

Harry departed, thinking that Emily was a very

pretty little girl, and he didn’t know but he must contrive to meet her again; and Emily walked on with a heightened color, as she called to mind Harry’s flattering remarks.

The Halsteads were people who lived no one knew how, and made a show upon no one knew what; they had a handsome house, and gave very respectable entertainments, but Mr. Halstead never had been rich, and was always failing. Mrs. Halstead was looked up to as the principal wheel in the domestic machinery; and she had a manner of persuading people into the belief that she was quite able to accomplish impossibilities. She always dressed richly—had an imposing carriage, and an aspect of perfect serenity and satisfaction.

“Mother,” said Emily, as she came bounding into the drawing-room, “Harry Buckley walked to school with me, this morning.”

“Very well, indeed,” observed Mrs. Halstead, approvingly, “the Buckleys are of a good old stock.”

Emily walked to the mirror and arranged her ringlets, while Mrs. Halstead fell into a pleasant reverie. She was not quite sanguine enough to consider the walk equal to an offer of marriage, but Emily was very pretty, and there was no knowing what might come of it. The Buckleys’ position was so decided that such a connection would establish *them* at once; and Emily noticed that her mother’s good-night kiss, that evening, was much warmer than usual.

Things went on encouragingly for some weeks; Harry was invited to the house, and appeared to enjoy his visits there very much, had sent bouquets and bon-bons; and Mrs. Halstead received very blandly all insinuations upon the subject from her acquaintances.

But, one day, Emily came home very much out of humor; and the sharp-sighted mother soon ascertained that Harry Buckley had not made his appearance as usual. The next morning, Emily received a bow from him, as he passed her with Adeline St Clair; and instead of going to school, she turned back and poured out her griefs upon her mother’s bosom. Figuratively that is, for, literally speaking, Mrs. Halstead would have been shocked at such a performance as involving the safety of her chemisette.

"Go up stairs, and bathe your eyes," said she, at length, "and say not a word of this to any one."

She paced up and down the room some little time, until she had entirely completed her plan; and then she wrote a note and despatched it immediately. She was a perfect Napoleon where defeat was concerned, and only braced herself up with fresh energy.

But I believe I forgot to mention that Harry Buckley was a nephew of uncle Joe's; that important fact stated, we will now proceed.

The note was addressed to a person whom Mrs. Halstead called her "friend," and whom others called her "factotum." Mr. Miller was fond of oyster suppers, without possessing the means to indulge very often in such luxuries; he was, moreover, ready to be at the beck of anybody who gave frequent entertainments. He answered Mrs. Halstead's summons to appear, in person, without loss of time.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Joseph Buckley?" asked the lady, abruptly; and that point being satisfactorily settled, a long conference ensued, which ended in the above-mentioned gentleman's receiving a most unexpected call from Mr. Miller.

Uncle Joe sat innocently reading some prosy book, for which he was not ashamed, at forty-five, to use spectacles boldly and openly, and not screw a glass in the corner of one eye as is the now-a-days custom with antiquated beaux.

He pushed back the spectacles, and received Mr. Miller pleasantly, as usual; but, to his very great surprise, that gentleman remained a little distance off, as though afraid of being polluted by a close contact, and deliberately observed,

"My dear fellow, I have a pretty serious charge to bring against you."

Uncle Joe turned around in his chair, and gazed at him with an expression of alarmed interest.

"You are accused," said his visitor, "of having trifled with the affections of a most interesting school girl, whom you have beguiled with honeyed words to believe in your sincerity; and now that the poor child's heart is really interested, you have meanly deserted her."

Uncle Joe was, at first, alarmed; but, as Mr. Miller proceeded, he called to mind the face and figure that he had encountered while shaving, that morning, and the idea of his having made such havoc with the heart of "an interesting young lady" struck him so ludicrously that, very much to his visitor's amazement, he burst into a fit of laughter.

"This will not do, sir," said Mr. Miller, indignantly, "your levity is perfectly unfeeling."

Uncle Joe was frightened again. His mouth

suddenly collapsed, as he exclaimed, in a sort of incredulous terror,

"You do not *dare* to say that you believe me capable of such a thing?"

Mr. Miller was somewhat daunted by the flash of his eye, and uncle Joe continued, triumphantly,

"A sober, old fellow, like me, who scarcely ever leaves the house, and when he does, it is with eyes fixed on his own nose, or on the ground—it is really too absurd!"

Mr. Miller still pretended incredulity; when uncle Joe suddenly exclaimed, struck with a bright idea,

"I see it all *now*! It is that good-for-nothing fellow, Harry! A pretty scrape he has been the means of getting me into!"

"But how can I convince Mrs. Halstead of this?" persisted Mr. Miller.

"Mrs. Halstead?" repeated uncle Joe, "then it is that pretty little daughter of *her's*? What a shame for Harry to act so! The good-for-nothing scamp!"

Mr. Miller adroitly put into his head the magnanimous resolution of calling upon Mrs. Halstead to assure her that he had not run away with her daughter's affections; and uncle Joe agreed to go that very night.

He was very particular about his cravat, and brushed his hair to an alarming degree of smoothness; scowling all the time at his own reflection in the glass, and thinking it a very queer business. Mr. Miller came, according to his promise; and the two wended their way to Mrs. Halstead's.

That lady received uncle Joe with much empressment; and then he had a confused consciousness of bowing through a mass of sunny ringlets, blooming cheeks, and eyes and dress that matched the skies. Uncle Joe was not accustomed to ladies' society; and Mrs. Halstead soon drew him off for a private chat.

"Poor Mr. Miller," said she, with a most natural-sounding laugh, "how *could* he make so absurd a mistake? His friendship for the family," she continued, "often leads him to do strange things, and Emily's ridiculous penchant has made quite an impression upon him. She laughs at it, herself, now."

"It *was* absurd," said uncle Joe, with his good-natured laugh, "to suppose an old fellow like me capable of inspiring love in a beautiful young creature like that!"

"Girls of eighteen have loved men of forty before *now*," replied the lady, "but the *absurdity* of the thing is to suppose you capable of trifling with the feelings thus aroused."

"I wonder how *that* will work?" thought Mrs. Halstead, as she crossed over to Emily, and whispered to her to play her most effective piece.

It worked in this way. Uncle Joe very suddenly awoke to the fact that he was not particularly happy, and that he might be a great deal happier; and when Miss Emily turned to him with a beaming smile, and asked him if he liked "*La Fille du Regiment*," he would have said "yes" to anything. How Harry *could* be such a blind idiot he could not imagine; and he sighingly wished himself twenty years younger.

Mrs. Halstead was polite in the extreme, as if to indemnify him for the wound his feelings had received from "*that absurd mistake of Mr. Miller's*;" and he was invited to call again.

He went very soon; bouquets poured in—in-
vitations poured in—and finally, the proposal.

"Emily, you are to marry Mr. Buckley," said Mrs. Halstead, one morning.

"Why, *mother!*" exclaimed Emily, "*that old thing!*"

"You will have a carriage, diamonds, and a box at the opera," replied her mother, "Mr. Buckley is of a good old stock, and you can triumph very pleasantly over that impertinent Harry."

Emily thought a few moments—went to the mirror and sighed—went to the window, and saw Mrs. Bfingwell's carriage and liveried servants; and just three months afterward she was riding beside uncle Joe in just such an equipage.

Harry, in a fit of despair, went off to California to dig for the gold that Miss Emily had wrenched from his grasp; and the rest of us went to the wedding, and abused the bride, and pronounced uncle Joe "an old fool."

N. B.—Uncle Joe is decidedly jealous of Mr. Miller. He thinks that he dines there entirely too often, and "wonders what Emily can see to admire in him."

ANTICIPATION.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Oh, hasten on ye winged hours!

I yearn once more to see

The valley of my childhood's home,

The mountains, and the lea.

The feathery groves that crown the hills,

Or droop beside the stream,

The silv'ry brooks, the murr'ring rills,

Where dewy violets gleam.

The winding path beside the lake,

Where water lilies float,

And spread at eve their stainless sails

Like some sweet fairy boat.

The dark grey rocks that raise their heads

Far up the mountain side,

The gentle stream that winds below

Like clinging, timid bride.

All—all my spirit pines to see—

Each spot within that vale,

Each looming crag, each mossy stone,

Each verdant, smiling dale.

Then hasten on ye winged hours,

And o'er the swelling sea,

Oh, safely launch and guide my bark

Until thus blest I be.

ROSA SINE SPINA.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE

A FLOWER long sought for in this vale of tears,

Yet never found by Poet or by Sage;

The wished-for boon of youth and hoary age—
No chronicle of its fair form appears.

Youth seeks it in fond beauty's loving arms,

The mazy dance—the golden bowl filled high;

In balmy climes where perfumed zephyrs sigh—
Yet what remains of all these fleeting charms?

Stern manhood seeks it in pursuit of wealth,

Accumulating golden dross for those

He knows not—searching for the fadeless rose
Which grows a thorn with his departing health.

Old age still seeks to find this precious flower,

In richest bloom, without attendant thorn;

In earth's fair bowers it never yet was borne,
Where ope alone the blossoms of an hour.

And he who culls, alas! will be deceived,

If Fancy paints in glowing colors fair,

As thornless flowers, the roses blooming there,
Thus thousands upon thousands are deceived.

THE COBBLER OF NANTASKET.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Here's the smell of the blood yet—oh! oh! oh!"—MACBETH.

ONCE upon a time, as old-fashioned story-tellers say, there dwelt, in the good town of Nantasket, a little, notable cobbler, who filled the neighborhood daily with the clack of his hammer. From sunrise to sunset a more vigorous awl was not plied in town. But no sooner had day departed than the bench was moved away, the lapstone laid up, and the cobbler hied away to the village inn, where in one corner of the ample chimney, with his mug of beer before him, he was accustomed to harangue his clique of admirers about the embargo, the tariff, the last news from England, our relations in China, and the various other matters which, in bye-gone times, puzzled so many wise and hoary heads. On all these subjects our cobbler, after early twilight, was a perfect oracle, having read the history of England by Oliver Goldsmith, and being actually a subscriber for a newspaper. Not a negotiation miscarried, but he showed how it might have been concluded; at every battle lost abroad he proved in what way the defeated general had erred; and Napoleon, if the cobbler was to be believed, might have been reigning to this day, if he had but followed our hero's advice. At such times how eloquent he grew! The very air with which he took the pipe from his mouth, and thumped upon the table with his brawny hand, infallibly made his audience gape with wonder, and his adversary scratch his head in his puzzle to reply. Few could compete with the little old cobbler; and so it came to pass that at last he grew to be quite a dictator, laying down the law much like Addison at Wills', or glorious old John in his balcony. No matter who might advance an opinion, no one saw its correctness until leisurely taking his pipe from his mouth, and whiffing away till the smoke curled fantastically upward to the ceiling, he

"Shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the nod."

The little cobbler moreover had at times been an officer of a town meeting, and once indeed was chosen an inspector of the election. Upon the memory of these honors he lived. He had also a great turn for courts, was known to hold the judges in high reverence, deemed it quite a

distinction to be summoned as a witness, and having once sued a man for a debt, was constantly detailing what his lawyer said, and how energetically the court charged the jury in his favor. You were sure to get into his good graces at once by reminding him thereof. Could he have been a jurymen he would have been delighted. But that honor was confined to freeholders, in the generation where his lot was cast; and all he owned was his bench, his lapstone, and a side of leather. So he had to pocket his hard fate as he best could.

It so happened that about this time there came to the village a fat, red-faced tailor, who having been the tavern orator of the town he came from, set about attempting, as soon as he was settled at Nantasket, the dethronement of the cobbler. But this was no easy task. The old fellow was as sly as a fox, and, not knowing the metal of the new-comer, never even entered into an argument with him. He only cocked up his little snub nose whenever the tailor was mentioned. But the latter did not despair. He took a shop right opposite the stall of the cobbler, put in it a new-fashioned kind of casement called a bow window, and filled it from top to bottom with glossy coats and colored pictures of the fashions. The women were delighted, and having always hated Amasa because he was a bachelor, soon teased their spouses into high notions of the tailor's eloquence. All the disaffected and envious likewise swelled his ranks, so that at last the empire became divided: and while the cobbler harangued in the chimney corner, the waggish tailor declaimed at the porch beside the door.

One morning, just as the cobbler was sitting down to work, he noticed an unusual bustle in the street. Early as it was, a goodly portion of the townsfolk were already up, and little groups of men stood talking before the closed houses, or were hurrying down to the village landing. A short distance off, the tailor, mounted on a post, was gesticulating violently to a crowd of hearers. Amasa, at this sight, checked his curiosity, lit his pipe, took up his last, and began to pelt away. But just then a hurrah met his ear. It was a part of the crowd cheering the tailor. He

could appear indifferent no longer. He threw down his hammer, smashed his pipe to atoms, kicked his bench over, and flinging his apron after it set off to the landing in an agony of wrath, envy, and ambition.

"Make way—here comes the man we want," shouted a detachment of his partisans, as they saw him approaching. The old fellow, gratified by such homage, mended his pace, the crowd opened before him, and there stood the two rivals, eyeing each other like game-cocks: the one panting with his race, and the other with the excitement of speaking.

The truth was, the tailor was the cause of it all. He and a crony of his having been fishing down the bay, had brought back intelligence of a dead body washed up by the tide. The news spread like wild fire, waking all Nantasket an hour before its time.

The cobbler had arrived in the very nick of time. The tailor was declaiming against a proposition, first started by one of the cobbler's chums, that a coroner's jury should be empanelled to examine the corpse and collect evidence of the murder. For that a homicide had been perpetrated no one appeared to doubt.

The cobbler saw that the time had come when he must assert his supremacy, and so instead of avoiding battle, he courted it like a valiant man-at-arms. He perceived at once which way the popular feeling ran. Besides, if he took sides with the townsfolk, and routed the tailor from the field, his ambition would be gratified in getting a place upon the jury, for the coroner always made his selection indifferently from those at hand. Who knew, besides, but he might even be the foreman? And if it really was a murder, and the murderer should be caught and tried, what an important person would the foreman of this coroner's jury be!

"A dead body's a thing, fellow-citizens," he began, "that ought to be inquired into. There's been foul, bloody, unnatural, cannibal murder committed, and it should be sifted to the bottom. It's matter for a crowner's jury. Who knows but the murderer may even now stalk abroad—in our midst perhaps—and that a jury might discover marks by which he should be detected?—though for that matter," he continued, looking hard at the tailor, "they needn't go far for 'em; for I've always said some people were no better than they should be."

"Hurrah for neighbor Amasa," roared a ragged hanger on.

"Huzza!" sang another, "how he pitches it into Snip. I calkerlate that's laying it on thick *any how.*"

One would have thought, that, if the tailor had been as wary a bird as the cobbler, he would, after these demonstrations, have remained quiet; but he continued hinting at its expense, and the probability that the tide would wash away the body before the jury could get to the beach. The cobbler, at this, bristled up, and in a pretty loud tone remarked,

"What's expense to public justice? I don't see why some people oppose investigation—for my part, I'll not sleep till it's sifted, sifted, sir, to the very bottom—where's the crowner?"

The uproar now grew tremendous; the cobbler and the jury were the cries; and the partisans of the tailor were forced to hide their diminished heads.

At last the coroner came, and that high functionary, after elbowing his way through the crowd, was greatly startled at the news, particularly when he found how unanimous was the public will that he should sift the matter. Not wishing to be outdone by the cobbler's alacrity, he vowed he would never shave till the body had been found and due measures taken to arrest the murderer.

The cobbler's triumph was now complete; but it did not stop here. He was resolved to be foreman of the jury, and after a little manœuvring his ambition was gratified. Amid the cheers of the excited townsfolk the party set forth. The tailor, however, who should have been their guide, was missing, and so it happened that they started with no information except that the body was "near the point." Now, unluckily, there were two points. But the cobbler vowed they would soon find it nevertheless. Only, as they started, he hinted to several of his partisans, to keep a watch over the tailor, "for," added he, prophetically, "he knows more of this affair, depend on't, than he chooses to tell."

The bay coast was a low, sandy beach, fronting out toward the ocean, and almost destitute of verdure. Just above high-water-mark a range of sand hills skirted the shore, undulating the horizon and giving a bleak and barren aspect to the scene. On the opposite side of the bay rose up a line of hills and headlands, behind which towered the blue tops of the distant mountains. The whole coast was the scene of many a wild legend; and tradition reported that buccaners had buried treasures there. Haunted spots were pointed out where shadowy forms had actually been seen. Of these spectral spots, Point Neversink was the most fearful, and few men ventured to approach it after dusk.

It was long past noon when the cobbler and his jury reached the beach, and as they mounted

one of the low sand hills the long line of coast opened before them. The sun was still intensely hot. The wind had died away leaving it a dead calm; not a shrub or tree was near to shelter them; and the atmosphere undulated lazily in the sultry sunshine. The tide was down, but on the flood. The breakers rolled in, the foam combing along their crests, and then their dark wall tumbling headlong into foam. A few fowl ran along before the creamy sea water that came sliding up the sand, or nimbly followed the receding undertow. Not a cloud was seen on high. A mile in the offing a solitary sloop, with its single tall mast and enormous mainsail, swung lazily upon the glittering deep; while away in the distance, like white-winged gulls, a few sails flashed in the sunshine. There was no sound but the roar of the surf and the wash of the undertow. Few spots are more desolate than a barren sea coast in the heat of a summer's day.

"It ain't Point Neversink, I guess," said the cobbler to his jury, not caring to visit that spot if he could avoid it, and contenting himself with a long survey through a very old, short-sighted spy-glass, "and so, gentlemen, we'll sarch Point Woonsocket," and the eager inquirers, big with their mission, followed the cobbler a mile or two up the coast.

But their search was unsuccessful. They walked all over Point Woonsocket, went around every sand hill, and peered into every hole left by the tide. But all was in vain. At last they gave it up, called a council, and resolved reluctantly to visit Neversink, hoping to reach it before dark. But when evening came on, they were still a mile or so from the point. At last the sun went down behind the distant hills, bringing their blue outline out in bold relief, and dyeing the distant sky with purple and gold. The breeze began to freshen, its low wailing coming to the ear with an unearthly sound. The people of a coast are always superstitious, and the worthy jury were not a whit behind their neighbors. Every man of it had seen some strange sight, or knew those who had; and as for the cobbler he was the very prince of ghost-seers and story-tellers. So it happened, as twilight deepened, and they drew nearer to the haunted Point, that their pace slackened, they walked all in a heap, their voices sank into whispers, stories that made the hair stand on end circulated, and imperceptibly they worked themselves up into that half frightened state in which children pass a church-yard at night. It would have done any skeptic in apparitions good, to see the cobbler meantime. Though quaking in his shoes, he forced himself to go a few paces in

advance. His form half lost in the dim twilight, he was seen, beckoning on his lagging followers, cheering their spirits and his own by whistling lustily, and all the time looking anxiously around or starting at the sound of the wind moaning across the sand hills.

"Hark!" suddenly whispered one of the group, "did you hear anything ahead?"

"No—you didn't—did you?" replied the cobbler, coming to a dead halt, and scarcely speaking for fright.

They listened eagerly, each one looking the others by turns in the face. Sure enough a low, indescribable sound was heard on the other side of the sand hills, as if coming from something on the beach.

"It's a groan, isn't it?" gasped one with a blanched face.

"There's Pint Neversink just ahead," faltered another, and sinking his voice to the lowest whisper, he added, "it's nigh here they say Kidd buried his treasure and murdered his prisoners."

"There it is again, deacon—what shall we do?" said another, clinging to the church dignitary, as if safety was to be had there.

"We'd better go back, hadn't we?" asked the deacon, in reply.

The cobbler had his own feelings, and was half disposed to take the advice. But when he thought how much it would redound to his courage if he kept on, and how the tailor would triumph if he returned, he resolved to persevere. So having repeated all the verses of Scripture that he knew, he boldly proceeded ahead to reconnoitre. But as he was a sensible man, and saw no call for unnecessary noise, he took off his hat, and began to creep silently and stealthily toward the sand hill, stopping and putting his ear to the ground to listen, and then crawling a step or two further on. At last the outline of his head and neck was just visible in the darkness, boldly defined against the sky as he lifted it cautiously above the profile of the hill. In a minute or two he drew it softly back, like a turtle retreating into his shell, and motioned for his followers to come on. But they did not move an inch. The boldest of them at last ventured to petition the cobbler to return.

"What's the matter with you?" said the emboldened foreman, but still speaking in a whisper, "it's only the tide washing agin the body, and not a groan."

"The body!—is it there?" eagerly asked the deacon.

"I saw it just below high-water-mark," answered the cobbler, "large and kind of dark like."

"Oh! I knew this was the Pint," ejaculated the deacon, recovering spirit, "and I thought the noise was nothing after all, only you all seemed to think differently."

Nothing was now heard of but going on; the fright of the valorous jurymen was dissipated; and each man seemed big with the consequence the discovery would give him with his townsman. But there was still enough of their late feelings left in them to make them converse in whispers.

"There, gentlemen, it is, and yonder are the tracks of the men who visited it this morning," solemnly said the cobbler, as they reached the brow of the hill; and he pointed about twenty yards off to a dark, shadowy object on the beach.

"And that's a real murdered man—oh! the wickedness of the human heart!" ejaculated the deacon.

"Follow me!" boldly said the cobbler, descending the hill.

"It's half covered by sand, ain't it?" whispered one.

"It's not very long," said another, "don't it seem to you to grow smaller?"

"Hush, didn't its arm move then?" gasped a third, coming to a dead halt.

"Pooh!" answered the cobbler, with forced

boldness, but also stopping, "it's only the tide tossing the limb."

They were now within a few yards of the long sought for corpse, but hitherto it had been too dark for them to see it distinctly. Just, however, as the cobbler spoke, the moon broke suddenly forth, sheeting the white coast in silver, and disclosing to their eager gaze, in the dead body before them, the dark form and gaunt proportions of—A HUGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The laugh was so loud against the poor little cobbler, and the waggish tailor boasted so much of the success of his joke, that one morning the stall of Amasa was found unopened, and when the neighbors broke into it they discovered that he had, with all his tools and chattels, left the town in the night. He was never afterward heard of in Nantasket, and the waggish tailor, by general assent, succeeded to his chimney corner. A few there were of his former cronies, who would now and then sigh for the good old times when the cobbler ruled the roast: but the great mass of his fellow townsmen—alas! for earthly fame—soon forget both him and his eloquence. New men and new measures reigned in Nantasket; and no one now remembers the cobbler, save only his voracious chronicler.

THE CRAZY RINGLET.

BY PHILA A. EARLE.

THIS tress so soft and white,

To me is dearer far
Than locks as dark as night—
Or sunny-toned and bright,
As sunlight seen afar.

This curl all silver-tinged,
Recalls a calm, meek face—
Which once was rosy-tinged,
With eyes all darkly fringed—
And patience there I trace.

But sorrow, grief, and fears
Faded not this soft tress:
Nor dimmed those eyes with tears—
But many long-gone years
Left noiseless their impress.

I sit this eventide,
And think of years gone by,
When closely to my side
Nestles my gentle bride,
With smiles and love-lit eyes.

With step as light as air,
All beautiful was she;
And o'er her forehead fair

Rippled the soft, brown hair,
In shining waves so free.

This tress of silver grey,
What memories sweet it brings,
When 'neath the wildwood spray
Each bright home passed away
On light and joyous wings.

And oh, this ringlet grey
I'll cherish evermore;
For all life's weary way
She made a sunny day,
Faith-faltering nevermore.

With smiles and gentlest love,
And firm, unfaltering trust,
She turned her eye above,
And thus through faith, and love,
She mingled with the first.

This lock grew white, while years
All gently passed away—
Chide not an old man's tears,
Which for the loved of years,
Bedew this lock of grey.

THE NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

BY CARRIE SEYMOUR.

It was New Year's Eve, cold and windy. The gale blew fiercely around the corners of the streets, sweeping through crowded Broadway, howling up the narrow alleys, and causing each pedestrian to wrap his garments close around him.

In the library of a large mansion on Fifth Avenue, a gay group of girls was assembled. The room was furnished with all that wealth and taste could desire. Before the bright coal fire, which gave light and warmth at the same time, those gathered there little heeded the tempest without, but chatted merrily on, regardless of aught save themselves.

"And this is New Year's Eve," said Julia, the eldest, a tall, regal-looking girl. "I wonder where we shall be one year from to-night."

"Oh, girls, girls," said Susie, interrupting, "let each one tell what they most desire for the next year, and one year from to-night, let us meet here, and relate the fulfilment or disappointment of their wish."

"Agreed, agreed," cried they all.

"Julia, you are the eldest, you commence."

"I ask only for fame," replied Julia. "I would like to be a poetess; to have my poems admired by old and young; to hear my praises sung from every tongue."

"And would you be perfectly happy?" said one.

"Perfectly," said the enthusiastic girl.

"As for me," said Susie, "I ask only for love, and a happy home of my own;" and as she spoke, a rosy blush suffused her cheeks.

"Well done, Susie," was the general cry, amid a burst of laughter, "you are sure to have your wish, if Fred Wharton has his way; we should be fortunate if there was as good a prospect of our success."

After a little more good-natured railery, they called upon Ellen, a quiet, pleasant-looking girl.

"I would like," said she, "to do my duty to my fellow creatures; to teach the gospel to the poor heathen."

"Well, I have no such whimsical ideas of duty," said Lizzie. "I would like to roam the wide world o'er; to wander over the classic ground of Italy; to inhale the balmy air of *la belle France*; to traverse good, old England."

"And I," cried Anne, "desire wealth, unbounded wealth; and then I could have everything."

"Everything but happiness," said Alice, the last of the group.

"Oh! but I should be happy, if I had all the wealth I ask for," replied Anne. "But it is your turn now, Alice. What is your wish?"

"To fit myself for heaven," was her reply, in a gentle tone; and her large, spiritual-looking eyes glistened with tears.

A solemn silence fell upon the group, for they dearly loved the gentle girl, who, it was evident, was fast passing to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." The silence was broken in a few minutes by an elderly gentleman, who had entered unperceived.

"Well, girls," said he, "my wish is this, that I may be allowed the privilege of listening to the fulfilment of your wishes."

Surprise had kept the girls silent till he ceased, when exclamations broke from every lip at his presence. "Why, grandpa, how came you here? How long have you been here? You are too bad, to listen," &c.

"The grandsire smilingly replied, "I was commissioned to summon you to the drawing-room; the door was ajar, so I did not disturb you. Julia was just expressing her wish, and feeling an interest in you all, I remained silent. I hope you will forgive me, and grant my wish."

"We will," they replied, "and one year from to-night we will meet here again."

"If our lives are spared," said the old gentleman. "My dear girls," he continued, "I hope your wishes will all be granted, if they will add to your happiness. Alice's, I am sure will," and he imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of the lovely girl, "and if we all thought more of heaven than we do," he continued, "we should be far happier. But, come, Susie," he resumed, changing his tone, "if we do not go down soon, I am afraid your wish will not be granted. I dare say Fred has been pacing back and forth this long time, anxiously waiting your arrival. I fear I have incurred his displeasure, for he told me, as I left the room, to be as expeditious as possible; for he had not seen you for three days." And with a merry laugh at poor Susie's

expense, the party descended to the drawing-room.

A year later, as they had promised, the same group were again assembled in the library. Let us look in on them.

Time has wrought some change in their personal appearance, but a greater change in their hearts. They are not as light-hearted; their laugh rings less joyously; but there is still much happiness in their countenances. After chatting awhile, their grandpa said,

"Well, girls, you all know what we come here for; pray proceed, for I am impatient to hear you. Begin, Julia."

"My wish has been granted," said she. "This little book," and she laid her hand upon a small volume of poems which lay upon the table beside her, "is fast finding its way through the world. I hear my poems sung at the musical ooteries of my friends. I hear them quoted by the most eminent speakers. Yes, indeed, my wish has been granted, and beyond my utmost expectations."

"And has all this brought you happiness?" said grandpa. "Have you never sighed for something higher and nobler than the applause of the multitude?"

"It has never," sighed Julia, "brought me one hour's happiness. It has gratified my ambition, indeed. But there is a void in my heart which their praises do not fill. Come, Susie," said she, and with a light laugh she endeavored to throw off the gloom which had settled upon her brow, "let us have your experience, though we all know your wish has been granted."

"It has, indeed," said Susie, who had borne the name of Wharton for a number of months. "This has been a happy year to me, and I have learned much. It has taught me that I must not live for myself alone; there is another whose happiness depends on me; and if I would keep the love I have won, I must conform to his wishes and habits, and endeavor to make his home pleasant. We have been very happy thus far, and it shall not be my fault if we do not continue so. God grant we may."

"That is right, my child, that is right," said the grandsire, "too many marriages that commence happily are marred by the wife's persisting in her own way in opposition to that of her husband. Not that I think the wife should always give up. No man who truly loves, and is governed by the right principle, would require it. There should be mutual concession. You are happy now, my dear child, and if you act up to your views, you will most assuredly continue

so. But come, Ellen it is now your turn." And he looked at her.

"I have not attained my wish," said she, "and it is best that I have not. The past year has made me wiser. I now see that I am unfitted for the station I desired. I lack the fortitude and patience necessary for the work; and my heart shrinks from the weight of responsibility it involves. Besides, I feel that there is greater cause to teach the heathen of our own city, the poor, ragged children that roam through the streets."

"You are right, Ellen," said grandfather. "The Pagans at our doors need the gospel. Go on in your good work."

"I have realized my wildest dreams," said Lizzie, in her turn, "I have seen Italy, Greece, France and England; and have been happy. Some time I will tell you all about it."

"It is your turn now, Annie," said grandpa, and he addressed a delicate-looking girl, dressed in deep mourning.

"My rash wish has also been granted," said Annie, "but at how great a sacrifice! The wealth I have obtained will not compensate for the loss of my dear parents. Oh! how gladly would I resign it all if it would return the dead to me." And she burst into tears.

"Your wish was thoughtless, not heartless," answered her grandsire, "and though, if you could have foreseen all, you would not have made it, it was not the consequences of your wish. There is a higher power that presides over our destiny, and He would not suffer a thoughtless desire to be the cause of so much sorrow to you. If you had the faith of our sweet Alice you would not think so."

Alice, who was also present, had changed much during the past year. Her whole appearance betokened the swift approach of death. Her eyes gleamed with an unnatural lustre, and her skin, which was of dazzling whiteness, was heightened by the hectic spot, which burned on either cheek. A few short weeks, days, or even hours, and her place would be vacant.

A pang shot through the hearts of the group, as they gazed upon her, and the tears coursed down their cheeks in silence.

"Why should you weep for me, dear cousins?" said Alice. "I am going home to my heavenly Father, no more to suffer or to sin. My wish has been granted me, and I can now, with sincerity say, 'Thy will, not mine be done.' But it has caused me many a heart-struggle to reconcile myself. After I realized that my days were numbered, I endeavored to turn my thoughts and desires away from earth and fix them on

holier things. The worst of all is to feel that I must leave my dear parents alone. May God comfort them! We shall probably never meet again on earth," she continued, "but, oh, I entreat you, obtain that peace of mind which passeth all understanding. It will make you happy through life, and comfort you on your dying bed."

She ceased, and the group, sadly and in silence, left the room.

A few short days, and Alice was laid in the silent tomb.

But her words, on New Year's Eve, were long remembered; and more than one of the group profited by them.

THE DESTINY.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

WOULDS'T that I should read thy Future,
Truer than the gipsy old
Telleth 'neath the greenwood forest,
When her palm is crossed with gold?
On me rests the Sybil's spell;
List, while I thy fortune tell

In earnest eye, on thoughtful brow,
I read the record of the soul;
Youth's best years are on thee now—
Hope the prompter, Fame the goal—
And, I ween, the Poet's dower
Sways thy heart with mystic power.

But the Poet's god-like treasure
Oftenest bringeth grief and woe
Hope sings many a dulcet measure—
Ah, how falsely, thou may'st know!
And Fame is but a gilded toy—
The bauble gained—how little joy!

In olden days, the pilgrim rover,
With sandal, staff, and scallop-shell,
Many a long league journeyed over—
Gained the shrine before it fell.
Shrines are found much nearer now;
Others have worshipped—so wilt thou!

But lavish not th' heart's libation,
As, at feasts, they pour the wine;
Bend not thou in adoration
Carelessly, at every shrine:
The weary pilgrim sought but one,
And only knelt, the journey done.

The scroll now darkens! doubts and fears,
And shadowed skies, I see afar;
And through the blinding mist of tears
There is no rift for guiding star.
Oh, then—if o'er thy darkened way
The Tempter cometh—"watch and pray!"

Full many a spell the gipsy hath,
And many a talismanic charm—
But I've no power to guard thy path,
And shield thy straying steps from harm:
Religion be thy amulet;
Honor and Truth, its jewels set.

And now thy Destiny is told,
Thy Sybil's prophecy is o'er:
For thee the Future's page unrolled—
I read the mystic scroll no more.
And now, as to Life's war thou goest forth,
Do not forget the "Sybil of the North."

MARCH.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Dying, dying,
Winter's dying
In the lovely lap of Spring;
Spirits grieving,
Sad are leaving
Winter haunts on viewless wing.

Coming, coming,
Spring is coming,
For March's breezes loud and shrill,
In the valley,
Sport and dally
With the dancing daffodil.

Humming, humming,
Bees are humming,
For the flow'r on lightsome wing,
Trees are budding,
Spring is flooding
Earth with many a lovely thing.

Singing, singing,
Birds are singing,
On each budding bush and tree;
Upward rushing,
Downward gushing,
Dance the rivulets in glee.

MARIE TREVOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGER'S VISIT.

"MAMMA—the lady—the lady," shouted little Marie, bounding into the room from Sally's domicile, where she had been enjoying a front view of the street—and she had hardly said when a sweet voice spoke outside the door, and the stranger entered.

"You will excuse me, dear madam, for taking this liberty," she gently murmured, after the servant had placed two small baskets on the table—"but I thought perhaps some little delicacy might tempt your appetite, as you are an invalid—I hope I have not intruded."

Mrs. Trevor had risen from the chair where she had been sewing propped up by pillows—but the lady motioned her to sit down again, and drawing another chair to her side, began talking in a low voice and with tender and familiar manner about little Marie. With what compassion she gazed upon the feeling, fragile creature—watched the tremulous glow upon the hollow cheek—the fitful fire of her eye—the shaking fingers—the attenuated frame, and that ghastly feint of strength, which makes the doomed invalid as much an object of wonder as compassion. And how like a fresh beam of sunlight from the open heavens stealing over purple hills and green sloping meadow-fields, was that visit to the poor widow.

Oh! we should visit the sick. We should go to them in their darkened chambers with smiles and words of love and consolation. We should carry the beauty and fragrance of sweet flowers, and if possible some seasonable fruit to let them feel that we forget not the poor invalid. And not only ourselves—it is well if the bright, innocent faces of childhood are sometimes allowed to cheer the darkened chamber.

"It is better than medicine," said a poor, wasted creature, "to see your little boy; what laughing eyes he has, and what a musical laugh;" and she called the merry child to her bedside and forgot her pain for the moment, as she pulled at

his glossy curls and stroked them back from his forehead. It was a slight pleasure that could thus rob her of pain. Who would not let sunny hearted childhood thus minister to the sorely stricken?

Forget not the sick and helpless; they are dependant very much upon sympathy, and *wishing* them well, or *pitying* them, is but doing a very little toward their comfort. Visit them often; it is far better than to dance in the halls of pleasure or minister to your own vanities and selfishness. A day is coming when a soft voice shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these the least of my little ones, ye did it unto me."

An hour passed so quietly, so pleasantly, that the poor consumptive hardly thought of her work, and when the pale, but extremely beautiful woman—angel she thought her, prepared to go—she gently took the coarse flannel from her hand, saying, "If you *will* labor, let me send you something to do. I have common sewing, for which I will give you at least a fair price, and I question very much whether you get it for what you do of this kind of work."

A flush of pleasure deepened—the hectic—as the widow looked her grateful thanks to the kind stranger.

"And may I ask the favor of a visit daily from this dear child?" she inquired, "it will so lighten my solitary hours, and take my mind sometimes from the laborious occupation I pursue. She will furnish me a delightful theme too—and I promise you you shall see her portrait in some fine journal or gilded annual." The widow gave her willing consent, and they parted.

No longer after this visit did Mrs. Trevor feel the slightest anxiety about her charge. "Shall I tell her?" she would often ask herself—"but oh, it will be so hard to undeceive the child—so sweet that she should fancy me even in death—her mother; and if I *must*, let it be in the last hour—I cannot bear to think of yet—let me have time. Who were her parents, who are her relatives she can hardly dream ever to learn—why make her sunny heart unquiet with the vague

hope of so doing? Well, I will wait God's time and Providence—I cannot do it yet."

Autumn came and with it that familiar friend death! "the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release—the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console." He came, summoning the spirit with gentleness—but it was all prepared. Little Marie sat in the arms of her new friend, fast asleep. She had wept and sobbed till nature put her fiat on her grief, and closed the dove-like eyes, leaving the tears glittering on and under the long, thick lashes.

The widow had for hours laid insensible—her fair features chiseled to the clear, strong outline of death. Yet there was nothing repulsive in that dying scene—no distortion of limb or feature—no convulsive rattling of the breath—no groans—she laid like a slumbering infant—her eyes nearly unclosed and dim, but not stony in their unwrithing, steady look. She had no fears to dread, for her life had been as sinless as an erring mortal's may be—she had no doubts to solve—for she knew with a simple, earnest, loving knowledge, "He who is the way, the truth and the life."

It was growing dark. Sally came in with a candle, and setting it on the table away in the further corner, softly neared the bed of the dying. She no sooner saw the upturned face of the innocent child, so heavenly in its expression, than she fell to weeping very softly, murmuring in a voice scarcely audible, "dear little darling!"

"What of her—what of Marie?" whispered the dying one, feeling about as if for the grasp of some other hand.

It soon clasped that of the stranger—and smiling she turned her head and her almost sightless eyes toward that side where she sat, still whispering, "What of Marie—where is she?"

"Here," answered a gentle voice, "she has wept herself to sleep in my arms—shall I wake her?"

A slight pause, and the lips gathering a smile, parted again and whispered, "no—no—let her sleep."

"Have you anything to say with regard to your child?" asked the watcher, anxiously regarding the features of the dying.

"My child—mine—is it *mine*?" asked the other, laying great emphasis on the word "mine"—"they brought her to me—she was very beautiful, you can't think how beautiful!" and the smile broke all over her face—"but, I had buried seven—and surely God sent her—yes—what is it

I would say?—something; oh! I have forgotten—forgotten," she feebly repeated.

"About Marie," suggested her friend, pressing her hand tenderly.

"Yes—yes—there is nothing but a box—the one under the table—you'll keep it—keep it for my sake. It isn't much—his log is in it," she continued, rapidly, as if with an effort of the memory, "his log, a few papers, old papers—and—and—I can't remember—I—" her voice failed her—only once more she spoke before she died, and then her thought busied itself with the box, "his log is there—and—"

There came a final hush. That white brow, that gentle heart would never throb with pain again. Watchers were procured—the lady threw a shawl over the slumbering child, and she was carried forever from her humble home, once more to sleep in the dainty lap of luxury—but never, never to forget the being who had proved how sweet, how undying the love of a mother can be.

CHAPTER XI.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

THE light plays in the sombre old alley as well as it can for the dust heaps, and tall, dark houses. Here and there through the tan of wind and sun, and layers of dirt, a spot of white, like the leaf of a lily, tells that beauty may dwell even here, sweet beauty of infancy. A child has fallen over yon broken door-step—it dreams, but not unwatched—for the homely mother leaves her suds to steal a quiet look and wish he may sleep till her toil is over. From little tongues the roll of the blasphemer summons spirits of evil to the wretched hovel, and begrimmed imps play toss-penny and rub the dirt deeper in their sallow cheeks.

Nought disturbs the old alley, save penury and crime—the former lodges high among the cobwebs, where it can see the stars at night, the latter brawls and fights in foul cellars, and throws empty bottles at still emptier heads. Impudence swaggers and drunkenness staggers, swinging its lean hands against the rattling window-panes, and crushing in the old hat crowns that line the broken apertures.

Here comes a group worth studying. A boy with bright and sunny locks leading his little checked-frocked sister from the parish school. Poverty may be his heir-loom, but virtue locks hands with its meagre mate, and both may carry him safely through life.

"Well, my boy, and whose child are you?"

"Please—I'm Peggy's little boy what takes in ironing and washes. I and sister goes to school."

Just behind them with a slower step, but an eye like a hawk, his short, crisp curls clinging close to his brown forehead, comes another little fellow. His eye has brightened—perhaps at sound of a pleasing tone—and he fingers his rags nervously.

"And whose child are you, my little fellow?" Methinks somebody's who needs things and care, or perchance she may be wasting on a sick bed in poverty or crime.

See—his head droops—his eye fades—the curve of his lip changes to grief. He half looks up again, dashing the trembling tear from his dark lashes.

"Please—I ain't nobody's child."

Nobody's child—that plaintive voice—that stifled sob—visions of neglected graves in the poor's corner, they bring—of children clinging to the skirts of strange garments—weeping at the harsh voice of forced charity—shrinking from the uplifted hand of cruel avarice.

Nobody's child! what if his shrinking limbs stiffen with the cold? Who will tear the tattered garment from her own perishing body to gather about her child?

Nobody.

Who when the sneer and taunt strike colder than death on the grieving heart, pours the balm of a love almost divine on the cruel wound?

Nobody.

Who when the vile lay unholy hands upon him and drag him to the dark haunts of sin, snatches him from the breakers at the peril of her life?

Nobody.

"Nobody, nobody to own me," bitterly murmured a beautiful girl, slowly lifting her face from her hands, and dashing away the tears that the first sudden revelation of sorrow had brought to her eyes—"oh! I wish I had never known this."

It was a strange place for one so lovely, attired as she was in garments befitting a station of opulence, the silken robe fallen ungathered on the dusky floor, from which she had once carefully lifted it—the thick, glossy braids and curls canopied by festoons of spider webs hanging from grim rafters—her seat a rough deal box, old and broken furniture strewed about—ghastly window-frames leaning against the wall, through which instead of sunshine the soiled and battered rafters looked—and only the one dim, solitary skylight, through which the day broke green and ghastly.

Exceedingly beautiful was the young girl, with brow so fair and pure, and eyes so deep and gentle, but now the faint rose that marked her cheek with health had faded; and still the tears

would come and hang glittering on the silken lashes.

Before her stood a japan box, originally of a lively brown color, ornamented with gilt roses and green leaves. But the gilding and the tinting, and the burnishing had all given place to sober rust. There seemed to be nothing but papers in the box, all carefully folded, but thrown in confusion by the nimble fingers of the maiden. In her hand she held a stained and yellow manuscript, book it appeared to be, marked in a large, steady hand on the top margin, "Log." But a few moments before she had opened it at random, and was it chance that caused her eye to light upon the following?

"June 10th.—Here in sight of a Boston bark going to Mattanzers. Wether little squally—exchanged words and went on. Toward afternoon, the first mate saw something to lee'ard. Proved to be a small sailing craft, a baby aboard. Cap'n had it hauled alongside—gave it to me. Bless the Lord, oh! my soul and remember all His benefits—for he took seven away from me, and He give me this, so as I shouldn't be childless in my old age."

Much more had the honest sailor recorded, but it was not that that claimed the young girl's attention as much as a small pocket that had been pressed in between the leaves, and opening which she found to contain two very beautiful clasps of chased gold, attached to faded ribbons that had once been blue, a scrap of rich lace, being a piece of an infant's frock, and a paper on which a few lines had been traced with a tremulous hand—thus.

"My darling little Marie, I could not bring myself to tell you before that you were not my own sweet child. But I cannot die in peace without informing you that you were as my poor husband says in his log, 'June 10th,' a little ocean foundling. My strength will not allow me to pen down my conjectures, further than to say, I think your parents were shipwrecked, though how that could be, when there had been no violent storm, it is hard to imagine. Sweet child, I cannot write any more. May the God of the orphan protect you—He will, my soul says he will. Farewell, when you read these lines, I shall be in my grave."

"Dust and ashes, long, long before this," murmured Marie, who it need scarcely be told had grown into lovely womanhood: and rising, she refolded the paper, hastily shut the box, and taking the log-book in her hand, hurried out of the dusky garret to her own chamber. Here the early morning threw in long, wavy plumes of light, and laid his bright beams all robed in gold

in among the folds of the crimson hangings, and blazed in the rich casing of the mirrors that lined the walls. It was the chamber of lovely maidenhood, of luxury, of every ingenious device almost that taste could fashion.

On the marble dressing-table were various beautiful ornaments, and written or marked, or cunningly worked thereon were the words, "to Marie," "to my sweet, foster child," "to the light of the household," etc.

In a small grate overtopped by an exquisite mantel frame in porcelain, a fire was brightly burning, for the season was the stormy month of March. In a little recess stood a bed, draped with great elegance: a series of rose-wood shelves held many of the standard authors, and two immense easy-chairs of red velvet comfortably lounged on each side of the Berlin rug.

In one of these Marie threw herself, and held the yellow parchment again before her vision. Then she toyed with the golden clasps, and anon sat lost in thought, a bewitching sadness playing over her pensive features, a look of perplexity making her even more charming than the radiant expression of happiness which oftenest challenged admiration.

"Who could they be, and who am I?" she kept asking, turning the baubles over and over, and scanning them in every light. "Poor and humble they could hardly have been, and they perished; the great ocean rolls above them—who then are my kindred? Oh! shall I ever meet them? Will they know these? Will nature tell them my origin? No, scarcely. And, dear mother—for I must call her by the name I have since infancy—how will this knowledge affect her? What when she knows I am no longer the child of the poor sailor's widow? Will not apprehension rob her of that parental tenderness with which she has ever guarded me? Oh! no, she never can feel less than a mother's love—I know I am very dear to her—and in the hours when pain racks her frame, and some silent, mental sorrow fills her soul with anguish, how often has she told me I was her only solace. And now I dread to tell her this new found secret, why, I hardly know. I should dread also to have my friends, or my more noble, better loved Frederic learn it."

Thus musing and talking by turns, the fair girl laid her acquisition in an escritoire, and placed the ornaments in a little box of ebony.

Scarcely had she done so, when a cheerful voice accompanied by a rap, said, "May I come in, love?" and a handsome face, though marked with care and sorrow, appeared at the opened door. Marie's confusion was extreme—the blood

rushed over cheek and brow—the sweet voice trembled, and even the motion of her step was unsteady as she hurried forward, murmuring, "Good morning, dear mother."

"I grew nervous and lonesome in my room, Marie," said the new comer, "neither my easel nor my pen afforded me pleasure: the more I do to your portrait the more childish it seems; it *will* resemble *her* spite of all I can do," she added, musingly.

"Who, mother?" asked Marie, regaining her self-possession—"did you ever have any children?" she added, with forced carelessness, "you frequently speak of a little child."

"Marie," exclaimed the woman, with such vehemence that the young girl absolutely started from her seat, "you awakened thoughts, emotions that I hoped slumbered forever," she said, after a pause—"no, I never was blessed with a child—God was good in giving *you* to me. No, I was a poor, lonely, uncared for being, wasting my genius in bitter self-communion till I saw Le Dunlap, my husband. He was rich—I a poor housekeeper—you are surprised, Marie—a writer of lines breathing passion, utter indifference to life, melancholy of the most isolated and soul-consuming character. He saw and called me beautiful. He praised my genius; in fine he loved me devotedly, and I became his wife. Mine, then, were all the treasures I had longed for; mine the splendor of fashion—mine the wealth of fame, for when I became sick there were not wanting those parasites who fawn and flutter before the idol of the hour, to do me homage, and sound to the world what capacities, what wonders of talent were mine. My husband provided me tutors; soon there was scarcely a language spoken under heaven but I could understand. Music was my passion—painting my favorite art—books were sweet and tender friends—lofty teachers stern rebukers, silent and ever devoted companions. My husband filled his house with amateurs—sculptors and poets gathered at our reunions—and when I looked around on the noble array of the world's great, my heart beat exultingly that I—I—the poor peasants—" her voice faltered, "the daughter of humble and almost unknown people, had called thus to do homage to her intellect, those for whose fragments of time many a titled aristocrat would part with half his fortune."

"And you must have been so happy," murmured Marie, gazing in wonder and admiration on the now glowing face beside her; "nay, you *must* be so happy now. Everybody who knows you feels honored by one word—one look."

"Poor child," exclaimed the other, in thrilling

tones, her face relapsing into sternness, "and do you think all these bring happiness? No! nor mountain heaps of solid gold—nor thousand fields, covered with glittering diamonds—nor Gabriel's knowledge—nor an angel's capacity for enjoyment, if one thing be wanting, that, without which, heaven would be as hell—*innocence—the conscience at rest.*"

She had said this rapidly, without, as it were, taking thought or breath; now she cowered under Marie's mournful, asking look, and hid her face in her hands. When she raised it, there was no trace of color, all an ashy whiteness.

"I see," she said, steadying her trembling voice, "I see that I shall yet have to unbosom myself even to you, Marie; but, believe me, whatever I have done was not from the necessity of a depraved nature—I had been injured, cruelly injured, Marie—cruelly, most *bitterly*, cruelly wronged. You believe me?" and she laid one fair, white hand on Marie's lap.

"Believe you—indeed, I do. Why should I doubt one whose kindness has showered blessings on me almost ever since—I—I can remember? What had I been but for you? A poor, little outcast orphan, dependant on charity, on the cruel kindness of a selfish world. But instead, look at the home you have given me; behold how you have surrounded me with choice gifts, the choicest of which are the refinements of a generous and complete education. Oh! my more than mother, I weep sometimes with very joy when I think of all this. *Believe you!* I'll believe nought against you. But tell me more of your wonderful life."

"I have not *lived* since *he* died," murmured the other, wiping away the happy tears caused by Marie's tender speech, "save in your love. It was only a year before I met you that he was taken from me. Just as I began to see new beauties in his noble character—to feel new delight in his society—to look upon him as the light and life of my life. He was taken in the full vigor of manhood—well at morning—at night a corpse. How I bore the stunning stroke I cannot tell, except to say that I survived. Plenty of wealth—a life of ease—all the resources of the rich and talented, were left me—still was I the theme of all tongues—the wonder of many eyes—but, oh! the lack of real comfort. Do you know," she suddenly exclaimed, with startling emphasis, "that, in Malachi, there is this awful denunciation, 'I will *curse* your blessings?' Think—think of our very blessings being turned to curses—our very wealth—our very health—our very knowledge,

all—all curses to rot the very marrow of existence."

"I cannot bear to see you in this mood," said Marie, tearfully.

"Well, it is wrong, I allow, to inflict upon youth such baneful thoughts; come, forget them. What shall we do? select the most becoming dress in your wardrobe for your conquest of this young Lord Henry. Come, now, actually, you are weeping; don't you see how I have changed? that I am grown merry as a lark? Wake up, my bird, and sing to me; see what I have brought you for a birth-day present," and she displayed a rare set of costly jewels; "by the way, we have no exact date of your birth, have we? I was looking over that old Bible of your mother's, not long ago, and I do not see your name; that is strange, is it not? I recollect, though, on the wild March morning on which your mother died, she said—and it was the fifteenth, you remember—'poor, little Marie—poor orphan—to day she must be six;' but even then I think she was wandering, for she talked so oddly about you—that in heaven it would be hard not to call you her own. Yes, she ~~must~~ have wandered. However, I shall always celebrate the fifteenth."

During this recital of old reminiscences, Marie had been unwontedly agitated—the color now coming, now disappearing. "I, too, have something to tell," she would have said, but a secret misgiving prevented her. "Not this morning," she thought, "she has been herself too violently agitated—I will yet wait a little."

She could not help the sparkle in her eye, spite of the tears, at sight of the beautiful brilliants. She held them over her hand, and rising, threw an arm about the neck of her foster-mother, and gratefully kissed her, thanking her again and again.

"I only ask you to look your best to-night," repeated the latter; "wear these jewels, and let your beauty shame their lustre. We are to have this noble lord, you know," she added, with a strangely peculiar expression, something that sounded like a sneer, "and he has not the vices attendant too often on nobility. Wherever I hear of him he is spoken of as a pattern of manly virtue—indeed, if he was not inately great, he should never be introduced to my Marie. Good morning, love—be happy," and kissing her once more, she moved hastily out, and into her own room.

It was larger, and more sombrely furnished, and yet with a greater degree of splendor. Rare paintings, enclosed in massive frames, hung against the walls, and the drapery, though

subdued, in gleaming tints caught the full light of the capricious sun, or lay in deep, rich shadow till some light touch made it glow again.

Here Mrs. Le Dunlap sat down before a desk of beautiful workmanship, and began assorting the papers before her. But often would she stop and gaze on vacancy, her attitude so motionless that it was statue-like, and sometimes her lips moved. At length she broke out into audible speech. "It will be a double triumph," she exclaimed, with energy; "*they* will not know it, but *I* shall, and knowing, hug the knowledge to my heart. Perhaps some day after I am gone, a letter will inform them, and gall their proud spirits. As the daughter of one who stood first in the esteem of his countrymen—who himself descended from nobility—they will not wince when her birth is called in question; but as the child of a common sailor—ah! that will bring them down—nor injure Marie, secure as she will be in the love of a fond heart. As to Frederic, consulting my heart's best inclinations, I had rather she would be his wife; but I know not if he loves her, and Lord Henry Walden—how the name thrills me—I am certain he adores her, and even did, before he saw her. Triumph—triumph! She shall certainly marry Lord Henry—she shall be exalted—I always knew—always felt it. There is something in Marie worthy a throne. When she is married, then—even then I shall not dare to say, 'Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' for never—never will peace be a tenant of this bosom."

And still Marie sat in her room, often repeating, "alas! I am in reality 'nobody's child.'"

CHAPTER XII.

THE BALL.

BRILLIANT was the throng, and light the spirits of the "select many," assembled on Marie's birth-night, to wish her heartfelt, happy returns. Youth and beauty were there, but in no form did they so admirably blend as in that of Marie, who passed through the rooms gracefully leaning on the arm of her foster-mother, and saluting the company as she moved along. A wreath of brilliants lay locked in the light embrace of her beautiful golden hair. A robe frail as gossamer, yet sparkling with silver embroidery, fell over skirts of showy satin. Her full, blue eye beamed with intellect, yet was as drooping and timid at the too eager gaze as that of a fawn. Her lips, full and pouting, were just parted a little; a delectable blush touched the fair cheek with a spring-like and faint crimson,

such as parts the snow on a young rose-bud. An indescribable sweetness pervaded every feature; an admirable majesty mingled with her modesty of mien, she was in truth not the belle of the evening, it were almost sacrilege to use a term so common, but the very incarnation of womanly grace and purity—the fairest of all fair, earthly things.

The cynosure of all eyes was she—yet there were two persons who, stationed apart, could not seem to move their glances from the fair object—but when the envious crowd obtruded its shapeless outline between them and her beautiful form, they would each move, perchance, with careless steps till some rent disclosed the star shining, undimmed, in transcendent loveliness.

One of these bore the impress of manhood, and though there were no lines of anxious thought nor impress of carking care, yet many a struggle had his been with adverse fate, and calmer looked his brow, deeper and more thoughtful his keen yet gentle eye, while his expression was as though he had said, "I have conquered myself—I have conquered fortune—I feel myself a man." His form was erect, massively made, though the exceeding symmetry of its proportions prevented that appearance of heaviness which sometimes allies itself to greatness, using the word in more senses than one. Though sat upon his brow as on a monument, the enduring triumph of the sculptor's fame. He was the favorite of genius, for she seemed to have thrown her best and choicest gifts at his feet. He could summon the muses at his will. He could sit at the harp, and while inspiration seemed thrown round him as a mantle, improvise hour after hour. He could idly take the limner's pencil, and from his laboratory of memory bring forth the most exquisite specimens of art. He could sing, so some said, like an angel, and yet with all these gifts he was neither vain nor arrogant: nor yet did he neglect the sterner duties of the law. These things were his recreation as well as his delight, and withal he could use them for the happiness of others. Such was the man within whose noble soul was shrined a love as deep and fervent as ever cherished by mortal hope. Such he who stood, admiration and tenderness alternately giving his expressive features a beauty that was scarcely of earth, while unconsciously he pictured the pleasure of those in whose hand lay that of the lovely Marie, though but for an instant.

Quite near him stood another gentleman, upon whom many eyes were turned, and many young hearts palpitated with the anticipated delight of an introduction to a real lord. Very handsome,

yet unassuming in manner was the young nobleman: but there was much less of character in the play of his sparkling features; and the slight down upon his chin told that manhood's years were yet in prospective. In manners he possessed that careless, dashing air which those men sport upon whom sorrow has never yet poured a drop from her phial—upon whom fortune has smiled from the cradle, and for whom ease sits embroidering the golden slippers of opulence. Yet his frank, white brow, his sunny locks, and eye of blue so liquid and tender, won for him the admiration of all who met him. To-night he was the lion of the feast; the head and shoulders of the whole company.

Very marked was the difference with which Marie greeted her admirers—and Lord Henry was one of her most devoted lovers—she held out her hand reservedly and blushing to Frederic Le Dunlap, the nephew of her adopted mother: she raised not her eyes, and her accents of welcome were hurried. One would almost have thought there was something of dislike in her abrupt, or rather nervous manner. To Lord Henry she frankly gave her hand: indeed, answered his queries with a lightness of tone quite flattering to his vanity, if vanity he had, and surely the seemingly marked preference of the most beautiful woman present, might well excuse some little self-approval.

It was to Marie an eventful night. Queen of the festive scene, she tripped it among the others with a grace and lightness absolutely bewitching. And when she wandered for a brief time of thought with slower step through the conservatories of rare plants and flowers, her heart beat with a rapidity that was not lessened on observing there Frederic Le Dunlap. He stood with pensive brow, and welcomed her with a smile that was almost sad. For an instant her confusion was extreme: she turned to retreat, but he stepped hastily forward, exclaiming in a low, but fervent tone, "Marie, hear me—but one word," and then he took her hands and gazed in her blushing face.

In that hour were the words spoken that gave Marie's happiness in the keeping of another. She had not dreamed, nay, had not hoped for the opportunity so soon: long had she loved, devotedly, the man who was worthy of all noble love, but never had she dared list it to herself. And could it be that she had frankly told another, and that other, till within a few months a total stranger to her, except as she read his exalted mind in the letters that passed to and fro between his brother's wife and himself? Strange, sweet, inexplicable consistency. And in the

midst of her triumph—for it was a triumph to call forth such love, a low voice pleaded at her side, would she walk on the balcony only one little minute. Trembling she knew not why, yet consenting, she allowed herself to be led on the well screened balcony, which, illuminated with soft, glow-like lamps, warmed by artificial heat and garlanded with flowers, made a pleasant promenade for the wearied dancers. There again she listened to the accents of a lover. Little had she dreamed that such feelings slumbered in the bosom of the young lord, for innocent of any emotion toward him other than friendship, and drawn irresistibly by his frankness and urbanity of manner into a sort of good-humored familiarity, she had treated him as a brother, admired his pleasing exterior, and perhaps unconsciously led him to think she was interested in him. She had taken all her aunt's familiar talk with reference to Lord Henry as pleasant badinage, for she knew how highly she esteemed the brother of her beloved husband. It was then in sorrow, almost in tears, that she absolutely declined his offer—a coquettish triumph was not hers, nor a coquette's vanity—and she saw the cheek turn pale, and the eye darken sadly with a keenness of anguish that quite unfitted her for further participation in the gay scene. So while lovers were whispering and flirts ogling, while sweet strains of music made melodious every sound that floated by, she excused herself, and in company with her aunt, who attributed her lassitude and nervousness to flutter of spirits, caused by the young lord's confession, left the festive banquet.

It was long after midnight, and the pale morning, lifting her veil of sable, threw a dim glance over the hills, and strove faintly to penetrate thick casements—but still the white stars kept blinking. For hours had Marie paced her room, with the yellow papers bequeathed by the sailor's widow rustling in her hand, her mind agitated by conflicting doubts and emotions. Was it not a futile attempt, even in thought, to penetrate the mystery enshrouding her? If it was found that hers was a dishonorable birth, a slow consuming grief would eat away her young life; again, what hope could she cherish of ever finding her kindred? Better to burn the papers—to destroy the clasps—to solemnly covenant with herself that forever, no word of this discovery should ever pass her lips. But after a distressing mental conflict honesty of purpose triumphed—it would be better to make a full confession, and now when the weight of the burden had become insupportable. Throwing a light shawl over her dress, she took the night-lamp, and cautiously

moving to her foster-mother's chamber, knocked softly.

After some little delay, a voice said, "Come in;" and Marie cautiously opened the door and entered, though with unsteady step.

Mrs. Le Dunlap had just gathered her luxuriant tresses, now slightly silvered by time and sorrow, under a neat cap: and though her night toilet was finished, she sat, pen in hand, before a table, upon and about which laid little heaps of paper. A small lamp shone full on her yet handsome face—the dilated eye and rapt expression denoted the struggle of burning thought within.

"You, Marie!" she exclaimed, hastily rising, "come here, my love, and take the chair next to me—ah! I guess your errand—but—but you look pale, you tremble—is it so sad a thing then to receive a lover's declaration?"

Marie blushed deeply.

"Ah! I knew I was right!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Dunlap, triumphantly, "you shall tell me all about it; confide in me, dearest—confide wholly in me."

"You said you could guess my errand," said Marie, in a low voice.

"Yes, and I did—did I not?" asked the other, affectionately.

"No, not wholly; nor I think can you guess for what purpose I have sought you."

Mrs. Le Dunlap looked her amazement, but was silent for a moment, then said, "As I told you before, Marie, confide in me wholly—you should have no secrets from me—nor will you, my sweet, dutiful girl; come, I must smile at your trepidation, and yet I am all impatience to comfort you if you need comfort."

"Indeed I do," answered Marie, earnestly—"but in this case I hardly think you or any one on earth can solve my doubts and put my anxiety to rest. Some few mornings ago I wanted a very old copy of 'Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress,' that I remembered seeing years ago in the garret."

"Well," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, smilingly.

"Clement was peevish and suffering besides with a bad headache—and as I knew the other servants were variously engaged—I concluded to look among the old rubbish myself. The garret was quite gloomy and dark; and not being able to see well, I stumbled over a small japan box, that in falling burst its lock, and out came hundreds of worm-eaten papers."

Her foster-mother shifted her position a little to indicate awakened interest, and motioned her to continue her narrative.

"Being curiously disposed just then, I glanced them over carelessly, and saw they had once

belonged to—to—her from whom you took me. Looking further on, I learned the strange, unwelcome truth that she was not my mother."

"What!" exclaimed her auditor, letting fall her hands, and gazing with wide open eyes on the beautiful face before her—"do you mean it? not your mother! who then—*who*?"

"Alas! I know no more than yourself; but let me show you what I found," and she read for the hundredth time the scrap from Jack Trevor's Log.

"Take the lamp away," muttered her foster-mother, in a strangely altered voice, "it is too strong for my sight, and read it again."

Marie complied, and then went on to the poor widow's letter, during which she did not see the strong agitation that shook her foster-mother's frame—the ashy, corpse-like pallor of her cheeks—the dry, burning eye—the parted and convulsed lips. When she had finished a half-suppressed moan fell from the lips of her auditor—and then she whispered hoarsely, still holding her hand before her face, "Is that all?"

"No, dear mother, for I shall ever call you mother," answered Marie, softly, "but look, these bits of gold, this shred of lace were folded in between the leaves of the log. Could they have been parts of *my* dress at the time?"

Mrs. Le Dunlap removed her hand for an instant, looked at the gold, the lace, gazed haggardly at Marie, who shrunk from her strange manner, cried in a loud voice, "My God, can it be possible?" and fell forward on the table, where her head laid heavily like that of a corpse.

Marie sprang trembling to her feet. What meant that sudden glance of anger or remorse?—what meant this unusual emotion? Had she in reality found a parent? Was this her frail mother, and this the sin that seemed at times to crush her to the earth? Was she the child to whom often reference had been made, always coupled with tears and deep feeling? And how had she been cast away? Would public ignominy answer?—would the mother in owning her, own her sin?

All these and many other thoughts passed with the rapidity of lightning through the mind of the perplexed girl; she laid her hand on Mrs. Le Dunlap and whispered, "Mother"—then seeing no assent or motion, she said louder, "mother, are you ill?"

Still there was neither the drawing of a breath or stirring of a muscle. Marie grew frightened, she passed her hand under her brow, all seemed cold and rigid—she rang in alarm for a servant, and presently the old serving-maid hurried in with wild looks and clothes hastily thrown on.

"Is the house on fire?" she asked, glancing wildly round; "murder—robbers—thieves—oh! ring all the bells in the house."

"Hush!" exclaimed Marie, as sternly as she could for her tears; "nothing is the matter, except that your mistress seems ill—faint—cold—I dare not—dare not think dead," she falteringly added.

"Oh! poor, blessed heart—one of her old turns," cried the garrulous domestic, bustling up to her mistress. "She's had them often—I know jest what to do; give me that camfire, dear heart, and that little bottle of sally-votille—now you rub one hand and I'll rub the other—there! you see, she's coming to quick as chalk. She shouldn't keep such late hours; I told her so myself—but, la! she don't mind what I say no more'n chalk. Hey dear!" she muttered, in a lower tone, stooping down by the now reviving woman.

"Let me be alone," murmured Mrs. Le Dunlap, sighing deeply. "Marie, I will call if I want you—Philly, assist me to bed—I shall feel better soon."

The sun was just rising when Philly knocked at the door of Marie's chamber, and delivered a message from the invalid. Marie had not slept, but had passed her time in perplexing thought. She hastily obeyed the summons, and on hurrying to the bedside was frightened at the alteration visible in the countenance of her foster-mother. Some great struggle had changed her features to a rigid, stony cast, and her hair had surely turned whiter over her broad brow.

"Marie, my child," she said, taking her hand and gazing fondly upon her, "look at me fully, steadily in the face;" then she gazed with an inquiring earnestness on those beautiful features, closed her eyes, and still holding Marie's hand, murmured, "yes, thank God! I have at last conquered—He is merciful—I have overcome myself. Would you think I ever had cause to hate you, Marie, my child?" she languidly inquired, yet fondly smiling.

"Hate me! oh! why? what have I ever done that any one should hate me?—no, no; you, all goodness that you are, never had such thoughts toward me."

"You say truly, yet might not I think I had cause—*cause?*" she repeated, with feeling—"but thank God, merciful is He that I have not become in deed as in thought, a murderer. Nay, do not shrink from me so, my love—in time you shall know my whole history, and then you will weep with and for me, nor wonder that reason gave place to passion. And with me you will see the wonderful retributive justice of the

Almighty, who has entrusted entirely to my charge the innocent being I both disliked and wronged. I am quite calm now, Marie, don't shrink from me and break my heart; there," she added, tearfully, as Marie sat down by her side and took both her feverish hands in hers, "that is my own child whom I have—strange contradiction, is it not?—hated and wronged, loved and cherished. And now what more had you to tell me last night? My heart feels confused, but I think you hinted at something else."

"Did you not half guess at the time?" asked Marie, blushing.

"What! a proposal?"

"Yes," answered the fair girl, modestly.

"But you do not love him—you *cannot* love him!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Dunlap, rising as she spoke, her thoughts referring to Lord Henry, "say that you do not love him—oh! why have I sinned thus? your looks tell me you *do*. Marie, if you love him, I am doubly punished."

"But, my dear mother, you yourself—"

"I know all you would say—acknowledge my wicked spirit—my pride, my foolish, remorseful pride urged me on—why, I know not, unless the fiends entered me—alas! then—and he loves you."

Marie did not answer—she knew not what to say—this mystery, this vehemence astonished her.

"If there is any dishonorable circumstance attending the knowledge of my birth, I would not have one so dear to you, the brother of your husband, noble and frank, and all that is good as he is, connected with me who would perhaps bring you and him disgrace."

"Dear to me—my husband—can it be of Frederic you speak? Of our Frederic? God bless you, then all is right; I thought you spoke of Lord Henry—I thought certainly he had made you an offer of his hand."

"And he did, dear mother."

"Mother! I love to hear that—and you rejected him? Poor fellow, he *does* love you then, I read it in every movement, in each glance—I read his worshipping love. How could he help it? Nature, nature was his teacher—she told him where his own blood flowed through the veins of another."

"You are enigmatical, mother."

"Let me be so for awhile—bear with my silence, for when I speak I will have something pleasant to tell you. Good morning—go and seek your rest. Next week, God willing, we shall start for the continent—you look surprised, but I tell you to marvel at nothing for six good

months to come. Trust all to me, my darling—
now go."

"The first happy moment for eighteen long
years!" exclaimed the foster-mother, as Marie
left her; and she clasped her hands and raised
her eyes heavenward with reverent thankfulness,

"sweet, sweet to forgive and find peace at last;
sweet to throw off the terrors of a burdened con-
science. All my fears are past. Henceforward I
shall seek my pillow without tears. Oh! happy,
happy morning!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

STRENGTH BY THE WAY.

BY W. E. PABOR.

As I sat in the deepening twilight,
In the hush of my study room,
There came to me ministr'ing spirits,
And I asked them t' read me my doom.
And soon from my spirit was lifting
A veil, and I saw with new eyes;
The glad, glorious sunshine came drifting
Adown from its home in the skies.
It drifted along in a current,
And nestled close up to my soul.
And foam-bells from off the bright torrent
Soon into the guest-chamber stole.
And I heard, as I sat thus, with shadow
Without and with sunshine within,
The angels descending faith's ladder,
And bidding me flee from all sin.
They said—know you not that the glory
Of earth is but dross at the best?
That on quicksand is written the story,
And the Lethe waves soon does the rest?
But live as should live every mortal,
As exempl'd by Jesus the blest;

It will carry you safe to Death's portal,
And through it to the chambers of rest.
Know you not, on the banks of yon river,
The angels to welcome you stand?
That the sun never binds up his quiver
At all in that beautiful land?
As I listened, the world and its sorrow
Waxed dim, and I cried, "Take me hence;
Wait ye not for the tarrying morrow,
I will willingly go with you hence."
But the wings of the angels drooped sadly,
And the voices in answer were low—
"Rush you not in the unknown land madly,
But wait till your Lord bids you go."
The voices were stilled, though the sunlight
Still softly crept into my soul,
As I sat, while the deepening twilight
Up the walls of my study room stole.
With strong heart went I out on the morrow
To battle the surges of Time,
And my face from my heart seemed to borrow
A part of the sunshine sublime.

WHAT I DID NOT CARE TO TELL!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

We were hieing, where were lying
Twilight shadows ev'rywhere;
With our treading, closer wedding
Fond hearts in the stillness there.
Love tones gushing, bright brows flushing,
How eyelashes rose and fell!
In their rising, he surmising
What I did not care to tell!
Homeward wending, downward bending,
"List to me, my sweet Lisette;
Why this trembling? no dissembling,
Prithee, is your heart to let?"
Soft replying, softer sighing,
"I have none to let or sell."
Yet by sighing, just implying
What I did not care to tell!

Meekly bowing, sweetly vowing
He alone for me would live;
He said again, "Perhaps you've then
A heart you would not mind to give?"
What lips mutter'd, what lips utter'd
I cannot remember well—
But their saying, was betraying
What I did not care to tell!
Kisses loving, words approving,
Sum up half of my life's bliss;
While I'm writing, they're inditing
All that's sweet or true in this!
Trust reposing, love disclosing,
Loving each the other well.
Sweet smiles wreathing, sweet wiles breathing
What I most delight to tell!

COLORS IN FURNITURE.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

THERE is more art in adapting colors to each other, in furnishing drawing-rooms, than is generally supposed. Indeed taste in furniture is comparatively rare. A fleeting fashion generally decides how a parlor is to be furnished, when a young couple go to housekeeping, and in that fashion the room continues to be furnished till a larger house is taken, or the old furniture is worn out, when a new style succeeds it, selected according to the same temporary idea of the mode. This is especially true of our great cities. Just now, for example, rose-wood sofas and chairs, covered with green cloth, are all the rage; and drawing-rooms are filled with this style, irrespective of the color of the carpet, the paper hangings, or the curtains.

INstead of each lady endeavoring to give individuality to her parlor, by furnishing it peculiar to herself, and according to the canons of a true taste, the upholsterer is summoned to do it all, and he furnishes every drawing-room after the one monotonous pattern, which happens to be in vogue at the time. Whether the apartment be large or small, square or otherwise, he puts a mirror here and a table there, a sofa in one place and a trifle in another. Mrs. Potiphar's drawing-room is the duplicate of Mrs. Smith's; they are as "like as two peas." When will ladies study furnishing for themselves? In order to assist in bringing about a better condition of things, we will throw out a few suggestions on color as connected with furnishing, basing our remarks on M. Chevreul's theory of color, which we noticed, in its connection with dress, last month.

IN large rooms, bright contrasting colors may be employed; whereas in small rooms, the harmony should be not of contrast, but of analogy; in other words, the furniture of small rooms should in general have but one predominant color, and the contrasts exhibited be only those of tone. On this principle, hangings, with varied and brilliant colors, representing flowers, birds, human figures, landscapes, &c., may be employed in the decorating of large rooms; whereas chintzes are only suitable to small rooms, such as cabinets, boudoirs, &c. In bed-rooms, the window-curtains and those of the bed should be similar: and if there be a divan, it may be

similar also; for we may remark, that it is conformable with the object of boudoirs and similar places, to diminish their extent to the eye, by employing only one material for the hangings and chairs, instead of seeking to fix the eye upon many separate objects.

OF hangings—and our remarks are almost equally applicable to the general tone of a room—we may say, that in consequence of an apartment never being too light (since we can diminish the daylight by means of blinds and curtains,) it is best that the hangings be of a light and not of a dark color, so that they may reflect light, rather than absorb it. Dark hangings, therefore, are proscribed, whatever be their color. Red curtains are to be met with very frequently in this country; yet it must be said that red and violet, even in their light tones, ought to be proscribed, because they are exceedingly unfavorable to the color of the skin. Orange can never be much employed, it fatigues the eye so much by its intensity; and, indeed, among the simple colors there is scarcely any which are advantageous, except yellow, and the light tones of green and blue. Yellow is lively, and combines well with mahogany furniture, but not generally with gilding. Light-green is favorable, both to gilding and to mahogany, and also to complexions, whether pale or rosy. Light-blue is less favorable than green to rosy complexions, especially in daylight; it is particularly favorable to gilding—associates better than green, with yellow or orange-colored woods—and does not injure mahogany. White hangings—or hangings of a light-grey, either normal, or tinged with green, blue, or yellow—uniform, or with velvet patterns, similar in color to the ground, are also good for use.

IN regard to the draping of floors, it must be borne in mind, that for a carpet to produce the best possible effect, it is not enough that it is of the best manufacture, and of excellent colors and pattern; it is also requisite that its pattern be in harmony with the size, and its colors with the decorations of the room. It is important for manufacturers to know how to produce carpets which will suit well with many different styles of room furniture; and, in our opinion, the best mode of attaining this end is, to make the light

and bright coloring commence from the centre of the carpet; for it is there (that is to say, in the part most distant from the chairs, hangings, &c.) that we can employ vivid and strongly contrasted colors without inconvenience. And if we surround this bright central portion with an interval of subdued coloring, we shall be able to give to the framing colors (those around the margin of the carpet) a great appearance of brilliance, without injuring the color of the chairs and hangings. With respect to the carpets of small or moderately-sized rooms, we may lay down the rule, that the more numerous and vivid the colors of the furniture, the more simple should be the carpet alike in color and pattern—an assortment of green and black having, in very many cases, a good effect. On the other hand, if the furniture is of a single color, or if its contrasts consist only of different tones of the same color, we may, without detriment, employ a carpet of brilliant colors, in such a way as to establish a harmony of contrast between them and the dominant hue of the furniture. But if the furniture is of mahogany, and we wish to bring out its peculiar color, then we must not have either red, orange or scarlet, as a dominant color in the covering of the floor.

The covering of chairs may present either a harmony of contrast or a harmony of analogy with the hangings, according as the room is large or small; and a good effect may be produced by bordering the stuff at the parts contiguous to the wood with the same color as the hangings, but of a higher tone. Nothing, we may add, contributes so much to enhance the beauty of a stuff intended for chairs, sofas, &c., as the selection of the wood to which it is attached; and, reciprocally, nothing contributes so much to augment the beauty of the wood as the color of the stuff in juxtaposition with it. In accordance with the principles of coloring which we laid down in a preceding part of this article, it is evident that we must assort rose or red-colored woods, such as mahogany, with

green stuffs; yellow woods, such as citron, ash-root, maple, satin-wood, &c., with violet or blue stuffs; while red woods likewise do well with blue-greys, and yellow woods with green-greys. But in all these assortments, if we would obtain the best possible effects, it is necessary to take into consideration the contrast resulting from height of tone; for a dark blue or violet stuff will not accord so well with a yellow wood as a light tone of these colors does; and hence, also, yellow does not assort so well with mahogany as with a wood of the same color, but lighter. There is no wood more generally used by us than mahogany, and no covering for sofas and chairs more common than a crimson woollen stuff; and in this we are influenced not so much by any idea of harmony, as by the twofold motive of the stability of the crimson color and the beauty of the mahogany. In assorting these, we will often do well to separate the stuff from the wood by a cord or narrow galloon of yellow, or of golden yellow, with gilt nails; or better still, a narrow galloon of green or black, according as we wish the border to be more or less prominent. The red woods always lose a portion of their beauty when in juxtaposition with red stuffs. And hence it is that we can never ally mahogany to vivid reds, such as cherry-color; and more particularly to orange-reds, such as scarlet, nacarat, and aurora; for these colors are so bright that, in taking away from this wood its peculiar tint, it becomes no better than oak or walnut. Ebony and walnut can be allied with brown tones, also with certain shades of green and violet.

In conclusion, we would say that, as a general rule, there is often more taste displayed in furnishing, by ladies who live out of our great cities, than by those who inhabit palaces on Walnut street, Union Square, or Beacon street. The reason is that, in the cities, there is little, or no individuality, in drawing-rooms, too much being left to the merely mechanical taste of the upholsterer.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY LIBBIE D——.

AND dost thou ask me to forget?

I'll strive to do thy will,
And keep my heart in chains that it
May not go with thee still.
Yet where's the chain it will not rend
To follow thee afar?

I cannot make one strong enough

Its path of love to bar,
Of Pride and Scorn the links I'll weave
It cannot break that tie,
I'll keep it bound, though eagle-like
A captive it will die.

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

BY MARY L. MEANY.

It was on a bright, cold morning in early winter, that Mrs. Gray commenced the arduous task of visiting the entire circle of her acquaintance, friendly calls, as she said, with business purposes. Mrs. Dr. Baldwin was her most particular friend, and on her she made the first call. At the first pause in their conversation the visitor announced her errand.

"I hope you are in a very charitable mood, to-day, for I have come begging?"

"Indeed! what is the object that has now excited your sympathies?"

"There are two," was the reply, "but I must first speak of the one in which I am particularly interested. As you are aware our church is encumbered with a heavy debt, on account of the repairs that were thought necessary some time ago; and every effort to liquidate it having proved unsuccessful, several ladies have proposed holding a Fancy Fair. Rev. Mr. B— has sanctioned the project, and I, as one of the originators thereof, have made out a list of those ladies from whose taste and liberality I expect a good deal of assistance; and at the head of the list stands, of course, the name of Mrs. Dr. Baldwin."

Mrs. Baldwin bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, but expressed regret that her friend's choice had not fallen on some one else, so that she might have a more auspicious commencement.

"Nay, no excuse—no refusal, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Gray, playfully. "I assure you I will not take either, for I anticipated valuable aid from you for my table."

"I am sorry then that I must disappoint your expectations by acquainting you with my determination to have nothing to do with this proposed Fair," was Mrs. Baldwin's reply. "You are not ignorant, I presume, of my views in regard to the debt so foolishly incurred."

"Now, Mrs. Baldwin," hastily interposed the visitor, "you surely will not refuse to help us out of our difficulty merely because you think the improvements made were unnecessary. You know our poor church was miserably plain—in fact, it was quite shabby. I, for one, felt ashamed to say that I belonged to it. But now, as every one says, it is quite creditable to the taste and zeal of the members."

"Why do you not add that it quite equals St. James' church in appearance, which was the leading motive after all?" said Mrs. Baldwin, looking archly at the other lady, who could not repress a conscious smile. "Our 'poor church' was very comfortable, and its plainness never struck us unpleasantly till St. James' was newly painted and decorated. Then ours became suddenly so very shabby in the eyes of the majority, that they speedily decided on the like improvements; not considering that the rival congregation had been for years accumulating a fund for the purpose, so that they neither incurred a debt nor subtracted from the usual fund for benevolent purposes. Our congregation on the contrary, thoughtlessly contracted a heavy debt, the consequences of which will fall most heavily on the poor, whose wants will be little considered, while every effort is needed for the success of the Fair."

"So you will not help me even by a trifle?" queried Mrs. Gray, with evident disappointment.

"Not this time; if I were not on principle opposed to the Fair, I should gladly assist you in your undertaking. But you have another object, I believe, on hand; perhaps that will suit my old-fashioned notions better."

Mrs. Gray took a small book from her reticule. "This is for subscriptions and donations to the Foreign Missions. You have never joined our society—do let me register your name."

Mrs. Baldwin shook her head gravely. "For those whose wealth enables them to contribute to this object without neglecting home charities, such a society may answer very well, but as I too often find my means insufficient to relieve the distress that comes under my observation, I must beg you to excuse my non-compliance with your request."

"Ah, now, Mrs. Baldwin, this is all a jest, I am sure; it is not like you to be so uncharitable."

"I can see no charity in sending a few dollars across wide oceans, while there are many persons in my own city in sad need of even the merest trifle."

"But we need not bestow all our sympathy on them," urged the visitor. "We can give to the poor, and yet not withhold our mite from the poor heathen."

"My dear friend," resumed her hostess,

seriously, "although as a member of a benevolent society you see a great deal of destitution, you have no idea of the real want and suffering which are all around us. You go among a few of those who apply to the society for relief; but there are many who reduced from competence to utter penury, struggle despairingly against adverse circumstances, and would rather die in the most frightful misery than solicit charity. Dr. Baldwin finds many such persons among his patients, and 'tis often a source of real regret to us both that we have it not in our power to make them as comfortable as we wish. Could I then consistently lessen still more my ability to help them by giving to the Missionary Society?"

"But could you not spare this trifle in the year without taking from your other charities?" resumed Mrs. Gray. "The doctor's income is as large as my husband's, I know, and we both give to the Missions without, I trust, neglecting the poor. Then why couldn't you? You are not as extravagant in many things as I am, and your family is no larger than ours—but yes, it is too—I had forgotten that you have your nieces living with you, and that makes a great difference, especially as you are bringing them up the same as your *own girls*, and the cost of *their* education is no trifling sum?"

"No, but it is a necessary expense. But," added Mrs. Baldwin, smiling, "perhaps you think my nieces might be deprived of a liberal education, in order to spare money for the Missions?"

"Oh, I know you would not do that. Yet I do not think it is incumbent on us to support every relation who happens not to be well provided for; and to bring them up, if children, in the manner one's own children are brought up."

A tear started to Mrs. Baldwin's eye, and she said sadly,

"When my sister died her three little girls were left in my care. I promised her that as far as I could I would supply her place to them, and even if no such promise had been given I should consider it obligatory on me to do so. The doctor was not only willing but desirous that I should take charge of them, and of course we make no difference between them and their cousins."

"Well, they have been quite fortunate, but it is a great charge upon you. I would not be burdened in such a way."

"Oh, yes, you would! I would not think so hardly of you as to believe that your words express your real sentiments. Yet I know there are not a few who have such views and act in accordance. Their hearts are touched by the sight of misery, their purse is ever open to

relieve 'the poor;' yet they are aware all the time that some of their own kindred, or at least some of their former acquaintances are struggling in secret against distress as great as that which they will relieve in strangers. They are filled with zeal for the conversion of the 'heathen,' while to their domestics they will not willingly give sufficient time to attend to religious duties. Nay, I have known some of those pious, zealous ladies who, while anxious for the conversion of the whole world, never found time to instill religious sentiments into the hearts of their children. Now all this seems to me false, or at least mistaken charity and zeal. 'Let charity begin at home,' is my motto. When we have given due care to our own families, to those of our kindred who may be in need, then if we have money and time to spare for others it is our duty remember them."

Mrs. Gray colored and looked down as if the remarks of her hostess had awakened some unpleasant thoughts; but she rallied from the momentary embarrassment and introduced a new topic.

As she was about taking leave Mrs. Baldwin's two youngest children came down stairs with their nurse ready for their morning walk. Mrs. Gray waited until they had left the house, when she remarked,

"That is a nice-looking girl you have in Jane's place. And by-the-way how is Jane? She ought to have recovered ere this, unless her injuries were very severe."

"They were," said Mrs. Baldwin, "and although she is now so much better that she thinks in a few weeks she can resume the charge of the children; the doctor is of opinion she will not be able to go much about the house for some time. Her accident was a fearful one, we had little hopes at first that she could recover from her wounds."

"And you have kept her here all the time, having the trouble and expense of her illness—and I did hear the other day that you still pay her wages, although having another girl in her place. Is it so?"

"Most certainly. Poor Jane has been a faithful nurse to my little ones for several years, and I could not think of discontinuing her wages, which are great use to her mother and three young sisters."

"Ah, well, there is no use in talking to you, I see; but I cannot help thinking what nice little ornaments you could buy for my table with the money you have spent on Jane," said Mrs. Gray, as she laughingly repeated her adieus and tripped away.

The winter passed on, quickly to the ladies interested in the projected Fair—slowly and sadly to many of the poor belonging to the congregation, who, as Mrs. Baldwin had anticipated, were but sparingly provided for. At Easter, the Fair was held, and was successful even beyond the hopes of its most sanguine advocates. A few days after it closed Mrs. Gray was again a visitor to Mrs. Baldwin, to whom she gave a glowing account of the Fair in general, and her own table in particular, which she had had the gratification of hearing pronounced the handsomest in the room. She was interrupted at length by the entrance of another visitor—a person who of all her acquaintance she least desired to see. For years there had been a rivalry between Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Stuart, and as the former generally bore off the palm, the latter took revenge by contriving to make her rival uncomfortable when they chanced to meet by some disagreeable remarks. On this occasion there was a glitter in her eyes as they fell upon Mrs. Gray, which she thought ominous; and she was about bringing her visit to a close when she was decided to remain by hearing Mrs. Stuart say that her stay would be very brief, as she was merely paying a few calls to particular friends after her return from Virginia, where she had been spending the last two months. Apparently forgetful of Mrs. Gray's presence she went on to detail the various pleasant incidents connected with her trip to the South, until startled by the striking of the clock she rose abruptly, declaring that she had overstaid the time to which she had limited herself. After warmly pressing her hostess to return the call as soon as possible she glanced to Mrs. Gray, and said, carelessly, "I presume I need not invite you, but perhaps you will condescend to call at our house to see one of your Virginia relatives who is living with me."

Mrs. Gray colored, haughtily saying, there must be a mistake.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Stuart, with an air of triumph. "There is no mistake, I assure you, Mrs. Gray, for one of my friends there, Mrs. George Hargrave, was with your cousin when she died, and took charge of her four children, the eldest of whom she obtained a place for, the next in age I brought with me to take care of my little Emma, and the two youngest are still at Mrs. Hargrave's, as there is no orphan asylum in the town, and she does not

wish them to suffer. She was very kind to their mother while she was sick, and from all I heard she stood in great need of charity, for she was entirely destitute. I should not have known that she was related to you, but Mrs. Hargrave found, among the few things she left, a letter from you, which it appeared was written on the receipt of one from her begging some assistance, which you were unable, the letter stated, to give. If you would like to do anything for the two little boys, you can write to Mrs. Hargrave, as they are a great charge upon her. She was glad that I took Sally, who, by the way, is the image of your Kate—rather indolent and self-willed, too; but as I have had her *bound* it will be worth while to take some trouble with her, and I expect I will be able to make her *useful*."

Poor Mrs. Gray! The color came and went painfully during this harangue, and she could not trust herself to reply to her tormentor; but when alone with Mrs. Baldwin she gave full vent to her indignation, while that lady, who commiserated her mortified feelings, strove to soothe her irritation, though she could not forbear gently hinting how much more real benevolence would have been shown in relieving the distressed family than in helping to liquidate the church debt. Mrs. Gray did not controvert this suggestion. During her walk home, she recalled that mournful appeal to her, penned by the dying woman, which she had disregarded in her vain desire to have a prominent part in "public charities." The memory went back to the period of girlhood, when her deceased cousin had been her favorite companion—she recalled, with an emotion of shame, the neglect with which she had treated that cousin, after her husband had become dissipated—how she had striven to banish the recollection of her *poor relation*—she thought over it all, now, and while remorse blended with her anger against Mrs. Stuart, she almost determined to extend that relief to the two orphaned boys which she had cruelly withheld from their unhappy mother.

This resolution, however, was never put in practice; for, many articles remaining on hand after the Fair, it was decided to add as much as possible to the number and hold a sale at the ensuing Christmas. Mrs. Gray, of course, must be one of the leading spirits in this undertaking, and in the laudable zeal with which she entered upon it, her charitable intentions toward her orphan cousins were soon forgotten.

ROSA BLAKE AND HER LOVERS.

BY CARRY STANLEY, AUTHOR OF "ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 149.

CHAPTER X.

THE bright summer days passed wearily to Rosa. She never saw Anderson now except by accident, in the company of others, or at meeting, and then their recognition could only be a distant one.

Farmer Blake sighed, and his heart smote him many a time, when he noticed his daughter's altered demeanor; for she went about the house in a quiet, abstracted manner, performing even more than her ordinary duties, but not with the bounding step, and gay laugh, and merry song of old. So the good man would make a pretext to go to the next town, and bring from thence such flaming dresses and gilded books as would make poor Rosa smile through her tears, as she received them. Even strong-hearted Mrs. Blake was softened, though she did not choose to acknowledge it, except by reproving her daughter less than formerly; but her manner totally ignored the existence of Anderson.

As for Mr. Johnson, he condescendingly overlooked the blackberry episode, since his rival had been removed out of his way, and began to patronize Rosa, as he thought one of his superior merits should. So the summer evenings found him in his second-best linen coat, talking over the crops with Mr. Blake, or the best method of drying peaches, or making potatoe starch with the dame, and ogling Rosa till the poor girl loathed him from the bottom of her heart. Even at meeting she was not freed from his impertinence, for if her eyes were fixed on the minister, she felt that she was being stared at so by Joe that the attention of the whole congregation must be called to it. Sunday afternoon's, too, usually found him, tilted back on the two hind-feet of his chair, at Mr. Blake's tea-table, touching Rosa's foot, if he could reach it, with his own, till she was sometimes inclined to repeat the lesson which she had given him when the barn was raised.

One day he appeared on the piazza, where Rosa was reading, more radiant than usual. Farmer Blake sat, with newspaper in hand, appearing to be studying politics, but really

thinking of his daughter's altered manner, when Mr. Johnson entered.

"We're going to get up a huckleberry party to the Pines," said the visitor, "you'll go, of course, neighbor Blake; us fellows settled it all to-day, after meeting, and I spoke for Rosy, here. I'm to take her in my wagon."

Rose closed her book, and with flashing eyes, face and neck crimson, and voice fairly quivering with passion, answered,

"You were never more mistaken in your life. I *will not* go with you. I don't see how you dare—"

"Rosa, for shame," said Mrs. Blake, looking up from Fox's Book of Martyrs, the wonderful incidents and pictures of which had been her Sunday's recreation for the last year.

"No, no," interrupted the farmer, "I think if we go, Rose had better go with us. There'll be plenty of room in our wagon, thank you, Mr. Johnson."

"But that'll spoil all the fun," replied Joe, in a disappointed tone, "each of us fellows was to take a girl in a fast team, and the old folks was to jog along as they pleased, and bring the fodder. Don't let Rosy spoil it all, Mrs. Blake."

"She'll go with you, Mr. Johnson, I guess; she's only bashful," but as the mother said this she glanced at her daughter, not at all sure of what she said.

Rosa, who had resumed her book, though she was too angry to know a word she was reading, replied,

"If father goes, and will take me, I'll go, but I *won't* go with anybody else."

"Then you should stay at home, if I was your father," retorted Mrs. Blake, angrily,

"I'm willing, I'm sure," was the sullen reply of Rosa.

Joe looked bewildered, and Mr. Blake said, soothingly,

"If the child likes her own father and mother better'n anybody else, we oughtn't to find fault with her, I'm sure, mother. If she wants to go with us, why let her go. There are plenty of girls that'll be *glad* to jump at the chance of going with Mr. Johnson, even if she is so foolish as to refuse."

The tears were coming into Rosa's eyes at her father's kindness, so she did not dare to look up, but she drew nearer to him, and he patted her kindly on the head, and said,

"You think more of your old father yet, than you do of any of these young hop-o'-my-thumbs, don't you, daughter?"

"But I don't know what I'm to do," commenced Joe. "I said I was going to take Rosa, and each fellow chose his girl, and there isn't one left."

"Ask our Susan," said Rosa, for her natural spirits had somewhat revived since she found her father was inclined to protect her, and she thought she would have a chance of seeing Mark.

But Joe muttered between his teeth, "Darn Susan;" and Mrs. Blake said, in a low voice, as she passed where Rosa was sitting, "Young lady, if you don't behave yourself, you'll stay at home yet."

So the huckleberry party was arranged to take place on the ensuing Thursday.

Mrs. Blake, who prided herself on being the best cook and most notable housekeeper in the county, was determined not to be outdone in her preparations for the pic-nic. With a pleased smile she drew her baking from the huge mouthed brick oven. Hard ginger-bread and soft ginger-bread; beautifully browned sponge-cake and crisp jumbles; white potatoe custards "that one couldn't tell from real lemon," she averred; and cocoa-nut custards with their flaky crust. Then there were famous loaves of bread, and chickens roasted to be eaten cold.

Mr. Blake stood and watched all these being stored away in tubs and baskets, together with papers of tea, coffee and sugar, and jars of pickles and preserves, and pots of golden butter, and uncooked chickens to be barbecued or fricaseed, to be served up hot; and he said that she had "enough to feed the whole Rooshan army."

"Sammy Blake, when I do a thing, I do it," was the answer of the dame, "none of your half work for me; I do hate this scrimping and screwing way some people, I could name, has. Beuly Roberts thinks nobody can get up a thing of this kind but her, but if anybody 'll beat my baking, or set a finer chicken on the table than this, why I'll just let 'em; that's all," and Mrs. Blake remorselessly doubled the chicken's legs under it, and fitted it into its place in the tub.

"I don't see how in the world all these things is to go in the little wagon, and three people beside," said the husband at last.

"Then Rosa can go with Joe Johnson. He's

got nobody yet, and would jump at it," was the reply.

"I tell you, mother, that won't do. I promised the child she should go with us, and so she shall, if she wants to, if I have to take the heavy wagon. Besides, she's got a spirit of her own, and we ain't gitting along any faster, for forcing things too much. Maybe she'll come around by-and-bye if we leave her be. I hope so, I'm sure," and Mr. Blake sighed as he turned away, and thought of the meadow.

Mrs. Blake would have replied, but her thoughts were occupied just then as to the best method of carrying a bottle of cream without breaking, so her husband was saved her opinion upon the subject.

CHAPTER XI.

THE stars were still out, and the moon shining brightly, when the Blakes started, before day-break, on their excursion. The old-fashioned huckleberry parties, it is true, were nearly done away, when each person waded in the swamp for the luscious fruit, and the smartest picker drove exultingly homeward with well filled tubs and baskets; most now preferring to purchase of poor people in the vicinity, who made their livelihood by it; but there were some industrious men like farmer Blake, who looked upon a day of mere pleasure as the greatest toil possible, who still persisted in getting the berries as they had done when they were boys, and beginning their day of relaxation as early as they would a day of hard labor. Then too it was a drive of sixteen miles, the latter part of which was through heavy sands, and had to be accomplished before the sun was too high.

So, as we said before, the stars were still out, and the moon still up, when the Blakes set off for the place of *rendezvous*, some five miles distant. As they rode along, the silence would occasionally be broken by a blast from one of the long tin horns, without which no party to the Pines is complete, and directly, emerging from a cross road, or coming up furiously behind them, a wagon would appear, full of people in the gayest spirits. As they neared the place of meeting, there were answering notes in every direction; a few airs really well played by aspiring musicians; whilst some, who cared more for fun than sentiment, sent out prolonged groans through the long-throated horns, or used them as speaking trumpets much to the annoyance of the musical swains. But soon the sound of a violin was heard, and the horns became as dumb as common birds do in the presence of the

nightingale; and now a rough, broad wagon appeared, crowded with merry young fellows, and in their midst old black Guy, head and foot keeping time to the music, as he played away for dear life, "The Campbells are Coming."

Amid all the gay jests and laughter, Rosa listened in vain for Mark's voice, and with a feeling of disappointment she drew back in the wagon.

"We're all here now, I believe," said one of the young men at last, "except Joe Johnson and Rosa Blake. Why didn't you make 'em keep up with you, neighbor Blake?"

"I am here," answered Rosa, energetically, as she put her head out of the wagon.

"Why I thought—but here he comes now," replied the speaker, as a crack of a whip was heard, and Joe swept in among the assembled wagons with the dexterity of a practised Jehu.

"Smart work that, boys," said he, as he drew his horses in with so sudden a jerk as almost threw them on their haunches, "I drove them five miles in twenty minutes, easy."

"Better make it fifteen, Joe, for short," called out some one from the broad wagon, who was well acquainted with Joe's boastful propensities.

"And the wagon run so easy that that hardly swung an inch from its place," Joe went on without noticing the interruption, and pointed in to a huge glass horn suspended from the top of the vehicle, the triumphant achievement of some fanciful glass-blower.

The stars were dying out one by one, and the moonlight was feebly struggling with the conquering dawn, when the party were again on their way.

Farmer Blake's wagon was one of the first to reach the place of destination, and when the others came up Mrs. Blake had already unpacked her tubs and baskets, and began to make preparations for breakfast.

The miller who owned the property derived a snug little revenue from hiring out a long, board building which he had erected, and which answered the purpose of dining-room and ball-room; and here empty barrels, supporting rough boards, serving for tables, the breakfast was spread.

The younger part of the company wandered away in search of amusement, longing for not only breakfast to be over, but dinner also, so that old Guy and the dancing might begin.

Rosa had been more gratified than her mother was, by seeing Mark Anderson assist Mrs. Roberts from the wagon, and Mrs. Blake was kept in a state of perpetual irritation the whole morning, notwithstanding her triumph over "Beuly

Roberts," by the remarks made to her by her friends respecting Rosa and her lovers.

"So she's given Josy Johnson the mitten, I see," said one.

"The schoolmaster is as fine a young man as you'll see in a day's walk; it's a pity he's poor," added another, who knew Mrs. Blake's weak points exactly.

So the good woman was in no amiable mood when she saw Rosa and Anderson returning from a walk together.

"You're making yourself the talk of the whole company by your conduct," whispered the mother, angrily, as her daughter approached her.

"Why, I've only been down to the swing where all the others are," was the reply.

"Very well; but remember that you don't put your foot in a boat to-day, if you go with Mark Anderson."

Rosa did not dare to disobey her mother, and this was a grievous disappointment to her, for she had just told Mark that she would go in his boat to hunt for water lilies. So she went down to the edge of the pond, where a large party were waiting for the boats to be unmoored, and stood looking silently on.

"Come, jump in, Rosa," said Anderson, taking her by the arm.

The girl's eyes filled with tears as she shook her head in the negative, saying in an under tone,

"I can't, Mark, mother says I shan't go with you."

"She will let you go in one of the other boats, won't she?" queried Anderson, as he stooped down to unfasten the chain.

"But I don't want to," replied Rosa. There were but two boats left, the one which Mark was to row, and another of which Joe Johnson took possession.

"Come, Rosy," said Joe, at this moment, "your mother sent me to take care of you; jump in, quick, or the others 'll get the start of us."

But Rosa still refused, notwithstanding that the young girls in the boat kept calling to her and making room. Joe was growing impatient. Finding that she would be the only one left behind, she was about turning away to join the matrons, who were in high preparations for dinner, when Mark called out,

"Come, Miss Rosa, you know I promised to get you some water lilies."

"I guess I can get them for her without your help," muttered Joe, as Rosa at last took her seat in the boat.

CHAPTER XII.

THE party sped gaily up the lake, the musical voices of the girls keeping time to the dipping oars. On either side the tall pine forest rose, dense and green, blackening the water's edge as it looked into it with its dark face, a drooping birch tree or alder bush, with their more vivid color springing up like a smile, now and then; whilst further out, the deep, blue waters reposed calmly beneath the deeper blue of the summer sky.

As they advanced the view became wilder. Gaunt old trees, on which not a vestige of foliage remained, were draped in long moss, hanging in fantastic folds from their branches nearly to their feet; and there they stood, as they had stood for years, biding "the pelting of the pitiless storm," their wrinkled arms thrown aloft, their grey beards tossing in the wind like some dethroned old Lear.

Great beds of snowy water lilies floated on the lake; clumps of bushes sprung up in the midst of the water, forming green islands; stalwart trees, that for many generations had shaken their hoary heads at Time, had at last succumbed before the conqueror, weary of the conflict, and laid them down quietly in the blue waters.

The party had grown more silent as they proceeded. At last Anderson said,

"There are too many snags and fallen trees here for it to be quite safe. Suppose we take the ladies back to the rock, and leave them, and return for the lilies by ourselves."

The proposition was readily agreed to, the more especially, as it had been impossible for several of the girls to repress a scream, as the bottom of the boat grated over hidden stumps and branches.

So the boats turned and sped rapidly back. Rosa gave a sigh of relief when they were all safely landed on the rock.

"I'm so glad we are here," said she to Anderson, who was helping the girls from the boats. "It was such a wild-looking place in spite of the water lilies. Wouldn't it have been horrible to have been drowned there? Everything so still, except the crows that wheel and 'caw' over the waters, or the dreadful moaning of the wind through the trees."

Mark turned and looked at her, and her cheeks and lips were ashy from emotion.

"I know it's very foolish," said she, trying to laugh, "for there's not a bit of danger, but I wish you were not going back."

"Not a bit of danger," answered Anderson, as

he sprang into the boat after his companions and pushed off.

The quick strokes of his oars soon put him alongside the other boats, but he observed that Johnson strained every nerve to keep ahead. A feeling of good-natured rivalry induced him to put forth all his skill, and he soon shot past Johnson. The young men who were with him gave a shout as they glided onward, leaving the two other boats behind, and Joe again bent to his oars, till the perspiration stood in great drops on his flushed face.

The beds of water lilies were soon reached, and the bottoms of the boats strewn with the gleaming white flowers.

"There's something I must get," said Anderson, pointing to a spike of crimson blossoms that grew near to the shore.

"I saw them before you spoke, and intended to have them myself for Rosa Blake," said Joe, but Mark was already steering in the direction of the prize.

With a suppressed oath, Joe shot his boat alongside of Anderson's. Mark, with one ear stuck in the ground to steady himself by, was already leaning forward, with his hand almost on the flower, when Johnson took one of his sculls, and pushed it against his rival's boat with such force that it swerved around in an opposite direction, Anderson lost his balance and in a moment was buried in the blue waters.

The oppressive silence of the summer's day was unbroken save by the splash of the falling body. Every tongue seemed paralyzed with terror. In an instant a white face appeared in the water, made more ghastly by the frightful wound on the temple.

"I didn't do it," muttered Johnson, between his chattering teeth, as he gazed with distended eyes and a face almost as livid as the one which gleamed on him so reproachfully from the water.

But already they were lifting the body in view of the boats.

"I didn't do it, but I can't row," said Johnson, again, and he cowered down in the bottom of his boat, not daring to look on the white turned face of his rival; and his hands shook like those of a palsied old man.

Without a word of comment, one of his companions took the oars and turned homeward, and the two other boats speedily followed.

The stillness was horrible. Nothing was heard but the "caw, caw," of the solitary crow that wheeled and circled down the lake. The light breeze that kissed the water lilies brought no responses from them, and the summer sun beat down unpitifully on the rigid features of Anderson.

The girls, who were waiting impatiently for the return of the boats, at last heard the dipping of the oars.

Rosa leaned forward anxiously to catch a first glimpse of the party as they came around the point. But to the astonishment of all, the first boat flew past; then some one called from it,

"Mark Anderson is drowned!"

The bright, eager faces grew livid; a short, stifled cry was heard in the midst; and Rosa Blake sunk to the ground.

The terrified girls called in vain to be taken into the boat, and when the next one rounded the point two or three cried out,

"You *must* take us in; Rosa Blake is dying."

With increased terror, at this new misfortune, the young men run the boat silently up to the landing-place, helped to lift in Rosa's insensible form, took as many more as they could possibly carry, and then put off again.

The young girls cuddled together on the water's edge, in horror-struck silence, and saw them bear Anderson past.

"Don't forget to come back for us," at last called out one, who recovered her faculties sooner than the others. A nod from the rower was the only answer, and then they were left alone.

With dropping tears, Rosa's companions bathed her face, and endeavored to recover her from her death-like swoon.

"She's dying on the very lilies that Mark took so much pains to get, and I know they were for her," said one of the young men, in a whisper; and in the same low voice he gave the girls an account of the catastrophe.

"Do you think he is really dead, or only stunned?" asked one.

"Dead. He struck his temple against something when he went down—a stump, most likely," and the speaker again applied himself vigorously to the oars.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE tin horns were sending out a merry summons to dinner to all stragglers and delinquents, when the first boat arrived at the landing.

One of the young men sprang ashore, and imparted the dreadful news. The crowd that was hastening toward the mill with jest and laughter, stopped suddenly, gazed in each other's face for a moment, in blank dismay, smiles and words freezing on their lips, then turned and hastened precipitately to the water's edge.

By this time the second boat had arrived. "It isn't Anderson, it's Rosa Blake," exclaimed

some one, as the girl's insensible form was lifted out.

"Not my Rosy—you don't mean my Rosy?" and the speaker parted the crowd of people that were looking on in breathless silence.

"She aint dead, I don't believe, Mr. Blake, only swooned-like," said a motherly-looking old lady, as the poor, bewildered father tried to take Rosa up in his arms. But he trembled so he was obliged to let some one stronger than he carry her to the mill, and walked beside her, holding her cold hands, whilst the tears streamed silently down his sun-burned, furrowed face.

Mrs. Blake, who had been engaged in putting the dinner on the table, was starting out to see the cause of the delay, when she met them bearing in Rosa.

"What's the matter? what *is* the matter?" asked the poor woman, giving strong symptoms of hysterics.

"Don't take on so, Mrs. Blake, she'll soon come to; she only fainted when she heard Mark Anderson was drowned," said one of the young men, as they carried her into the miller's house, and laid her on a settee.

But neither father nor mother seemed to heed the fate of Anderson. They only thought of their daughter laying there apparently dead, for it seemed impossible to arouse her from that terrible syncope.

The people who had collected around Rosa, swayed back for a moment, to gaze with horror on Anderson, as he was carried through the room to a bed in the adjoining one.

"He aint dead yet, but dreadfully stunned. Cale Thompson's geering up Johnson's horses to go post-haste for the doctor," replied one of the men, in answer to Mrs. Roberts' inquiries.

But the good woman shook her head.

"He'll die from loss of blood, if that ain't stopped," and with skilful hands she commenced applying all the remedies at her command.

"And Rosa Blake, too! How did it all happen?" she said, as she clipped off the soft, brown hair, dabbled with blood, from the wounded temple.

With some difficulty, the true version of the story was arrived at; but Johnson had escaped from the many indignant glances, which would have been cast upon him, by going himself for the doctor.

Long before the physician appeared, Mark had been divested of his wet clothing, the room closed, and Mrs. Roberts installed as his nurse. The wound was pronounced a most dangerous one, yet there was hope sufficient given to warrant Jane Thompson whispering in Rosa's ear,

"Mark *wasn't* drowned, Rosa, and the doctor says he thinks he'll soon be better."

But the intelligence had no effect on the poor girl. Two or three times she had opened her eyes, looked languidly, unconsciously around, then relapsed into her former insensibility.

Mrs. Blake seemed nearly frantic. She wrung her hands and sobbed so violently that the physician, who had been called in after seeing Mark, was obliged to have her taken from the room.

Mr. Blake sat beside his daughter, kissing her cold hands, and chafing them between his own; tears raining down his face, as he called her his "dear little Rosy." Then a gust of weeping seemed to shake his frame, and he would lay his wet cheek against her own, and stroke her hair, as he endeavored to choke down his sobs.

But at last consciousness returned. With a bewildered look, Rosa glanced from one to another of those who were standing around, and at last it rested on the anxious face of her father. She gazed at him steadily for a moment, as if endeavoring to recall something, then she cried out,

"Mark."

It seemed as if her heart had broken with her cry.

"Don't, don't now, Rosy! Oh, she's dead," exclaimed the poor man, endeavoring to rouse her again.

Sobs were heard in every part of the room, the father's grief was so terrible.

The kind physician administered restoratives, with tearful eyes. He comprehended the case at once, and as soon as he saw consciousness again returning, he said,

"Mark will soon be well, Rosa."

She seemed to gather all her faculties for the one word, "drowned!"

"No he *wasn't* at all. All a mistake," replied the good doctor, quickly.

Old Guy's services were not needed that day. The young people, with whom Mark was so popular, could not dance while even yet it was doubtful if he would recover; and the girls scattered about in groups, whispered over the romance, and gave their whole sympathies, as girls will, to the lovers.

The party, which was to have returned by moonlight, had no heart for festivities now, so they prepared to leave early in the afternoon. As for Joe Johnson, after bringing the doctor, and giving no very lucid explanation of the affair, he had quietly departed long before.

Mrs. Blake, her fears for her daughter being over, was bustling about as energetically as ever,

seeing that things were being stowed away in their proper places in the wagon.

"Come, Rosy, you're as weak as a kitten; let me help you, we're all ready," said the father, as he went to the settee where his daughter was lying.

"I can't go away and leave Mark here, all alone; maybe he'll die," sobbed the poor girl, nervously.

"Why the doctor said he'd soon get well, you know, and Beulah Roberts is going to stay to take care of him," answered Mr. Blake.

"Can't I see him, just for a moment? I won't speak," pleaded Rosa, with her head on her father's shoulder.

Mr. Blake was dreadfully perplexed. He thought it inadmissible on both Anderson's and his daughter's account, if the former was awake and conscious, and he sincerely wished his energetic wife, on whose quick mind he had been too much accustomed to rely, was present. So he replied soothingly,

"Well, let us wait till mother comes."

But Rosa shook her head, and made an effort to reach the door. It was well her father accompanied her, for she gave one look at the white face and still form lying on the bed, then trying to cross the room to where Anderson lay, she groaned out, "Oh, he's dead, and you wouldn't tell me."

Mrs. Blake was called in from her preparations to help recover Rosa from another swoon, and she rated her husband soundly, as she bathed her daughter's face, for permitting her to see Anderson.

That night the anxious father was awakened from his sleep by a shriek from his daughter's room. He aroused his wife, and hurried in to find Rosa sitting up in bed, raving in her delirium, that Mark was drowned away up in the lonely pond.

It was many days before Rosa was conscious again. Mrs. Blake had been thoroughly subdued by her daughter's sufferings, and was the first to inform her that Mark was slowly but surely recovering.

"We shall have to look out for a new school-master soon," said Mr. Blake, one day at dinner.

The roses which were beginning to revisit Rosa's cheeks paled again at the announcement. She cast a startled, inquiring glance at her father, who continued,

"As soon as Anderson is strong enough, he is going to P—— to study for the ministry," but he did not add that he had voluntarily offered him enough money to defray all his expenses.

This offer, Mark at first peremptorily refused,

but he was not proof against the tempting inducements with which good farmer Blake wound it up.

"Take the money," said he, "and get through your studies. Then come back and settle among us, if you can; and if Rosa and you continue in the same mind till then, why, I guess mother and me won't be very hard to coax."

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a sweet Sabbath morning in May. Half an hour before the wagon was ready, Rosa was dressed and pulling on her gloves, pacing up and down the sitting-room, in a restless but happy state of mind. And when they started for meeting, her heart beat so rebelliously that she had to press her hand to her side to quiet it.

Good farmer Blake's eyes had a suspicious moisture over them as he handed his daughter from the wagon, and his wife gathered her new silk shawl around her with inimitable dignity, as she nodded condescendingly to one neighbor and another; for was not Mark Anderson, the new minister—who had "received a call" to fill the place of their old pastor, just laid down in the green grave-yard—to be her son-in-law?

Rosa took her seat with a blushing cheek, and silent, happy tears trickled down her face. She was not even conscious that she was sitting next to Joe Johnson's flashy bride, glorious as a poppy in the bright hues of her changeable silk dress, and her ribbons, and her veil, and her soiled white gloves. She little heeded that Joe now looked upon her in supreme disdain as he compared her with his city wife, who made her appearance to-day, for the first time, at the quiet meeting-house. She felt as if her heart was almost bursting with its glad song of thanksgiving.

The wonderful stillness which reigned over the congregation, during Mark's first sermon, was the most flattering tribute which could have been paid him, and as the dames wiped their eyes, and their sturdy husbands drew the backs of

their hands across their own, at the end of the last prayer, they pronounced the young minister "a second Daniel come to judgment," and prophesied such revivals as had never been known before.

Mrs. Blake declared to Mrs. Thompson that it was the most wonderful sermon she had ever heard, though it must be confessed that during part of it, she had been calculating how many yards of carpeting the three barrels of carpet-rag-balls, which were stored away in the garret, would make, and whether as Rosa was to be a minister's wife, her linen sheeting should not be a little finer than her own.

Throughout the whole summer, Mrs. Blake and her daughter were making mysterious trips to the city, and nearly every week farmer Blake's heavy wagon would return from the steamboat landing loaded with baskets of rattling china and thumping cooking utensils, and huge bundles of dry-goods, that would make the lookers on stare as they saw them piled in; for as Mrs. Blake had said on a former occasion, "when she did a thing, she *did* it, and no half way work for her;" and she was determined that Rosa's future home should be as complete as the good farmer's well filled purse could make it.

But one thing through all the pleasant bustle of preparation discomposed Mrs. Blake. It was that Rosa, in spite of all remonstrance, insisted upon being married in a plain white dress of thin muslin, instead of the glittering silk which her mother had bought for her to outrival Mrs. Johnson's. But the good dame had to acknowledge, when she looked in from her extraordinary efforts for supper, and saw Jane Thompson fasten the last cluster of white tea-roses in her daughter's hair, that "after all, the bride couldn't be beat."

The week of festivity, which Mrs. Blake kept up with such untiring vigor, was rather irksome to Rosa, who longed to escape from it all to her cozy, pleasant little home, near the church, where she still lives a happy, young mother, looked up to by all the congregation as the honored wife of their beloved pastor.

LINEs TO PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

I LOVE to linger o'er each page
Where fancy weaves a magic spell,
Poetic fires will e'er engage,
And wake within my heart a swell
Of uncontrollable delight;
Till every pulse will wildly thrill,
And visions dance before my sight,
Called up by fancy's will.

Be thine the task, to spread abroad
Pure words for the inquiring mind;
In learning's high and blest abode,
Such treasures we may truly find,
And mine to garner up a share
Of thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
To consecrate with gentle care
To mem'ry's sacred urn.

L. M.

BLUNDERBUSS. A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—BLUNDER.

Dramatis Personæ.—SICK MOTHER.—DELICATE FAMILY.—HER HUSBAND.—CODDLING OLD AUNT.—SERVANT.—CHEMIST'S YOUNG MAN.

/ SCENE—*Splendid apartment in villa of Her Husband. On the mantel-piece, several plaster casts.*

ENTER SICK MOTHER, who is forced into large, easy-chair by CODDLING OLD AUNT, who has followed close at her heels. The Old Lady rings the bell, and desires the SERVANT to bring in the

DELICATE FAMILY. As soon as they have arrived, she draws from her pocket a large parcel, labeled "BEST EPSOM SALTS," and informs them that they must take a spoonful all round. Delicate



family immediately commence weeping and kicking, but are silenced by Old Aunt, who shows them the sugar they are to have afterward.

As soon as each has taken a dose all round, the Servant is called up and forced to take some also.

Enter HER HUSBAND, who is immediately besought to try a spoonful of salts. He refuses; and Old Aunt, angry that he will not take her

physic, falls into a pet, and turning her back upon him, takes a newspaper from the table, and reads. Suddenly she starts up, and, stamping on the ground, tears her false front and beats her breast. All the family are alarmed, and rise to inquire the cause of her sorrow.

She points to the newspaper. Husband holds it up, and on it is written, "YOU HAVE SWALLOWED OXALIC ACID!" Sick Lady, having shouted



police, to give Old Aunt in charge, is about to faint; when Old Aunt points to the ceiling and plaster images, and desires them to give her some to eat, intimating that it is the only thing that can save them. They all seize the casts, which are divided among them, the Husband, in great sorrow, forcing his Delicate Children to swallow their portion.

Enter CHEMIST'S YOUNG MAN, smiling and bowing politely. Old Aunt points to him as the person who sold the poison in mistake to her, and, rushing to him, seizes him by the collar. He draws from his pocket a placard, inscribed, "YOU HAVE SWALLOWED THE VERY BEST EPSOM SALTS AFTER ALL—AN ALLOWANCE ON TAKING A QUANTITY."



They are all delighted. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.—BUSS.

Dramatis Personæ.—SCHOOLMISTRESS.—NATIVE DE PARIS.—YOUNG LADIES.—IMPUDENT OFFICER.SCENE—*Hampstead Heath.*

ENTER YOUNG LADIES, walking two-and-two, headed by the NATIVE DE PARIS, wearing two large *acroche-cœurs* gummed to her cheeks to show that she is of French extraction. At the end of the ranks is the SCHOOLMISTRESS, looking

very stern, and endeavoring to make the Young Ladies walk upright. Every now and then she taps her Scholars on the shoulders, to make them keep their shoulders in.

Enter an IMPUDENT OFFICER with beautiful



curly mustachios of burnt cork. He wears his cap on one side, with the strap round his chin; and his waist is pulled in by a red silk scarf, to show that he is in the army. Under one arm he carries his sword of walking-stick. On seeing the Young Ladies, he stands still, with his legs very wide apart, and examines them through his eye-glass.

The Schoolmistress is disgusted, and in angry pantomime directs all the Young Ladies to hide their faces with their parasols. They are so much alarmed that they are unable to advance, and, breaking the ranks, collect together in a group, and cling to each other.

The Impudent Officer is delighted with the sport, and, despite the Schoolmistress shaking her parasol at him, only stands still and laughs.

The tallest of the young ladies commence screaming, whilst the Mistress rushes round her pupils prepared to defend them to the last.

At length order is restored, and the school is about to depart, when the Native de Paris exhibits symptoms of fainting.

She is nearly falling, when the Impudent Officer rushes forward, and catches her in his arms.



The Young Ladies grow very nervous, and the Mistress orders the First Class to scream "Police." She is so horrified, that she covers her face with her handkerchief, and beats her breast. She entreats the Young Ladies—as two more sink into the impudent officers arms—not to forget themselves, and to struggle with their feelings.

At last the Impudent Officer, having peeped cautiously round to see if any one was looking,



attempts to kiss the Native de Paris, who still remains insensible. The Schoolmistress shakes her finger at her Professoraess, and is about to dismiss her, when she suddenly starts up, and casting a withering look at the Officer, rushes off, followed by the Young Ladies and Schoolmistress.

Exit Officer, holding his sides, and stamping on the floor with mirth.

ACT III.—BLUNDERBUSS.

Dramatis Personæ.—POOR LONE BACHELOR.—SEVERAL CATS.

SCENE—*The back attic of Poor Lone Bachelor. On one side, the sofa prepared as his bed, and over the fire-place a blunderbuss,* labeled, "Loaded." On the table a jug and basin.*

ENTER POOR LONE BACHELOR, holding a rush-light shade, which he places in the basin. He tells the audience that he is very tired, by leaning his head on his hand, and yawning. Then taking



off his coat and waistcoat, he slips on his night-cap, and jumps into sofa bedstead.

The cries of CATS are heard on the distant tiles, and Poor Lone Bachelor is unable to sleep.

* A good bulky umbrella will answer for a blunderbuss very well, provided it has got a large, round handle.

He turns first on one side, and then on another, but with no effect. At last he jumps out of bed, and, opening the window, sh-u-u's away at the Cats.

Shivering with cold, he jumps into bed again; but no sooner does he try to go to sleep than the Cats again begin their noise, much louder than before.

Nearly driven mad with the uproar, he leaps savagely from his couch, and, seizing the water-jug, empties the whole of it on the Cats, who disappear for awhile.

Once more he tries to go to sleep; but just as he begins to snore, his tormentors commence their shrieks under his window, and so loud that

the Poor Lone Bachelor is roused again out of his sleep.



Desperate with anger, he rushes to the blunderbuss. He takes it down, examines the priming, and winks knowingly. He opens

the window as softly as he can, and, having looked for the Cats, takes his aim. He fires, and is knocked into the middle of the room by the kicking of the blunderbuss. The screams of the Cats, and cries of "Police!" are heard in the neighborhood; and the Poor Lone Bachelor, rubbing his back, rushes from the room.



THE DESERTED HOME.

BY BELL KAUFFELT.

WHERE are they all who once around the family hearth were glad?

Their mirth and song have passed away, their halls are lone and sad.

No more a mother's gentle voice, nor sister's playful word,

Nor brother's wild and joyous laugh, nor father's tone is heard.

Yes, all is hushed, and stillness reigns where once was joy and mirth;

The golden links of the household chain are giv'n to thee, oh, earth!

They've laid the aged parents low, where silvery waters glide;

For they are all of that household band that are sleeping side by side.

Ah, who would separate them if with such unearthly love,

In life they were united as the angels feel above?

And they say upon the margin of a river in the West,

Far away in the region where the sun goes down to rest—

A brother sleepeth sweetly where the pure blue waters lave;

But alone the wild bird knoweth where they made his nameless grave.

And one, the brightest, fairest, and loved of all the band,

Embarked one sunny morning for the far-off golden land;

He left a mother's fond embrace to seek that golden shore,

And they made his bed one Wintry day among the shining ore.

One like a wayward wild bird went o'er distant lands to roam,

But he hath found an early grave where the sea-nymphs have their home;

Deep in the emerald ocean, far beneath the pearly wave,

He sleepeth calmly, sweetly in a sunny coral cave.

And the sweet and gentle sister, when she left her father's hall,

Was borne away to a Southern home, the fairest flower of all.

Beneath a wild magnolia they have laid her down to sleep,

And angels of the pure and good do o'er her vigils keep.

Not one of all the cherished ones, she lulled so oft to rest,

Is left that loving mother to repose upon her breast.

Oh, Death! what treasures thou hast torn from that fair household hearth—

"Alas! for love, if thou art all, and naught beyond, oh, earth!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

THE belief in supernatural influences has prevailed in all ages and countries. Even in this enlightened nineteenth century, and in spite of science, the superstition lurks secretly in the public mind. People, indeed, no longer nail horse-shoes over the door to keep off witches, but they crowd to awe-struck circles to hear mediums converse with spirits. There are tens of thousands of persons, and in the most intellectual portions of the country too, who firmly believe that departed friends can be summoned back to earth, and the secrets of the grave extorted from the "rapping" spirits of the dead.

This is not the place to discuss how far these things are the result of a morbid condition of the nervous system, or whether indeed, as the greatest of dramatists and poets has said, "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of" even by philosophy. Mesmerism, clairvoyance, biology, certainly throw new light on the constitution, or diseases of the mind. Our purpose is to narrate a series of events, which happened in an illustrious Italian house, bearing upon this curious and engrossing subject. These strange facts some persons may explain psychologically, while others will insist on their supernatural origin. For ourselves, we shall give no opinion, but leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, whether the main actor was insane, was under a delusion, or really had to do with supernatural powers.

High up in the Appenines stands a grim castle, the last princely owner of which, immuring himself from the world, spent his days in playing chess alone in his hall. Rumor went that no visible antagonist played against him, and that even his favorite page, Alessandro, whenever the chess-board was brought out, fled from the apartment. Stony, perpendicular, cold and impregnable, upon the brow of an angry rock, stood the castle. As stony, perpendicular, cold and impregnable, it was said, sat the count within, overhanging the wide table in his hall, with beetling brows and cruel eyes, like the black castle, whose gloomy battlements and red-mouthed culverins frowned over the campagna below.

The count, who had long borne the reputation of being one of the best players in Italy, like all
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persons who pride themselves on their skill at this game, never touched a piece till he had determined where to put it. There he sat, gazing steadily upon the chess-men, except when, ever and anon, he moved a piece, when he would look up, for a moment, to where his adversary ought to have been, as if to read the effect in his face. No word ever passed his lips, yet at intervals he would frown, and at intervals smile grimly, as though listening, or replying to his adversary. A spectator would have doubted whether he imagined an opponent, and himself performed both parts of the conversation, as he did of the game; or whether some shadowy being of the Powers of the Air did actually sit opposite to him, invisible to everybody but the count, and exchange words, in the pauses of the game, unheard by all except the unhappy nobleman.

We have said that the page, Alessandro, between whom and the count some invisible tie seemed to exist, invariably fled from the hall, in terror, whenever the chess-board was brought out. His master often frowned at this, and, at last, ordered the lad, one day, to be bound to a chair. The youth trembled and turned pale, but neither wept nor entreated. His face, however, soon assumed a strange, tranced expression, while his muscles relaxed so that he seemed to lose all control over them. As the game progressed, he became agitated by evident emotion. He stared frightfully across the board to the further side of the table. He often seemed about to speak, but the words always died on his tongue in the very moment of utterance. His limbs quivered; he breathed convulsively; and at last, just as the count placed a knight in a commanding position, intending the piece to remain there during the development of a powerful combination of moves which he had conceived—just as the count had done this, we say, and looked up with a sneering and sinister smile, as if to defy his adversary, just then Alessandro respired a long sigh, and as if becoming suddenly aware of the presence of some overpoweringly evil and gigantic existence, crouched down shuddering, terror taking away his senses and his strength. The sigh aroused the count, who, alarmed for the consequences, hastily summoned a servant and gave the youth into his

charge; after which, without other apparent discomposure, he sat down quietly again to his game.

This had commenced after a fashion frequent with the count; a method to which a general similarity is found in the opening known at present as the "easy game." The count had moved first; and having preserved his attack by judicious play, had at the point where Alessandro's sudden fainting fit (if such it were) occurred, conducted his game well nigh to a successful termination. His adversary's king was much crowded in the corner to which he had retired by castling on his own side. The count's two castles bore heavily across the board; for, by a manœuvre not uncommon in a high style of play, he had contrived, after two or three unexpected moves, to castle his own king suddenly upon the queen's side, and thus to open a quick and violent assault upon the citadel of his foe. The knight of which mention was made, was planted by the count at his king's bishop's sixth square, while his adversary's pawn just opposite had not moved at all, although the two neighboring ones had. The count's pawns, on the same side, being also well forward, victory seemed certain. It was after long pauses, and with a still and restrained expression of deep-felt triumph, that the count moved his adversary's men, as if at the direction of some one indicating the pieces and squares. His own answering moves were made promptly and decidedly; and in truth, after no very protracted course of play, the count sat erect in his chair, and gazed across the wide table with the angry pleasure which comes from victory over one who has before been conquering himself. "Mate in three," said he, quietly, and he drew a long sigh of relief and delight. The mate was given; and the count arose and walked about the dreary hall with quick and heavy steps. With head bent upon his breast, and hands crossed behind him, he walked and mused. Then suddenly he stopped, stepped to a window, took a small volume from a cabinet, and entered upon one of its pages a single mark. The page was nearly covered with similar marks, disposed upon the two sides of a line dividing it in the middle. Having accomplished this, he sat down within the deep recess of the window, and remained long in profound meditation.

His thoughts must have been disagreeable; for more than once he looked up and out into the gloom of the large room with an expression betokening deep and quick anger, or a mixture of that passion with fear. But the fear and the anger soon faded out, and his noble and hand-

some features settled back into their usual lines, revealing impassible determination and glowing energy, but yet shadowed by some intangible gloom; as if his daily thoughts were relieved upon a deep back-ground of dusky sorrow, and the Past was a spectre that forever haunted him.

The count meditated long, and at last, with a quick and resolved air, summoned a servant and commanded him to bring Alessandro. The youth shortly appeared, assisted by the messenger, for he was too weak to walk alone. In consideration of this, the count bade him to sit, and after the departure of the serving-man, expressed regret that what he called "a hasty experiment," should have ended so unluckily.

"I intended no harm," he said, "and really wrought you none, as you will find. But tell me," he added, fixing his eyes on the lad, "what was the cause of so violent an indisposition?"

The youth trembled and grew faint. But the count reassured him, even putting on, whether by constraint and pretence, or from real affection, a demeanor of sympathy and soothing kindness. He then poured out, with his own hands, a cup of wine for the lad.

"I cannot clearly explain," said the page, at last; "but I felt sure," said he, hesitatingly, "that there was some one else in the room, and some one who meant evil to us both. This frightened me, because I could see no one. And then a singular feeling came over me; and just as you moved the knight, which was——"

He paused, and seemed trying to remember. The count assisted him.

"Just before you fainted."

"Fainted?" asked Alessandro. "I did not faint. Oh, yes; I remember now. It was dreadful to see so far, and so much."

He spoke slowly and dreamily, and seemed relapsing into the same condition of apparent torpor, to which he alluded. But the count, looking at him steadily, cried,

"Sit up, sir, and don't be a fool. Tell me, precisely, what were your feelings."

The energy of the count seemed to pass into Alessandro, as that of the magnetizer does into his subject. The page raised his head, looked steadily at the count, and answered firmly,

"I saw that you had played many games, and were to play more. I saw that in somewhat more than half of them you had won. There came also a feeling of apprehension lest of the remaining games you should lose too many; and it began to appear that something dreadful would happen if you should. Then I tried to see with whom you were playing; but it appalled me to look, even though I felt I could not

see. Just at that point some one caught hold of me; the dream faded, and I found that they were taking me out of the hall. There is one thing more, I understood the game better than before, and I saw that at the third move before the decisive move of the knight, the game might have been decided the other way; and I felt as if it was by purpose, and not by error, that you were allowed to win."

The count's face changed but little during this recital. But it evidently required all his self-control not to show any external signs of the agitation he felt. A keener observer than the weak and wearied Alessandro would have noticed the dimness that once or twice came into his eyes, the contraction of his eye-brows, the compression of his lips, the grip of his hand upon the arm of his chair, and the unnaturally long respirations, like struggling billows of excitement chained down by a giant effort.

"Those are singular dreams," said the count, at last. "You may retire, however, for the present."

Alessandro left the room. No sooner had the door closed behind him, than his master started upright and again strode up and down the hall. Again, as before, was he shaken and tried, but by mightier gusts and whirlwinds of some hidden passion. After an hour, however, he grew more calm, when he sent again for Alessandro.

"Alessandro," he said, "I think you told me that you saw how I might have been beaten?"

"Yes, my lord," said the youth.

"Come to the board, then, and show me how."

The page hesitated, "I fear I cannot do it, now," said he, "the knowledge came to me without my seeking it; it was as if it were shown to me in a picture, and it was taken away when I woke up."

"But sit down," commanded his imperious master. "You must and shall show me the variation." And he looked at him from his deep, glowing eyes with an intensity of gaze which few men could have withstood, and which discomposed the slender and feeble Alessandro too much to permit him to object. The count hastily rearranged the chess-men, and replayed the last game, up to the point of inquiry.

"Now, Alessandro," said he, sternly, and promptly, "tell me that other move which would have mated me without remedy." And again he gazed steadily upon the youth.

Alessandro turned pale, and muttered something inaudibly, looking, however, into the count's deep eyes without flinching.

"But you must and shall," said the nobleman, in a tone of quiet resolve, "if you never come

out of your fainting fit. There was nobody here before, but you and me, in spite of your dreams. And if you saw anything then, I made you see it, and I can do the same again. At least"—and here the count seemed rather to reflect than to converse—"at least you must have got all those other notions out of my mind, for they are there, and have been there, these twenty years—a goodly and lovely company to haunt a bearded man, forsooth!"

Then he addressed the youth again,

"I must, and will have it. And if you can tell me that, you must help me play the remaining games. For if you can teach me the flaw in the strongest attack I have ever made, you will be a valuable assistant in the remainder of the match."

Alessandro turned paler yet, and sat still a moment. Then, with a struggling utterance, and as if against strong resistance, he spoke.

"Second player," said he, "king to rook's square."

The count examined the move. There seemed at first nothing remarkable about it. But after careful analysis, he satisfied himself that it might be so followed up as utterly to frustrate the attack which he had thought irresistible; and to reverse the actual result of the game.

"It certainly is so," said he, at last. "It certainly does appear that my page is a better chess-player than I, who play on even terms with the great Italian masters. This will ensure me the match—though I felt sure enough before. Let me see."

He arose and took his memorandum book, and counted the two sets of marks. "What an enormous contest!" said he, still talking to himself. "A thousand games! Well. It will be worth the winning." Then he computed carefully. "Three hundred and seventy-eight against two hundred and ninety. One hundred and twenty-three to win. I shall do it. At least I and Alessandro will."

Next day the count and his page sat down to play chess, in consultation, against the invisible foe, if such there were. The page, with less agitation than he had before shown, seemed to fall into a half dreaming state, and sat still. The count, however, consulted him with implicit reliance during great part of the game. But the words of the youth seemed to be uttered with increasing reluctance. Gradually a painful expression of perplexity settled in his face. At last the nobleman found himself hopelessly beaten by virtue of a move recommended by his young auxiliary. His rage was immediate and intense. He shook the youth violently,

calling him a false deceiver, and bidding him wake up; but neither threats nor violence hastened Alessandro's revival. Slowly and feebly the lad recovered, and looked languidly upon the count.

"By the golden nails in the holy house of Loretto!" cried the latter. "By the beloved heart of our lady! if it were not for your youth you should feed eagles upon the mountains there! Now, ~~in~~ the fiend's name, what is the cause of this deception? If you make not out your case, woe be to you!"

But Alessandro answered quietly and slowly, as if his faculties were still partially benumbed,

"I did only as I could. You forced me to see, and then mixed error in my mind, so that I could not. You know that you hid the truth from me. For the woman and the priest signified it while I was asleep; but you drove them away, and said there were no such persons. And that was not true. The falsehood of those words darkened my mind, and I could see nothing at all."

At these words, strange to say, the count's anger faded out. He sat in silence for a time; then suddenly aroused himself and curtly dismissed Alessandro; after which he relapsed into painful meditations, nor was it till the next day that he required again the attendance of the page. Then having summoned the lad, he addressed him in a sullen and distempered manner; as one who is obliged, though bitterly enraged and distressed at the necessity, to communicate information disgraceful or dangerous to the giver.

"Alessandro," said he, "I shall tell you the whole truth, though I never thought to do it. But your aid in this match I *must* have; for you will——" He broke off: then resumed. "Understand, then, that you are my son—my only child. I married your mother in my youth. Her brother was a priest; and he united us. She was very beautiful. And she loved me well. But I had hoped that I could change her quiet nature, and induce her to share in my own rude pleasures. I soon found, however, that the occupations which I loved pained her, and that in preference to pursuing them she would sit and read in old books. Chess was the only one of my pursuits in which she took any interest; and in playing it, when we were together—which was not often—we passed much time, so that, at last, she became a better player than myself. I was wroth at this, and made desperate efforts to overcome her; but it was in vain. Her deep meditative mind was always too much for my angry and ill-regulated one; while she, not seeing, or not understanding my wrath, laughed and triumphed in innocent joy. And I——" the

count stopped, struggled fiercely to choke down some passion within, mastered himself and proceeded—"I grew to hate her—I left her alone; I plunged in war and tumults, until sickness came upon the fair flower I had walled up here; and she gave birth to you and died. Then, in an agony of remorse, I shut myself up. While in this condition, wild with grief, her brother, a foolish priest, came to reproach me—to reproach *me*, and with bitter words to charge me with baseness and murder—and all this while I was gnawing my heart with sorrow! In a sudden phrenzy I sprang at his throat." He stopped again, as if almost choked with emotion: then added. "He died, and ever since the priest and the lady are with me."

Great drops of sweat broke out on his forehead, and he paused once more. But soon he resumed more calmly,

"It is an old saying in my family, preserved from the time of the coming over of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, that my house is to become extinct in a baron, its head, who shall slay his wife and his heir. But my wife I did not slay," he added, with a wild laugh, "and you are only my page. For I have disinherited you since you were my only child, that there might be no risk of my fulfilling the old prophecy by killing you; and I have made Roberto, the seneschal, my heir, under a limitation to transfer the estate to you at his own death, and to render over to you what sums and matters you shall require between my death and his. So you are my son, but not my heir. Yet none of my household know of these things, except the old man; for those who served me in those days I dismissed, and procured other retainers. And as for the games of chess which I daily play, and which you must now help me play, I play them for a great wager. I play them for my life, with a strong and wicked spirit who gained a right over me by the neglect by which I killed my wife—of which my wife died—I don't mean that, of course—after which—I should say—my wife died; and by my murder of the priest, her reproving brother. The spirit came to me in my deepest sorrow, while I brooded over those two misfortunes, and threatened me and exulted over me; and proved to me that I was due to him. But he said that I might free myself, if I played a thousand games of chess with him, and won; and I must beat him in five hundred and one, or he retains his right. But if I do so beat him he gives it up, and I am pure and free from my sin. So you must help me, because you *can* help me."

The count ceased; and his deep eyes shone with a glare like that of insanity. Directly,

enjoining his son not to reveal what he had said, he abruptly dismissed him for that day.

It is not necessary to trace in detail the successive games which the count and his son played. For some time the success of the joint players might seem to justify the wisdom of the count's confidence. The truthfulness of the relation between them, as now explained, seemed at first to have restored the youth's marvelous insight. Yet this expectation soon began to fade. It was easy to see, after some time had elapsed, that not only did the youth grow more and more weak, pale and sickly in appearance, but that likewise he grew less and less skilful at the game. When the count irritably commented on this, the lad, in the apathetic manner which had now become ordinary to him, replied, that at first he became able to see in consequence of the commands of the count; and that then he *could* see; but that afterward the commands of the count not only opened his eyes to the conduct of the game, but to results beyond, and thoughts unutterable; in other words, that the influence of the count now not only furnished power to see, but also the things to be seen.

Thus the partnership of the youth had latterly operated to the disadvantage of the count, since, without assisting him, it had tended, through his confidence in the youth's decisions, to fortify his trust in his own perspicacity, and continually to make his moves hasty and ill-digested. In this way, at the end of a few weeks, the young man's aid, instead of materially assisting his father in his play, had thrown him materially back, so that now, instead of being nearly one hundred games in advance of his opponent, the count had but a meagre excess of some thirty or forty.

Daily, now, the count played, but alone again. For the health of his son had faded away, as some delicate flower fades under the unwholesome shadow of a poison tree; and the count, beginning to fear for the youth's life, had ordered him no more to be present when the chess-board was brought out. Yet it was not without misgivings that the count surrendered the presence of his son. He played now, in daily doubt and dread, nay, in daily increasing agitation, and often and more often, he lost. His own rugged strength, under the approaching crisis, began to fail. He grew meagre and gloomy, hunted no more, never even went out, but sat all day brooding over the bitter memories in his soul. The inextricable tangle, as it seemed to him, of his present embarrassments; the dreadful future ensured to him in the event of the loss of the match; the wasting life of his only child, whom,

now that he had spoken to him as to a son, he began to regard with a fathomless depth of affection; the impending extinction of his family, if his son should die—all these hovered about him, as he paced up and down the hall, or sat silently in the shadowed window-seat. In consequence his power as a player began to fail. Sometimes, in spite of resolutions to the contrary, deliberately formed before he sat down, his moves would be dictated by sudden anger. Instead of calculating coolly and long how to counteract a threatened attack, he would, on such occasions, hastily adopt some unstudied and inefficient plan of defence, and would then move a piece rapidly and violently, as if the mere momentum would physically tell upon the array of the adversary, like the stroke of a broadsword.

An occasional return of his old power of self-mastery, however, gave him a few games from time to time. But on the whole, he lost steadily, until at last he had won just five hundred games. Four hundred and ninety-nine were scored against him. The final game only remained to be played, the eventful game which was to determine the result of the long contest.

It was a wild and stormy afternoon, in mid-winter. A fierce tempest of wind, varied with occasional angry dashes of sleet, came shrieking drearily over the higher ranges of the Apennines, blackening all the rugged landscape, and especially the dark, old walls of the castle. Within the hall one could scarcely see. The feudal architects did not provide for light, as much as for safety; and even in the sunniest of summer days, this apartment was but a dreary room—a reservoir almost subterranean, whose cold and stagnant air was hardly stirred at all, was scarcely warmed by the slender pencils of light which the narrow and deep-set windows admitted. Now, it was doubly and trebly dreary. Doubly, by reason of the atmospheric gloom without, and the unsteady light of the torches which flickered and streamed about in the draught. Trebly, by the supernatural radiation of sorrow from the awful presence of the haggard count. For who would not feel an appalling sympathy with the tall man, pacing the chill and ghostly room, with lowered head and nervous step, in silent misery, and doubtful and gathering terror, feeling that the spirits of dead men hovered near; that more fearful beings were hastening to claim him; that his own reckless and hard-hearted folly had thus flung him headlong upon billows of sorrow, surging higher and higher; that now, in weakness of body, from illness or watching, and worse, in weakness of soul, from the wearing discouragement of many defeats, and even from

the very consciousness of the magnitude of the issue, he must go down into a conflict whose result was veiled in angry clouds, upon whose mysterious shade even, not to mention the things hidden within, his conscience admonished him not to dare to look.

Long, in doubt, and in fear, he walked, and at last, with a sullen and boding desperation, he sat down at the chess-table. He sprang up again in hideous fear, at seeing that his adversary's pawn, the king's pawn, was already moved two squares out. Perhaps he had moved it himself, while passing up and down, past the table; but if he had, he had entirely forgotten it, and it seemed to him a tangible and exultingly defiant initiative, assumed by his invisible opponent, by way of triumphing in advance. The count put forth his hand to replace the pawn, intending at first to resume his promenade, and to see whether it would again be moved out; but he dared not, lest it should be. He resealed himself, therefore, and moved in reply.

The game approached a crisis. The count had played well and carefully, restricting himself, by unremitting efforts, to a line of operations slow enough for safety. Again and again he put forth his hand, and withdrew it just as his fingers were closing on the piece, as he suddenly saw some consequence overlooked before. As the attack which the count, true to his bold nature, had urged powerfully upon his opponent, converged within closer and closer limits, the burden of the occasion weighed heavier and heavier upon him. Upon combinations requiring for their success the coolest and clearest calculation, he could now bestow only the unsteady and fitful attention of a mind weakened by internal conflicts, harassed by fearful bodings, and dispirited by long defeat. Even the very importance of the time oppressed him, and weighed him down. As every answering move, therefore, of his opponent was indicated to him, he studied its consequences with secret fear at his heart; and only by desperate internal exertions was he able to preserve the aggressive feeling proper to an assailant. Such being the case, it was with keen and bounding delight that the count at last saw that a series of moves had become possible, which would either mate his adversary or deprive him of his queen, the most valuable of his pieces. This would decide the game, the match, and the future. Trembling with irrepressible excitement, the count examined the position. He had an alternative line of play, safe but unenterprising, which would certainly protract the game to a considerable length, and which would not immediately decide its termination. But the

present plan was speedy and sure. Again and again he developed the variations springing from the key move—the move which it was now his turn to make. There could be no error. Either mate, or queen lost, was the necessary result, for the adversary. Something of the old, free, triumphant feeling came back to the count, illuminated his flushed and agitated features, blazed again in his large, hollow eyes. He sat upright for a moment, and closed his eyes, to abstract himself for a last, thorough re-examination of the combinations. The storm, which he had not heard since sitting down, had momentarily fallen into silence. Afar off, it raved and drove hither and thither among the hills, and its distant anger sounded faintly upon the ears of the lord of the castle, sitting there alone. But dead and heavy stillness was close around his walls, although, as he bent over the table for the last inspection preparatory to his decisive move, a long, low, wailing blast seemed to creep past the foot of the fortress, like a forerunner of the returning tempest. With certainty accumulating every moment, the count followed out all the trains of play; and the low, moaning breath of the blast without rose higher and wilder around the black old walls. Higher, wilder, until in one long, unending shriek, the wind swept past the solid building and away into the vast fields of air, with a persistent and fearfully sustained scream, which even drew the count's attention, for a moment, away from his game, as the torches flared and flickered suddenly in their small orbs of thick, yellow light, and the castle almost vibrated in the wind. Fierce sheets of rain drove through the thickened air, hissing and spattering against the building. The count moved, and with a long sigh, such as one draws when resting in certainty after long doubt, he sat upright again, and with an expression upon his face which would have been a smile, had not so much wrath and fear mingled in it, he looked determinedly again to the further side of the table. As he did so his countenance changed, and he trembled in his chair. For then, singularly coincident in time with the unsaid triumph which elated the count, came a quick and vivid lightning stroke, and close thereafter a heart-appalling thunder-clap; a fearful one, which burst forth in one unendurable, immeasurable pang of sound, and then rolled and re-echoed far away among distant mountains and over the level country southward. The count looked again at the chess-board. As he did so the expressions of exultation, of impatience, of wrath, quickly fled from his face. Only frightful fear remained. An answering move, which, by

some inconceivable oversight, had escaped him, absolutely ensured his destruction. A door opened. The old seneschal hurried in and stood with fearful eyes before his lord. "Sir count," said he, "your son is dead."

The count looked steadily at the speaker, as if running over the words in his mind and estimating their meaning. Then his lips moved; but it was only after several ineffectual efforts that he succeeded in saying, "You may go."

The seneschal left the hall. The count lifted his hand toward the board; it fell heavily among the golden chess-men. His head sank down upon it. He was dead.

For he *had* slain his wife and his son. And the game, and the match, and the life of the count, were all ended as the storm without died sullenly away, and the torches burned quietly and alone within their thick, smoky, yellow orbs of light in the solitary hall.

TEAR-DROPS FROM THE HEART.

BY LILY MAY.

THEY come 'mid scenes of gladness,
Like April's sunny rains;
The same, as when deep sadness
The heart's wild joy refrains;
For of our every sorrow
And joy they claim a part;
Affection's light they borrow,
Those tear-drops from the heart.

Oft when my heart beats lightest,
When Pleasure reigns supreme,
And youthful hopes are brightest;
I wake, as from a dream,
And all such themes must banish,
E'en bid those hopes depart,
Which, as they quickly vanish,
Wring tear-drops from the heart.

I feel them softly stealing
When loved ones are away;
'Twould crush each finer feeling
Were I to bid them stay;
But, oh! when sad and lonely,
And none are near to see,
They flow then, and then only,
All unrestrained and free.

It is not grief unbroken,
No deep and sullen woe,
No words unfitly spoken,
That causes them to flow;
But deep and hidden feeling,
That knows not where to cling;
To find the balm of healing,
Affection's meed should bring.

When gayest friends are round me,
And sprightly jests are flung
From those who fain would sound me,
To know what depth they're sprung,
Although my words fall lightly,
They know not whence they start;
Though if they'd judge them rightly,
'Twould be fresh from the heart.

Oh! bitter drops of sorrow
I would not bid ye stay;
Affection's smiles ye borrow
To scatter gloom away;
Oh! words of careless sounding,
With meanings pure and deep;
Wherever Truth's abounding,
There still your revels keep.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

THE breeze waves o'er the yellow fields,
The brooklet murmurs by,
And sunbeams shed their radiance bright
Upon my rayless eye.

They shine with dazzling beauty rare
Upon a world of light;
I feel their rays, and bless their power
While I am veiled in night.

I cannot see the light they shed
Upon the field and lake;

Their silvery splendor in the East,
When morn's first beams awake.

Or when upon the Western sky,
Its fading tints of gold
Proclaim the flight of dying day,
And evening shadows roll'd.

Altho' upon my rayless eyes
The sunlight may not fall;
I see through Faith's unclouded light
The God who made them all.

THE LITTLE TOY-MAKER.

BY A. L. OTIS.

In this city, which seems to a stranger passing along the streets, fair and open as the day, there are nevertheless nooks and corners, as full of romance and mystery as an old German castle. With one of the least out-of-the-way of these, this tale has to do.

A young gentleman, of handsome and fashionable bearing, was passing down Market street, about a month before Christmas, when he suddenly stopped before a gorgeous toy-shop, and looked in at the window with a new and smiling interest. He had that morning been made an uncle.

"It is of no use getting anything for present use," he muttered, "but her first Christmas must not pass unnoticed."

So he stepped into the store, and began an amused examination of its contents, but wanted something more beautiful than anything there.

"Step below, sir, and you will find the finest assortment of freshly imported goods in the city," said the hurried store-keeper, and our friend, Mr. Frank — did as he was desired.

After passing through the recesses of the dark store, he reached a narrow, precipitous staircase. Having descended, he felt as if one of the genii of the Arabian Nights had suddenly transported him to some strange land underground, some gnomes' cave, heaped with fantastic treasures, and sunk in enchanted silence. The gas-light, however, brought the staring masks and stark dolls into relief from the many-tinted confusion of the crowded walls. The long room seemed left to its own gloomy solitude, and the young man paused at the entrance, to let his fancy play awhile with the strange effect of the scene, coming suddenly, as he did, from the noise and snowy glare of the street. Suddenly, among the heap of toys in the centre of the room, directly under the light, he perceived a quick movement, and from what he might have taken for a pale mask two gleaming eyes looked upon him. He was startled for a moment, not seeing whether those eyes were in their proper face, and not being able to trace any human figure below them. He advanced, bewildered, but curious, and perceived, as soon as he had passed the intervening objects, that no supernatural being was present, though he could

easily have persuaded himself the little individual before him was an old gnome. The small, shrunk figure and withered face, the very large head and rolling eyes, the little, red jacket, and deft, long-nailed fingers made the resemblance perfect. But it was only a child, with a grotesque, but thoughtful and intelligent face.

As Frank advanced, he was greeted in a business-like manner by the little fellow, who asked if he could show him anything, springing, as he said so, down from the high counting-house stool upon which he was perched before a desk or high table. As he sprang, the rotary swing of his arms, and, indeed, all his motions were as elf-like as his appearance. When he walked among the toys, he seemed to have little control of his limbs, often being obliged to dance across the room, and back, at a sharp angle, in order to reach any particular place to which he wished to go. Meanwhile he talked incessantly of the toys, describing their various beauties with enthusiasm, and laughing immoderately at those intended as surprises.

After one of these bursts of mirth, he suddenly asked if it was the gentleman's intention to purchase *anything*, for Frank, out of a wish to prolong his stay, had asked the price of innumerable articles.

"Yes," answered Frank, "and you shall help me to decide. What would be a suitable present to give a little maiden only a month old at Christmas? I want something that will please her in future, something very beautiful—not so fantastic as most of these toys, and not so common as a wax doll."

"Ah," said the child, leaning his head to one side, and peering into the ceiling, "I must think! What do you say to a fairy-land? Oh, if I could only get an order for a fairy-land!"

"What is it, my boy?"

"Oh, its only an idea that I have got, but I have always wanted to make it since I first read a fairy tale. If you don't mind expense, it shall be done by Christmas."

"But tell me, what is your idea?"

"Oh, a charming, sunny garden, filled with flowers and trees, and little wax fairies, troops of them. Also, a dark grotto, lit by festoons of fireflies, with little elves peeping out; to be made

in perspective, and looked at through a little hole fitted with a magnifying-glass. If you don't like it, when done, you could buy something else, only then you would have to pay for both. So, I say, if you don't mind expense, give the order to Mr. —, up stairs, and I'll have it done in time."

Frank could afford to gratify a whim, so he gave the boy the longed-for permission, and was much surprised to see the wandering gait and vacillating look change for a quick, alert step and earnest, keen glance, as he sought for tools to begin at once.

Frank spoke to the owner of the establishment, and learned that the boy was fourteen years old, though his diminutive stature made him seem scarce half that age. He had been in his present employ four years, and was a most skilful workman, though afflicted with St. Vitus' dance; but whenever he was doing anything that interested him, every trace of his malady vanished, and his hand was as steady as cunning in its workmanship. That cellar was his world. He never wished to leave it. He often staid all night, sleeping on the floor, among the toys, and his leisure hours were passed there, reading fairy tales, though he had a home, and helped generously to support three sisters and a brother.

Much interested in the boy, Frank determined to wean him from this self-destroying mode of life, and under pretence of seeing the progress of the toy, he often visited the under-ground store-room. Jerome was always perched on his high stool, working with a concentrated eagerness that made him generally quite unconscious of anything Frank could do to gain his attention. Nevertheless, as his lonely heart had inclined to love Frank, from the moment he had read his kindly and interested glance, he would sometimes be won from his work, and resting his elbows on his desk, and his eyes on Frank's face, talk volubly awhile, of his dreams mostly, though something of his real life was mingled with them.

There was one person especially whom he often mentioned, and Frank was puzzled to know whether she were a creature of his brain, or some lovely reality. Celeste, he called her, and from his scraps of description, she was beautiful as a *houri*, and as *houris* are beautiful, with large, soft yet glowing, dark eyes, heavy, silky and free curls, carnation cheeks, a sweet voice and a marvellous grace, that the boy was beside himself in describing. Frank could not make out whether she were a lady, or a little girl, Jerome's sister, or some benefactress to his family, or an angel-visitant to his dreams.

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He asked questions, but when Jerome was in a talking humor he seemed to improvise, and Frank could never interrupt the thread of his narrative. When he resumed his labors, his answers, if he gave any, were always monosyllables, and generally spoken at random, so that if the same question were asked twice he was pretty sure to contradict himself. Frank's curiosity, whether intentionally, or otherwise, was completely baffled.

On Christmas Eve, Frank went, as he had promised Jerome, to take a final look at his finished toy, and having forced his way through the thronged upper-store, stood in the obscurity of the entrance to the lower, almost ready again to fancy it an enchanted place, and himself under the influence of fairy spells, for leaning over the gnome's shoulder was the most lovely head he ever beheld, and he instantly recognized Jerome's *houri*. The drop-light, which Jerome's work required, shone upon the full, white forehead, from which dark, luxuriant curls fell to shade her young neck and shoulders. The same light gave a brilliancy to her lips, and a shadow to her drooped eyelashes that made her picture richer than imagination could paint.

Frank half believed it an illusion, especially as he saw not a trace of such drapery as winter requires of mortals, only below the shoulders two little lace sleeves that might have expanded into gauze wings, without being much of a surprise to him. Below the shoulder the figure was hid by the gnome and desk.

Frank's curiosity was now of so pleasurable a kind, that he would not destroy it by gratification, lest he should also cause the destruction of what he believed the realization of his beau ideal. At the hasty approach of a step on the stairs, the beautiful apparition did really disappear suddenly, and though Frank darted forward in pursuit of it, he only ran against rocking-horses, and overthrew some heaps of smaller toys, without discovering anything. At this the goblin at the desk shrieked shrilly with laughter, but Frank could bear it with philosophy, since at the same time he gained a clue to the mystery in the over-excited words of the boy.

"So you thought to catch Celeste? She and I have our hiding-places. Why she has been in this room half a dozen times when you have been here, and when you go away we laugh at the questions you ask about her. She likes this fairy-land very much, and she made these little artificial trees and blooming plants. Her mother makes artificial flowers, and teaches dancing up stairs. Celeste is a fairy herself. How she floats when she dances! All the fairies in the world

are not so beautiful. She is so kind to little me. But I love her, and she only pays me back. Those that I love she loves—I love you. Yes, Mr. Frank, I love you!"

The mildly excited face subsided as he said this into an indescribably cunning expression. Frank wondered at the glow he felt spreading from his own heart. He wished to question Jerome, but feared the beautiful eaves-dropper. With cool impudence, however, he risked the consequences, and said,

"Do you wish me to think Celeste loves me?"

"Yes. She told me you were too handsome for anything. And that she came here only to see you," cried the boy, almost choking with laughter.

He had not finished speaking, before, from beneath a huge drum, up sprang a very beautiful and angry young lady—of sixteen summers, and all a woman's feelings—who ejaculated with a flash of her indignant orbs,

"You little story-teller," and then turned with some dignity to Frank, saying,

"He does this to tease me. He is taking his revenge for my being caught here. He it is who always makes me hide. I never laughed at any thing you ever said, and as to what else he says you know it must be false!"

"I hope not," Frank muttered, unconsciously, and continued only to gaze. Celeste thought he meant he hoped Jerome was not such a story-teller.

"But he shall own the truth. Take back every word, Jerome, instantly. I don't know that I shall ever come to see you again, but certainly if you don't recant, you shall never see me dance again."

The boy turned deadly pale, and lost all childishness, in what seemed like angry suspicion and cunning.

"Why are you so angry then?" he said. "Why do you care to justify yourself to Mr. Frank? Why not take it all as a joke? Because you do love him. You know it!"

"Jerome, silence!" cried Celeste, stamping her foot, and unable to say more for the grieved swelling of her heart.

It troubled Jerome to see this, and assuming his childish privileges, he, from his high seat, threw his arms round her neck, and burst into tears as he kissed her cheek, saying,

"No, no, dear Celeste, you never said a word of it all, and you don't love him. If I thought you did, or cared for him more than for me, I should hate him, and I don't—I like him."

"Well, then, get down and let me be," said the forgiving girl, gently, pressing his little dirty

hand, "I forgive you, and you may come up now and see me dance, for I hear the music beginning."

Panting with joy the boy scrambled down.

"Will you allow *me* the pleasure too?" asked Frank.

But all her resentment seemed transferred to him, for she gave him a haughty and reluctant permission, as if to refuse were making the matter of too much consequence.

They all ascended three flights of stairs, and arrived at the dancing-room, where the scholars and their friends were assembled, forming a not very numerous or fashionable company; for Celeste's mother, the widow of a French officer, once highly connected, but now shorn of all relations by the revolution, was of too gentle and timid a spirit to push her way to fashionable distinction. Bread, by any independent means attained, was her only object.

After the tedious schooling by madame, Celeste concluded the evening by dancing some sylphide or fancy dance, in which she seemed scarcely to exert herself, but to be gently borne about in the most graceful attitudes by the very lightness of her dress and nature.

The boy looked on with parted lips and quickly flushing cheek. His suppressed excitement was so intense as to seize the looker-on, and hurry his feelings to the same pitch. Frank, interested in looking at him, notwithstanding his wish not to lose a movement of Celeste's, saw that half his childishness was assumed, that he was capable of deeper feelings than he, Frank, had ever supposed, and that as a lover he loved Celeste as a secluded, enthusiastic, concentrative nature alone can love. He thought mournfully of the certain misery in store for the poor boy.

When, after his long observation of Jerome's strange face and uncouth movements, he turned once more to Celeste, the union of beauty, grace, and harmony filled him with ecstasy. He could no longer turn his deeply appreciating gaze from her, and she felt its power. She did not apply its flattery to herself, but to her art, and it encouraged, it filled her with enthusiasm. She became a gentle, fervid, impassioned impersonation of the poet's dream who dreamed that dance, for none but a pure-minded poet in his visions of angels could have imagined it.

For many months after this, Frank never missed a dancing evening. His friendliness always made him a way wherever he wished to go, and he was welcomed by the mother, and not frowned upon by the daughter, though Celeste's timidity only increased while his childishness vanished.

Frank's half weekly visits produced one sad result. Jerome, instead of enjoying the dancing, watched Frank keenly, bitterly, savagely. Nor was it long before his quick eye found occasion to watch Celeste also, for she no longer danced for the improvement of the pupils; it was for the pleasure she and Mr. Frank took in it, she, in the pleasure of music, inspired motion and his appreciation, he, in that appreciation. Frequently Celeste only danced with the children, leading them lovingly, pointing her pretty foot to show the right position, and with the sweetest patience repeating the same reproof a thousand times. Though Frank's heart did not beat so wildly as he left the room after such an evening, his judgment and his sense of the beautiful were not the less gratified. He dreamed on such nights of a peaceful, loving home, brightened with the grace of tender motherhood.

Frank had yet two more interesting tableaux to witness—but as these much more nearly concerned himself he was not so cool a spectator. He came early one rainy night, and as he stopped at the door to remove his overshoes, having made, as he supposed, noise enough coming up stairs to announce his arrival, he heard Celeste remonstrating in a low, earnest tone of entreaty, then heard her mother reply,

"I ask him what he come for here. I do, I must. I am your mother. If he say, 'nothink,' I say 'go in time.' If he say 'marriage,' I say 'what settlement?' and if all is right I say, 'take my daughter.' It is good. I will do it. This an every day affair, my daughter."

Again a sob, and piteous entreaties, made Frank retreat hastily toward the stairs, when he met two pupils, who, he knew, would enter immediately after removing their wrappings. He thought it best to be first, and though it was not customary, he knocked before entering. His knock was unheard, and when he appeared at the door, Celeste, who was kneeling by her mother, with her head on her lap, sprang to her feet, reeled and fainted. She fell against her mother, who supported her while Frank sprang to lock the door. Then lifting the light, girlish form as he would an infant, he placed her on the sofa, and, with his arms still encircling her, knelt beside it, in too much fear and anxiety to notice the exquisite beauty of the statue he held.

Her mother was searching for salts, but before she arrived Celeste began to murmur painfully, while large tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do not be troubled, Celeste," Frank whispered: then afraid of betraying his knowledge of their conversation, he said, "oh, Celeste, I love

you, I love you. Why have the words not sprung from my lips a thousand times before?"

More he could not add, for madame advanced with her salts, and requested him to move away.

"Let me stay till I hear my fate," he said. "Your daughter's next word may decide its happiness, or misery."

"Ahem," began the prudent mother, and Celeste turned quickly to hide her face, even now unconscious that her pillow was Frank's arm.

"This is not the way I arrange in usual these matters," the lady continued, with stiff dignity, "we will first have some words in private. My daughter's word cannot affect you. It is mine. Will you have the grace to grant me ten thousand pardons for begging you will at once leave her?"

Frank gently removed his arm from beneath the passive head, and in so doing he could hardly refrain from pressing his lips to its curls. Celeste was still so ill from fainting that she seemed almost unconscious of what was passing.

"As soon as your daughter is well enough, have the goodness to let me say a few words to you, madame," Frank said, and retired to the dressing-room, where he detained the pupils till they should be summoned, giving as a reason for the delay that Ma'm'selle Celeste had fallen, and felt ill effects from it.

Frank knew Celeste must pass through this room before she could retire to her chamber, which of course she would do as soon as able to walk. He therefore waited with intense anxiety for her appearance, hoping she would give him a reassuring glance, since words were forbidden.

His hopes did not deceive him, for as she entered the room, leaning wearily on her mother's arm, she slowly raised her eyes, and their pure, wistful, trusting glance rested gratefully and lovingly on Frank, until she had passed him.

Pulling his hat over his eyes, he strode down stairs, that for a short time he might be alone with his joy, and that none might share it even by suspecting it. Before he had descended many steps, however, he heard the dressing-room door slam, and as he turned, Jerome flung himself down toward him. He caught the boy, who clung to him like a monkey, and with a growl of hatred, fastened his teeth into Frank's cheek. He relaxed almost immediately into insensibility, which soon changed to convulsions.

Frank hastened with him to a physician, and as he watched his slow recovery, it was with an aching heart he felt, that, without any fault of his own, he was the cause of the boy's misery. He determined that should Jerome survive, he

would be to him as a father for the rest of his life.

Jerome's long, delirious illness, followed by temporary derangement, proved the sincerity of Frank's good intentions. He had the boy taken to his own hotel, and nursed him devotedly till he was so far improved as to allow of his being without a physician.

When this occurred, he engaged board for the lad in the family of a clergyman, living in the country, whose childless wife made Jerome the object of every tender care a warm, motherly heart could bestow. He grew fast during his illness, and the pure air in which his after life was spent, so invigorated his constitution, that, freed from his strange disease, he no longer lived

an isolated being, hopeless of pleasing his fellow creatures. The happiest result of all was, that, as his mind was restored, he gradually forgot his boyish passion, and looked upon Frank and Celeste as his dearest friends.

The last tableau with which we have to do in connexion with Frank is perhaps the most interesting, though only rendered not common-place by the rare beauty of the parties concerned. It is a scene at the altar, before which stands a venerable priest, while kneeling together under his hands extended in blessing, are a happy bride and groom. A satisfied mother forming, of course, part of the picture, with the little toy-maker's brother and sisters, and Frank's relatives helping to fill up the background.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, take me upon thy knee, mother,
And sing unto me again;
And soothe my heart with the melting tones
Of that sweet and holy strain;
For my soul was wrapp'd in a blissful dream,
When last I was sung to rest;
When my glowing cheek was press'd in love
To your own soft, gentle breast.

Then sing me that holy strain, mother,
Till you lull me fast asleep;
And wipe the tears from thy glist'ning eyes,
And no longer mourn nor weep;
But sweetly sing, till I sink to rest,
That pure and that holy strain;
For the dream I dream'd was so Heavenly
That I fain would dream again.

I dream'd that I wander'd, mother dear,
In a land that was divine;
Where the crystal streams unceasingly flow'd—
Where suns eternally shine;
And tongue cannot speak of the golden hues
Of the rainbow's glorious dye;
And the light that broke on my startled night,
Would dazzle a mortal's eye.

I dream'd that I stray'd away, mother,
In a forest, deep and wide,
And wept to find in my solitude
I had neither friends nor guide;
The shadows of night came darkly down,
And I loudly wept for thee,
And strove with despair and energy
From the wild wood's depths to flee.

My heart grew sick, and I knelt and pray'd
For my Heavenly father's care,
When I saw descending from realms above
A maiden with golden hair;
She flung her curls from her forehead white,
And my heart was filled with glee,
As she spoke in accents of love divine,
"Come, dearest, go home with me."

And she led my steps through a gloomy path,
Through a dark and dismal way,
Until at last my wondering eyes
Beheld an eternal day;
And the angels smiled on me, mother,
With a sweet and a holy smile;
And they gather'd round, wondering at
The sight of an earth-born child.

I wander'd amid that throng, mother,
Free from all sorrow and pain;
And when I left a promise gave
I'd be with them soon again;
For they spoke to me such words of love,
In that land so fair and bright,
That I crave for a home with angels pure,
Within the mansions of light.

Then take me upon thy knee, mother,
Let my glowing cheek be press'd
With the hand of maternal love upon
Thy pure and thy gentle breast;
And sing the sweet and the melting tones
Of that holy strain once more,
That I may sink to a quiet sleep,
And dream what I dream'd before.

SETS OF ORNAMENTAL COVERING.

BY FANNY SMITH.

According to the prevailing fashion of the day, drawing-rooms are furnished with *berges*, *fauteuils*, *causeuses*, *ottomans*, *voltaires*, &c., each and all clothed in gorgeous or elaborate pieces of worsted work, or brocatelle. Now as the brightest coloring will, in a short time, lose its lustre, if in daily use, and shutting up rooms for show, reserving them for state days only, is not only the height of absurdity and vulgarity, but calculated to render every home dull and uncomfortable in the extreme, what can be done, but to devise some means of protecting what is so costly and perishable without rendering the "remedy decidedly worse than the evil?"

Tidies enough have been invented certainly to eke out a goodly set of folio volumes, could any misguided publisher be induced to print them. But unfortunately these public nuisances have degenerated into the exact reverse of the name fashion has falsely appropriated to them, as may be seen by the *untidy* litter they cause in almost every room we chance to enter.

Well do we remember the unfortunate predicament in which a most gentlemanly bachelor, (verging on an age which his friends deemed doubtful, and he strove to forget, as rather ominous of single blessedness,) when rising to give a chair to a fair, blooming maiden as she entered a drawing-room after a long ramble. As he did so, evident admiration sparkled in his eye, and spoke in the graceful bend with which he offered the most cozy seat within his reach. Alas! for his hopes in that quarter, if he had any, poor, unconscious victim to the prevailing mania! A tell-tale mirror presents a picture not to be easily forgotten—an enormous tidy, befringed and betasseled, had allowed the buttons of his coat to pass through the open stitches in the most easy insinuating manner, and, on rising he was decorated with an additional garment, not unlike those so dreaded by sober-minded individuals on the first of April, and certainly far from the costume in which a lover would choose to approach his mistress when wishing to make a favorable impression. It was too much for those bright merry eyes to withstand; and, in spite of every effort to the contrary, peals of merry laughter assailed the astonished ears of this martyr to the *tidy*

movement! And no doubt he then and there registered a vow to beware of such enormities for the residue of his days.

"Out of evil comes good sometimes;" and with this sad example still vividly before my mind's eye, I have decided to do my best to substitute something, at least for the fair patrons of "Peterson," that, whilst it protects what it is intended to cover, should neither be unsightly nor a positive nuisance.

First of all, then, I would cast aside all the flimsy little cobweb patches and squares that are scattered here and there like so many dilapidated pocket-handkerchiefs over the sofas and other furniture, and set to work to make a set that will be suitable in some degree to the general appearance of the room, and, above all, be the exact size of each article you wish to cover, and tacked down neatly upon each cushion or chair likely to receive injury by exposure, but on no other.

Having ascertained this, decide on the style of the patterns you require, or draw them for yourself (from nature if possible,) if you wish to exercise your skill and taste, and not have what every lady about you may have had before you. The pattern I give with this (see front of the number,) will serve as a sample of what I mean.

Suppose that you desire to have something fresh and elegant-looking for the coming summer, net coverings of any size you choose, and trim them all with fringe to match—that is to say, with netted borders and a sort of knotted fancy edges, if you are skilful enough in netting to allow of this; but, if not, a good lesson or two, and practice, will enable you to accomplish it. Suppose, however, that you have neither time nor inclination to devote to what will certainly be a work requiring no small degree of patience and perseverance, you can go to some shop where a large assortment of coarse net (in pieces) is always to be met with. Choose the most open and even that you can find; cut it out in the form required, (allowing an inch or so for shrinking,) and trim the whole set round with Greek-lace, open imitation ditto, or fringe of about three inches wide, as soon as the patterns chosen have been entirely worked.

If you prefer white coverings, darn our accompanying pattern in a softer and coarser kind of netting cotton (that for the foundation being prettier when made of fine thread, on not too small a mesh.) The border must be managed so as to suit the size of the cushion exactly, and made to advance, recede, or be increased according to the size required. White coverings of this kind are certainly very elegant and chaste-looking; but others less common, and admitting of endless variety, can be made in the following manner:

For instance, select three bright and well-graduated shades of lilac, and as many of vivid green, with one of canary color, of the finest Berlin wool. Darn this sprig of lilac, shading it so as to give it as rounded a look as possible, (*flatness* in a bouquet being a decided fault;) make the smaller end of the sprig lighter than the centre, deepening toward the base, to give the branch the effect of shade. Five or six shades might be used, if the fair worker wishes to render the branch as life-like as possible. The leaves and border must be worked with green in the same manner; and if the fair artist can bear in mind what effect would be produced by the rays of light touching the spray, &c., from one direction only, (placing a branch or wreath of any green opposite her design as a guide,) and tint the whole accordingly, she will find she can produce works that will rival any of those that even the most eminent houses of Berlin or Paris can boast—always provided that she works with neatness and care, and neither twists nor puckers her work, which would entirely destroy its beauty, and render it smaller, and impossible to tack down smoothly on the object it is intended to cover.

Not supposing it likely you could easily procure a set of patterns ready drawn in this style, I will just tell you how I would manage were I about to work them. First of all, I certainly

would take care not to have two of the *bouquets* alike (as they would not look nearly so brilliant or pretty, besides tiring the worker out with the monotony of the undertaking before half completed,) although the borders of the entire set should be similar, or at least formed of garlands of foliage of the same size and hue as those already described.

Sheets of paper, printed purposely for drawing netting and crochet patterns on, can be procured. Copy a group of crocuses upon it, for example; shade one or two of the blossoms in yellow, others in white, lilac, or dark purple. This will form a very pretty centre for a large *chaise longue* or sofa cover. One of small scarlet field-poppies, bluets, ears of wheat, or corn flowers, would be in good taste. Indeed any kind of flower can be copied thus—roses, lilies, fuschias, geraniums, dahlias, &c., in endless variety, which, if you are not disposed to copy from nature, you can take from good tapestry patterns, paintings or engravings of flowers (the best of which are in botanical works;) and by this means you can secure any number of models required.

Other sets could be made *entirely* of fruit, of birds, or of butterflies. But the three last I would not recommend, as they certainly would be both tedious and elaborate, while simple patterns look equally well, if not better.

A grey or drab ground for the net-work fringe would be more elegant still than the white, and keep clean longer. We would strongly advise the use of the best Berlin wool only, as well as fast-colored cotton; as in washing or cleaning, the dyes would otherwise run and mix together, which would spoil the covers entirely. With proper care such a set of ornamental covers might be in constant use for several years, without requiring either cleaning or washing.

All these designs can be executed in white CROCHET, (or colored, as above described;) but the *netting* is decidedly more novel and elegant.

EDGING IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

MATERIALS.—French muslins, with W. Evans and Co's. Royal Embroidery cotton, No. 24, and Moravian, No. 80.

This section is given the full size, so that the design may be traced from it. The edging consists of an indented scallop, considerably raised and covered with graduated overcast stitch. The three flowers are also done in raised button-

hole stitch, the stiletto being used for piercing the small eyelet hole in each. The leaf is worked in satin stitch, with a veining sewed over a thread down the centre. The stem is done in the same manner. The tendril is simply traced and sewed over. The Moravian cotton is used for tracing and raising the work, the embroidery cotton for sewing it over.

CASAQUE MARIE STUART.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, the third in our series of articles, "How To Make One's Dresses," choosing for the subject the *Casaque Marie Stuart*, the last most fashionable affair of the kind brought out in Paris, an engraving of which we annex.



The cape of this beautiful affair is of velvet, but it can be omitted when not becoming to the figure, which it is not unless the lady is tall and thin: and the whole is trimmed round with deep black lace, slightly full. Wide fringe (of silk *cordonnet*) is equally pretty, or a *casaque* of plain black velvet, without any trimming whatever, or one of cloth, merino, or cashmere, trimmed with one row of plain, wide, French silk braid, is in decided good taste; but of course the *casaque* in this case (if without the addition of braid lace or fringe) must be made a little longer than the accompanying pattern, and fitted so as to suit the figure of the fair wearer. This *casaque*, which is nothing more than a loose *basquine*, only of a novel shape, is much worn in, as well as out-of-doors, and is well suited to those economically inclined, as it will enable them to continue wearing dresses, or rather skirts, the bodices of which require renovation, or much alteration. The cut or fashion of this jacket, moreover, is not only most comfortable, but becoming to the figure.

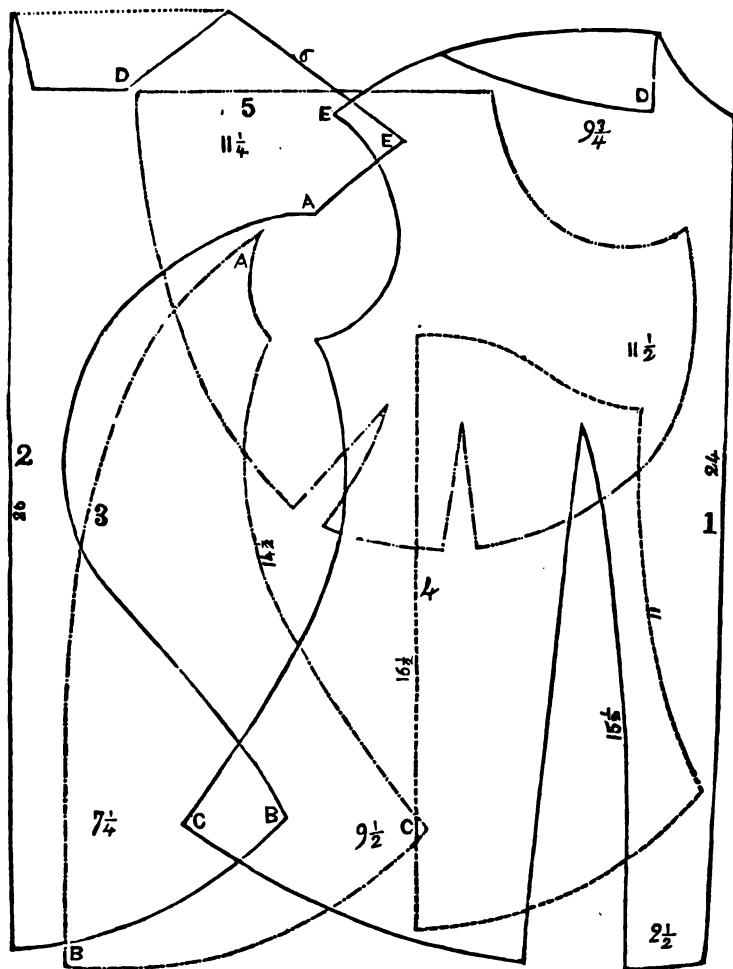
It is scarcely necessary to state that the cape never added to *casagues* intended for in-door

wear, and that a plain double-stitched and starched collar, of fine Irish cambric, with sleeves and cuffs, *a la mousquetaire*, to match, are the most *recherche* morning costume amongst the *elegantes* of Paris; while the bodice, being made of plain merino, as above described, is happily within the reach of all—very like the costume of the ladies of the *moyen age*.

On the next page we give a pattern, measured off into inches, so as to enable any lady to cut out this beautiful *casaque* for herself, and without the intervention of a dress-maker. In the pattern, the largest piece to the right is the front of the *casaque* (no turnings-in allowed, but they must be added by the worker) at D; both in this and in No. 2 (the back of the *casaque*) the stuff is turned over, as there was not sufficient space in our sheet to allow of its being printed in full. No. 3 is the side piece. No. 4 the sleeve. No. 5 the *pelerine* or tippet, the slashes or gores of which show that it is taken in (in the places indicated) to prevent it from flapping loosely over the shoulders. This precaution causes it to fit like a shoulder-piece; but most figures will look better without this addition to the *casaque*.

The numbers, &c., marked on the sides of the pattern indicate the length, those in the centre the breadth and proportion of each piece; and the duplicate letters the places where they meet and are joined together, as in D D on the top of the shoulder, C C the side piece, joining the side and the front—indicating, wherever duplicate letters occur, that the pieces so marked are to be joined together. All our Paris patterns are figured and lettered according to this rule, so that this one explanation will serve for all. Observe, also, that the back is folded double the centre, the straight way of the thread; the rule wherever lines occur perpendicularly, as those marked in this pattern. A tape yard measure, with inches marked upon it, is indispensable in cutting out from these French patterns. Where it is difficult to buy such a measure, one can be made, in half an hour, out of a piece of tape, with the assistance of a foot rule borrowed from a carpenter, or the aid of a yard-stick.

About four yards and a half of silk is sufficient to make a *casaque* of this pattern. But merino, 247



cashmere, cloth, or coburg are equally suitable materials, and some of them actually better adapted to the seasons than silk. This *casaque* is especially suitable for spring wear. It may be either black, or the same shade as the skirt. Some of the Paris dress-makers, influenced by the military taste growing out of the war, are trimming these bodices with *colored brande-*

bourgs; (that braided across the chest, and up the lower part of the sleeves and basques, gives them the appearance of *cantiniere* uniforms) but this is much too fantastic and remarkable a costume to be in good taste. Plush, of the same color as the velvet, or other material, for the bodice, is much worn in Paris.

ANGLO-JAPANESE WORK.

BY MRS. WARREN.

THIS elegant and most useful work is very easy in its execution, while the means and appliances for its performance are within the reach of every one. The materials are simply yellow withered leaves, a little dissolved gum, black paint, and copal varnish: while the objects to be ornamented may be a box, cupboard, table, &c., in fact any old furniture that has been rendered

the next, 3 Sc to take the wool above the first Sdc.

Work now all round this petal, inserting the hook always under both sides of the chain, holding in the wire.

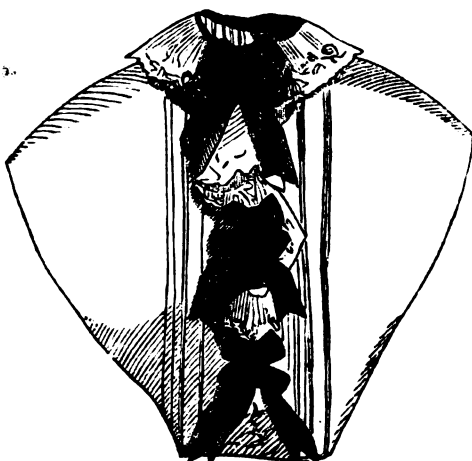
1 Sdc on Sdc, 1 Dc on the same, 1 Dc on each of the next 7, 2 Dc on each of the next 11, 1 Dc on each of the next 7, 1 Dc and Sdc on the next. Make a slip-stitch, and fasten off.

Four of these petals are required for each flower.

FOR THE STAMENS.—With the floss silk make a chain one and a half inches long; then thread

a needle with half a yard of the silk, left at the end of the chain, and work on it, over the mesh, *taking the stitches as closely together as possible.* Withdraw the mesh, cut the fringe, and roll it as tightly round as possible, so that the chain part shall be a very small ball, give this a stitch to secure it. Take a bit of fine wire, 2 fingers long, slip it through the chain, and bend it in the form of a hair-pin. Cover a very small bit of it, at the top, with green wool, then arrange the petals round, and fasten them to the stem by winding the wool very closely all round to the end of the wire.

CHEMISETTE.



A new and elegant pattern for a chemisette, which any fair reader can make for herself. The foundation may be either net or very clear muslin. Up each side there are two or three folds or tucks. The front is ornamented with a trim-

ming of lace set on in festoons. The collar consists of a fall of lace narrowing toward the front, where it is fastened by a bow and flowing ends of green ribbon. Two bows and ends of the same ribbon fasten the front of the chemisette.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

MATERIALS.—French working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch and satin stitch. The

names for marking are to be worked in the same way.

WINTER.

THE streams are sealed, and on the earth
A snowy veil is spread,
The flowers that had their Summer birth
Are odorless and dead;
Time gave his russet to the turf,
And crushed them in his tread.

Gone are the flowers of the year
As smiles that had their flow,
When whisperings of hope are near
The heart no change can now;
Time is a noble hand to rear,
And then to overthrow.

O. S. B.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TENNYSON'S LAST POEM.—Some of these days we shall begin a series of articles, embalming monthly or quarterly, the fugitive poetry of merit, which appears in British and American newspapers. There are a dozen or two of such poems every few weeks, entirely too good to be lost, and which every reader of taste would be glad to see preserved in "Peterson," even if they had been already seen. The terrible war now going on, in Europe, has given rise to many such poems. One very touching one is entitled "Peace and War." Another is "The Battle of the Alma." These we select out of half a score of others. But the best, beyond all doubt, is that of Tennyson, the poet laureate, written on that awful cavalry charge at Balakava, in which six hundred troopers, under a blundering order, rode forward to almost certain death, there being batteries in front and on each side of them. Of these six hundred only two hundred survived! In all history, there is no record of a braver deed on the part of the cavalry, or of more murderous bit of folly on the part of the commanding general. Tennyson, in the following poem, has proved that he can write in the bold, Homeric strain, demanded by such a theme, quite as well as in what has hitherto been considered his peculiar vein. No similar lyric in the language surpasses this. Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" seems artificial beside its stern and terrible grandeur.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

*Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,*

*Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.*

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
*Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered: "
*Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.*

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—The enthusiasm with which our February number was hailed, as well by subscribers as by the newspaper press, is a gratifying proof that we have succeeded completely in our effort to place this Magazine ahead of competition, especially in the character and interest of its literature. It is now everywhere conceded that the stories in "Peterson" are the best published. Says the Skaneateles (N. Y.) Democrat:—"The original tales of this Magazine are undoubtedly the best published in the United States: for instance the story, which we published in the *Democrat* some weeks since, entitled 'Ada Lester's Season in New York.'" Says the Beverly (Mass.) Gazette:—"It is now certainly one of the best Ladies' Books in the world. Its original tales are of the best published." The Democratic (Ohio) Mirror remarks:—"As we have said before, the literature in this Magazine is superior in interest to that in any similar work, and it has ever ranked No. 1 in the fineness of its engravings." The almost unanimous verdict is that the February number was even more elegant than the January one. Says the Democratic (N. C.) Pioneer:—"The number for February has been received. It is superb, even surpassing in the quality of its reading matter and the exquisiteness of its engravings and fashions."

plates, any previous issue of this valuable publication." Says the *Sussex (Del.) News*:—"Peterson's Magazine for February, we think, is the best yet." Says the *Chenango (N. Y.) News*:—"It is an improvement on the January number." Says the *Huntington (Pa.) Journal*:—"The fine mezzotint, 'Joan of Arc,' is alone worth the subscription price." Says the *Washington County Organ*:—"Peterson justly has the credit of being the cheapest and best work of the kind published." This sentiment is universal indeed. The *Clarion (Pa.) Register* only echoes the general voice, when it says:—"Peterson is the cheapest and best Magazine in America." The thousands of new subscribers we receive every month is a still more decisive proof, however, if one was required.

GIFT-LOTTERIES, &C.—We again notify the public that we have no connection with gift-lotteries. Where the projectors of such affairs offer "Peterson" as a premium, they do it without our authority, nay! against our wishes. From principle we are opposed to all lottery schemes. They have about them too many of the elements of gambling, and frequently tempt young and inexperienced persons to more hazardous ventures. Always subscribe to some reasonable agent, or remit direct to us, C. J. Peterson, 612 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, at our risk.

POSTAGE ON PETERSON.—The postage on this magazine is a cent and a half a number, paid three months in advance, at the office where the Magazine is received. It is a mistake to send money to Philadelphia, to have the postage pre-paid here. The subscriber must pay postage at his own office, and pay it quarterly in advance, or the postage will be ten cents a number instead of one cent and a half.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Initials. A Story of Modern Life. 1 vol. Author: T. B. Peterson.—This is one of those which will continue to be read, like those of other great masters of fiction, long after the generation which saw it first has mouldered in dust. The scene is laid in Germany. The fair heroine is a daughter of the celebrated Lord Erskine, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England. Educated in Great Britain, but since her marriage to a nobleman living on the continent, she dwells in Germany with rare fidelity, though it falling into that mawkish sentimentalism which is the fault of native-born novelists. In the realm of modern fiction there is not a more beautiful creation than Hildegarda, the heroine. Her trials, under the most trying circumstances, are noble; but ever natural also to her character. The charm of this novel, indeed, is that while it has the appearance of being forced or exaggerated about it, it is nevertheless full of romance. Everything happens as

it ought to happen, yet the incidents are never strained, nor the actors made to belie their natures. To read "The Initials" is to call back the days of one's youth, when the future was rosy with hope, and when all things were fresh and beautiful. But the work, as we have already hinted, has a merit beyond this. As a picture of social life in Germany it is eminently instructive. It has already run through several editions in England, and is destined, we predict, to have an unparalleled sale here. We know no fiction, in fact, which we would sooner recommend, for while it will fascinate all who read merely for amusement, it will delight as well as improve those who seek for instruction even in a novel. The publisher issues it in very handsome style, two volumes in paper one dollar, or bound in cloth for one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Cornell's Primary Geography. Forming Part First of a systematic series of School Geographies. By S. S. Cornell. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a small quarto of one hundred pages, containing numerous colored maps as well as other illustrations. The publishers and author claim for it several original and distinctive features. 1st. Only those branches of Geographical Science that admit of being brought fully within the comprehension of the youthful beginner, have been introduced into the present number of the series. 2nd. At the same time that the memory is called into exercise, the understanding is enlightened by copious and appropriate illustrations. 3rd. The youthful student is put in possession of a simple and easy method of memorizing the contents of a map, by means of a carefully systematized set of questions. 4th. The work is so arranged, and the science so imparted, that teachers, parents, trustees, and others, may satisfactorily ascertain, at any stage of the pupil's advancement, what he knows of the science. 5th. The system pursued throughout the entire series, is calculated to save, at least one-half the time heretofore required for the purpose, and at the same time, secure to the student greater and permanent results. We may add that the mechanical execution of the work is equal, if not superior to that of any school book we ever saw; and vastly ahead of what was considered the *se plus ultra* in our academic days. We call the attention of teachers and parents to this new system.

The Forest Exiles. By Captain Mayne Read. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A handsome book for young folk, with twelve illustrations, written by a former contributor to "Peterson." The story is that of a Peruvian Family, who, amid the wilds of the Amazon, encounter all sorts of perils. Next to Robinson Crusoe it is one of the most fascinating books for young people in the language.

The Bible Prayer Book. By W. N. Everts. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.—New York: Leisner & Phinney.—A very useful manual for family worship, or for the use of laymen on various private and public occasions. It is handsomely printed and neatly bound.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood. With a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Epes Sargent. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Ever since the death of Hood a carefully prepared edition of his poetical works has been a desideratum in literature. At last the book is before us, and in all respects it is worthy of the subject. A more capable editor than Mr. Sargent could not have been procured. High as we held Hood's genius, we never fully realized it until now. His union of pathos and humor, his ideality, his mastery over rhythm, and his love of humankind, all shine forth in this volume, under the skill of the editor, as rays when collected into a focus by a lens. The biography is exact, minute and discriminating. On their part the publishers have left nothing undone to make the volume acceptable to the public. The type is new, the paper white, and the binding tasteful. A portrait of Hood adorns the volume.

The Poetical Works of Collins, Gray and Goldsmith. Edited by Epes Sargent. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—What we have said of the editing of Hood, we repeat in reference to this volume. The poems are carefully annotated from the most reliable texts, the original notes are all preserved, and through the industry of the editor much new and valuable information has been amassed. Among the works of Goldsmith, we find a translation of Vida's "Game of Chess," which we agree with Mr. Sargent, bears the strongest marks of poor Noll's hand. Collins, Gray and Goldsmith's poems should be in the possession of every person of taste, and this is unquestionably the best edition that can be had. The volume is printed and bound to match that of Hood, and contains portraits of the three poets.

Chemical Atlas; or, The Chemistry of Familiar Objects. By E. L. Youmans. 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—A large and handsome quarto of more than a hundred pages, in which the general principles of chemistry are exhibited, by means of a series of beautifully colored diagrams, accompanied by explanatory essays, which embrace the latest views of the subjects illustrated. It is, in fact, a short cut, so to speak, to the science. For those who wish to acquire rapidly the rudiments of chemistry, or who desire only a general notion of the science, the work is invaluable. It ought to be in all schools where chemistry is taught. Numerous colored plates illustrate the text.

The Pioneer's Daughter. By Emerson Bennet. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Since the death of Cooper, Mr. Bennet has no rival as a delineator of Indian life, under the guise of fiction. The present novel is founded on incidents occurring directly after the defeat of St. Clair, and the scene is located in the Miami Valley, with which so many of our readers are familiar. It is a stirring book, that makes the blood leap, that often suspends the breath, and that not unfrequently brings tears to the eyes.

Amabel. By Mary Elizabeth Wormeley. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is a powerfully interesting novel, reminding us in some points of "Heart's-Ease," which we praised so much lately, though in others it rises to more intense interest than even that admirable fiction. It is difficult, indeed, to lay down "Amabel," after having taken it up, until it is entirely finished. There is a description of a fever-ship, which is one of the most thrilling bits of writing we are acquainted with. Bunce & Brothers publish the book in capital style, handsomely bound in cloth.

Mysteries of the Court of Queen Anne. By W. H. Ainsworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a spirited historical novel, brisk with incident, and full of well-drawn characters. Bolingbroke, Harley, Marlborough, the wife of the great general, Queen Anne, and other celebrated personages figure in its pages.

First Thoughts; or, Beginning to Think. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A capital book, just what its name implies, because admirably adapted to teach children how to think. Every mother should have it.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

TO FIND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO NUMBERS, THE GREATEST OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN.—Take as many nines as there are figures in the smallest number, and subtract that sum from the number of nines. Let another person add the difference to the largest number, and taking away the first figure of the amount add it to the last figure, and that sum will be the difference of the two numbers.

For example: John, who is 22, tells Thomas, who is older, that he can discover the difference of their ages; he therefore privately deducts 22 from 99 (his age consisting of two figures, he of course takes two nines) the difference, which is 77, he tells Thomas to add to his age, and to take away the first figure from the amount, and add it to the last figure, and that will be the difference of their ages: thus,

The difference between John's age and 90 is	77
To which Thomas adding his age,	35

a. The sum is,	112
----------------	-----

Then by taking away the first figure 1, and	
adding it to the figure 2, the sum is	13
Which add to John's age	22

Gives the age of Thomas,	33
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USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A Good Plain Cake for Children.—Take as much baker's dough as will make a quarter loaf, wash into this a half pound of butter, ditto of brown sugar, and a handful of caraway seeds; when worked together, put it into pieces the size of an apple, and then work together again. This must

done three times, or the cake will be heavy when baked. Less quantity of butter and sugar may be used. *Rick Cake*.—Equal weights of flour, sugar, sultana raisins, eggs, currants, and brown sugar, seasoned with candied fruit, mixed with milk, and baked in a quick oven.

A Good Hair Wash.—If the hair be soft and very fine, clean it with a brush dipped slightly in spirits of hartshorn, or melt a little white soap, cut in small pieces, in spirits of wine, by means of heat, in the proportion of half a pound of soap to three-quarters of a pint of spirits of wine and two ounces of potash. Carefully stir while melting. Let it settle; when cold, pour off the liquor clear, adding a little perfume. This will prove a cleansing hair-wash.

To Dye Eggs.—Cochineal, rose pink—pink; logwood chips—red; indigo—blue; saffron—yellow. Before putting the eggs in the boiling water, write a name with the end of a candle, (or make any other design) and it will remain white, the other parts colored. Very pretty colors are given to eggs by tying them in tartan and other prints that are not dyed in fast colors.

Toffie.—Boil together a pound of sugar and five ounces of butter for twenty minutes; then stir in two ounces of almonds blanched, divided, and thoroughly dried before the fire. Let the toffee boil after they are added till it crackles when dropped into cold water, and snaps between the teeth without sticking. The butter should be quite melted before the sugar is put in.

Toasted Cheese.—Cut the cheese into slices of moderate thickness, and put them in a tinned saucepan, with a little butter and cream; simmer very gently until quite dissolved; then remove it from the fire, allow it to cool a little, and add some well-beaten yolk of egg; make it into a shape, and brown it before the fire.

Almond Paste for the Hands.—Blanched almonds, four ounces; white of one egg; spirit of wine, and rose-water, enough to make a paste. Beat the almonds to a smooth paste in the mortar, then add the white of egg, and rose-water, mixed with half its weight of spirit of wine, to give the proper consistence.

To Renovate Black Cloth.—Boil half a pound of logwood and a little copperas chips in three pints of water until reduced to a quart; when cold, strain, and add a wine-glassful of gin, and half that quantity of spirits of wine; mix well. Apply to the cloth with a nail-brush, and when dry, brush with a soft brush.

To Dye Brown.—A decoction of oak bark dyes wool or silk a fast brown of various shades, according to the quantity employed. If the cloth be first passed through a wash of alum-water the color will be brightened. An infusion of walnut-peels also answer well. The older the liquor the better.

A Preventive of Sore Throat.—A small piece of nitre, dissolved slowly in the mouth, frequently stops a sore throat at the commencement of the malady.

Egg Flip.—Beat up in a three-pint jug four new-laid eggs, omitting two of the whites; add six large lumps of sugar and rub these well in the eggs; pour in boiling water about half a pint at a time; and when the jug is nearly full, add two tumblers of brandy and one of rum.

To Clean Squirrel Cuffs or Victorines.—Rub a little flour well into the fur, against the grain, until clean; then shake it out; then take some fresh flour, and proceed as before. Ermine may be cleaned in the same way, but it takes a longer time.

To Renovate Silk.—Sponge the silk with cold strong black tea, on the right side, and iron it on the wrong. Some use coffee, but tea is preferable.

Parisian Freckle Water.—This cosmetic is made by dissolving an ounce of alum in an ounce of lemon juice, and a pint of rose-water.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF APPLE GREEN SILK, trimmed with two deep flounces, each of which is ornamented with a wide velvet trimming. Cloak of brown velvet, with sleeves. The shoulder piece or yoke is quite low and rounded behind, giving a most graceful appearance to the whole garment. The sleeve is formed by the fullness and peculiar cut of the cape. The bottom of the cloak is set on like a flounce, and is ornamented, as well as yoke and sleeves with a rich deep fringe with a guipure heading. Above the top of this fringe is a row of marabout feathers of the color of the cloak. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with bows on the outside, and inside with very small flowers, blonde ruches, and a bow of ribbon, near the top a little to one side.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF VIOLET COLORED SILK.—This dress we give as a specimen of one of the many elaborate designs so fashionable this year. It is composed of two skirts, the under one of which is plain, with the exception of a narrow ribbon trimming around the bottom. The upper skirt is very rich in design. The lower edge of it is bordered by palm-leaves, wrought in the materials, and edged with a feather trimming and black lace. A second and narrow row of palm-leaves ornament the skirt higher up, and is headed by a rouleau of feathers. In some dresses the palm borders are wrought in a variety of colors. The basque of this dress is of an entirely new style. It is closed entirely in front, and has double braces of black lace, extending to the waist behind. The skirt of this basquine is cut in six large scallops, and that, as well as the double sleeves which correspond, are trimmed with black lace and buttons. The sleeves have two puffs at the top. A basquine made of black velvet, in this style, and trimmed with jet buttons, is very handsome. Very large collar and wide under-sleeves of French work. Bonnet of white silk, and crimson crape shawl.

FIG. III.—THE CAMILLA is of a scarf shape, fitting to the shoulder with a deep flounce plaited on the

mantle, which is of black silk, with an application of grapes and foliage, running up the plaits of the flounce in the form of a pyramid, and terminating in wide fronts. It is pretty and simple in design, and is sure to be a favorite with our Southern and Western ladies.

FIG. IV.—EVENING COSTUME.—Dress of pink silk, the make of which presents some novelty. Over the corsage there is a berthe formed of a broad pink sarsenet ribbon, striped with satin. This ribbon is crossed on the bosom, and flows in long ends over each side of the skirt. These ends, as well as the berthe, are edged round with black lace, above which there is a row of white blonde. Chemisette of Mechlin lace. Sevigne and bracelet of enamel and gold. The front hair is disposed in waved bandeaux; and bouquets of small pink roses are intertwined with the plaits of the back hair.

FIG. V. FRENCH HABIT SHIRT, suitable for mourning, or a plain style of dress. The collar has a hem about half an inch wide, stitched all round. Above this are eight, ten, or even twelve minute tucks, run with exquisite neatness. The front of the habit-shirt corresponds, being made with one wide tuck and the same number of narrow ones as are in the collar, alternately run from the throat to the waist. A piece of muslin goes down the front, with a broad hem at each edge, a few narrow ones close to them, and a row of ornamental buttons down the front. Sleeves can be made to correspond with the collar and habit-shirt, by tucking a couple of frills about four inches in width in the same way.

FIG. VI.—THE DUCHESS SLEEVE, made of net, with a double frill of lace, put on bands, through which pretty colored ribbon should be run, having bows on the outside of the arm.

FIG. VII.—A SLEEVE OF CLEAR MUSLIN, with a Vandyke cuff at the wrist, done in French work.

FIG. VIII.—A NEW STYLE CAP, made of plain silk tulle, and trimmed with pointed French blonde. The trimming is of plain ribbon (moderately wide, some inch and a half or so) of light green color, shaded at the edges with a darker edge of the same color. But should this tint not suit the complexion of the person who is to wear it, plain cherry-colored (of the above width or narrower) mixed in exact proportion with black velvet of the same size, is very stylish and most becoming to those neither too pale nor too florid. Rose-color, blue, or green, done in the same way with black velvet, would be equally pretty; while lilac is well suited to a fair complexion. The little wreath of loops across are made of narrower ribbon, and velvet to match; but one of flowers might be substituted, if required, for *full dress*. Blonde lappet strings may be worn or not, according to the age and taste of the wearer.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As yet no decided change has taken place in the style of making dresses. Basques of black silk or velvet are very much worn with colored skirts. Some are richly trimmed with jet, or have the basque and sleeves edged with deep fringe, intermingled with bugles. Black lace, how-

ever, seems to be the favorite trimming. One of the prettiest dresses in this style consists of a skirt of dark-green silk, shaded with black. The skirt is trimmed with flounces edged with ribbon, having a rich pattern in black velvet woven upon a ground of green silk. The corsage of black velvet has a basque. Bows of the same ribbon as that employed to trim the flounces ornament the front of the corsage, and loop up the ends of the sleeves.

JACKETS OR BASQUES of a very light and fanciful description are frequently worn in evening dress. They are usually made of a mixture of black lace and velvet, or of black lace and ribbon of various colors, as violet, pink, or groseille.

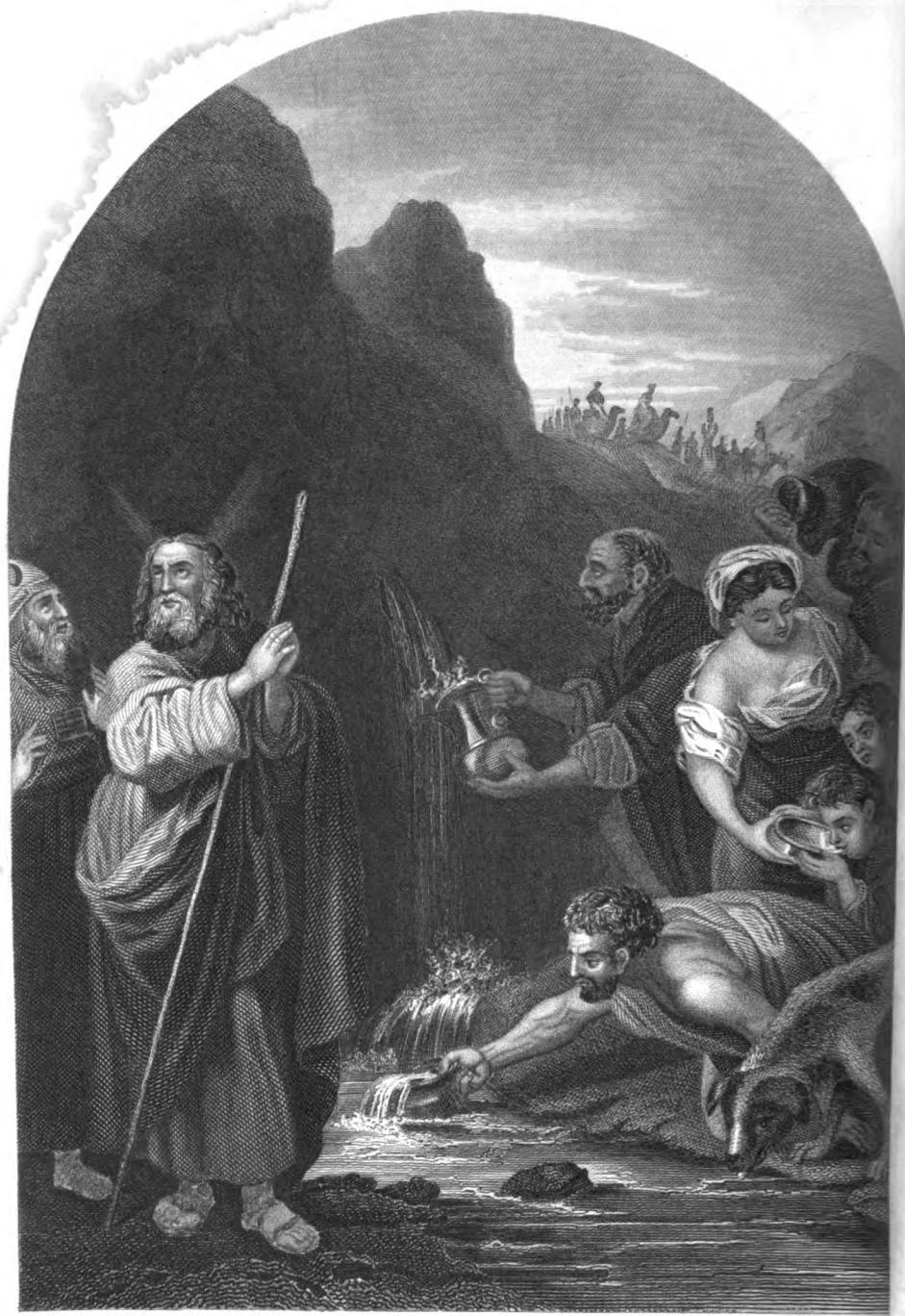
We have seen a very elegant jacket composed entirely of bands of velvet, separated by rows of violet-colored ribbon. The ribbon was edged at each side with narrow black lace, and drawn so as to form a narrow puffing between each band of velvet. The basque and sleeves were edged with three rows of narrow lace, drawn in fullness. This jacket-corsage was worn with a jupe of violet-colored taffety, with three flounces. At the bottom of each flounce there were two rows of narrow black velvet, edged at each side with narrow black lace. This very elegant dress was worn with a small round cap of black lace, encircled by a wreath of pansies made of violet-colored velvet. Two barbs, or lappets of black lace, flowed loosely over the shoulders.

A few light colored silks and *de lains* have appeared on the counters of our fashionable dry-goods stores, but the cold weather disinclines one to think of anything but dark, warm dresses and comfortable cloaks.

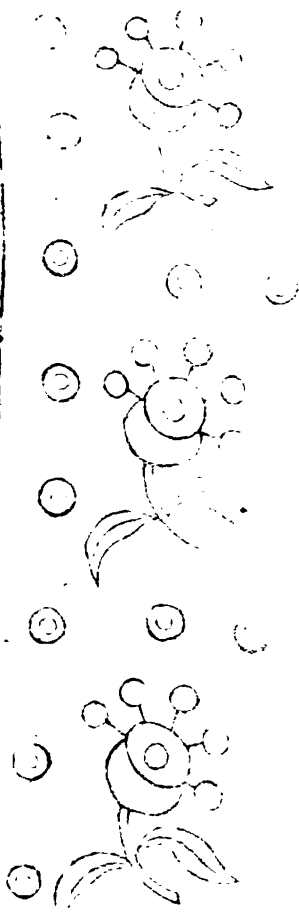
Next month, however, we hope to be able to give our readers all the newest styles.

BONNETS.—A change, which may be regarded as an improvement, is being gradually effected in the shape of bonnets. They are now worn more forward and less open round the face, the crown slopes less backward, and the ends of the front meet under the chin. The material with which the frame is covered, whether silk or satin, is usually put on quite plain, and upon it silk and lace are disposed in a variety of tasteful ways. Bonnets composed wholly of silk are usually trimmed with bands of the same, or with bands of satin, each band being edged with narrow lace. Round the front of the bonnet there may be a fall of rather broad lace, turned back, or a small lace veil may be worn, descending sufficiently low to cover the upper part of the face.

THE PRETTIEST NOVELTIES we have remarked in trinkets are bracelets, consisting of rather a broad band of velvet, upon which are fixed, at intervals, three stars in diamonds or other jewels. These bracelets are fastened on the outside of the arm by two loops and ends, terminated by fringe sprigged with small diamonds. Other bracelets of black velvet are enriched by a pattern in the *grecque* style, composed of diamonds. The fastening in these bracelets is covered by the pattern, so as not to be perceptible.

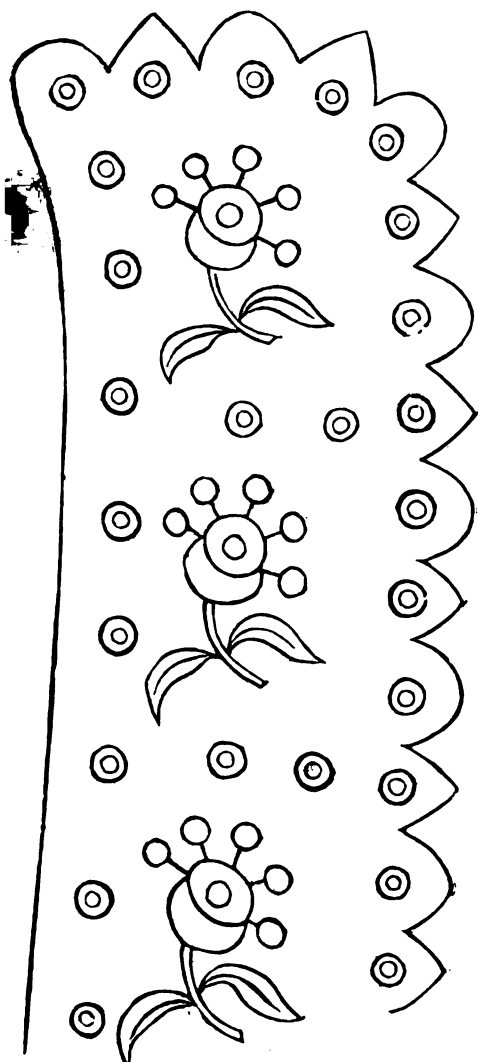


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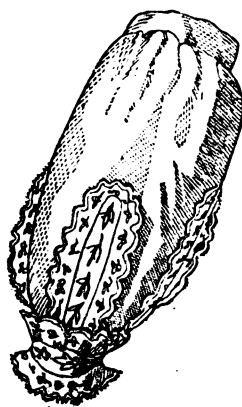


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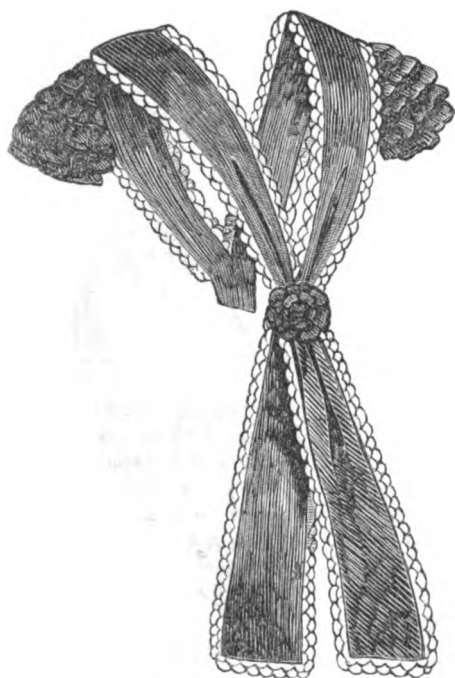
COLLAR.



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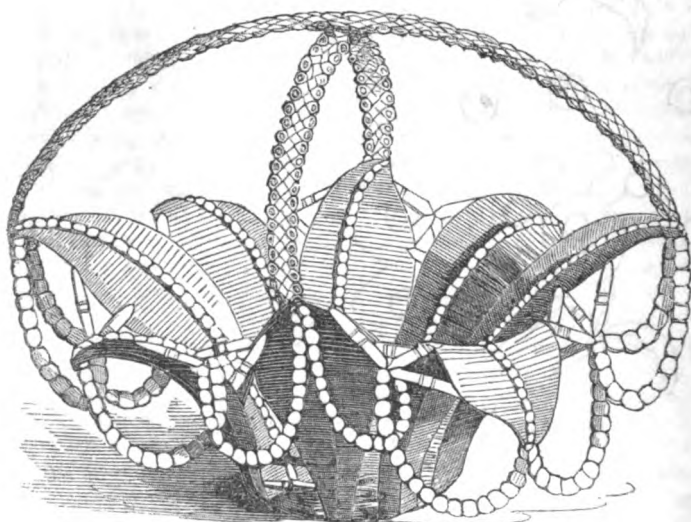
SLEEVE.



RIBBON BRACES.



SPRING HEAD-DRESS.



CARD BASKET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1855.

No. 4.

MRS. SMITH'S CHARITY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Isn't that seamstress come yet?"

Mrs. Smith, as she spoke, leaned over the balustrade, calling down the staircase to the footman.

"No, mum."

"I declare," muttered the lady, but quite loud enough for the servant to hear, "the lazy thing ought to be turned off. It's eight o'clock already. A pretty day's work it will be, begun at such an hour. John," and she raised her voice to a louder key, "be sure you tell the coachman to be around by eleven, for I've got to go collecting, with Mrs. Huntley, for the poor, this morning."

She left the staircase, as she spoke, and passed to her chamber, where she expected to spend the next two hours in dressing to go out.

It was a cold, wet morning in March. While this scene was transacting in the elegant mansion, a thinly clad, delicate-looking girl, was feebly struggling against the rain on her way to Mrs. Smith's. She had been awake for half the night, tending her sick sister, who lay dying of consumption, in the comfortless and fireless room which they occupied together, up three pair of stairs, in a narrow, ill-ventilated alley. For breakfast she had eaten nothing but a dry crust, and drank nothing but a cup of cold water. And now, with a faded summer shawl, a pair of thin, worn shoes, and an umbrella that only half protected her, she was braving the inclement weather in order to do Mrs. Smith's plain sewing at a dollar and a quarter a week.

The bell rang, and the rich lady, throwing on a splendid dressing-gown, went to the head of the staircase.

"Ah! that's you at last, Miss Jones, is it?" she said, sharply. "A full hour behind time. Recollect, ~~Mr.~~ what I told you. I shall keep my word, and take off a shilling for every day you are so late. Go at once into the back room, where everything's waiting for you."

Too heart-broken to remonstrate, the girl did as she was directed, and took her place in an apartment, which, as it was to be occupied "only by the seamstress," as Mrs. Smith said, was, from motives of economy, never more than half heated. Here, the girl sewed, in her damp clothes and wet feet all day, there not being warmth enough at the flue to dry either: and at night went home through the storm to her sick sister, and the cold, unfurnished room they occupied.

All that morning, Mrs. Smith, protected from the rain by her comfortable carriage, drove about, ostensibly to collect for the poor, but really to indulge in gossip, and gratify her vanity by being called benevolent. While exhibiting her splendid tablets, on which to write the names of donors, and expatiating sentimentally on the sufferings of the indigent, she took good care to say nothing of the needlewoman she had left working at a starvation price, in a cold, unhealthy room.

The next day the seamstress did not come at all. Mrs. Smith was highly indignant, especially as a piece of work, which she had particularly wished to be finished, was incomplete.

"You may tell Miss Jones, if she comes again to-morrow," she said, angrily, late in the day, "that I don't want her services any longer. People who work for me must be punctual."

When the footman went back into the kitchen, and rehearsed the message with which he had been charged, there was a general outcry among the servants.

"Pears to me," said the cook, "dat some of de rich hab no hearts at all, deed it does. Dat poor chile was a'most starved yesterday, and looked as ef she had de ager; and she has a sick sister, a dyin' of a consumption, she says. Ef I was you, Jim, I'd tell missus she might turn her off herself, deed I would." And Dinah, thoroughly aroused, flounced around the room indignantly.

But the seamstress never returned to receive

her dismissal. The exposure of the preceding day had brought on a violent inflammation of the lungs, and she was now lying, in a high fever, and drawing her breath in agony, by the side of her dying sister. Here, about dusk, her landlady found her accidentally, both having been too ill to summon assistance.

It was the charity of this woman, only less indigent than themselves, that saved the two sisters from perishing of cold and want. Not that they lived long, however, to consume her hard earnings. The violent inflammation soon carried off the seamstress; and her sister speedily followed her.

One day, while Mrs. Smith was making calls, her luxurious carriage passed a pauper funeral. The sight of the coarse, pine coffin made the rich lady shudder, as she rolled by; and she told to

all her acquaintance, that morning, how inexpressibly she had been horrified by the sight.

"Its dreadful to think how many poor people there are," she said, "and in spite, too, of all we are doing for them. There must be a great deal of providence and laziness to cause it. Only to think, I had a seamstress, a week or two ago, who, because I reprimanded her for coming late to her work, left in a pet, and I haven't heard of her yet."

At the Judgment Day, proud lady, you will hear of her! Yes! the outcast tenant of that pauper coffin will rise up, in that awful hour, and tell who it was that murdered her.

Vain, indeed, is the charity that gives publicly to the poor "of our abundance," if we neglect the greater charity of sympathy with the indigent and suffering whom we actually know.

WANDERINGS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Afloat on the tide of life,
 Afar from the peaceful shore,
 Breasting the billows of storm and strife
 'Mid the noise of the Ocean's roar;
 No island in greenness drest—
 No port of peace in view—
 No haven of hope and rest
 Is found in the journey through!
 Thrown up on the rocky height
 Of eternal ice and snow,
 With only the frozen brink in sight,
 And the precipice below;
 No fount in the desert waste—
 No green spot doth appear:
 No manna in all the wilderness
 The hungry love to cheer!

No verdure—no plain of bliss—
 No flowery vale of love—
 No sheltering bower of home to bless—
 No Olive Branch—no dove!
 For odors, hues, and blooms—
 For sunlight, and song, and dew,
 There are briars, and weeds, and phantom glooms
 But found in the journey through!
 The Spring of the year is past,
 The Summer has come and gone:
 The harvest time is ended at last,
 And Winter is nearly done;
 The morning of youth is spent—
 Manhood has pass'd its noon,
 The evening of age shadows earth's sky,
 And the Night of Death draws on!

MUSIC OF THE STORM.

BY B. SIMON BARRETT.

Is there no music in the weeping wind,
 No voice of moaning sadness in the air,
 No hymn of penitence, that we have sinned,
 Nor ever sound of spirit-voice in pray'r?
 Ay, 'tis a music thrills me with its tones
 Of solemn sadness, ever as it moans.

And in the beating rain and rattling hail
 I hear a music, wild, and grand, and deep,
 As though some spirit, shuddering, cold and pale,

And shrieking wildly, ever doomed to weep,
 Did mourn the cruel destiny that shaped its fate;
 But vainly wept—forever, now, too late.

Ay! there is mighty music in the songs
 That winds and storms breathe on the midnight air;
 Long tales of unjust sufferings and wrongs,
 Of meek repentance and of wild despair.
 Mourn on, ye winds; I love your tale so well,
 They hold me pinioned with their magic spell.

GRACE GRENVILLE'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

GRACE GRENVILLE sat over her embroidery, with a frown of perplexity on her broad, open brow.

It was easy to see that her thoughts were not on her cross-stitch.

After a time, a smile stole slowly over her face, as sunlight glides over a landscape, growing brighter and brighter every moment, till she suddenly sprang from her seat, dropping work, scissors and thimble in her impulsive haste, as she flew to her writing-table and began to write:

"DEAREST EMMA—When I was with you last summer, you promised to return my visit this winter. I write now to claim you. Come at once, dear Em, for I do so want to see you, and I have such a splendid plan in my head—but I won't say a word about *that*, only be sure to bring your painting material with you, for I am bent on your resuming your lessons.

"I shall send the carriage to the cars to meet you the day after to-morrow, so pray don't disappoint
Your attached friend,

GRACE."

Having despatched this hasty epistle, Grace settled herself once more to her work with much more steadiness than before; and as she sits musing there, with the lights and shadows of her sad or pleasant thoughts fitting over her expressive face, we will, while watching her, tell the reader a few points of her history.

She was an only child, loved, petted, indulged, spoiled perhaps, but a charming creature for all.

Full of earnestness and enthusiasm, she was never without some aim—some object of ardent pursuit—seldom without some golden scheme, which was to bring certain happiness to some of her friends.

Emma B— had long been the object of her greatest solicitude. Grace had discovered that she was most unfortunate in her family relations. Her father, though a man of talent and education, had fallen into intemperate habits, and rendered his home wretched. Her mother, soured perhaps by her sorrows, was harsh and forbidding in her manners. Emma, a gentle, loving, timid creature, suffered acutely in so ungenial a home. Grace had often puzzled her brain to find

some way of ameliorating her friend's position. Now, at last, she had hit on what she thought an admirable plan. She would turn match-maker! To see Emma happily married would put an end to all difficulties. Better still; she would at the same time secure the happiness of her friend, Mr. Greeley, and so kill two birds with one stone.

Mr. Greeley was a young artist, of talent so great, as already, at the age of twenty-five, to have taken his rank as first landscape painter in the country. He was a man of great cultivation and refinement—handsome, agreeable, and truly noble and good. There was not one among her friends of whom Grace thought more highly.

She was certain that Emma's gentle loveliness and true amiability would be sure to captivate him, and equally certain that she would make him a good and devoted wife.

She was so full of her project, that she could scarcely wait for her friend's arrival, or avoid betraying her deep-laid scheme to its object the moment she saw her.

It chanced that Mr. Greeley dropped in on the very evening after Emma's arrival.

Grace was delighted. "So much better to appear to have nothing to do with it," she said to herself—but her cheeks burnt with excitement, and she could not wholly conceal her nervous agitation as she introduced her friends to each other, and eagerly observed their "first impressions."

"Favorable!" she decided, as Mr. Greeley seated himself beside Emma, and engaged her in conversation, and she saw Emma, quite throwing aside her usual timid reserve, and responding with evident interest and pleasure. She noted the pretty smile and blush which always made Emma's face so engaging, and she smiled to herself as she stitched away vigorously at her embroidery, making strange confusion among her roses, while her thoughts were busy with a day-dream about the result of her match-making.

After quite a long conversation with Emma, Mr. Greeley came to beg Grace to sing some duetts with him, which they had been practising together. But no—Grace was out of voice—did not feel musically inclined—but she would play the accompaniment, and perhaps dear Emma would try to take her parts.

In vain Emma protested that she was no musician, and had never seen the music in question—Grace was determined she should learn the parts and sing with Greeley.

She played the air for her with one hand, and encouraged and scolded her into attempting it.

Emma did not succeed very well, but she looked so shy and frightened when she made mistakes, and the low, tremulous tones of her voice sounded so plaintively sweet, that Grace thought her more charming than if she had sung to perfection. She was certain Mr. Greeley thought so too, as she noted his smile of gentle consideration, and the pains he took to reassure her friend and dispel her timidity.

"Well, what do you think of him?" she could not help asking Emma, as she was closing the piano after he had gone.

Emma expressed herself so warmly in the young artist's praise, and spoke so enthusiastically of the delightful evening they had had, that Grace laughed aloud in her delight, and kissed her friend gaily. She thought it a veritable instance of love at first sight, and she had a great struggle with herself to maintain the discreet and secret character of a match-maker, she wanted so much to tell Emma all about it.

We have remarked that Grace was never without an earnest pursuit. Some all-engrossing occupation was a necessity to her enthusiastic nature. Sometimes it was music—sometimes the acquisition of languages—sometimes riding or dancing; at present painting in oil colors was the favorite hobby, and thanks to her friend Greeley's instructions and her own talent, she had really made wonderful progress in the art.

During her visit to Emma in the summer, she had amused herself by imparting some of her new-found knowledge to her friend, and she was now quite imperative that the latter should renew her efforts.

Accordingly the next morning she carried her up to her painting room, and installed her at her own easel with paints, and a ready prepared sketch before her. Emma had just added an unpardonably bad sky, when Mr. Greeley's voice, singing the air they had been practising the night before, was heard on the stairs.

Emma sprang up, and would have fled in dismay, but Grace barred her egress by placing her rest-stick across the door just as Greeley appeared.

"What! a barring out?" he asked, gaily—"did you not give me a perpetual free ticket of entrance here, Miss Grace?"

"It is not a barring out, but a barring in," replied Grace, laughingly. "Here is this silly,

timid child, wanting to run away, because she says, 'she is ashamed to have Mr. Greeley, the great artist, see her daub'—just as if all geniuses did not daub at first—it is only a sign of a 'broad style'—is it not, Mr. Greeley." And at any rate I am sure you will be glad of two pupils instead of one—will you not?"

Mr. Greeley bowed, and expressed his happiness in feeling himself of use to either of the young ladies; and urged by Grace he took his stand behind Emma, guiding her unskilful hand, mixing her colors, encouraging and instructing her.

Grace too delighted and excited to settle herself to anything, flitted about the room criticising, jesting, laughing, and secretly congratulating herself on the success of her scheme. What though Emma's efforts, notwithstanding all Mr. Greeley's care, gave promise of being a total failure? So much the better—the less the pupil knew, the more of the master's aid and attention she required. It was all right.

So things went on. Grace full of her match-making project, gave such marked encouragement to Mr. Greeley's visits, that they became more and more frequent; till, under pretext of the painting lessons and the musical practising, not a day passed, but what part of every morning, and the whole of every evening, was spent with the young ladies.

One day Grace chanced to be in her painting-room alone, when Mr. Greeley entered somewhat earlier than usual. He greeted her warmly, but with some embarrassment. With woman's quickness of perception, Grace at once felt that he had something to say, and instantly concluded he wished to consult her, or use her intercession with her friend.

With this idea, she looked up at him as he stood silently behind her chair, with a smile and nod so encouraging, and which seemed to say so archly, "I know what you are trying to find courage to tell me," that he replied as though she had spoken,

"Is it possible, Miss Grace, that you suspect—that you have discovered my secret?"

"I have discovered secrets more profound," replied Grace, with a little pardonable pride in her acuteness and success as a manoeuvrer.

"And you encourage—you bid me hope?"

"Certainly," she answered, playfully, "why should you not hope?"

"Thank you, thank you," said Greeley, warmly, as he took her hand in his, "I am but a poor, fortuneless artist yet, dear Grace; but, thank God, I have already won some little fame, and your gracious words will cheer and sustain me

till fortune follows, and I dare claim this dear hand."

"What! what do you say?" exclaimed Grace, in extreme surprise, at his concluding words. "Emma's hand you mean."

But in spite of the decided manner in which Grace corrected him, Greeley persisted in what Grace thought his strange mistake; and it was not till he, with some impatience, asserted his right of knowing best his own meaning, that she was fully convinced. She could then only stammer forth in confusion,

"Pardon me, Mr. Greeley, my seeming encouragement—I had such a splendid scheme—and for myself, I had no idea—I never thought of such a thing."

"So I perceived—so I thought all the time," replied Greeley; "but that you never *have*, does not prove that you never *can* think of it, does it, Grace?"

"Yes, yes, it does!" cried Grace, hurriedly, turning away from those earnest, pleading eyes. "I do not wish such ideas put into my head. Oh, Mr. Greeley, Emma——"

"One word," said Mr. Greeley, interrupting her, "whatever decision you may make with regard to me, your friend is entirely out of the question. I do not wish to disparage Miss Emma; she is, I am sure, a good and amiable girl, but I could never, for a moment, think of her as a wife. So pray consider that matter settled."

Grace was much disturbed and embarrassed. She had never, as she truly said, regarded Mr. Greeley for an instant in the light of a lover. But the idea thus forced upon her, she could not but feel how entirely she respected, admired, and sympathized with him. The earnest, suppressed tones of his voice—the expression of intense anxiety which his face unconsciously wore, showed her how deeply his feelings were interested in her; and the manly restraint he put upon his words, touched her more than the most impassioned pleadings. She was moved—hesitated—would, perhaps, have given him the one word of encouragement for which he sued, but that she remembered Emma, and her disappoint-

ment, and she hardened her heart, and fled from the room lest she should relent.

Her next concern was for Emma. How terrible to crush all her rising hopes—to cloud her sun of happiness, now beginning to shine for the first time in her sad life. And if, as she feared, poor Emma's feelings were already really interested, how very dreadful it would be. How she wished she had never had anything to do with match making.

Forcing back the tears she could scarcely restrain, she went to seek Emma, to ascertain, if possible, the extent of the mischief she had done.

Wholly occupied by her own thoughts, she absently entered her friend's room without knocking, and found her absorbed in a letter which she was reading. Emma looked up with a smile and blush at Grace's entrance, and after a moment's embarrassment, with a shy, hesitating look, put her letter into her hands.

Grace read it with increasing astonishment. It was an offer of marriage from a certain Frank Elcott, an individual of whom she had never heard.

"Who is he? Do you know him? Do you love him? Shall you accept?" she asked, all in a breath.

"I shall have to answer so many questions one at a time," said Emma, laughing. "Do I know him?—yes, since I was a child. Who is he?—a young lawyer in good practice in G——. Your third question I shall answer with your fourth—I shall certainly accept him, unless my parents object, which I am sure they cannot do."

Grace gave a great sigh of relief. Her match-making had done no harm after all. Still, conscience whispered that chance had favored her more perhaps than she deserved, and she then and there made a firm resolution, in all her life to have nothing more to do with matches, or match-making.

From this rule she was never known to deviate except on one occasion. It was when, two years afterward, she gave her hand to her artist-lover, whose constancy and manly worth had long before won her heart of hearts.

A FRAGMENT.

BY SAMUEL FUNCHER.

There's lasting beauty in the mind,
Where virtue, love and hope combined—

A nobler wreath—a fairer gem
Than monarch's crown, or diadem.

THE FATAL FLIRTATION.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

At the house of a friend I frequently met a lady, whose singular loveliness and elegant manners, joined with the most winning gentleness and affability impressed me favorably at our first meeting. She was apparently about five and twenty; there was no trace of early bloom on her smooth, round cheek, and the light shade of pensiveness that ever rested on her polished brow, seemed to denote that she had early tasted the bitterness of life's experience; but this, according with her soft, low-toned voice, and the lady-like repose of her whole demeanor only rendered her more interesting and attractive. One day I observed her passing from our friend's abode as I was approaching it; and I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of making some inquiries respecting one whose history had been the subject of many vague speculations during my twilight reveries.

"Have you never heard anything about her?" asked my friend, after I had made known my intense curiosity.

"Never," was my quick rejoinder.

"That is rather strange, for though since her arrival here she has lived in almost total seclusion, her name is sadly connected with a tragic occurrence of which I wonder you have not heard. I will satisfy your curiosity by relating it.

"Irene Weston at the age of eighteen was the reigning belle in every circle in which she appeared. Not less admired for her vivacity and ready wit, than for her brilliant charms and numerous accomplishments, it was no wonder that, although by nature gifted with high mental powers, and with a heart alive to generous, noble impulses, the ceaseless and flattering homage she received had a deleterious influence, and she became incapable, seemingly, of a loftier ambition than to be the acknowledged queen of each gay assemblage. Her parents had been dead some years; and as the adopted child of a rich and worldly-minded relative, whose every wish in her regard was fulfilled when she saw her the admiration or envy of all around, poor Irene had no friendly counsellor to give her the warning advice she so much needed—to show her the vanity of the life she was leading, and to insist upon the necessity of curbing, in some degree, the wild exuberance of spirits that sometimes almost amounted to recklessness.

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"As was naturally to be expected, she soon wearied of the monotonous pleasures in which she lived, and began to value them only as the means of adding to her list of conquests, the excitement of which she averred was the only thing that now held for her any interest. She became a most accomplished coquette, was alternately admired and dreaded as such; but she only laughed at the few disparaging remarks she heard, and enjoyed her heartless triumphs with haughty self-complacency.

"At length she met one whom she seemed to regard from the first with more favor than she had hitherto shown to her admirers; and as it was equally evident that Mr. Tracy's feelings were deeply interested, and as he was regarded by her adopted mother with approving eyes, it was generally reported that the wild bird had found her mate at last, and one, too, in every respect such as she could desire. But as time wore on these rumors met with less credit. It was remarked that some misunderstanding had taken place between the lovers; that Herbert Tracy observed every movement of Irene with a scrutiny that seemed the result of jealous suspicions; while she, who during the first few months of their acquaintance, had appeared more subdued and quiet in manner, assumed all at once her old reckless, half winning, half defying demeanor, seemingly indifferent to her lover's evident disapprobation.

"Things were in this state when a large mercantile establishment was opened by a stranger in the city, whom to Irene's delight she discovered to be Henry Burton, the accepted lover of her dearest school companion, Lucy Hamilton. Irene had several times visited the latter in her village home, and had there met the young merchant whom she could not but regard with esteem, though his quiet, unobtrusive manners were not calculated to please one so volatile and giddy.

"He and Lucy had long cherished a mutual attachment, but it was not till his plans for the future were definitely arranged that he felt authorized to declare his intentions to Mr. Hamilton, who without hesitation gave his consent to the projected marriage, stipulating only that it should not take place till the young man should be permanently settled in his new location.

"It chanced that the very day after this decision was given, Irene arrived to spend a week or two with her old friend and confidant Lucy, by whom she was speedily made acquainted with the contemplated events. Her joy was unbounded at learning that Lucy was to be a resident of her native city.

"How we shall enjoy ourselves together, Lucy dear," she exclaimed, gleefully, "I will ask mamma to give you a bridal party the very night of your arrival, so that you may be at once introduced to the gay circles to which you will henceforth belong."

"Not so fast, if you please," gaily responded Lucy, "my introduction to your gay circles must be on a different occasion. Have I not always promised that my first visit to your great city should be on occasion of your nuptials, and I will not break my word."

"But you must," returned Irene, thoughtfully.

"Ah, but I assure you I won't. I claim the favor of being first bridesmaid as you have often promised," rejoined Lucy. "Now Harry and I are willing to wait the indefinite period papa has spoken of—perhaps six months, perhaps a year, or even longer, all to depend on the success of Harry's undertaking, but you and Mr. Tracy have no occasion to defer the happy event so long."

"Yet it may be deferred even longer," replied Irene; and as she had hitherto kept her confidant apprized of every incident connected with her acquaintance with Tracy, she had now no difficulty in informing her of their present estrangement, of her consequent unhappiness, and of the painful efforts she had made to appear gay and unconcerned in order to escape the railleries of their associates. Lucy heard her with kind sympathy, and encouraged her to hope that she was only tormented by imaginary fancies. But Irene was not to be convinced, and as now removed from the gaze of envious scrutiny, she had no occasion to disguise her real feelings by an assumption of unnatural mirthfulness, her frequent fits of pensiveness and evident sadness touched the heart of the gentle Lucy, whose own happiness made her feel more deeply for the cloud that overshadowed her friend's.

"On the last evening of her visit, however, Irene seemed to have recovered all her former vivacity, and as soon as she was alone with Lucy joyfully informed her that she had thought of a capital plan to set things right, which only required Lucy's co-operation. Of course this was readily promised, and the grand plan was then unfolded—no other than that Burton, whose

engagement to Lucy was unknown beyond their quiet village, should, during the approaching winter, pay particular attentions to Irene, which on her part she would receive in such a manner as to arouse Herbert Tracy's jealousy, if as she still hoped he really loved her, and thus impel him to a declaration which would ensure her happiness.

"Now isn't it an admirable plan, Lucy?" continued the thoughtless girl, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "we will be the most tender and devoted lovers, your Harry and I. Every one will say that it is to be a match, and I dare say it will even reach your ears; but you need have no fear, Lucy darling, for you know he is not exactly to my taste; he is far too good for me, and I should never think of winning his love even if I were not aware that it belongs to another person. So come, help me out with the capital plot, which will be to your advantage as well as my own, do you see? For thus your lover will escape the snares that might otherwise shake his constancy when so far away from you; but I promise you I will keep him so busy with our flirtation, that no witching fair one shall be able to make the least impression on whatever portion of his heart still remains in his possession."

"The thoughtful Lucy seriously observed her companion as she thus rattled on, and Irene merrily bantered her on her unwillingness to put her lover's constancy to the proof. But Lucy only smiled at this and said,

"Not through any fears on my own account do I object to your plan; but tell me candidly, Irene, do you never weary of these flirtations?"

"Weary of them," repeated Irene, with sudden energy, "yes, and of myself too, but what then? However, I will promise that *this* flirtation shall be my very last; for if it succeeds of course 'twill put an end to my girlish dreams of conquest; and if it fail——" she paused abruptly, but the gloom that shadowed her face showed her companion how deeply her heart was interested in the issue of the rash experiment which with her wonted recklessness she was bent on trying.

"I am afraid your plan will not have the result you wish," said Lucy. "Don't you think it probable that Herbert Tracy, if he imagine Harry's attentions agreeable to you, will keep silent as regards his own wishes through the fear of being rejected?"

"I'll risk it," was Irene's firm reply. "But you must assist me, as you have already promised, by letting Harry know that it is *your* wish that I should introduce him to the gay

scenes in which he is hereafter to take a part, and thus he will have no fear of his attentions to me being liable to be misunderstood by you; by others I am determined they shall be.'

"Very well, I'll assist you thus far, and only hope you may not have cause to regret my ready compliance," said Lucy, with a sigh for the probable failure of her friend's scheme.

"Buoyed up with sanguine anticipations, Irene returned home. The gay season was commencing, and to her delight she found Harry Burton as willing as she could desire to be her cavalier, and with his habitual thoughtfulness for every one's comfort, and his gentle, deferential manners, he could not be otherwise than a most attentive and agreeable companion. Her friendship for Lucy formed a bond of union between them, and totally ignorant of the under-play in which he was thus an actor, he felt a pleasure in doing according to his absent Lucy's request that he must be as attentive as possible to her dearest friend. Thus matters were going on perfectly to Irene's satisfaction. Mr. Tracy's manner when they occasionally met was reserved and ceremonious, but her quick glance sometimes observed an expression of mingled sorrow and reproach directed to her, which she fancied argued well for the final result of her scheme.

"Ere many weeks had passed, it began to be whispered that Harry Burton had entirely supplanted Herbert Tracy in the volatile girl's regard, and Tracy, maddened by the raillery of his associates, and deeming his feelings outraged by one whom he secretly loved, swore vengeance against his fancied rival. Resolved that his revenge should be public as his discomfiture had been, he went that night to a ball at which Burton was present with Irene, and when there suddenly drew forth a pistol and fired with too true an aim at young Burton, who, with a faint groan, murmuring the name of his beloved Lucy, fell lifeless. Irene shrieked wildly and fell in a swoon beside the victim of her reckless folly; and amid the wildest confusion Tracy was seized, and the festivities of the night brought to a hasty termination.

"Irene was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, from which she revived only to be

attacked by a raging fever, which for several months threatened her life or reason. As soon as she was pronounced out of danger she was taken to the country, for the double purpose of trying the effect of quiet and change of air, and of keeping her ignorant of the censure freely passed upon her in every circle; for during the trial of Herbert Tracy every circumstance connected with the mournful affair came to light, and the indignation of the public was almost strong against Irene as against the murderer. As for him, his remorse for his fatal error together with the extenuating features of the case, caused him to be sentenced only to imprisonment for a term of years, which was shortened by the interposition of executive clemency, and he left the country a prey to deep and lasting remorse. But, alas! what avail his too late conviction of his error? Would he bring back the victim of his mistaken revenge or restore the light of happiness to the gentle loving girl whose affections were entwined around the heart his deadly aim had stilled forever. Poor Lucy! The blow was too sudden, too heavy for her to bear—she sank into a lingering decline, and in one short year slept the slumber of the broken-hearted. Irene was with her in her last moments; for the gentle heart harbored no unkindly feelings toward the repentant author of all this calamity.

"After Lucy's death, Irene obtained the consent of her adopted parents to come to this country where she procured board with a small family, and lives in total seclusion from the world. She has devoted her life to the good of her fellow-creatures, and in the continual exercise of charity and meekness, she seeks to atone for the past, and to forget for a time the harassing memories which she says will ever haunt her as she deserves. Though she trusts that sincere and lasting penitence has availed in the sight of Him whose judgments are not subject to the passions of men, yet she can never forgive herself; her example is a warning lesson to the young and gay who like her are tempted to deeds, and to them appear trifling and even innocent, whose ultimate consequences they may eventually reason to deplore."

TO MARY L. LAWSON.

LAST night we had a pleasant time,
Sweet Mary, in thy sanctum there,
When thought flow'd out almost in rhyme,
And spirits haunted all the air.

Bright spirits still of gentle mood,
Not summoned from the spheres above,
But blended in sweet sisterhood,
For genius resteth there with love.

EVERY-DAY MARTYRS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

WE have martyrs now-a-days. True, not martyrs who are tortured on the rack, or who go down to a triumphant death amid the flash of brand and faggot, but martyrs who suffer just as much, and who, in such suffering, exhibit the same praiseworthy strength, and endurance, and fortitude.

Martyrs who *die* in struggling to *live*. Who die *inch by inch*, wearing body and soul away. Who sink unnoticed into the grave, young in years, but old in care, in suffering, and alas! in misery.

There are hero-martyrs whose daily torture no awe-struck world shall write in lines of imperishable light. There are doers and worshippers of the good, the beautiful, and the true, lifting up clear eyes to heaven, and walking serene and holy in their little sphere, whose brows no painter shall enhalo, the harmony of whose lives shall make the immortality of no poet's song.

There are martyrs in intellect. Thousands of earth's gifted ones are passing away in their quiet martyrdom. The world looks coldly upon them—pushes aside their ideal dreams with her stern, pressing realities. Men and women who are only happy when they stand motionless and charmed, like a cradled infant by its mother's voice, at their sweet incarnation of the deep things of the heart, at the bright flashes of genius from their own souls' inner shrine. And though the taper of life burns lower and lower, and hope crouches like a spectre amid the lengthening shadows, and the actualities of life chill the gushing fountains of the heart—yet they still toil on with greater efforts and with higher aspirations.

And, at last, when the long grass waves over their graves, when the starry primrose nestles over their tomb, shrinking timidly away from the garish eye of day, fame wakes a thousand echoes with her clarion notes, and the world fain would kneel to bind undying laurels around the cold and lifeless brow! *All too late then—all too dearly bought!*

Take Rousseau. He labored on unappreciated. When dead, even social and political foes heaped compliments upon his departed worth—talked of his gifted powers—lamented

his follies, and sympathized with his misfortunes. Then the world only discovered that his pen had been a pen of fire—spreading light on the darkest objects—as if he had written with *phosphorous on the sides of a cavern*.

Take the world's great astronomer. Gallileo pined in prison. The snails seemed to mock with their slimy traces those of his own deep-searching mind. He is dead—but the world venerates his memory.

Take our own Fulton. He toiled on—unhonored and unnoticed. Now every steamer that parts the leaping waves is a mighty, living, moving monument to his glory.

Take an example from mechanics. How Maitre Zacharius, the watchmaker of Geneva, the perfecter of horology, the inventor of the escapement, struggled and toiled on, believing that each of his watches moved by a portion of his own soul. While the greatest and most perfect piece of his workmanship—the clock of the Chateau de Andernaut—struck the midnight hour, he fell a corpse upon the tessellated floor, shrieking for his lost soul—believing the yells of a thousand demons shook the deserted alcoves. Now nearly the whole world wear *nearest to their hearts*—if not sweet recollections of his memory—at least the evidence of his discovery.

There are thousands of martyrs in our crowded cities. They crouch with squalid poverty by forsaken hearthstones, in damp recesses, in dim, old attics.

Yes! Female martyrs—the martyrs so strikingly depicted in Hood's touching "Song of the Shirt." Needle-slaves—wearing out body and soul. Stitching, stitching, steadily, unceasingly, monotonously as the water dripping on their cold, damp floors. How their brains whirl! How their fingers ache! How their bosoms heave! How their eyes burn—startling at a thousand spectral phantoms that seem to people the chilly room as the deep-toned city clock tolls out the midnight hour!

Nor alas! is this all. Among the rich and great, too, there are female martyrs. Females who weep, and groan, and toss—who bury their faces in their hands—who mourn over departed hopes—who pray for the sweet light of earlier

days when life was "sinless as is a sister's kiss,"
 Females who bear up long and bravely against
 harshness and unkindness—who suffer from cruel
 words and more cruel treatment—who sink into
 a premature grave—yet loving on, and trusting
 still.

LINES.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

On! the robins that sing in the Summer-time,
 Have come to the old elm tree;
 Their flight has been long, from a far off clime,
 Over mountain and valley and lea.
 From a land that is fairer and brighter than our's,
 They have hastened with tireless wings,
 To sing 'mid the leaves and the springing flowers,
 Which the North-land Summer brings.
 They came round our home when chill was the air,
 And the snow-flakes were hurrying past,
 They perched on the boughs that were leafless and
 bare,
 And sweetly they sung 'mid the blast.
 There were cheerful smiles in the household room,
 Where we heard that first glad song,
 When the sunshine banished the Wintry gloom,
 That had shadowed the earth so long.
 The snow-drift melted soon from the hill,
 And the waters rushed on their way;
 The gurgling brook, and the laughing rill,
 How free and how happy were they.

Like a blessing then, the April rain,
 Fell down to the earth so light,
 And it pattered against the window-pane,
 As it fell through the live-long night.
 Now the sun shines warm on the meadow land,
 And the woodland shades are dense;
 The old trees sway, and thrilling and grand,
 Is the music that comes from thence.
 White roses bloom, by the window-sill,
 Where I hear the blue-bird's lay;
 And my heart doth bound, and my pulses thrill
 With joy, through the long, bright day.
 For my life is yet in its earliest Spring,
 And I reck not of lonelier hours;
 With the birds, all day, it is sweet to sing,
 To smile with the opening flowers.
 The Summer hath promise as bright for me,
 And I fear not the Autumn blight;
 Though silent the valley of death may be,
 And long and dreamless the night.

APRIL.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

THERE's joy in the valley,
 And joy on the hills,
 A gushing of torrents,
 A laughter of rills;
 An echo of gladness
 From many a dell,
 For Spring's happy spirit
 Hath broken the spell.
 There's joy in the forest,
 A musical din,
 For frolicking breezes
 Are stealing within;
 And birds, on their pinions,
 Their roundels sing,
 While beauty seems dwelling
 In everything.
 The dew-drops that nestle
 In each flow'rets cup,
 The glad sunshine seeth,
 And drinketh them up!

The buds are as gently
 Unfolding their leaves,
 As the fall of those blessings
 Our spirit receives.
 The clouds that are floating,
 So lightly and free,
 Appear to our vision
 Like ships on the sea
 And glitters each rain-drop,
 Like some sea-washed gem,
 On flow'ret expanding,
 On bud and on stem.
 We hail thee, sweet April,
 Best month of the year,
 Thy coming brings gladness,
 The lonely to cheer;
 In holiday vestments,
 The earth is now seen,
 And rich is her carpet
 Of beautiful green.

EMMA SYDNEY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

BREEZES and birds are true democrats. They whisper their melodies equally to the poor man and the rich man. It is one of the worst evils of poverty that it often deadens the ear to such cadences—that is, its accompaniments do. Poverty itself, what is it but a slight hold on gross material things, giving room for a firmer one on the refined and spiritual? I know a decayed dwelling in a village in western New York over which they used to hover—these little democrats—as blithely as if wealth and state held their court within. And yet if they had remained by their party they could not have come there, for it was only the remains of aristocratic feelings and manners that prevented the inhabitants from sinking into the condition of those who live only in the present. No one could have helped pitying Mr. Sydney's family, and all the more for the constant effort to hide all cause for pity. There is no poverty so bitter as that which carries with it the memory of something better—no inheritance so burdensome and yet so proud and dear as that of a name which entails unceasing care for itself. Within the house was neglect and decay. The walls were crumbling, the furniture dropping to pieces, the carpets wearing out. Every little ornament had grown shabby long ago, every curtain faded, every picture dingy. Mr. Sydney's rusty coat, cut in a fashion long by-gone, and Mrs. Sydney's clothes, carefully worn and repaired, told the same tale. Spirit-bowed and listless that poor woman moved about the house. She had no heart to attempt more than to push on matters from day to day.

Poor Mrs. Sydney! One morning in November she received a letter. When her husband entered the room, she extended it to him.

"James, Emma is coming home."

Mr. Sydney looked stupefied. "Well!" he said, as if wishing to hear more.

"She is coming home, I tell you—here to this desolate, ruined house," and she glanced around the comfortless room.

Mr. Sydney's eyes followed hers, and a groan escaped him. "How comes it about?" he asked.

"There is the letter. Your sister's husband is dead, and she is going into the country for a time, and so Emma is coming to her well remembered home," she says. "Poor child! It is rather

different from what it was when she left it, eight years ago."

For a long time the father and mother sat in silent despondency.

"Is there no way of preventing this?" said Mrs. Sydney. "To have her come here with her habits of luxury and elegance, her gay tastes and bright young spirits, to this impoverished, dreary house. Oh, she has no idea what it is."

Mr. Sydney covered his face with his handkerchief, and left the room. His wife sat for nearly an hour like one crushed beneath a heavy weight. At the end of that time her brother alighted at the front door.

"What is the matter, Eliza?" said he, as he entered the room.

She pointed to the letter on the table. He read it, and then indulged in a prolonged "whew!"

"Rather an unpromising state of things for the girl, I confess, but I don't see what you have to cry about."

"Oh! Robert."

"Now, that's always the way with you women. If one can't understand your feelings at once, off you go into the third heavens, or the Lord knows where. For my part, I should think you'd be glad to see your only daughter again."

"Robert, can I calmly see a beautiful, petted, lively girl of eighteen come to such a place as this, and witness all the petty shifts and contrivances of an hourly miserable economy, which suffices not to hide poverty and desolation? I can struggle on by myself. I am used to it. But I hoped she was safe from all annoyance."

"How does Mr. Sydney take it?"

"His heart bleeds that he has no better home to offer his daughter."

"What can I do, Robert?" asked Mrs. Sydney, after a long pause.

"Do! Why there's only one thing to be done. If the child's coming back, bestir yourself and make everything look as cheerful as you can. There's your duty—walk right up to it."

But Mrs. Sydney could not "walk right up" to her duty. With nerves and spirit all unstrung she could only feebly and wearily make some arrangements in her daughter's bed chamber. Mr. Sydney himself might have been seen going about the house, during the day, with a sad,

wistful air, playing the carpenter at some broken piece of furniture or refractory window-shutter, and trying to coax the shabby sitting-room into an appearance of comfort. He even took out of his desk an old-fashioned locket, containing a miniature of his mother, and proceeded to the jeweler's to dispose of it.

"What will you give me for this?" he asked.

The man named a low sum.

"No more than that?" said Mr. Sydney.

"No, sir, it is too old-fashioned to sell. We can only take it for old gold."

"Well, it must do, I suppose. You can take out the portrait. That is of no value to you."

Half shuddering as he saw the man's coarse fingers pass over the beloved features, he took the money and hurried home.

"This won't go very far," said he, as he gave it to his wife, "but it's all I have."

If people could only be present when their letters are opened! particularly those announcing their coming. Emma Sydney in her bright, gleesome anticipations of home never dreamed how her letter was welcomed. And then again never come before the appointed time. Even if expectations are ever so anxious, such a thing always seems something like a cold shower-bath. Emma had named a week from the day her letter came as the time when she might be expected, but the evening of the same day—a dreary November evening—saw her at her father's door.

In another minute she was in the parlor, embracing her parents, kissing her brothers, fondly patting the old mastiff's head, smiling, laughing, talking all in a breath. Then she threw off her hat, and let her chesnut curls fall down over her neck. "How good the fire feels!" she exclaimed, "that last stage ride was so cold."

And as she warmed her hands over the blaze, and smiled brightly, Mrs. Sydney smiled too, and forgot her anxious watchfulness for her daughter's first glance around the room.

"Oh! how hungry I am!" exclaimed Emma, as she seated herself at the tea-table.

"I am glad you are, my dear," said her mother, "for they say hunger makes even the plainest food taste good."

"Indeed I am hungry. I could eat oceans of bread and butter."

"There is little better here, I am afraid."

"What could be better than bread and butter? And this is so different from our city bread. It will be quite a treat."

After tea, Emma seated herself by her father on the old rickety sofa, not seeming to notice the cold draught coming through the crevices made by the ill-fitting shutter behind her, and amused

the family with a lively account of her journey. Lightly and gayly she ran on, till her father laughed as he had not done for years, and her brother Robert came out from his corner, and placed himself at her feet. Poor fellow! a blush had tinged his cheek as he had felt his sister's eye glance over his rough jacket and shabby pantaloons. He was only one year younger than herself, a high-spirited boy, and the fallen condition of his family made him sullen, irritable, and capricious. But this evening he yielded himself to the charms of Emma's conversation. And gentle, pensive Harry, three years younger, drew near and hung upon her lips. She seemed to diffuse a sparkling, bounding atmosphere all around her, and when eleven o'clock struck, and she rose to go to bed, all started with a wondering smile to think they had spent such a pleasant evening.

"I am afraid you will not find your bed very good, my dear," said her mother, who accompanied her to her room. She sighed as she spoke.

"Because it's feathers, do you mean? Oh! I'm not at all afraid of them. You don't know how I shall enjoy it, after being tied to a mattress, winter and summer."

Mrs. Sydney had not meant that. There were only five feathers in the bed, one in the middle, and one at each corner—not enough to hurt her.

Emma's gay laugh as she said good-night echoed strangely through the old hall. She closed the door, threw herself down on the sofa, and then one long flood of tears. There had been but one effort since her first shocked glance at the house and her parents' faces—for their sake to hide her feelings. And nobly had she succeeded. But now the pent-up flood burst forth resistlessly. Poor girl! most sudden and cutting had been the disappointment of her fair, sweet hopes and cherished anticipations, and most saddening the aspect of everything as she read all at a glance. After a long time she got up and looked around. Oh! how her heart ached as the mournful messages from every desolate corner, from every moth-eaten curtain, from the scanty furniture, stole to her ear. And then a sense of the inefficacy of a woman's yearning came upon her, and again she threw herself down, but this time it was before an all-powerful Friend. She entreated consolation, support, and guidance—guidance that cannot err, for she felt that she had a work to do here.

She longed for a man's strong arms as she stood by the window the next morning, looking out upon the over-grown garden. If she had them she would make that spot a well-spring of cheerfulness. There was much to do at every

turn, and only a girlish hand to do it. The forced resort to passive energy and moral action fretted her spirit. She brought her guitar into the sitting-room, established her work-table in one corner, got out her embroidery, brought down her port-folio, some favorite books, and chess-board. And then what more could she do, for her mother shrank nervously from any participation of hers in housekeeping. Oh! what could she do? She had done much. She had made the sitting-room a place where people could smile, instead of the bare, cheerless room it had been. Her joyous conversation, her winning, affectionate manners, her tender attentions to parents, her ringing laugh were of themselves sufficient to work great good. She had need of an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, for there was everything to depress her. On the first Sunday after her arrival she happened to ask her mother if she were going to church.

"To church? I never go to church," said Mrs. Sydney.

Emma looked rather than said, "Why not?"

"My dear, I have no clothes to appear in."

This time Emma could not hide the tears. On Monday morning she was up before light, trying to alter some of her dresses to suit her mother, and laying aside her best shawl and bonnet for her. Her quick eye saw but too well the many, many mortifications and humiliations which her parents bore, and she gently tried to induce her mother to let her share in her burden of care. In a few weeks the air and tone of the household were much changed. But her brother John, who at first had responded to her affection, resisted all attempts to win his confidence to make him happy. In the evenings when she was singing to her guitar, or beguiling her father and mother by her lively chat, while she gave her brother Henry drawing lessons, the very cheerfulness of the scene would seem to drive John away. In vain she tried to draw him into the circle. "It is hard to prop up a falling house," her uncle Robert said, "our very props often come down upon us." John was awkward in his manners, very bashful, his education had not proceeded much farther than the grammar-school course, and he was painfully conscious of his deficiencies. Discontented and full of uneasy desires, he had allowed himself to be drawn into low company.

Weeks and months passed on. How dear was Emma Sydney to her mother's heart, that careworn, saddened heart—how precious her love and sympathy! And how often did her father's eyes fill with warm tears as he looked upon her?

One morning as Mrs. Sydney's brother Robert

was passing the village hotel, he heard a lady's voice calling him from the piazza, "Dr. French! Dr. French!"

He turned and recognized Mrs. Evans, Mr. Sydney's sister. "How do you do?" she said. "How are they at my brother's? I did not go immediately there," she continued, assuming a confidential tone, "because I judged from the tone of Emma's last letter that it might not be convenient. She did not say so, you understand, but still——" and the lady made out her sentence with significant bows.

The first judgment I ever knew you to form that was good for anything, thought the gentleman.

"I am come to take dear Emma away," said Mrs. Evans, as she arranged her veil before walking down with Dr. French.

She was very confident, but Emma quietly refused to leave her father's house.

Mrs. Evans could not believe her serious at first, but after laughing at her and expostulating with her in vain, she grew really angry.

"Dr. French," she said, "do help me to reason this silly girl out of this nonsense."

"Indeed, ma'am, I am afraid I can't help you there; my reasoning would be all the other way."

"Is it possible? Are you crazy, Dr. French? Don't you see that she is evidently blind to her own interests? I don't wish to hurt your feelings, James, nor yours, Eliza, but you must know that this is no place for Emma. She can hardly be comfortable here. I speak plainly, you see, Dr. French, I am not disposed to squeamishness."

"Nor I, madam."

"I am very sorry it is so, James," she added, as she saw the color rising in Mr. Sydney's cheek, "and I respect the feeling that would conceal it, but some things can't be concealed. Besides, Emma is throwing herself away here. All she has acquired is of no use to her. Her music, for instance, that I have taken so much trouble with, of what good is it here? Her dancing, her drawing, her admired talent for conversation, for entertaining company—useless. All her accomplishments are utterly wasted."

"Indeed, madam," replied Dr. French, "in my humble opinion, they could not be put to a better use than the present one. Which should be the best repayment for hours of toil—the privilege to cheer and sooth her parents, or of screeching an opera, or exhibiting a port-folio to a crowd of silly fops?"

"That all sounds very pretty, Dr. French, but I'm talking of plain facts. Emma's future interests are to be considered also."

"We are commanded to work while it is called to-day, taking no thought for the morrow."

"Now, Dr. French, we all know that the Bible is not to be interpreted literally."

"Rather too literally for you, madam, I'm afraid. Let Emma do her duty now, and not trouble herself about the future. I know it will be a great, a very great sacrifice, but not because she will have to give up the trifling you mention—trifling, God forgive me, there is no such thing as trifling on this blood-bought, Christ-watched earth."

"Emma, my darling, come here," said Mr. Sydney, holding out his arms. "You are the staff of my heart, my child, the one light of this dreary house," and the old man folded her to his breast, "no earthly motive but your own happiness could make me tell you to leave us."

"Leave you! no, never!" exclaimed Emma.

"Listen to me, my child. We are poor, yet if there was only a crust left, we would share it with our daughter. But for your own sake, I cannot let you refuse what your aunt offers. It will be very hard to part with you—the harder for the glimpse of happiness we have had, but never mind that, go back with your aunt."

"Father, do not send me from you," exclaimed Emma, bursting into tears. "Is not your happiness mine? I cannot, I ought not to go."

"But Emma——"

Emma threw her arms around her father's neck, and whispered long in his ear, till he bowed his head upon her glossy ringlets and murmured, "Be it so."

Emma Sydney had turned with scarcely a sigh from the gay world to which her aunt beckoned her, but soon rose another voice, speaking more powerfully to her maiden heart. She had been engaged to be married ever since she was sixteen. The time appointed for her marriage had now come, and the urgent solicitations of her lover, George Dunbar, came too. With tears blinding her eyes, Emma told him the story of the house of her fathers, decayed, impoverished and desolate—told him of her sad-hearted mother, of her father grown prematurely old.

"Do not ask me to leave them, George," she sobbed, "I am fulfilling a sacred duty, one dear to my heart. I cannot, I dare not go."

"But my own, my dearest Emma——"

"In the name of pity, George, do not make my task harder. I have decided. Never while my parents suffer will I leave them."

"Where got she the strength?" questioned George Dunbar, as he travelled homeward. "Did no weakness, no weariness, no yearnings ever invade her spirit's sanctuary?" He might have

answered both questions had he seen the passionate weeping of the next two hours, and then the long kneeling before Jesus.

A few days after, Emma was sitting by the window of her own room, when she saw a little German girl creeping up through the garden.

"Miss Emma," she said, "I come to tell you. Oh! mine Gott, I co^uld not help it."

"What do you mean? What is it, Edla?"

"Well, Mr. John Sydney comes to our house very often, you know, Miss Emma."

"No, I did not know it—but what then?"

"Well, he was there last night. Two or three men were there, and I could not sleep, and there was a crack in the wall, and—oh! will any one hear me?—I listened, and heard all they said. They are going to rob the jeweler's shop to-night. Mr. John is the one to break in, and the rest go shares in the plunder."

"Edla, do you know what you are saying? My brother John! break in a shop? What do you mean?"

"Indeed it's true, Miss Emma. They play cards every night, brother Franz and the other men, and Mr. John has lost more than he can pay, and I think that's the reason he has to mind them so. The plan is all fixed, Miss Emma, for to-night. They meet at our house at twelve o'clock. I could not help coming to you about Mr. John. You'll never let them know I told you, will ye? They'd beat the life out of me."

"Don't be afraid, Edla. No one shall know. Tell me now, quick, who is engaged in this besides your brother-in-law?"

"Martin and Heinrich Werner. Oh! they've got such long knives," said the child, shuddering.

"Go home now, Edla. Say nothing to any one. I thank you for coming. Go home as quick as you can."

Had the Sydney family indeed fallen so low? All now depended on Emma's single arm. About eleven o'clock that night she wrapped herself in an old cloak and hood, stole out of the house and pressed on through the darkness and rain. She had little of the heroine in her composition, and yet she had embarked in what might indeed be called an adventure. She was too excited to think of herself, though alone in that lonesome place, late at night. She perceived a light glimmering from Franz Muller's kitchen as she approached, and looking through a round hole in the shutter, saw three men sitting round a table, and her brother John in a slouched hat putting some tools in his pocket. Her heart beat violently. The long knives of which little Edla had spoken sprang gleaming before her sight, but breathing a prayer she knocked boldly at the

door. It was opened by one of the men. "I wish to see my brother," she said. The man attempted to bar her passage, but she was too quick for him and sprang past. He seized her by the arm with a terrible oath. In an instant John Sydney pushed him back. "Off!" he exclaimed, "do not touch my sister. Emma, how came you here?"

"No matter—I am here; and now, John, come home with me. Think of your father's grey hairs. Will you cover them with shame? Will you beat down your mother's broken heart into the grave?"

"It is of no use to talk to me, Emma," said John, "it is too late. Leave me alone. What did you come here for?"

"It is not too late, John. Listen to me. Do you want money—I am young and strong. I will work my fingers to the bone for you. Oh, John, you have not fallen so low—I do not believe it."

John looked in his sister's excited countenance, sat down and hid his face upon the table.

"John, think how young you are. Think of the life before you. Think of your mother."

In the meantime, the men had held a hurried consultation in German. Heinrich Werner, the roughest of them, now approached Emma.

"Look here, mistress," said he, "if this only concerned that chicken-hearted brother of yours I wouldn't care, but I and my friends have an interest in it, and if you think you're going to ruin us, you're mistaken. John there'll do as he has promised: and you don't leave this house to-night, at any rate."

Werner spoke in a menacing tone, and then threw his brawny arm around her waist. John Sydney started to his feet, and sprang at Werner's throat like a wild cat.

"Brute," he shouted, "do you dare to put your hands upon her?"

The other men pulled him off. "Be quiet, boy!"

"Let go of my sister!" shouted John.

"Well, there then," said Werner, "you needn't make such an outrageous fuss about it. I wasn't hurting her."

The men now let John go, who, with his heart bursting with passion, immediately drew Emma to his side. She beckoned to Franz Muller. "Only let John alone," she said, "tempt him no more, and I will stay here with him all night, if you say so. You need not fear my letting any of this be known, for then, you know, you will have it in your power to tell of my brother's share, and you know well I would make any sacrifice rather than have that."

"There's some reason in what the girl says," said Muller.

"I'm not going to give it up so," said Werner, "John, are you one such dough-face as to let a woman's nonsense rule you?"

Again John hesitated. But the wicked spell had been broken. At the crisis a breath will turn the scale. He suffered Emma to answer for him. Werner scowled upon them both, and uttered dark threats. After half an hour's violent scene Emma prevailed.

When they reached the door of their own home, John had to carry his sister in. The next day she was unable to leave her bed. He sat by her for hours, alternately looking into her pale face, and closing his eyes to view the abyss from which she had rescued him. He felt that she had earned a right to his confidence, and poured into her ear all his restless, impatient desires. As soon as she could, she wrote to her aunt Evans, and implored her in the persuasive manner she so well knew how to use, to give to John the generous allowance she had told her at parting should still be hers. Then he could go to college, and—on went the sister's anticipations through many a sparkling year.

November with his dark, dreary days had come and gone. The frost-angel had been scattering gems of light from his white arm. Emma's heart had been made glad by her aunt's promising, "for Emma's dear sake," to bear John's expenses at college.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney never knew of the blow they had escaped, but another was coming now. One morning Harry opened the door to a surly-looking man, who presented a bill to Mr Sydney.

"I cannot pay it," said he, the color mantling in his sallow cheek. "Your employer knows I cannot."

About dusk the deputy sheriff came with a writ in the usual form, directing "to attach the real and personal estate of the defendant, and for want thereof to take his body."

The house and all that was in it would not have satisfied the debt. Mr. Sydney might have obtained bail, but totally prostrated by the blow, he thought only of literal compliance with the law. He was at sixty an old, old man; he had long been accustomed to quiet submission to circumstances; and now, with an obstinacy which proved the shattered state of his mind, he prepared for the indignity of being conveyed to the county jail. He heeded not the tears and remonstrances of his wife and daughter. With but one long look back upon the house in which he had been born, he entered the chaise with the sheriff.

Mrs. Sydney sent immediately for her brother. Before nine o'clock he had procured bail, but the jail was ten miles distant, and it was thought best not to send over till the morning. In the morning Mr. Sydney was too ill to be moved. Provision for his comfort had to be made in the prison, and Emma took up her station by his side, and listened with a sinking heart to his incoherent talk. Her cheek grew pale, and her frame full of languor, but she heeded it not. Sometimes she passed the night alone in that dim cell, and how fast and how far did her thoughts travel! Back to the brilliant scenes where she once sported—away to the proud halls to which she had been wooed as mistress—to her impoverished, but dearly-loved home. And beneath her feet was the floor where hardened wretches had often lain. She questioned of her own identity as she looked around. But a groan from the bed—all was terrible truth. Oh! how thick the clouds seemed gathering round her and hers.

One night there was weeping, low, but heart-broken in that prison room, for Dr. French had pronounced Mr. Sydney's sleep that which "knoweth no waking." Mrs. Sydney's enfeebled frame gave way, and she was carried fainting into the apartments of the jailor. But Emma persisted in trying the restoratives that her uncle had declared were of no farther use. With compressed lip and eye unnaturally bright, she bent over the cold and motionless form. Dr. French had left her to attend to her mother, and poor Harry had thrown himself down in a corner, with his brow pressed to the cold stones, and was sobbing as if his heart would break. But Emma's white, trembling hands desisted not.

"He moved, Harry! Father moved!" she shrieked.

"Emma!" said the boy, reproachfully.

"It is true. Come here. He is living."

With renewed energy she now applied the stimulants. Harry flew for his uncle.

There was a half hour of intense anxiety, and then Dr. French's voice was heard saying, as he laid his hand upon the head of his niece, "Emma Sydney! you have saved your father's life."

From that hour Mr. Sydney began to grow better. In a week or two he was well enough to be removed to his own house. Emma's arm was his support during his tedious convalescence, and Emma's gentleness and self-denial the same amid all the worshipping tenderness that was lavished upon her.

Some gentlemen in the neighborhood, to whose ears had come the tale of Emma's self-devotion, obtained a midshipman's warrant for Harry, and his pay, almost the whole of which he sent to his parents, lifted off much of the pressure of their poverty.

In three years John graduated at Yale with the first honors. Emma listened proudly to his eloquent valedictory, but how much sweeter to her heart was the whisper that stole to it a few moments afterward, "I have to thank you for all, my sister."

When, at last, Emma Sydney stood at the altar, beside George Dunbar, a blushing bride, she was a thousand times more happy for having waited till she had fulfilled her duty! Her after life was eminently happy, for is not such a youth the bright promise of a golden maturity?

REQUIESCAT EN PACE.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

Lie down with thy tired head—
Lie down with thy aching heart,
Low on the bed with the peaceful dead,
Whose sleep no dreams can start.

Rest—rest for thy weary soul,
Peace—peace to thy troubled mind,
That higher goal beyond earth's control
It has been thy bliss to find

Close—close those heavy eyes,
Made dim by countless tears—
Though grief made rise to reach the skies,
Thou hast entered yon blest spheres!

Those wasted hands fold, fold
Across thy quiet breast,
That breast grown cold by griefs untold,
Has throbb'd itself to rest!

Hunger and thirst is o'er,
Sorrow and sin are not
Safe on that shore where they pine no more,
Rest with thy griefs forgot.

Yes! down with thy tired head,
Lie down with this aching heart,
Low on the bed with the peaceful dead,
Whose sleep no dreams can start.

THE FOOT-PRINT.

BY A. L. OTIS.

It was a warm, soft evening in May, when my handsome, portly uncle, sat surrounded by his sons and daughters, on the porch of his fine country-house, enjoying the balmy air and listening to the spring sounds of falling water and piping frogs. His genial countenance encouraged the free, unembarrassed chatter of the young folk, while a smile now and then, and a glance at his gentle wife who sat beside him, or the pressure of her hand which he held in his, showed how kindly and sympathizingly he entered into family joys.

"Oh, if I could only travel!" cried his eldest son Clarence.

"Make your fortune, and you can," John answered.

"Yes, but that will not be made till I am an old man, and past the season of keen enjoyment. I have always noticed too, that the older people grow the more they love home. See father and mother now. They could travel, if they wished, yet what do they care for a trip to Europe?"

"Not much, Clarence," answered my uncle. "But I had a youthful wish, strong as yours, and by no means so easy of accomplishment. It seemed hopeless, or at least not to be fulfilled till late in life, and the chances against it would grow with every year. But Europe will stay where it is, and be in no danger of being lost to you forever. Suppose I tell the young people all about it, mother?"

My aunt hesitated to assent, but we all clamored for the tale, and my uncle obtained permission to tell it.

"When I was the age of Clarence—about nineteen—I was a journeyman carpenter."

"You, uncle?" I cried, open-eyed, for he was the grandee of the whole family branch, and the one that lived in most luxury.

"Yes, Annie, didn't you know it? Perhaps you won't have anything more to do with your plebeian uncle. Yes, I was a journeyman, but I had a turn for drawing and a love of architecture as a study, that made me very ambitious of being something else.

"It was on the fifteenth of May, sometime in eighteen hundred, that an old gentleman came to the workshop, and began a conversation with my boss. Yes, boys, I used to say 'my boss,'

just like any other journeyman—and the result of that visit was, that after the masons had done their work, a number of carpenters, and I among them, were set to work upon a splendid country mansion. We boarded near that we might work longer, and were made reasonably comfortable by our old Irish hostess. By December the house was habitable, but there was still a conservatory to be built, and the old gentleman, whose name I will tell you by-and-bye, having seen some of my drawings, determined that I should design it. I had time to prepare my plans, for it was not to be commenced till the next summer. The other carpenters all went away, and I remained alone to put on the few last touches. But this seemed an endless job, my old friend thought of so many little conveniences for his wife and only daughter—so many little shelves and brackets, here and there—so many rustic seats for the woods, &c. Then began the fitting of doors which had swelled: and indeed I was kept there till I was sick of it. I longed for some companionship—I was like a Robinson Crusoe tantalized by society almost within reach.

"And in another respect I was like Crusoe, for one morning when I came to my work I stood amazed to behold by the door-step, in the frozen mud, the print of one single, little foot! It had not made a deep impression, but such a perfectly defined, little fairy footstep I never saw before. How could it have come there? No lady lived in the neighborhood, and the foot must have belonged to a lady, for it was the print of a delicate Paris shoe, made 'rights and lefts!' I went to my work in a dreamy mood, for I was only nineteen, and was ready for any romance. Besides, after my long solitude, the very sight of a lady would have been a delight.

"I was not long to remain in suspense, for presently the coachman came by, and told me he had driven his 'master and the young lady' out the night before. She was to remain and direct putting the house in order, that her mother might be comfortable on her arrival. The morning before several servants, and some furniture, had arrived.

"I began to feel awakened interest in the place, and after I saw the young lady, who was

leaning on her father's arm, and going about with him delightedly from room to room, I would not have had my work done sooner. She was a pretty, lovely darling, with sunny hair, and very blue eyes. Ah, boys! my heart was gone from that moment! But how dared I let it go—poor dog of a journeyman as I was? It was necessary that the aristocratic heiress should not even guess at my presumption in loving her, ever so far off.

"She passed me with a glance at my work, but her eyes had not rested upon me at all. I was only a tool which her father used to make pretty things for her. She was now begging to have a shady room, facing the woods, fitted up for her own library, and I was directed to follow them to receive orders about where to place the shelves, for her father did not refuse her request. In telling me how she wished it done, she, of course, raised her blue eyes to mine to see if I understood, and I felt again that I was a tool, a mere tool. I went to my work with a busy brain, boys. But to be short, I saw her every day, and every day I loved her more. I took the liberty, before I made the shelves to her library, to submit to her a little plan in the gothic style for the whole interior of the room, one which harmonized well with the woods outside. How intensely I worked at that plan! How the blood left my cheek when I gave it to her, and how it rushed back when she clapped her hands with delight over the drawing I had made.

"I had pleased her, and whenever she met me in the morning she always smiled and nodded to me. I never failed to meet her pretty early, boys, and I worked twice as heartily after that smile. But I was not only working with my hands, I was keeping my brain pretty busy, and determining to marry that sweet, little aristocrat, she being willing. Not to elope with her, or to win her heart, and then wring a reluctant consent from her doating parents. Oh, no! But I had my plans.

"Every day when my work was done I went to look at that little foot-print, for it was on the shady side of the house, and the ground had not thawed. One night, when I had not seen her for the whole day, the sight of it so warmed my heart, that with a sudden impulse I threw myself down and kissed it. Oh, boys! How ashamed I felt when I sprang up and saw her standing at the parted curtains of the parlor window, looking at me! But she only thought I had stumbled, and almost fallen, as I saw by her face.

"Winter passed away while I was still at work on the library, but May-day saw it finished, and

(I haven't told you her name. We will name her after mother Eve—Eva) Eva's harp was sent for that she might see how it would sound in her favorite room. I carried it myself, and then her father, probably seeing my eager eyes, asked me to stop a minute and hear her play. She paid no regard to me, but swept the chords and played little airs, and then a pretty accompaniment, beginning also to sing that sweet, old-fashioned song—not so old then, 'The harp that once through Tara's halls.'

"I trembled like a leaf when I left the room. After that, many a day, my heart and hands kept time to Eva's music as I worked about the house. Meanwhile I was preparing a little surprise for her in my leisure hours, and on the last day I was to be there, I placed beside her harp a light music-stand which I had designed myself. I think still that it was beautiful, and then I hoped it would be very pleasing to her. I expected to be gone when she discovered it, but as I was gathering up my tools, she came running to the temporary carpenter's-shop with her curls all blowing about, and the color fresh in her cheek, and stood bashfully at the door thanking me. It was the first time she had been in the least bashful, and somehow I was very glad to see it. It gave me confidence to reply fittingly with my most man-of-the-world bow. She was gone again, and in a few minutes I heard her father say, as they walked together along the lilac-path, 'Yes! he is a fine workman, and a grateful, trust-worthy fellow. I shall always try to get him for any work we may have to do. His master promised me last winter that he should put up our conservatory!'

"Every word made me feel my position, yet as I knew that position well before, I was only glad to get praise in it and to be so well thought of. It did not hinder me from being, some day, something else.

"The next month I went there again with my designs. They were approved, and I was desired to make a drawing of the house as it would look with the conservatory added to it. I took my paper, and sitting under the shade of a large sycamore tree, began to draw. It was a very warm day, and the green shutters were all closed. I felt quite alone, so throwing off my coat and hat, I——"

"Now let me describe *him*," cried my aunt, warmly, while we all looked at her astonished.

"Did you see him?" "Where were *you*?" and "How do you know about it, mother?" my cousins asked.

"Ah, mother! you have let the cat out of the bag! Yes, your mother, children, was Eva, and

she had a good right to know how I looked, for while I drew and unconsciously gazed at the house, she was sitting behind those closed shutters, taking for the first time, I suspect, a good look at the carpenter boy."

"Yes, and I was struck with his handsome looks, his long, curly, light hair, his healthy, sun-burned face, cooled off by his large, blue eyes, and his strong, graceful form, as now and then he threw himself back that he might catch the effect. You see, father, I can rave too."

"Well, let me go on my own way!"

"No, father, no more nonsense before the children."

"Ah, mother!" burst from all in expostulation. But she blushed and looked with entreaty at her husband. He smiled and pressed her hand, continuing in a different strain, and disappointing us youngsters of all the love-making.

"After the conservatory was finished, I went back to my employer and to other work, but I studied hard to qualify myself to be an architect. Then through your grandfather I got plenty to do. I had a will, and an object. Only perseverance was wanting on my part. But what if some one should meanwhile persuade Eva to marry him? There was my fear. So though I did not lose hope—I worked under a spur, and when after a few years I saw my first church rise nobly in the land, and Eva still so young and fond of her home, I grew strong in hope.

And who, boys, should come to my aid just then but the emperor of all the Russias."

"For my former employer had gone there and become locomotive builder. He now wrote to me to come out and construct depots, railroad stations, &c. It cost me a struggle. I seemed to be leaving Eva to any one she should fancy, for I had never said one word to her of my love for her. She did not know I ever dared to think of her. But certainly there was a brilliant prospect before me if I went, and I did go. Yes, boys, and after spending five years there, I came back a wealthy man, only twenty-seven years old, to find Eva still unmarried, and as beautiful as she had been pretty before. She was just twenty-three, old enough to know her own mind. So when we asked her father's consent to our marriage, he gave it cheerfully and blessed us both."

"But, father, do just tell us how you met, and when you proposed."

"Well, I proposed not long after my return, and yet your mother was quite willing. So I think when she took that long look from behind the closed shutters, I must have made some impression."

"No more, father," said my aunt, and bade us all come in or we should catch cold.

For sometime after I heard my uncle's story, I always looked, when I walked in the mud, to see what kind of a foot-print I made.

THE POOR MAN'S APPEAL.

TURN not away with scornful lips,

From this our sad appeal,

We only crave that sympathy

Which all mankind should feel;

And if you deem the iron chain

Of poverty and woe,

That weighs upon our care-worn frames

Has made our minds as low;

Remember that the tender bud,

The blossom that you slight,

Shoots upward from a fertile bed,

And struggles for the light.

The world has said, that those who toil

Cannot to greatness rise;

But know you not the lark, though small,

Can mount up to the skies?

And they who say that poor men's hearts

Contain but deeds of ill,

Have they by kindness ever strove

To gain His heart and will?

If not—then recollect that gems,

The brightest and the rare,

Are found in mines beneath the earth,

And need an artist's care;

And that when brought unto the light,

They rough and rugged seem,

Until by skilful, tutor'd hands

They in their brightness gleam.

They who have never felt each care

Which unto want belongs,

Have never felt their crushing weight—

How can they know our wrongs?

We've seen our children want for bread,

Yet kept them free from sin—

Have felt the curse of poverty

Our humble homes within;

And we have pray'd most fervently

Unto our God above,

To shed abroad in human hearts

The attributes of love;

And as our brother man shall gaze

Within one humble door,

That he shall by the misery there,

Show mercy to the poor.

F. J.

MARIE TREVOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 217.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE CONTINENT.

"I CANNOT tell how wonderful and beautiful everything seems here, dear mother. I never was so happy, I think, in all my life before. I know not why I have felt such yearning desires to visit England—it seems at times as if I should have been born here—though to be sure it is not such a country as my own. But everything old seems so grand, and everything new so majestic: indeed the very air I breathe inspires me."

Mrs. Le Dunlap smiled quietly upon the enthusiastic girl, and continued the meditations which her rhapsody had broken. Marie reclined gracefully upon a lounge, drawn beside her foster-mother. The room from which they looked upon the sea of pedestrianism wave after wave rolling along the narrow street, an endless continuation of strange faces all so different, glancing and disappearing, was in one of the more quiet hotels, situated not exactly in the heart of the city—but in one of the important arteries leading to it. It was luxuriously furnished, and commanded a fine view of St. Paul's mighty dome, that in rich coloring lay distinctly outlined and embodied against the blue of the sky.

Marie was just recovering from the effects of her rough and perilous passage, and her cheek had lost somewhat of its healthful hue. A sombre, yet tastefully elegant morning-dress set off her graceful form—her curls were gathered in loops and laid loosely on the fair brow, just touching the full, rounded throat. Mrs. Le Dunlap, in whose deep eye slept a world of thought, was attired somewhat similarly—she was really regaining her beauty. The beauty of woman in her full prime was hers: the wide brow—neither too high nor arched—the oval cheek, a shade whiter than Marie's, the heavy tresses that sorrow in blanching had not rendered one whit less luxuriant or glossy—the handsome lips, red and full—the large, magnificent form—truly had Marie's foster-mother out of much travail and bitter anguish renewed her youth. Like the eagle, unfettered, her soul soared heavenward—

and that divine genius gave joy and consolation to many a burdened heart—no longer feeling upon its own strength—no longer consuming its own flame.

"That is a fine show," said Mrs. Le Dunlap musingly, and she directed Marie's attention to the dashing equipage and liveried servants of a noble lord just then passing.

"I had rather see one of our neat Broadway carriages," replied Marie, as the blazing light upon the panels, and the glittering gold upon the bonds of servitude faded away in the distance.

"But it is so famous to ride in state—and so lightful to have people point out, 'there is an earl, or earl, or baronet so and so's carriage.' It is one such consequence to be waited on by a cap and garters, or a blue swallow-tail and pink kids. It makes the poor people stare so, and gaping wonder, that the carriage might go down their throats before they move out of the astonishment, it brings obsequious clerks bowing and grimacing to the side-walk to get your ship's orders, and you may have the whole turned out-of-doors to save you the trouble of walking from your carriage. It makes the hotel keepers civil, and the porters would follow around London on their heads to serve you. In fact, everything changes for the better, and the sweet flowers that will unveil their gentle faces beneath the window of the humblest man—the holy sunshine that steals even to the prisoner's stone cell—save the blessed air breathes life and health to the very beggar who sits under the eaves of the poor-house. I confess, Marie, that you would really like to be in an earl's carriage—to be an earl's bride—to wear a tiara of regal diamonds; a coronet would well become that noble brow—quoted, courted, caressed; the queen of fashion—the new star to which all eyes would be directed, opera-glasses included."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Marie, laughing heartily, "how you talk—what set you on such a strain?"

"Confess—confess," said the other, with

gaiety, "you are at the confessional—imagine me your father or mother confessor, and say how well you would like all these things."

"Not one tenth part as much as my own dear native land—its free and happy institutions—its unassuming, yet elegant observances," replied Marie, earnestly.

"But supposing—only supposing, you know, that it should turn out you were some great man's daughter—that you were offered a home of magnificence such as your imagination never pictured—fairer than fairy dreams, richer than fabled Aladdin's treasures; suppose you were offered all these—and some glorious, god-like form, wearing a title and a coronet, with a family roll that has been made royal with the blood of kings, should offer you his hand, his heart, and his honors—would you not look down upon your humbled connections, upon me, upon Frederic?"

"Mother—mother, how strangely you talk! as if I *could* prove so recreant! Is my love but the down of the thistle, that vanishes at a light breath? How can you speak thus?—forget you! forget Frederic! I would not exchange either for England's throne; how can you so misjudge me? But solve this mystery," she added, after a long pause, during which Mrs. Le Dunlap had kissed and regarded her with the fondest affection. "There is something strange even in you—sometimes I regard you with awe—who are you?"

"Not a princess in disguise," answered her friend, with somewhat of sternness, yet half sadly smiling, "but a poor wayfarer, whom fortune—I should say Providence, has blessed beyond her merits. Poorly born—obscure, unknown—the victim of a hapless sorrow in early womanhood—ever doomed to form strong attachments, and be torn from them when they had become necessary to my existence—even you I fear for—they will snatch you from my arms. Yet on—on—stern duty's behests must be obeyed."

Marie did not answer. She had often expressed a desire to know what this sudden change in her foster-mother's opinions and habits portended—but had as often been entreated to desist until such time as she thought proper to enlighten her, alleging such reasons that Marie, from motives of delicacy, ever refrained after that from pressing the subject. But what fancies!—what wonderful emotions were hers! So powerful that it is not strange if her cheek regained not its accustomed rose. She thought it might be that her parents lived—that her foster-mother had some clue to their whereabouts, that would perhaps soon be unravelled—but whether she was the child of lawful wedlock or not, was the question that oftenest recurred to her mind.

Mrs. Le Dunlap with her poetical temperament had always dealt in romantic surprises. Perhaps now she was planning some marvelous plot for her sole benefit. She had spoken of taking her to an humble but beautiful spot, where ran a sweet river along the margin of its boundary. She had spoken of an old man, who indeed might be dead—of blooming children and smiling matrons—perhaps *there* was her home, and there her parents. She thought till thought ached of what might be her feelings if in reality clasped to the heart of a mother. Could her love be greater than for her who for fifteen long years had every morning won her first smile, had heaped benefits upon her in such profusion that she could not count them; had taught her so tenderly and so carefully—had folded her to her heart with such transport of affection. And then she would wake up in the solemn midnight, and so lying indulge in innocent fancies. A bright vision stood before her with eyes that spoke more than mortal love, with fair, rounded limbs, over which soft drapery fell gracefully; with that holy thing dimpling her face, a mother's smile—with arms outstretched as if to grasp the object of her long, yearning desire; with pleasant words and all gentle caresses—and she would start sometimes from her pillow, exclaiming, "Mother, oh! mother, come and love me. It matters not how lowly you may be, I will, I *must* love you."

"To-morrow then," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, "we will start for the town of Bradley. I have sent on a sort of courier to bespeak places for us, for there is some kind of a great ceremony to take place, and all the inns will be filled."

It was a fair, moon-bright evening, and our travellers well wearied by sight-seeing, reclined before a pleasant fire, which the coolness of the atmosphere rendered agreeable. They had been talking of home, and an unquiet wish had been long formed in Marie's heart to see old friends, and among them, particularly, the noble mien of Frederic Le Dunlap. There he stood before her fancy the most radiant embodiment of manhood. There he stood with his deep, holy look, his fervent love written all over it—his nobility of soul stamped upon his front as unmistakably as the seal of God on all His works.

The door flew open, and still she mused, though the new-comer entered with a hasty step, for *he* was too present in all her thoughts to be lightly thrust aside; but suddenly raising her eyes, there indeed he stood with hand outstretched and asking glance, archly enjoying her innocent astonishment, as she wonderingly exclaimed, "It is not then a dream?"

"By no means," replied Frederic Le Dunlap, grasping one hand in both his, and raising it to his lips—"how shall I convince you?" he added, laughing heartily at Marie's still bewildered look.

"But, come, let me explain the mystery of my appearance; do not move, dear sister, I prefer sitting humbly at Marie's feet—there! so, now I have you both in full view, and, really, is it the fire-light, or the moonlight, or both, makes you so very handsome to-night?"

"Come—come, tell us how you came here?" cried Mrs. Le Dunlap, whose surprise had been as great as Marie's.

"How?—why, good sister mine, in a staunch steamer direct from the old Dutch city called New York, in compliment to its founders, I believe—straight from New York over the great Atlantic—and that's how I came here. But a truce to teasing. I found after you had gone that unavoidable business rendered it necessary for me to visit Germany—so I thought I would call in upon you, if I could find you—and you see I have been successful. By the way," he added, "I came in company with a very accomplished and intelligent lady," Marie, though all unconsciously, opened her eyes wider at this remark—and a little glow of exultation spread itself over Frederic's cheek, but he continued, "She is vastly disappointed at not meeting with a relative who she was led to expect was here in this very hotel—but she finds by a letter remaining behind, that she has left for the celebrated Seltzer Springs in Germany, her health not having been improved by this climate. Let me beg you, dear sister, and you, Marie, to receive this lady as a friend; she feels very lonely here—shall I bring her?"

"By all means," replied Marie and her foster-mother—and Marie, as he left the room, dropped a curl or two lower on her rounded shoulders, and carelessly going out of her way to give one, just one very little glance at the tall mirror, and to compose the flutter of her spirits by gazing intently at the opposite chimnies, in the futile belief that she was looking at the moon.

Presently the young man returned with a lady of slight figure and agreeable address, gracefully presented her to Mrs. Le Dunlap and Marie, (the latter dismissing her fluttering fears on the instant) and in a few moments the two elderly ladies were cosily chatting together, while Marie and Frederic sat apart as uninteresting to a third person as lovers usually are.

"Is this noble-looking young man your son?" asked Mrs. Lanelon of her new-found friend.

"No, he is a brother-in-law," replied the other, glancing with pride toward him, "and he

who lies in the cold grave resembles him; only, to a wife's fond eyes, he was even more lofty-looking, more beautiful in feature and expression."

"He was very kind and attentive to me on our voyage; that beautiful girl—how much she reminds me of——"

"Who?" asked Mrs. Le Dunlap, nervously.

"A friend of mine, only she is so rosy and healthy, and happy-looking, which poor Lady Walden is not, and I fear never will be."

"Lady Walden!" exclaimed the other, scarcely moving her lips to speak, though they trembled perceptibly.

"Yes—and her life has been one long dirge of grief and sorrow. To look in her face you would think the hope even of life well nigh dead. Since the mysterious loss of her babe years ago—they say a smile has never crossed her features, or the faintest color suffused her face. I am sure she is a sad-hearted woman to whom the world offers no charm, and her husband——"

"Yes, what of him?" exclaimed Mrs. Le Dunlap, with dilated eye and heavy chest—"what of the monster who dared——" she ceased, conscious that her vehemence had drawn every eye toward her. Her companion was silent for a moment, then very mildly said,

"You labor under a mistake; the Baron of Waldenwold is quoted far and near as the exemplar of virtue and religion to simple and noble. His seat in the chapel is always filled—he has a chaplain constantly in his house—he gives no balls: indeed it is said that on the approaching freedom of young Lord Walden, who is hourly expected from the States, it is with the greatest reluctance that he makes a party for him, because the recollection of his infant daughter's birth-day fete is replete with pain and anguish. He spends his time in doing good deeds, and much more in alms-giving. It was but recently that he bestowed upon a poor farmer who lost his all by fire—let me see," she added, taking from her reticule a letter, "here my cousin tells me—oh, yes, here it is—Conrad Goldfinch, who was with his wife and seven children turned out of house and home by one of the most terrible fires ever known in the county—yes," she continued, refolding the letter, not noting the ghastly face of her listener, "he gave him out and out a good, well-stocked farm, and——"

"And did he accept it—did he—*could* he do so mean, so *dastardly* an act?" cried Mrs. Le Dunlap, her whole frame quivering.

"Why!—accept it? Ask if a man with seven children turned into the street without a shelter from the cold storm—ask if he will *accept* and

offer to him almost princely! Certainly he did, as *I* should."

"Then I would never own—then—then—oh! how could he take *one* favor from that man's hand?" exclaimed Mrs. Le Dunlap, in a voice of anguish. "You will think me insane," she quickly added, seeing that her visitor cautiously moved her chair away—"but I—I, unfortunately, happen to be in possession of knowledge that—that he would fain were locked from every human bosom but his own. But pray forgive me for interrupting you as I have—in time perhaps you will understand why your narrative has so deeply affected me; then the poor Lady Walden is, after the long lapse of eighteen years, still inconsolable."

"You knew the circumstance at the time then?" asked her visitor, interrogatively.

"I—yes—I heard—I knew," replied the other, with slight confusion, but suddenly regaining all her self-possession, she added, "I knew the family, and it is for the purpose of visiting them at their home in Bradley, Waldenwold, that I have brought Marie."

"Indeed! but did you not know that they have just left London to travel in Germany? They were here on the ninth—had a suite of apartments in this hotel—and, I am informed by my cousin who left only three days ago, in the letter I found here, that Lady Walden is in such extremely low spirits, that her physicians think only change of scene and climate can keep her alive; she is, therefore, going to her home in Germany, stopping by the way at the Seltzer Springs some few days to recruit. But poor creature, I fear her sojourn is almost over on earth."

"We will go to Germany, Marie," exclaimed Mrs. Le Dunlap, turning to her foster-daughter.

"That is good news, mamma," replied the fair girl.

"Capital," cried Frederic, springing from his seat, "and I shall take you all under my escort. Say we start to-morrow."

"That is my plan," returned Mrs. De Dunlap, looking intently at the fading fire, and consulting her watch, she instantly added, "come, we must all retire early if we have to pack—pity to spoil such a *tete-a-tete*," and she looked laughingly at Marie and her lover, "but by-and-bye I shall not be in the way, and you can chat all night if you will."

"Hold her down, Frederic—what an enthusiast! she will be in the road yet."

"Oh! such a sunset—such a sunset," cried the enraptured girl, clapping her hands with

delight—"such hills! such a sparkling river! such vineyards—after all, I love Germany better than England—Germany for me, dear mother."

"And you have been here only forty-eight hours," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, laughing; "what will you say when you see old Coblenz, the gloomy Hartz, the——"

The sound of that light laugh had not yet died on the air—the words had scarcely fallen from the tongue when a heavy shock was felt; the carriage settled forward with a violent jerk, and in springing to his feet, thinking that Marie was in danger, Frederic was thrown from his seat over against the forward wheel, and in attempting to get out of the way his ankle was severely sprained.

Meanwhile Mrs. Le Dunlap and Marie were loudly expressing their grief, and the driver with German oaths, cursing the vehicle that dared to use so much independence as to drop a wheel just then and there—no hotel in sight—night coming on.

"What shall we do?" was reiterated again and again—"now this is really a strange Providence," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, "interrupted even in the most merciful designs—frustrated in all our attempts to bring peace to the breaking heart—why is it so?"

"You have often told me I should never murmur against Providence, however dark its ministrations may be," rejoined Marie, gently. "Now look, what a fine house that is yonder, if it were not for poor Frederic's foot we might easily walk there. No doubt its inmates are benevolent—can you fix the wheel, driver?" she asked, in German.

He replied that he thought he could with some large nails, if they could be obtained, and suggested that he had better go to the house and try to get some assistance.

Frederic tried his best to step out bravely, but in vain—his foot had swollen much; every movement forced from him a groan of pain, and they were all relieved when an open carriage was seen coming rapidly from the distant cottage.

"Is any one hurt?" asked a young man, reining in his horses as he arrived opposite the little group.

They briefly explained the accident.

"I am extremely sorry," he said, politely, "I had just returned home when I saw that something was the matter, and hurried on. Will you be pleased to accept the tender of our house and services, at least for to-night," he added, gracefully.

With much gratitude the little party acknowledged his kindness, and all were seated in the

carriage, and driven rapidly toward the hospitable mansion. Soon comfortably installed, a surgeon was procured, and Frederic's foot set and bandaged, himself consigned to a pleasant, spacious chamber, Mrs. Le Dunlap introduced to the matron of the house; and Marie quite interested in a conversation with her daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen. Dividing her attentions between Frederic and Miss Helen, the time passed most agreeably to her, novice as she was, and as the lady declared that while the least lameness remained, they must make that their home; and Mrs. Le Dunlap, uneasy as she was at the delay, had not the power of controlling events—they settled down quite like members of the family. One day Frederic was just able to walk to the summer-house, a delightful place, embowered with shrubs and flowers. Marie and Helen led him sportively along—one on each side—but Marie had forgotten to bring a book, and leaving him with her young friend walked back to the house. A carriage had stopped at the park—she noticed it not, but hurriedly entered the parlor, where she thought she saw her foster-mother, who she had left quietly writing, dressed as if for a walk, and talking with their hostess.

Somewhat astonished, she exclaimed, "Why, mother, how you must have hurried—and where are you going so early?"

The woman, or vision smiled, and turned to the lady of the house, who said, "My dear, this is not your mother, though I can hardly wonder you should think so, for really there is a most extraordinary likeness, I noticed it when Mrs. Le Dunlap first came; I hurried to give her the salutation of a friend, even, and was as much astonished as I could be to find a perfect stranger."

"I am bewildered," replied Marie, still gazing at the lady—"why you have mamma's very eyes and features—the same expression—the same height and figure—you must be her."

The stranger again smiled, and the hostess said, "It is really astonishing, the more I look the greater the resemblance grows; if you were twin sisters you could not be more alike."

At the words twin sisters the brow of the stranger flushed, then grew pallid again, a singular expression partly of sadness, and yet like remorse, passed over her features, she regarded Marie attentively, and commanding her voice as with an effort, asked, "What is your mother's name my dear?"

"Le Dunlap," answered Marie.

"What was her name before her marriage, I mean?"

"I think it was Goldfinch," replied the young

girl, casting a glance of apprehension at the hostess—for at the mention of that name a sudden spasm seemed to contract the woman's handsome features, and she gazed vaguely at Marie, and yet with an expression which wanted only the power to make itself comprehended. Slowly as one in a dream she recovered, shivered slightly, and taking from her reticule a card, traced a line thereon, begging Marie to give it to her mother. And then quite agitated again, she asked Marie to stand a moment before her to let her hold her hand—and Marie noted that in her grasp it shook like an aspen. Eagerly as if devouring them with her eyes she scanned her features, all the while controlling some powerful impulse—then slowly dropped her hand, called her attention to the request, said good morning, and took her departure.

On the card which Marie gave Mrs. Le Dunlap were traced the words, "I will send my carriage to-morrow at four. Come to me if you would give comfort to the wretched."

"What does this mean?" asked her foster-mother, reading it in wonder.

"I know not, unless you are capable of assuming two characters at one and the same time," said Marie, pausing again as she hurried to rejoin Frederic in the bower, "for truly as I live, I can hardly believe you are not the very person I met just now down stairs—have you a sister, mother?"

"I had one," replied Mrs. Le Dunlap, in a cold, bitter tone, "but I was robbed of her—would God it had been by death alone—never mind, Marie, leave me by myself now, I am writing," she added, somewhat petulantly. "Doubtless," she went on as Marie vanished, "something with reference to this dear girl, about whom my soul has absolutely wound itself—some casual remark—some petty scandal—perhaps I—I myself am known—known and suspected. Could I but irrevocably bind her to myself—could the marriage be consummated, and now, there would be nothing dishonest in that, and she would return with us. Yet still, the mother—the mother, and her ignorance of her exalted station, and my injustice toward her—no, no, all must be weighed. I began with good intentions—for the first time for years I enjoy the peace of a good conscience—shall I disturb it now?—never, God helping me."

Precisely at the stroke of four, next day, the stranger's carriage drove up to the door. Mrs. Le Dunlap alone, and not without trepidation, entered and was driven to a large and stately mansion, where a servant introduced her into an apartment princely in adornment, and darkened

sufficiently to impart a rich and splendid sombreness to the beautiful furniture.

"How like my own taste," she thought, glancing at the graceful designs of the pattern on the wall, the chaste sculpture, the extremely beautiful paintings, the light and trailing pattern of the carpets, the easy and elegant disposal of couch and *fauteuil*, "surely there is nothing German in all this—it is purely English—who can this mysterious personage be?"

The door opened—she sprang to her feet, and stood as if paralyzed at the reflection of her own image. Not so the other—she came forward with trembling, anxious steps, held her hand out irresolutely, then dropped it, while the tears gathered in her eyes, and in another moment she sank, as if fainting, upon a seat.

There was silence, broken first by Mrs. Le Dunlap.

"If my twin sister had not for years slept in the grave," she was about to add, when with a cold chill came the consciousness, (it had never struck her so forcibly before,) that in no grave had that fair body been laid, that even the silent waters had never given back the beautiful, dead form.

"Hear what I solemnly assert," cried the other, holding forth her arms, her cheeks growing like the snow, "that in the town of Bradley, I have, if he be living, an old father, by name Abel Goldfinch, a sister called Ruth——"

"Gracious heaven, I am she," cried Mrs. Le Dunlap, falling within her sister's extended arms. "No, it cannot be—you are not—and yet my heart tells me it is my own blood that beats in yours. Still, how shall I believe? Oh! my sister, my sister, it is indeed you, and God has permitted it all."

Pale, and cold as marble, were the lips she passionately pressed, and for moments nothing was heard but low sobs.

"Is it thus that you receive me?" murmured the other, faintly, "I who disgraced you, my sister—I dare not believe it—it is too much—too much happiness."

"Believe that I love you—have always loved you—will love you till I die; believe that in thus finding you, I gain new life—new hope—new joy; that earth looks no longer desolate—that the one void in my heart, so long vacant, is filled with such delicious happiness that I, a criminal as much as you, am at last forgiven by that heaven against which I so recklessly sinned. But explain this vision, for is it not a sweet dream from which I shall wake by-and-bye? Tell me all—how you escaped us—why you are here—tell me quickly?"

"It is long since I reverted to these melancholy years," said the sister, lovingly holding the other's hand, "at least by language; for never has memory allowed it to be absent from my mind—no, not for the very moments when sleep has visited me like an uneasy ghost. During that terrible time, language can never express what were my feelings; there seemed lodged in my breast a burning, a scathing iron that made me gasp for breath, that drove me to the distracted thought of self-destruction, from which I could not tear myself. Many a night when you, pale watcher, deemed me sleeping, I have been in that torture which I know only lost spirits can feel, so exquisite in its infliction that the racked flesh, torn by instruments, would have felt a palsied sense of anguish compared with it. At last it drove me nearly distracted. No expiation seemed to my burning brain sufficiently equal to my crime. I had been so tenderly cared for—I had, from my infancy, been so well and clearly shown the evil effects of crime—I seemed hideous to myself—a blot on nature. At last I resolved to rashly throw my life away. Night after night I laid awake maturing my plan; and when I had prevailed on you, for the first time, to leave me and seek a night's quiet rest—I knew my babe," she paused, violently agitated, "would sleep soundly, nor betray its vile mother. So I arose, weak as I was; a new strength seemed gradually to be infused into my poor limbs. I knelt first by my babe, and solemnly vowed that never would I look upon its dear face again—never, never would I behold the parent whose grey hairs I had sprinkled with a sorrow that would carry him to the grave—never would I behold you, or the scenes of my infancy. I severed my curls from my head—proud that I had been of their glossy sheen—I gathered my letters, my little mementoes, and left them for you. Then I kissed the babe—I thought how you would care for it—how it would never know from your kind lips the secret of its birth—how it never would be cursed by the presence of its wretched mother—I kissed it—oh, heaven! the memory of that moment! Then softly I stole from that dear home of my birth, venturing only to look in, where slept my father—and, oh! Ruth, I could have shrieked at the expression that moment crossing his features; and he groaned—groaned in his sleep, and the thought that I had brought this heavy sorrow on the happiest household—that I was its blight, its destroyer, gave wings to my despair. I held my breath and fled from the house; soon I found myself on the banks of the deep river, whose tide flows so strongly to the ocean. I threw off

my hat, my mantle; I took off my shoes, and was just plunging in, when—Ruth, I shall believe it to my dying day—I saw *mother*, clad as she was in her coffin, rising from the solemn wave, and throwing her hands forward, as she said, in a hollow voice, ‘*back, child, back.*’ I seem to behold her this moment, with glistening eyes, and clear, polished brow, the moon shining through and through her wondrously white garments—Ruth, I *saw* her, and she saved me. God sent her to save His lost child. I know I knelt down there—my limbs lost all their power of motion till *she* had faded—faded away. Then my will grew strong again; I sprang to my feet; I essayed to plunge, when I felt her hand cold on my shoulder, and I fled on the wings of fear from that terrible spot. Ruth, I think I must have so ran till morning. I only remember that it was broad day when I found myself in a little cottage, miles from my home, where everybody about me was wondering who I was, and I was gazed upon as some fearful thing. I heard them speak of my hair, and hint that I must have made my escape from some mad-house, and so the first chance I could get, I sprang from my bed, though my feet were bare and sore, and made my way from the house. After that, it seems to me, I wandered months through woods and vallies, living on berries, laughing and talking to myself, shunning my kind, crossing rivers, I know not how, until again I forgot life in insensibility. Ruth, I *had* been mad, but I knew it not until one morning, I remember I felt like a little infant, so weak and powerless, and one by one came the strangest thoughts thronging through my shattered mind. I found myself, as recollection and perception grew stronger, in a grand, large room, furnished with the utmost splendor. I was conscious that some one was near; I strove to speak—to sigh, and I was successful. A hand moved aside the light curtains, and a face that looked like a glimpse of heaven broke upon my loneliness. It was the face of a middle-aged man; its whole expression was refined intellectuality, the hair was parted over the forehead, slightly sprinkled with grey; the eyes were large, deep and placid; in short, you see the face before you,” and she pointed to a portrait, enclosed in a massive frame. “I threw myself on his charity; and when, in his peculiarly soft voice, he asked of me my history, I told him. Oh! if I was grieved, I was not ashamed to tell *him*, he seemed so like a mediator; to my excited fancy, he was as the blessed Saviour himself; but remember I was very weak—I was in that state in which actual things take the hue of visions—I could not tell whether it

was I, living and thinking, or whether some other soul had entered into my frame. Only one thought was real to me—I had left my child *forever*—that brought tears and sobs, and for awhile emotion threatened my life. Although several times repeating my sad history, I never gave a clue to my name or residence.

“‘Your tears, your penitence are enough, my poor girl,’ said that melting voice, ‘a contrite heart He will not despise. I will ask of you no further of your sad history, but here you are welcome to remain. Matilda,’ he added, turning from the bed, and at sound of her name a mild-faced woman came to my side, and tenderly laid her hand on mine, ‘be like a mother to her, Matilda, while I am gone,’ he said, ‘she is a repentant Magdalene—a sinning being, whose sin, let us humbly hope, has been forgiven.’

“This he spoke—held his hand out, and gently shook mine, and was gone. Very slowly I recovered—first to walk feebly about my new home, then to move out upon the balcony, then the open green. The housekeeper, Matilda, ever forbore to question me, cared for me in a tender and motherly way, and when I was quite recovered, though I besought her with tears to let me go and work with my hands for the bread of which I was unworthy, she would hear nothing of it. ‘I am lonesome here,’ she invariably added. ‘I once had a daughter like you—at all times you remind me of her—so you must stay. And as to work, why there is plenty to do. Here are jellies and preserves of all kinds to put up—the poor to look after—Mr. Guilame, our good master’s orphan school to attend to. Oh! trust me, you need never be idle here.’

“Well, sister, five years chastened my grief; I became through the silent working of a power that the most hardened reverence if they do not obey—a Christian. Not once had I broken my resolve, though night and day one name was ever on my heart—the name of my child—and as if a blessed born were permitted me, because of my weary hours of repentance and suffering—it seemed ever to me as if the babe hovered still about me. I have at times so distinctly felt her presence, that my heart trembled as it asked the question, is the babe an angel?—oh, my sister, if that beautiful being I yesterday saw, whose hand in my grasp thrilled every nerve in my body with a subtle, but exquisite pain, if she be my child—it is not so; I see by your look, your manner, and my little one has gone—went early; am I not right?”

“She was scarcely a year when she died,” answered Ruth, much agitated, yet as much astonished at her sister’s calmness.

A long silence intervened, during which the other seemed struggling to keep her composure, and when she spoke, she said, "I thank God that He took her to himself in her innocence—she did not live to blight instead of bless society—she is a dear lamb before His throne—but, sister, tell me of yourself—how well you look—how blest you are in the love of such a child—tell me all from the moment I left you."

"First tell me if this good benefactor still live," inquired her sister.

"No—he died seven years ago, after blessing with his love in wedded happiness only three; what have I not lost in him?"

"How singular that our fortunes should be so

much alike," responded her sister—and she related her own life, while the other listened with her hand still in hers.

It had grown nearly dark when this strange, unlooked-for interview drew near its close. Again and again did these newly-found sisters embrace at their leave-taking—and it was settled that as soon as Ruth's important mission, the nature of which, by-the-way, she did not so much as hint at, was concluded, they should again meet; or perhaps, Rose said, she would accompany her sister to the home of her birth, though she shrank from recognition by any of her family.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

ORALIE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

We met beneath the beechen shade,
In Summer's glowing prime,
When whispering leaves soft music made,
And waters sang in rhyme;
And both were young, and one as fair
As olden poet's dream,
Whose gentle heart had ne'er known care,
While floating down life's stream.

And when, beside the Summer sea,
Orion lent his beams,
I breathed my soul to Oralie,
Who filled my sweetest dreams.
And on her warm and blushing cheek
I read a deep, pure love—
A love that lips could never speak,
Or seraphs dream above!

Years passed, and 'neath the beechen shade,
In Autumn's gloomy hour,
When falling leaves sad music made,
And lingered one pale flower—
A youth was musing all alone,
O'er sunny hours fled,
And cold and dreary was the tone
Of Autumn winds o'erhead.

For angels, wandering o'er the earth,
And by the moaning sea,
Grew envious of the glad some mirth
Of loving Oralie;
And now I sadly bend my steps
Down to the sounding sea,
While the flowers wave above the grave,
Of my lost Oralie!

TO LAURA AND THE ALBUM.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Upon my table thou hast lain,
"Moss Rose Album!" and it gives me pain
To see thee home, fearing thou wilt complain.

Yet I would have filled thy leaves with flowers,
From the brightest beds and sweetest bowers,
Or a thousand duties stolen all my hours.

To return to Laura with a smile,
To tell her that I've thought of her the while,
To find in love, though Duty did beguile.

Sometimes Duty comes with looks so stern,
As in vain I attempt from her to turn;
And as I see her that seem to burn.

Thus has it been with me; I would have sped
Had not my chains been strong, my heart like lead,
For sickness came, and all bright fancies fled.

I watched near one beloved, and now rejoice,
For she repays my care with thankful voice.
And gives me words endearing, kind and choice.

Oh, pleasant life! when Love is sweetly near,
To shine upon our sky, serenely clear,
And bring a rainbow through the falling tear.

May thine, dear Laura, be a life of joy,
Which no dark clouds may threaten to destroy,
And pleasant duties all thy hours employ!

NEIGHBOR.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—NEIGH—

Dramatis Personæ.—DARIUS.—SIX CONSPIRATORS.—THEIR CHARGERS.—GROOM TO DARIUS.—
HIS HORSE.—PERSIAN GENERALS AND SOLDIERS.—PERSIAN CITIZENS.

SCENE—*An imaginary plain of vast extent. Lamps are lowered, to denote that the sun has not yet risen.*

ENTER DARIUS on foot, accompanied by his GROOM leading His HORSE. Darius is magnificently dressed in robes of scarlet drugget, and wears a turban of Indian shawl. He, by his actions, informs his Groom, who kneels before him, that he must, together with the Horse he leads, conceal himself behind the drawing-room



curtains. The Groom salaams in answer, and taking the purse offered him by Darius, hides himself with His Horse.

Exit Darius.

Re-enter Darius on His Charger, surrounded by SIX CONSPIRATORS, all magnificently dressed and mounted. They shake hands, and then drawing themselves up in a line, await the rising of the sun.

The lamps are turned on, to intimate that the sun has just risen. Immediately the Groom, drawing aside the curtains, discovers himself and His Horse. The Charger of Darius, on perceiving his companion, neighs to it in recognition.

The Six Conspirators, descend from THEIR CHARGERS, and stand in a row before Darius, who remains mounted. They bend the knee as a sign of their obedience. Darius courteously begs of them to rise, and they remount their chargers.



Enter PERSIAN GENERALS in full armor of dish-cover breast-plates, and turbans of rich shawls and scarfs. They lead on their troops, carrying spears of brooms, and banners of fire-screens. The Generals bend the knee to Darius, who, by his affable pantomime, wins their love. The Generals, drawing their swords of walking-sticks, deliver them to the king, who immediately returns them. A crown of jelly mould is placed on the head of Darius. The troops

pretend to shout with loyalty, and wave their spears and banners high in the air.

Enter CITIZENS, appearing to shout, and dancing for joy. Darius addresses them in a few energetic gestures, frequently striking his breast. The Citizens are melted to tears. They all kneel. The king distributes among them pieces of card counter money.

Exeunt procession to grand march on the piano.

ACT II.—BOUR (BOAR.)

A COUNT, (*in love with A Lady.*)—A LADY, (*in love with A Count.*)—GERMAN HUNSMEN.—
SERVANTS.—HORSES.—DOGS.—BOAR.

SCENE *represents, if possible, a wood in Germany. Huge trees are supposed to be visible on all sides.*

HUNTING chorus on the pianoforte, at first at a great distance, and gradually increasing, when

Enter A COUNT on horseback, and surrounded by GERMAN HUNSMEN also mounted, and SER-

VANTS holding back the impatient DOGS. The Count has his trousers tucked up, to show his Wellington boots, and wears a belt round his frock coat, and a feather in his hat. He is

armed with a long spear of broom or curtain-rod, and has several knives in his belt. The Huntsmen also wear imitation romantic German costumes, and carry long spears. A flask is passed round, from which they all drink. A horn is heard without.

Enter a LADY on foot, escorted by two servants, who hold her horse. She wears a long riding-habit of table-cover, is armed with a short spear of bright poker, the Count, on seeing her, is startled, and expresses, by pressing his bosom, his love for her. He advances humbly



toward her. She informs him in impassioned pantomime—a *la Nesbitt*—that she will join in the chase. The Count is alarmed, and turns aside in sorrow. He then implores her, on his knees, to go back. She refuses. The Huntsmen mount their steeds.

Exeunt omnes, the Count escorting the Lady.

Enter a wild BOAR, growling, he squats on the ground, and looks around.

The sounds of trumpets and the barking of dogs heard without.

Exit Boar rapidly.

Re-enter Boar, pursued by Dogs and Huntsmen, who cast their spears of brooms at the

animal. The Dogs gain upon the Boar, who makes for the jungle of window-curtains. He is instantly surrounded by the Dogs. Several of them he is supposed to gore with his shoe-horn tusks.

The Huntsmen urge the Dogs on.

Enter the Lady, attended by the Count. Making a signal to the Count, she rushes at the Boar with pointed bright poker, and attacks it fiercely. The Boar springs upon her, and the Huntsmen drop their spears with alarm as they perceive her overthrown by the savage animal.

The Count for a moment wrings his hands, then drawing his hunting-knife of walking-stick,



he rushes boldly on the Boar, which immediately leaves the Lady to engage the Count.

(*Terrific combat.*)

The Count is wounded, and fights on one knee, when he slays the Boar.

The Count has his wounds dressed by the Lady, who binds her handkerchief round his arm. Then falling on one knee, he declares his passion for her in amatory pantomime. She,

turning her head on one side from modesty, accepts him.

Huntsmen group around the lovers, holding their hats high in the air, as if cheering, whilst the dead Boar is placed in clothes-basket, and hoisted upon the shoulders of the Servants.

(*Grand tableau.*)

Exeunt in procession, the piano performing Huntsman's march, dying away in the distance.



ACT II.—NEIGHBOR.

Dramatis Personæ.—SICK GENTLEMAN.—HIS WIFE.—NEIGHBORS.

SCENE—The stage is divided by a screen into two rooms; one of them represents the bed-chamber of Sick Gentleman, with the curtains arranged as a bed. Chairs, &c.

ENTER SICK GENTLEMAN with night-cap and dressing-gown. He is very weak, and bends his knees while talking. His WIFE follows, bearing the night-shade and the warming-pan. The Sick Gentleman seats himself, whilst His Wife warms the bed behind the curtains, and

having given her Husband his physic, puts him to bed. She remains by his side until the invalid snores, then exit on tip-toe.

Enter into the other room the NEIGHBORS. One of them carries a large band-box drum, and

the others trumpets of rolls of music. They place upon the table a black bottle and glasses, and commence drinking. Then, preparing their instruments, they begin playing. (*Music.*)

The Sick Gentleman is roused from his sleep,



and starts up in his bed. He gazes wildly around, and shakes his fist at the screen. He in vain tries to go to sleep.

Enter His Wife, wringing her hands. She rushes to the wall of screen, and knocks against it loudly, but the musicians do not hear her, and continue their concert.

Sick Gentleman puts on his dressing-gown, and jumping out of bed, paces the room with indignant strides. At last, taking a book, he seats himself, and leaning over the rush-light shade, tries to read.

The Neighbors at last lay aside their instruments to replenish their glasses.

The sick man throws away the book, and is helped by His Wife once more into his bed, and again he snores.

The Neighbors now begin dancing to a drum accompaniment, opening their mouths as if singing, whilst hand in hand they are jumping round the table.

The Sick Gentleman is once more aroused.

Nearly driven mad, he rages and jumps about the room in an agony of desperation. He throws the book against the screen, and dashes his night-cap on the floor.



His Wife is alarmed, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, stamps on the floor, and pointing to the screen, rushes out indignantly.

Enter the Wife into Neighbors' room. She goes through the pantomime process of informing them that her husband is sick in the next house. She thumps the table, and shakes her fist at them. They all laugh, and the drum strikes up again. Full of indignation, she rushes from the room, followed by Neighbors.



Sick Gentleman, surprised at this renewal of the noise, draws his dressing-gown round him, and pulling his night-cap tightly on his head,

hurries from the room, shaking his fist at the ceiling to tell that he will be revenged.

A DAY IN APRIL.

BY T. B. READ.

It is the Spring-time; April violets glow
In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
Like shy elves hiding from the traveller's eye;
The mellow air, which from the woodland comes,
Is full of perfume shed from opening buds.
Around, and over all, the white calm lies
Flooded with perfume and mysterious light;
So sweet, so beautiful, it seems a day

Lost out of Eden! See, where children come,
With innocent laughter, but not over loud,
Plucking the purple violets by the way;
While from their feet the butterfly, released
But yesterday from out his Winter cell,
Darts up with devious flight, and, like a wisp,
Wavers across the meadow!

New Pastoral.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

THE sick ward of a hospital, mockingly, it would seem, called Bellevue. The room was long, low in the ceiling, and lighted by a range of windows sunk deep in the wall, which over-looked the East river and an expanse of Long Island that curved along the opposite shore.

A few poverty-stricken women, and some worse than that, because bowed down by shame as well as poverty, had sought this ward as the only place in which their anguish and sorrow could find shelter.

Narrow, pauper cots, furnished with straw beds and covered with coarse, checked cotton, were ranged down each side of the room, with just space enough between to allow a sort of foot-path in which the nurses could pass from one cot to another. Every cot was occupied. Here a young face, so pale and mournful that your heart ached while gazing on it, was turned sadly toward you on the straw pillow, or a feeble hand would make an effort to draw up the coverlet that you might not mark the flush of shame that stole over her forehead, or discover the cause of that shame which lay nestled in her bosom.

Other faces met your view, coarse and shameless, or haggard with long suffering; and some turned upon you eyes so full of gentle submission, that you wondered why human beings so opposite in their nature, should be crowded together in one room, even by poverty.

Sounds, in painful harmony with the scene, greeted your entrance. Murmurs of sharp impatience, imprecations suppressed only by fear, and open complaints from the coarser and ruder inmates, drowned the sighs and timid whispers of maternal love that gave a breath of heaven even to that miserable place.

Two cots in the room, both standing in a remote corner, were occupied like the rest, but gave forth no signs of life. They stood close together, and of the occupants it seemed impossible to say which was the palest, or which was actually dead, so coldly white were the two faces that gazed upon you from their pillows.

Both were young, and one was wondrously beautiful even in that deathly state, when forehead, hands and lips were blanched to the whiteness of a corpse. The other was less beautiful, but very young, and so fragile that you wondered why death had waited to find her in that miserable place, for she *was* dead. The grey shadows settling like a mist upon her face, the locked whiteness of her features, the imperceptible stiffening of her white hand upon the coverlet, all proclaimed this truth with terrible distinctness. But there was yet a breath of life close to her heart, a faint flutter as if a wounded bird had folded its wings forever, and then all was quiet as if sleep were there, or death had come twice. The grey shadows of a winter's morning crept through the checked curtains of a neighboring window, and hung coldly around that pauper couch; and amid the muttering of patients restless with fever, or clamorous for nourishment, the wail of sickly infants, and the outcries of healthy ones, this poor young creature died and grew cold, unwatched and unwept. And the other, she who lay so like an exquisite statue on the neighboring couch, would no life ever return to her? There was a faint motion of the bed-clothes, as if life still lingered there, but did it exist in that fair young mother or in the child, for she too was a mother, and even in the chill of insensibility she held the little being into which her own seemed to have merged, clasped to her bosom.

Just as the day dawned, a nurse came into the ward, not with her usual dauntless step, but stealthily, and casting sidelong glances from cot to cot, like a panther fearing to arouse his prey. She stopped once or twice and arranged the pillows of her patients, with a sort of cajoling attention, always leaving their faces turned from the corner where those two young creatures lay. Then she stole softly between the two cots, and bending down her face till her soiled curl-papers almost touched the dead, listened, touched the cold hand on the coverlet, and cautiously turned down the clothes.

The woman scarcely breathed, but stood

upright again, casting furtive glances down the ward. All was quiet, save the murmurs of a child, far down the room, who was struggling to keep its place in the arms of a drowsy mother.

The nurse was relieved by this sound. It gave her time for breath. The rustle of her own dress seemed less startling. She turned to the other bed, stooped over it still more cautiously, and laid her hand down upon the heart of the senseless woman.

She half rose, gave a sharp glance over her shoulder, and taking each of the fair hands, clasped so fondly around the treasure, she forced them gently apart, and lifted the child from its mother's bosom.

A shudder passed through the frame of that young mother, as if the last gleam of life had been torn from her heart. Her eyeballs quivered, and her lips were, for an instant, faintly convulsed. The nurse turned suddenly to the other couch, and back again, while this life struggle was going on. Without unclosing her eyes, the poor creature reached forth her arms, and clasped them fondly again with a sigh of ineffable delight and sunk away motionless, and without perceptible breath.

But it was not for joy. As the child, a moment before, had seemed to drain the vitality from her heart with its own warmth, so now some outward chill drove back the blood to its centre. With a moan and a struggle, she came to life, opened her great, blue eyes and fixed them wildly on the nurse.

"I am cold, oh! so cold," she said, shivering, and cowering down into the bed, "what have you done to me?"

"Done to you?" said the nurse, faintly, "done to you? Nothing, but try my best to bring you to. Why, it's almost dead you've been, I don't know how long."

The invalid did not hear this. A momentary impulse of strength seized upon her. She flung back the bed-clothes, and bending her face downward, fixed those wild eyes upon the child. One glance, and she lifted them with a sharp, questioning look to the woman, and passing her hand over the little face, whispered hoarsely, "What is this?"

The nurse put her hands down and touched the infant. The poor mother felt those coarse hands shaking against her own, and shrunk away with a faint cry: it seemed as if they had inflicted some wound upon her.

It was some moments before the woman spoke. When she did, it was with a sort of unnatural quickness, accompanied with hurried glances down the room.

"Where's the doctor? It might have been expected. Fainting fits all night—overlaid and smothered it. Half on your face when I came in—arms grasped around it like a vice. No wonder it's cold."

"Cold. Is that all—only cold?" cried the mother, trembling all over, "only cold?"

"Cold as a stone, and dead as a door nail, that's what it is!" answered the nurse, sharply, for that moment the physician of the ward came in sight, and the nurse judged well of the effect her brutal speech would have on the young creature.

With a cry, that in her feebleness scarcely arose above a wail, she fell back perfectly senseless again.

"What is the trouble here?" inquired the doctor, coming forward. "Oh, I expected this!" he added, glancing at the dead, "scarcely a breath of life in her from the first. The baby too, I suppose."

"No!" answered the nurse, quickly, "that poor creature has lost her baby. Hers is just alive yet, I wish they wouldn't send such delicate creatures here. It's enough to destroy one's character to have them die off so."

"But she is not dead," replied the doctor, pressing between the two cots, and taking the little hand that had fallen away from the child, "almost as bad though; a hard chill—we shall have fever next! Take the child away. No wonder she feels cold! How long has it been dead?"

"It was cold when I came in."

"Well, well, have it removed. She will never come to with that chilling her to the heart."

"And the other baby?" questioned the nurse, anxiously.

"Give it to some of these women to nurse, till something can be done; and order two coffins. They mustn't lie here, or we shall have a panic among the patients."

The nurse made an effort to take the child once more from its mother's arms; but, for the first time, she seemed nervous and reluctant to touch the dead, till the doctor startled her, saying impatiently,

"There, be quick, or the woman will die! That will do—now let me see if anything can put life into her? Poor thing, poor thing. It's a pity the baby is dead—but then what chance has an orphan in this world?—better dead, if she could only be brought to think so!"

While he was talking, the nurse bent suddenly to the floor and snatched up a small, silken bag, which, suspended by a braid chain, had been torn from the invalid's neck when the babe was

first removed from her arms. The doctor turned his eyes that way.

"I am always dropping this pin-cushion from my side!" she said, hurriedly, gathering up the chain in her hand, "there is no keeping any thing in its place."

"Don't stop for such nonsense," cried the physician, impatiently, "or the woman will die under our hands."

The nurse thrust the silken chain and its appendage into her bosom, and began in earnest to render assistance. The poor young creature was aroused at length from the cold torpor that had seized upon her; but she awoke to a hot flush of fever, raving with pathetic wildness of a thousand things which no one comprehended—of a husband that had left her in the depths of trouble, of the child that she fancied herself clasping, and of the nurse who seemed forever and ever over her bed, as she persisted in thinking, like a great, black statue that had chilled her heart to death beneath its shadow. Thus she raved and muttered, while the fever kindled wilder and hotter within her veins, and her eyes grew star-like in the glittering brightness.

Hour after hour she kept up these mental wanderings, and then sunk away again.

Meantime the nurse had been very restless under the doctor's eye, and negligent beyond precedent when he was away. But for the kindly interposition of a convalescent patient in the ward, the poor invalid must have perished from inattention, if not from positive violations of all medical rules.

The woman of whom we speak was a plump, wholesome, little Irish dame, with the freshest face and warmest heart that ever looked poverty in the face.

She had entered the hospital quietly and grateful for the asylum thus provided for her in time of need. In the depths of winter, with three little children "to the fare," as she said, and the husband without a hand's turn of work, what had she to do eating up the bread that was but half enough to keep the hunger from so many clamorous mouths. Why shouldn't she take herself to the hospital thankfully, while the good man—for want of better work—minded the children at home? Mary Margaret Dillon had no pride in the matter, not she. Bellevue, in her estimation, belonged to the people, John possessed a right to vote among the sovereigns and had paid taxes, for which his landlord took the credit, in the shape of exorbitant rents for the last ten years. Thus he had secured, as she considered it, a lean upon at least one humble straw bed in the hospital, and of that she took

possession with as little feeling of humiliation as beset Victoria when she mounted the throne of England.

When the scene, we have just described, happened, Mary Margaret, who had neither lost her roses or her cheerfulness, was sitting upon the side of her cot, striving with her active little hands to remedy the fit of a scant calico dress in which her fourth born was arrayed. As she sat thus, smiling fondly upon the infant, and finding a world of beauty in its plump face and tiny red hands, the buxom mother would have made a capital model for one of Reuben's Madonnas.

"Isn't it a darlint?" she murmured, touching each velvet cheek daintily with the tip of her finger, pressing up her lips and emitting a succession of audible kisses upon the air, the sound of which almost brought the first smiles to her baby's mouth.

"Isn't it a wonder and a beauty, with its diamond black eyes and elegant hair, like his father before him?" she continued, stretching the little fellow across her lap, and striving to cover the tiny feet that would peep out from beneath the coarse dress, by two or three vigorous pulls at the skirt. "Won't the children be dancing with joy when they get us home again, and John, faith, but he'll never grumble that there's another mouth to fill—barring the year when its in arms, poor crathur—for the blessed Virgin that sent the baby'll find work for us long afore it'll have teeth for the praties, sure."

Thus the good woman and unconscious philosopher muttered to herself, as she sought to redeem her babe from the unbecoming effects of his pauper dress—winding its silken hair around the tips of her fingers, and coaxing it to smile with kisses and gentle touches of the cheek between whiles, she continued her murmurs of gentle fondness, happy as a mother bird upon her nest.

She had tied the awkward sleeves down from its shoulders with knots of faded pink ribbon, taken from her own cap, and was holding it at arm's length with a broad smile of triumph, when the nurse passed the cot with her checked apron folded over some object that she held to her bosom.

"What have ye there, Mrs. Post, saving yer prisence?" inquired Mary Margaret, holding her baby poised in mid air, and turning her kindly eyes upon the nurse. "It isn't dead, sure?"

"She is," answered the nurse, nodding her head toward the cot.

Mary Margaret held her breath, and tears stole to her eyes as she stood up, trembling

beneath the weight of her infant, and looked toward the pale face of the dead.

"And the poor, young crathur in the cot alongside, what has happened to her?" inquired Mary Margaret.

"She's as good as dead, don't you hear how she raves? Mutter—mutter, she hasn't strength for more: all the doctors on earth couldn't save her."

"And her baby?" asked Mary Margaret, filled with compassion, and hugging her own child fondly to her bosom.

"Oh! that's yonder by the dead woman, cold as she is!"

Mary Margaret held her child closer, and the tears streamed down her face.

"Give me a look at the motherless crathur," she said, laying her child upon the cot, and reaching forth her arms.

The nurse hesitated an instant, and then flung back her apron from the face of the infant.

"Poor thing, poor thing, how deathly it looks, what great, wild eyes! How it stares at one!" exclaimed Mary Margaret, sobbing.

"It's half starved," answered the nurse, looking down upon her burden with a callous smile, "it won't feed. To-night will see the end on't."

Mary Margaret glanced at her own sleeping child, and then turned her burning eyes upon the other.

"Give it here," she said, "there's enough for both—give him here."

The nurse frowned and drew up her apron.

"The doctor must settle that. It's not my business, Mrs. Dillon," she said, harshly.

"The doctor! Well, where is he? Be quick and ask him, or let me."

"When he comes in the morning will be time enough," answered the nurse, preparing to move on.

"The morning! Why the poor crathur 'll be gone afore that," persisted the kind woman, stepping a pace forward, and supporting herself with difficulty. "Let me have it, I say?"

The nurse jerked her arm from the feeble grasp laid upon it, and harshly bade the woman return to her bed and mind her own business.

Mary Margaret tottered back and sat down upon the foot of her couch.

"It 'll die, it 'll die afore the blessed day is over," she muttered, sadly, for her maternal heart ached over the orphan. "Arrah, is the doctor won only to the fare?"

She ended this pitiful exclamation with a joyful cry of, "The saints be praised, here he is, welcome as cowslips in spring," and regardless of her feeble state, she arose and stood ready

to address the doctor, as he came down the ward.

The nurse uttered a sharp exclamation, in which an oath was but half smothered, and advancing firmly toward the cot, flung the famished child down by the sleeping babe of Mary Margaret.

"There, take the last!" she said, with an unnatural laugh, "I meant that you should nurse it all the time, if you hadn't teased one's life out about it."

Mary Margaret did not answer, her limbs were trembling like aspens, and she sunk upon the cot overpowered with fatigue. Drawing the little stranger softly to her bosom, she watched its great eyes turned upon her own, till, as if struck by the same mesmeric influence, the woman and the infant slumbered together, a sweet picture of helplessness and charity, a noble proof that no human being can find a place so humble upon earth, that some good to others may not be wrought out of it.

As the woman and children lay thus, buried in that gentle sleep, which sometimes falls like dew after a good action. The lifeless young creature was lifted from her pauper death-bed, and carried forth to be stretched in the still more poverty-stricken pine coffin. Then the marble form of the infant was carelessly carried after, and Catharine Lacy followed it with her wild, bright eyes, and laughed as the door closed.

CHAPTER II.

LATE in the evening, after the scene we have just described, the hospital nurse, who had been an evil actor in it, stood with a smoking lamp in her hand in a closet or store-room where the patients' garments were kept. From one of the shelves she took a bundle tied up in a coarse woollen shawl, and drew forth a long marine cloak that evidently found its origin in old Ireland. She folded the cloak cautiously around her, then selecting a bonnet from a score or two that filled a side press, she tied a green veil closely over it and extinguished her lamp, finding her way out by the glow of its smouldering wick, and leaving a cloud of offensive smoke to deepen the already unpleasant atmosphere of the room.

The woman had evidently intended to disguise herself, and she stole like a thief down the dark passages of the building, avoiding the officers and keeping close to the shadow whenever she came within the range of a light, like one who feared to be seen.

At last she came out into the grounds in front of the hospital. The moon was up, but hidden

occasionally by masses of clouds that cumbered the sky with a darkness that threatened snow. The woman waited under the shadow of the steps till a heap of these clouds had completely obscured the moon, and then darted out, taking a central walk that leads from the principal entrance to Bellevue down to the water.

A grape-arbor runs half way down this walk, covering it, even in winter, with a thousand gnarled and twisted vines, that keep the light away and afford that obscurity of which she seemed so desirous.

Here she paused, and heaving a deep breath, walked more leisurely forward, drawing her veil closer, and folding the cloak over her garments more resolutely as she approached the open grounds again.

As she came forth, the moon had waded half through the bank of clouds, that had overwhelmed it for a moment, and began to pour its faint silver along their edges, a sight beautiful to look upon, but very repulsive to the woman, who wanted no light and could expect no beauty on the dark path she had begun to tread.

Resolved to be in advance of the threatened illumination, she darted in a slanting direction across a range of garden beds, that lay, a mass of trodden mud and decaying vegetable stumps, between her and the southern wall.

Again she was in safety, though the moon had rolled forth into the clear of the sky once more, and all around was dimly illuminated. She stood in the shadow cast by a low, stone building, half buried behind heaps of coal, empty barrels, and all sorts of refuse lumber that had been allowed to accumulate in that portion of the grounds.

Another might have trembled and shrunk back appalled from the position in which this woman found herself, so late at night, in the very presence of death, for the atmosphere was heavy and so oppressive, that even in the clear cold of the night, a faintness crept over her not from fear, not from any over excitement of the nerves, but purely from the unwholesome air that she breathed.

She knew that the low, stone building was heaped with dead bodies, prepared for burial with such scant care as the pauper dead receive. She knew also that there was an epidemic in the hospital, and that this store-house of mortality was unusually crowded; but this gave her no uneasiness, and she shook off the sickness that oppressed her, with a sort of scorn, as if she and death had become too familiar for him to take such liberties with her.

The effect, which habit produces upon a coarse

nature, was repulsively visible here. The woman stood within a narrow path, over which the dead-house flung its repulsive shadow. On the other side the moonbeams fell, grim and ghastly, on double rows of rough pine coffins, lifted endwise, and arranged in hideous proximity, so far as the dim light would permit her to see.

Thus between these hollow receptacles prepared for the dead, and death itself, the woman walked. The moonlight revealing the suggestive horror on one hand, while a dense shadow and a thick wall of stone shut out the real horror close by.

But what cared the hospital nurse for this? The coffins on her right, so glistening and ghastly, were nothing but a heap of pine boards fashioned in a fantastic shape to her. The building nothing more than a pile of stone, which cast a convenient shadow for her to walk in. She rather resented the closeness of the atmosphere, but scorned to walk faster, and snuffed it with a sort of defiant toss of the head, muttering that "she could stand anything, and wasn't to be frightened by shadows, not she!"

Thus, picking her steps leisurely, she went down this valley of death; and secure of not being discovered from the hospital windows, passed through a gate, in the wall near the water, which had most conveniently been left unlocked by the porter.

Once free of the hospital walls, Jane Kelly moved on with more resolution. An omnibus stood at its station on one of the avenues. She entered it, and seating herself in an extreme corner, subsided, to all appearance, into a state of passive indifference. The omnibus heaved and rumbled on its way, receiving here and there a woman of the lower classes, or a half intoxicated man passing home to his family after a primary meeting or a reunion in some corner grocery.

The hospital nurse got out where Nassau street verges from Chatham, and disappeared after walking half a dozen blocks down one of the cross streets. We find her again threading her way up through the darkness of a large building, divided into offices and rooms of various sizes, mostly untenanted at that hour of the night. The passages were profoundly dark; the staircase narrow, and winding in and out with no regard to architectural rules; in some places considerably out of repair, while in others bits of coal and pea-nut husks crouched under foot, and gave evidence of a general state of untidiness perceptible even in the dark.

At last the woman came to a wooden door, at which she paused. A gleam of light came

through a crevice over the threshold, and struggled around an iron key half turned in the lock, and with this came a faint noise as of some person moving within.

Jane Kelly knocked at this door, rather timidly, as if she were a little uncertain if it were the place she sought.

There was no answer. But the noise of a moving chair, and a shuffle of feet as if approaching the door, kept Jane Kelly stationary. After some delay the door was partially opened, and a face looked through.

"Who are you? What do you want here with a veil on that nobody can see through? Go away," said a sharp, angry voice.

"You told me to come!" said the woman, lifting her veil and bending forward that her features might be seen.

"Not at this time of night," cried the voice, which now exhibited a slightly foreign accent; and, without having really seen the face presented for her inspection, she was about to close the door entirely.

"You don't know me. I came from Bellevue," said the nurse, "you told me to come, and I'm here."

"Bellevue, Bellevue. Oh! and in the night. Come in, come in—has anything happened?—anybody dead, hey?"

The door was flung open more generously, and the visitor half pulled, half invited through.

"There, there, sit down," cried its inmate, sweeping a lean, grey cat from the rush-bottom of an old chair with one broken arm, and presenting it to her guest in a quick, eager way.

"Any news?—anything to tell? Why should you come so late? Why don't you speak?"

"Yes, I've got news. It's all over——"

"What! Dead? Really dead? But which of 'em? Not both? That would be too good luck! Not both, hey?"

"No, madame, that isn't just true yet. But to-morrow will tell the story. If it hadn't been for a woman in the ward, who *would* give the medicine after I'd forgot it agin. and agin, you might have saved the expense of two graves. Something interesting, you know, in burying a baby on its mother's bosom."

"Then she isn't dead?" cried the woman, working the long, sharp nails of her right hand fiercely against the palm. "But the child?"

"Oh! I saw that nicely stowed away among a heap of little coffins, on a wheelbarrow, and ready to be bundled off to the dead-house. All right with the baby!"

"And you're sure there's no mistake?"

"Sure? Didn't I put on its cotton shroud

myself, a mighty scant thing too, but just wide enough to wrap around its little limbs without a fold? I marked the coffin too with my own hands, letter B, with chalk. If you want to be satisfied it's easily found, and can be kept till the mother is ready. It'll save expense, besides being so interesting."

"Expense!" cried the occupant of the room, with a look of sharp anxiety. "Expense! I thought the city bore that. Do they charge for putting a miserable baby into Potter's-field?"

"No, but then most people like a single grave, you know; it only costs a dollar."

"Only costs a dollar! as if dollars were made to fling into Potter's-field. Why, woman, do you know how much a dollar is worth? How much interest it will bring, how many years it will take a dollar to double? A dollar for a dead baby! If I'd spent dollars so extravagantly, do you think I should a been rolling in gold now, rolling, rolling in it—do ye hear?"

Jane Kelly cast a rather scornful glance around the miserable chamber, with its naked floor, single bed, and coarse wooden chairs. This did not look much like rolling in gold.

"You don't believe me? you think I lie. Very well, very well. You fear that I cannot pay, very well again—we shall see to that!"

"It's no joke," said Jane Kelly, who really did begin to fear for the safety of her bribe, after discovering this nakedness of the land. "It's no joke to do what I've done; and a poor body like me might be a trifle anxious about the pay, without blame, let me tell you, ma'am."

"Did you kill the baby?" inquired Madame De Marke, in a low, cunning whisper. "Because if you did, of course that makes a difference. Did you kill it?"

Jane sat silent, tempted to assent; for the woman's words seemed to promise a heavier reward, if crime had really been committed; and her rapacity overcome her prudence.

"Did you kill it?" eagerly repeated the woman.

"Don't ask me?" answered the nurse, drawing down her veil, as with a spasm of remorse, "I don't want to think about it."

"Then you did kill it!" cried the woman, and her little, black eyes twinkled with mingled cupidity and malice.

"The price ought to be doubled, ma'am. One's conscience is worth something."

"Double! oh! ho. Double is it," cried Madame De Marke, rubbing her long, thin hands together with malicious glee. "Why, woman, it's you that should give me money for keeping your wicked secret, Mary Mother forgive me," and madame reached forth her hands, and took a

golden crucifix, with a piece of twine attached, from a ridge over the fire-place, which marked the line where a mantel-piece had been, which she kissed reverently.

The sight of this crucifix, which was of pure gold and exquisitely wrought, gave Jane Kelly renewed confidence in the ability of her employer to reward the service she had rendered. Though a poor match for the shrewd and singular woman with whom she had to deal, Jane was quick-witted enough to see her mistake. But she allowed Madame De Marke to go on, while her own thoughts were taking form.

"You see," whispered madame, fixing her sharp eyes on the nurse, "you see it is dangerous keeping a secret of this kind for any one. Then your coming here to-night, people might suspect me of having some interest in the matter, and that would never do. Still, for a trifle, say two or three months wages, I will keep silent about it."

"Two or three months wages from me to you," cried the nurse astounded, "from me to you!"

"Why, murder! you know, my dear, murder! you don't seem to appreciate the nature of a secret like that."

"But I have committed no murder. The baby died naturally. Who talks of murder? *I only let it alone.* Where is the law agin that, I'd like to know."

"You didn't kill it," cried madame, with a grim smile, and still rubbing her hands. "Didn't kill it?"

"Masterly inactivity," as the papers say, nothing more," answered the nurse, gathering self-possession as she remarked the rather crest-fallen looks of her companion.

"Well, then, if the creature died naturally, what more can be said about it? Of course you don't want money for a baby that died of its own accord."

"But I do want money, all you promised, and will have it, too."

"All I promised! how much was that?"

"Two hundred dollars for the baby; four, if both went together," answered Jane, resolutely.

"Two hundred dollars!" cried madame, lifting up both hands, with the long, claw-like nails, like a bird ready to pounce on his prey. "Two hundred dollars! Is the woman crazy? Why it was *two dollars*; a handsome little fee to the nurse, for kindness and care of a poor girl that once washed for me. Two hundred dollars!"

"The poor, young mother isn't dead; and good nursing may save her. I am a good nurse, when I fancy the patient, Madame De Marke."

Madame De Marke started, her eyes fell and were lifted again with a sidelong glance. Jane read the glance, and her own eyes filled with the low cunning always uppermost in her nature.

"I have two ways of nursing. That 'masterly inactivity,' which worked so well for the baby—regular attention to the doctor's directions when he happens to be an experimentalizing student, or inattention to his orders when he is honest and knows what he is about. Any one of 'em is pretty sure to create a demand for two breadths of cotton muslin and a pine coffin."

"And which of these will you take?" asked madame, anxiously.

"None of them, madame. You don't chose to settle up, and I don't chose to work for nothing. Can't afford it; nurses' pay is next to nothing; it's only two months since they gave me wages."

"Why, I thought you had been in Bellevue for years?"

"Oh! yes, off and on I have. But then I was detailed over from the penitentiary, and the prisoners don't get wages. Not much chance for them to make money, except once in a while, when somebody outside wants a thing hushed up, like this, for instance, or a patient happens to hide a few dollars under her pillow, which gives a few lean pickings and stealings to the nurses."

Madame De Marke's eyes brightened, and a crafty smile stole over her lips. "Perhaps she'll have some money hid away. I shouldn't wonder; enough to pay for your trouble all round; she always was hoarding up. Oh, I have no doubt you may trust to finding heaps of money between her beds, but she'll take care of it while there is a breath of life in her, never fear that."

The nurse laughed a low, sly laugh, that rather discomposed her hostess.

"I've searched," she said, "the poor thing lay insensible two whole hours."

"Then you found nothing?" inquired the French woman, with a look of keen anxiety.

"Nothing but a little silk bag, with some papers in it."

"Papers! What were they? I have missed papers. What were they? Or perhaps you can't read. Let me look at the papers."

"Oh! yes," answered the nurse, demurely, "I can read. There was a paper with some poetry on it."

"Poetry," cried Madame De Marke, in a tone of ineffable contempt, but which gave forth a burst of relief also. "Poetry! is that all?"

"No," replied Jane Kelly, with quiet deliberation. "There was some marriage lines between George De Marke and Catharine Long."

"Though her face was repulsive and dull from want of washing, Madame De Marke turned pale, and her eyes began to gleam with fierce desire. She stretched forth her hand, and commenced eagerly working the fingers, as a hungry parrot gropes for his food.

"Give me the lines. They belong to me. My name was Catharine, and De Marke's name was George. Give me the lines. She stole them."

"Haven't got them with me," said Jane, folding the cloak more closely around her, with real fear that the witch-like woman would tear them from her bosom, if she knew that they were there.

"But you will bring them. Say to-morrow night."

Jane Kelly laughed, and looking into the eyes of the eager woman, muttered, "Nothing for nothing."

"I—I will give you the—that is a hundred dollars for the paper," urged the woman, still working her fingers eagerly.

"To-night? Well, yes, if you give up the paper, but then for cash down there'll be a discount. Say fifty dollars. Times are very hard."

"Not a cent less than the full hundred," answered the nurse, resolutely.

Madame De Marke sat restlessly in her chair. The idea of parting with so much money was absolute torture. A hundred dollars! Why she did not spend more than half that sum on herself during a whole year, and for that insolent graduate from the penitentiary to ask so much for a single scrap of paper, the very thought enraged her.

"Say seventy-five now," she pleaded, in a wheedling tone, weaving her fingers softly together.

"I don't want to sell the paper. If the girl gets well, as I mean she shall, it 'll be worth more than a hundred dollars to her."

"But she has no money."

"Well, I can afford to do without it. The city government always gives me a home when I want it."

"Take seventy-five."

"Well, say seventy-five for the paper, and a hundred for the baby."

"The baby again!" snarled Madame De Marke, "it's dead, of its own accord. I won't pay a sous for it, not a sous!"

Jane Kelly hesitated a moment, looked around the room as if afraid of being overheard, and then leaning forward, whispered a few words in Madame De Marke's ear.

"I—I'll give you the money. Seventy-five

dollars down. One hundred when, when it's all set right."

"It's all set right now."

"Very well, very well, you are a noble girl, Jane. Jane, what is the name?"

"Kelly. Jane Kelly. That isn't my penitentiary name. I've got another for the prison books."

"Never mind the penitentiary, you're a noble girl, Jane Kelly. I'd trust you with untold gold. No, not gold, there is something very tempting in gold, too tempting for human nature; but I'd trust you with silver untold, silver or bank notes, if I only had them about me. But the times are so very hard, say fifty dollars down, all in solid silver, it'll make your heart jump to hear the dollars fall upon each other. I tell you it's enough to break one's heart when such music goes the other way. Now you will take the fifty, that's a dear, good soul."

Jane shook her head stubbornly.

"Now consider how much money is worth just now, fifty dollars is worth a hundred at any other time."

Jane Kelly arose and prepared to go. Fed as she was, this woman's clinging avarice disgusted her.

"Well, well, if you will be so hard-hearted, I must try and raise the money, though how it is to be done I can't begin to tell. Wait a minute. Just step out into the passage, that's a nice girl."

CHAPTER III.

JANE stepped into the passage, and Madame De Marke closed the door after her. In the upper portion of the door was a narrow sash window, covered inside with a faded, red valance, through which the light came with a dull, lurid glow; for Madame De Marke had kindled the end of a tallow candle after the entrance of her visitor, and thus the meagre room was in some sort illuminated.

Jane naturally kept her eyes on this curtain, for all without was profoundly dark. All at once she discovered a corner of the faded maroon folded back, leaving a small, triangular corner of the glass uncovered. To this corner the nurse bent her eye, and saw Madame De Marke half way under the bed, where she looked more like a bundle of old clothes crowded away from sight than a human being.

By her side, upon the soiled floor, stood an ink-bottle with its neck choked up by the swaling stump of her candle. For a moment, the body of Madame De Marke almost disappeared under the bed, then she crept slowly forth backward,

upon her hands and knees, dragging what had once been a small soap box after her.

When once free from the bed, Madame De Marke arose softly to her feet, crept toward the door, and tried the lock to be certain that it was secure. Then she gave the curtain a pull, which, fortunately for Jane, rather increased the scope of vision, that, for the moment, she was admonished not to enjoy.

After satisfying herself that all was right, Madame De Marke seated herself on the floor, and drawing the ink-bottle close to her side, unlocked one of the iron bands that had been fastened around the box, and cautiously lifted the lid, raising the light in her left hand as she proceeded. Again she looked cautiously over her shoulder, holding her breath and half closing the lid. But perfect silence gave her confidence, and with a slow movement, as if each motion were a pang, she began to count out some gold pieces, which she laid in her lap with great caution, lest the gold should clink, and thus reach the ears which she knew must be listening outside the door.

All at once she stopped, held a half eagle between her fingers, where it began to quiver and gleam from the unsteady motion of her hand, while a look of indescribable craft stole over her face. With both her eager hands, she huddled the gold back into its repository, and in its place drew forth a tattered morocco casket that once had been purple, but had now a most shabby appearance, till she unclosed the lid and revealed a treasure that made Jane Kelly's heart leap in her bosom.

The concentrated light of the candle fell within the casket, and she knew by the rainbow gleams and sparkles flashing out, that jewels of price were almost within her grasp.

Now Jane had a great passion for trinkets of all kinds, and it is doubtful if the whole of the bribe for which she waited, would not have taken the form of some paltry ornament within twenty-four hours, had it been paid down in gold. As it was, she pressed her eye close to the glass, and peered gloatingly down upon the burning stones, fully conscious of their brightness, and with a dozing sense of their value.

Directly Madame De Marke closed the casket, and thrust it into the depths of a soiled pocket, that hung between her ragged calico dress and a repulsive under-shirt made from the fragments of an old patch-work bed-quilt. Then she clasped the iron bars over her box, and going down upon her hands and knees again, thrust it away out of sight, reappearing feet foremost, while her face, as it looked out from under her arm, had

the aspect of a laughing Hyena, so visible were the workings of her low craft upon it.

"Now what is she about? what is it makes her smile so?" thought Jane Kelly, recoiling from the window-pane with a shudder, for as the woman arose her sharp eyes were turned that way. "Is she a witch? Does she know that I am peeping? Is that gold? Is the casket——"

She broke off suddenly, and shrunk backward into the darkest corner of the passage, cowering down as if she had been seated on the floor and was but just aroused.

Madame De Marke opened the door, and her little, sharp face peered out.

"Come, come—hist, have ye gone?" she whispered.

"No, I am here, the darkness makes me drowsy, that's all!" answered Jane, coming forward, "especially after watching so many nights without a wink of sleep."

"Step in, quick—why there's heat enough gone through the door already to warm a barn. Heat costs money, don't you know that? It's enough to ruin one to have company in this way, wasting everything."

Jane entered the room.

"You haven't thought better of it? You are resolute to strip me of more money than I can save in a year? You won't relent, ha?"

"I want the money, ma'am, nothing more. It's my just right. I've earned it, if anybody on earth ever did."

"And you won't take anything but money, not money's worth, now?" cried madame, peering eagerly into the face of her visitor.

"Why? Haven't you got the change handy?" asked Jane, with her thoughts fixed longingly on the jewels she had seen.

"The change! She calls seventy-five dollars change. As if a lone woman, like me, ever had so much money by her at once."

Jane thought of the gold she had seen, but still her wishes turned to the diamonds in preference, and she said quickly,

"Well, money or money's worth. I don't much care which, so long as it's the genuine article."

"Well," said the old woman, drawing the casket slowly from her pocket, and opening it. "Here's something now worth five times the money, and just the thing for you, with your plump neck and rosy cheeks. What say? Will ye have 'em instead of the money, especially as the money can't be had just yet?"

"Let me look at them?" cried Jane, eagerly seizing upon the case. "How they do flash! Ear-rings, breast-pin. Oh! but they burn like fire. What are they?"

"Diamonds, every one worth heaps of money," answered madame—"took 'em as security for a debt, you know."

"And will you really let me have em?" asked Jane, almost gasping for breath.

"Well, now you can't expect 'em all, till there's been more work done. Diamonds ain't picked up from the gutters, I can tell you."

"But how many? The ear-rings now. May I have them?"

She lifted up a long, old-fashioned ear-ring, as she spoke, glittering with innumerable pendants, that made her eyes glisten as she held it up to the light. "These now."

"Not all at once," answered madame, softly, and purring about her victim like a cat. "Say one ear-ring and the breast-pin for the papers, and the other ring when that girl is—asleep, you know."

Jane shook her head, and grasped the ear-rings closer in her hand, gazing upon them with glistening eyes.

"No, no, I'd rather leave the breast-pin, and take both ear-rings."

Madame took the casket from her visitor's hand, and half-closed it.

"If I give both rings for the papers, there is no depending on the rest. No, no, take one, and come back for the mate when the whole job is finished."

"But what good will one ring do me?" cried Jane, almost with tears in her eyes. "I can't wear it!"

"But you will soon be after the mate," answered madame, holding up the ring in her claw-like fingers, and making the pendants tinkle before the longing eyes of her guest. "In three days they will both be yours."

"Yes! but what if it can't be done? Some people never will die without a tussle for it. What good will this be to me then?"

"You can sell it for three hundred dollars, or pawn it."

"Three hundred dollars!" cried Jane, incredulously.

"More than that," answered madame. "You thought I wouldn't be liberal; you higgled about the price. There is three times the sum in your hand, and without asking, too."

The low, wheedling tone in which this was spoken would have created suspicion in a person less eager in her greed. But Jane clutched the prize in her hand, though she still cast longing glances at the casket.

"When shall I see you again, with news? Remember, don't come till you want a mate to that."

"To-morrow night; I'll come to-morrow night, see if I don't."

"Be careful of the ear-ring, dear. Keep it about you. That Bellevue is such a place for thieves. Now the papers."

Jane took the little silken bag from her bosom, and gave it to the eager hands that were extended for it.

"That will do. Now, good night, dear. Come again. Good night. If you should meet a policeman, just turn your face toward him, and he'll know it's all right. You've got a beautiful face, Jane Kelly, a beautiful face. No policeman that sees it will disturb you."

Jane was now in haste to depart, and made her way out of the building in safety, though Madame De Marke only followed her to the nearest flight of stairs, with her candle and ink-bottle, leaving her to find the rest of her way out in darkness.

Jane certainly did meet a policeman not many paces from Madame De Marke's door, and mindful of the council she had received, her face was turned boldly toward him. He gave it a searching look, and walked on.

Madame returned to her room, set her light on the bottom of a chair, and opening the little silken bag, examined its contents. Then, with a chuckle of intense delight, she drew forth her treasure-box again, put the papers, and what remained of the jewels into it, and blew out the candle, while rubbing her hands with low, gleeful chuckles, that broke upon the stillness, at intervals, for half an hour. The woman had evidently accomplished some great point in her transactions with Jane Kelly that night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTICE.—In order to protect "*The Bound Girl*," commenced in this Magazine, from the system of retaliative piracy now prevailing in England against American authors, the manuscript of each chapter has been placed in the hands of an English gentleman, who will act as its English editor, and who has made such additions as will secure to him a legal copy-right under the existing English copy-right law. Each chapter is copy-righted and published by the editor in Canada as it appears here, and every line published in Peterson's Magazine is taken from his *amended copy*. Thus it will be impossible to republish it in England without infringing on his copy-right as the English editor, or in America without encroaching upon the author's copy-right here.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

COUNT STAMMERN and his wife were esteemed a most amiable and enviable pair. Their union was the result of a tender affection, which had imperceptibly grown out of an intercourse of years. They had loved with romantic passion. Each was formed for the other, both were handsome, good, warm-hearted; they harmonized in all their views and wishes.

The scenes which passed between them are still remembered, when after having already been betrothed, their parents quarreled, and the match was broken off. The countess became dangerously ill from grief, and the passionate lover threatened to end his life like Goethe's Werther or Miller's Siegfried. Well, to save the life of the young countess, and to prevent the count from taking such a desperate step, their parents, willingly, or unwillingly, were obliged to become reconciled, at least in appearance. The reconciliation saved the lives of the pair; but as soon as the countess was out of danger, her parents renewed the strife, and sought to defer the marriage for a few years. Upon this, the lovers got up one night, rode over the borders, were united at the altar, returned as man and wife, and with this, earth seemed transformed into Paradise.

Their marriage was viewed by all the world as a most happy one, and their life everywhere held up as a pattern of harmony and peace. From morning to evening, the young people seemed to think of nothing but how to please one another. In the first year they even wrote poems upon each other, the most tender and moving in the world; in winter as well as in summer, they filled each other's room with significant flowers; every piece of household furniture was endeared to them by some affectionate remembrance. In the second year, indeed, these flights of sentimentality, which bordered upon affectation, somewhat subsided, but still in all circles, societies, balls and diversions of whatever sort, they beheld only each other, sought only each other, and lived only for each other. In the third year, they laid aside this amiable impoliteness in public, but at home they remained the same. Not until the fourth year did they seem so far to recover from their first delirium of love, that they could visit separately, and he in one place, and she in another, could spend an evening, and at times a

day, in society, without home sickness. So much the more delightful was the pleasure of meeting again. In the fifth year, the count could travel for weeks, without a heart torn with grief, or without her swooning at his departure. But the letters thou shouldst read that they then wrote to each other! Truly, Heloise, with the pen of Pope, wrote not more tenderly and glowingly. In the sixth year, they were at last so reasonable, that one or two friendly letters sufficed for an absence of weeks. In the seventh, both felt that they could love just as ardently without it being necessary for them by word and writing to repeat the assurance from morning till evening. This was already a good deal. Their happiness had now reached the highest point, because they had at last found for each other the silent confidence of tender friendship. In the eighth, they stripped their love of so much of its egotism, that they felt some regard for the rest of the world, and lived no longer solely for one another, as if they alone were the living actors, and the rest of mankind dead figures upon the scene. In the ninth, they were the most amiable, benevolent, agreeable, obliging persons abroad as well as at home. In the tenth, they were like the rest of us, children of men as we are, and as good people commonly are who have been married ten years.

In the first year of the second ten, they both remarked in each other, that their tenderness was no longer so violent and stormy. They found that very natural. One can love without being impetuous. In the following year, they discovered various little foibles in each other, which hitherto had been covered by the mantle of affection. Well, they were forbearing, and each endured the faults of the other with kind indulgence. In the third, a gentle rebuke passed now and then; but they were still considerate, and if it so happened that the feelings of either were wounded by harshness or contradiction, it was certain that the offender would make the sweetest reparation. But in the fourth year, each one believed that this making reparation came too often to his or her turn. Each accused the other of being disposed to pardon everything in himself, in the other nothing. In the fifth, they would often vex and tease each other, and without being conscious of it. In the sixth, they

began to weigh their words carefully, in order to preserve good harmony. In the seventh, misunderstandings often occurred, and nothing was more common than for one to feel sensitive at some expression of the other's. They interpreted this, however, as a proof of affection and tenderness; the wounds of a hostile sword smart not like the unkind looks of one we love. In the eighth, frequent wranglings occurred, but they were followed by no consequences. In the best marriage such things take place. They were angry with each other for a few days, and then became reconciled. In the ninth year, their mutual irritability brought them to the wise resolution of avoiding too frequent interviews. "Thou art sensitive and excitable," said the count, "and I am sometimes so also. That will never do. Thou might'st become violent, and I might become so likewise. The best way is, that I should leave thee thy will in everything, and do thou leave me mine. Let us live cheerfully together, without continually tormenting each other. We love, but we must not plague ourselves to death with our love." The countess thought so likewise. From this time, their domestic arrangements were on a separate footing. They saw each other seldom, except at table. Neither asked whence do you come, or whither do you go? They found quiet days again, and lived politely together in peace and harmony. If either was vexed at the words or actions of the other, they parted with a compliment, and the most friendly aspect in the world.

One evening, in the tenth year—thou hast here the history of twenty years—both came from a concert, supped together, and then drew toward the fire to chat away an hour. Both were still filled with the emotions which the sweet and impressive music they had heard had excited in their tender hearts.

"Alas!" said the countess, "all were well, if one could only continue young."

"Thou needst not complain. Where is the woman whose youth is so well preserved as thine? I see no difference in thee to-day, and on the evening of thy wedding. Some humors, perhaps! But one must bear with these. Our union is one of the most enviable upon the earth. Were I unmarried, and should see thee, I would offer my hand to none other."

"Very prettily said," replied the countess, with a sigh. "But, only think, my dear, twenty years already! What am I now? What was I then?"

"Now a charming woman, then a charming maiden. I would not exchange the one for the other." He arose, and kissing her, pressed her to his bosom.

"We have been happy, very happy. Only one thing is wanting, only one, which crowns the happiness of other marriages."

"I understand thee; a child that would inherit thy grace and virtue."

"Oh, how happy this would make us! Yet one child gives as much sorrow and anxiety as pleasure. The least accident might rob us of it. But—yes, two children——"

"Thou art right. And not two, but three. For with two—if one should die, we are in the same anxiety as before. I am certain heaven will hear our prayer. Three children will yet sport about us."

"My dear," she said, smiling, "that were almost too much. That would bring us into new perplexity. For example, if they were sons?"

"Well, we have five and twenty thousand crowns income. Enough for us and for them. The oldest I would place in the army; the second should enter upon a diplomatic career. Both will be a great expense to us, it is true, but they will rise. We have connections, rank, and interest."

"But, my dear, you have forgotten the youngest."

"The youngest? Not at all. He shall enter the church. He shall be a prebendary. The benefice will not be wanting."

"What? A prebendary! My son a priest! No, indeed, that will never do."

"Never do! And why not, if I may ask? He may become an Abbot, Bishop, Cardinal."

"Never, never, never! I will never be the mother of a monk, and see my son in a cowl, and with a smooth-shaven pate. Fie! what an idea to enter thy head. If I had a hundred sons, I would not consent to it."

"Thou art in a very strange temper to-day, dear wife. What is for his happiness and ours, thou wilt certainly consent to, with all thy ill-humor against the clergy."

"Never! I declare it—I firmly declare it. Call it humor, if you please. I know this, that it is often thy humor to be lord and master. But forget not, that even a mother may be in the right."

"Not at all. The judgment is found in the father."

"But if this does not always suffice?"

"If mine does not suffice, my lady countess, I certainly would at last apply for yours. I will answer for it, when the case occurs, I shall know how to make my wishes respected."

"Oh, yes, I know well enough you are my husband and master, but I have not the honor to be your slave."

"Nor I your puppet, lady countess. I have always shown you indulgence in everything—perhaps too much. But as mildly as I endure caprices, pardon me, but there are some fancies which are too silly."

"I am greatly obliged to you for the information, of which you have just given me a rude and practical proof. Which of us, let me ask, has been the most indulgent? For years long I have borne your improprieties in silence; I have generously pardoned them, viewing them more as faults of the understanding and of education, than of the heart. But the most angelic patience wearies at last."

"There you are perfectly right. Mine has long since been severely tried by your whims and singularities, and you may congratulate yourself that I have not thrown off the yoke before this. For, in truth, it is not the most delightful thing to be the humble servant of your follies. I must for once speak plainly."

"If I had spoken plainly with you, you would long since have known that you are a proud and conceited egotist, with whom it is hard enough to be on good terms; a form without a heart, continually speaking of the feelings, because one always makes the greatest parade of that of which one is destitute."

"Indeed? For this reason you are so ready to boast of your judgment, your delicacy. You may deceive others, but as for me, I have been

long undeceived. Virtue with you is, after all mere woman's grimace. You are, with your fine airs, so much the more disagreeable to me, the more I know of your heart. Except for pity, I had long since sent you to your family for the sake of peace."

"You anticipate me in my wishes. A precise, tedious egotist, is not the character to please a sensible woman. And after such a declaration, you can easily understand, that I have no greater pleasure to expect than to be soon freed from you."

"Most excellent! The mask is at last thrown off. I take you at your word, and ask for nothing better. Adieu! Pleasant dreams! To-morrow the whole affair shall be arranged."

"The earlier the better, sir count."

They then parted. The next day the notary was summoned; witnesses came; the act of divorce was drawn up and mutually signed, notwithstanding the entreaties and warnings of friends, of relatives, and even of persons of the highest distinction. The separation followed.

Thus was a long and apparently happy union suddenly severed. A ridiculous quarrel about the future lot of three sons, who were not yet in the world, rent the tie which they had supposed a bond for eternity. And, in truth, the count as well as the countess are most amiable people. There is nothing wrong about them except weaknesses, which we all have.

DESIGNS IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

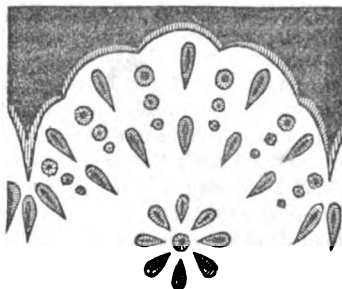
BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



WE have so often described how to work Broderie Anglaise, or English open-work embroidery, that, in giving some new patterns, this month, we do not think it necessary to repeat our directions; but refer to former numbers.

The annexed designs are engraved full size, and, therefore, only require to be traced from the engraving. In working the large holes, we find it better to divide them down the centre with a fine pair of scissors, turn back the edges, and then work them; it is better than making the holes with a stiletto, or punching

them. The accompanying designs are for an insertion, and flouncing for a child's dress; or, by



uniting them, a very handsome collar may be formed; or the second design may be worked for a lady's mandarin sleeve.

HELEN'S HERO.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ALL the flowers in the village of Delville were born to blush unseen—it being one of those uneventful places where the womenkind are nuns without taking the veil. Nothing ever came there; even travelling exhibitions turned off on some other route: and sight-seeing was an unknown pleasure. It never seemed to be on the direct road from any place; and, when, by some chance, travellers found themselves lodged there, they felt like people to whom such a cosy, little nest belonged by right of discovery.

And yet the satisfaction of the Delvillians was almost equal to that of the Khan of Tartary, who, after dining himself, orders a courier to announce to the other potentates of the earth that they are welcome to enjoy the like privilege. They had plenty of trees, and plenty of ground; and, for public buildings, they had churches, and schools, and a Surrogate's office—what more could heart desire? So they went on in their slow way, just the same as it was years ago; and entertained a thorough Chinese horror of all invaders and importations.

Helen Glowood stood, one bright morning, in the parlor of the pleasantest house in Delville, with a most flimsy pretext of dusting the furniture. But the duster had fallen from her hands some time since; and the young lady's pretty eyes (she *had* pretty ones) were travelling up and down the village street with not much better success than those of sister Anne, "in Blue Beard," who sometimes saw "a cloud of dust," and sometimes "a flock of sheep."

To do the people of Delville justice, they sometimes *had* processions—of *cattle*; and Helen, one day, in despair, counted two hundred and six oxen on their way to a neighboring market. An alarming propensity of the Delvillians was to turn everything into ready money; and they would, probably, have gone about in the condition of good old uncle Ned, who is represented as lacking a covering on "the place where the wool ought to grow," and they have been assured that the hair which as yet remained undisturbed might have been spun or wrought into anything valuable.

Oh! Delville! In the palace of Truth would be torn from thee the false inscription "fancy portrait," and written underneath, "*painted from memory.*"

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Helen had been a long time looking at nothing; but, during this period, she had fallen into a sort of waking dream upon the barrenness of Delville in general, and the remarkably uneventful pilgrimage which she seemed destined to perform. As this last thought crossed her mind, she gave a half glance toward her father's office over the way, and blushed a little at some recollection, which it may be as well to explain.

Mr. Glowood was county judge and surrogate, and presided with grave dignity in the small, red brick building that was considered one of the village ornaments. He was a quiet, serious man, with more learning than he usually displayed; and seemed quite satisfied with his evident destiny, which had already been two-thirds accomplished, that of being born, married, and buried in Delville.

He had but one child, and she was motherless. Helen Glowood was a very pretty girl, who, in a more appreciating circle, would have filled a higher destiny; but the people of Delville needed to be shown the difference between tube-roses and sunflowers before acknowledging any superior claims. Nearly all the men in Delville were claimed by some particular female, and returned the salutations of pretty Helen Glowood as composedly as they did those of her aunt, Miss Becky; and were, with one exception, entirely insensible to any difference between the two.

This one exception was her father's clerk. Nature in making him had not forgotten the eyes, and Walter Camberson appeared to think that these useful organs had been given him for the express purpose of looking at Helen Glowood. The wiseacres of Delville had, long ago, pronounced him "a likely young man;" "they could see that there was something in him the very first day that he entered the village;" Mr. Glowood had often been indebted to his assistance in troublesome dilemmas, and entertained a high opinion of his clerk's talents—although he often frowned at Walter's inclination to employ these talents on the least eligible side; and Helen—well, she *said* less than any one, but she *was*, that very morning, wondering how it had come about that she should think so much of Walter.

He had never told his love; but Helen was perfectly well aware of his sentiments respecting her, and the gentleman appeared quite satisfied

with hers in return. She believed that she *did* remember some nonsense about stopping at her father's office, one day, to write a letter; and Walter, who happened to be alone on the premises, made her a pen; and, when he requested the pleasure of carrying the letter to the post-office, his look seemed to say, "To be employed in *your* service gilds the most trifling performance." And then he began to visit the house quite frequently; and Helen heard him speak very sweetly to a poor old woman, and read in the "Delville Banner" a glowing speech of his in behalf of an oppressed family; and, somehow or other—she began to think, *now*, that it was because he was the only one she saw—she learned to look for his coming, and to expect him to wear a far different smile for *her* from what he bestowed upon others; but, now, that she thought it over, she wondered if this was not all very tame?

In the midst of her reflection, a most unusual sound for Delville, that of gay, triumphant music, was borne upon the air; and she heard the rolling of drums and the tramp of many feet, mingled with the notes of "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes."

Helen looked from the window, and distinguished the worthies of Delville, arrayed in regiments, long since outgrown, with swords rusty from long inaction, walking two and two together, and evidently impressed with the idea that they were making a most imposing appearance. But this all meant something; these modern Cincinnatiuses had not left the plough, the anvil, and the shears for nothing; and Helen at last remembered that this must be in honor of the arrival of General —, the valiant hero who had just come fresh from victory.

His terrible encounter with the cannibals of the Opoco Islands had lately been recorded in the Delville Banner—his many hair-breadth escapes, interesting scars, and undaunted courage had been done full justice to; and the inhabitants were fully informed that the hero would probably stop at the Delville Hotel, for a day or two, on his way somewhere else.

The Opoco Islands have not yet been discovered; but as Micawber observed to David Copperfield, that "he had no doubt they *would* have roamed about the braes, and pulled the gowans fine had the thing been at all feasible," it may as well be supposed that the general would, doubtless, have vanquished the Opoco Islands had they been anywhere to attack.

Helen had never seen a great man in her life—not even a President; and she thought it a shame that the highest officer in authority did not make

kingly progresses through the Union, or exhibit himself at so much a head, that all might have an opportunity of beholding him. How she wished that Walter Camberson had been seized with a fancy for wielding a sword instead of a quill—there was something so elevating in the enthusiasm inspired by a pair of epaulettes!

As Helen looked upon this spirited procession, she remembered her penchant for a grey-haired hero, with at least *one* arm in a sling, and some prominent scar to tell of "the dangers he had passed;" she recollected that Walter Camberson was not at all what she had so often pictured as a being worthy of enthusiastic love—and, drawing a fancy portrait of General —, she quite made up her mind that she was about to meet her destiny.

On *one* thing she was determined. Her father *should* call upon the general—she would give him no rest until he did. Was he not one of the very first men in the place? And yet he always shrank from putting himself forward, declaring that it was too much trouble. But it was his *duty*, as it was that of all men, to acknowledge the general's claims upon his country; and go he should.

Helen had, now, something to think of—there was, now, an event to vary the quiet current of her existence: and, buried in profound contemplation of the general's perfections, as she had arranged them in her own mind, she walked slowly up to her aunt's apartment.

Miss Becky, however, was not enthusiastic—she had no opinion of great people; they gave, she said, a world of trouble; and she told Helen, rather shortly, that "if *she* expected to have that dinner on her shoulders, she would not be quite so ready to give the invitation." For Helen had gently insinuated the propriety of inviting the general to dine; but the proposal was received by Miss Becky with the most unqualified contempt.

Judge Glowood came duly home to dinner; and it must be confessed that one of Helen's very first inquiries respecting the general was whether he was private property, or an unappropriated individual. Her father had not heard many particulars concerning him, but he rather thought the general was unmarried; and then he proceeded to carve as composedly as usual.

"How soon shall you call upon him, papa?" continued Helen, "and do, pray, invite him to dinner."

Very much surprised at his daughter's enthusiasm for a person whom she had never seen, Mr. Glowood asked, with a smile,

"And what makes you so hospitably inclined toward General —?"

"Because," replied Helen, somewhat confusedly, "he is so noble, and valiant, and everybody is talking of him, papa. You know," she continued, "that we have very few opportunities of seeing great men—and I should be so proud to entertain General —."

"Well, well," replied her father, as he commenced in earnest the process of dining, "we shall see about it."

This Helen considered almost equivalent to a promise; and spent the afternoon in a perfect flutter of excitement. She sat poring over the history of Gustavus Vasa; and, while reading the romantic account of his second marriage, she fancied herself in the place of the lovely Margaret Ericson, who wept at the thoughts of a marriage with the handsome crown-prince, because her heart was given to his noble, grey-haired father. General — was, of course, a prototype of the great Gustavus; and Walter Camberson quite as truthfully personated the crown-prince. So that she had certainly an illustrious antecedent in forsaking a young lover for an old one.

Had all these thoughts been laid open to the perusal of those around her, Helen would have been laughed out of her dream at its very commencement; but she wisely kept her imaginings to herself and pursued her usual round of employments—although the noble features of a veteran hero were constantly coming between her and every other thought.

Helen did not look forward to Walter's evening visit with the usual pleasure.

"Have you seen him?" she exclaimed, almost as soon as the gentleman entered.

"Seen who?" he inquired, with most provoking coolness.

"Why, General —," replied Helen, impatiently, "his name must be in every one's mouth."

"Oh, yes," observed Walter, slowly, "I do remember me, as James would say, of seeing several cavaliers, who looked very much out of their element, marching up and down the street, to-day—and, when I asked why they were not at work, as usual, I received for answer that this performance was in honor of the arrival of General —. Also, in passing the hotel, I saw a stout man preparing to fortify himself with a particularly strong glass of brandy and water—probably the same individual."

"Nonsense!" replied Helen, while an angry flush, called forth by Walter's remarks, tinged her cheek with a deeper hue, "I do not believe that Gen. — would do such a thing! What sort of looking man is he?" she continued, carelessly.

"Short and red-faced, with lobster eyes, and a very flourishing crop of sandy hair—his head wearing the appearance of being thatched with soiled straw."

Talk of *women* running down each other's good looks! Just hear one *man* describe another, if there is the least *soupc*on of rivalry between them!

Helen was perfectly indignant.

"I do not believe," said she, "that you have seen him, at all!"

Walter made no reply; and there was a pause, for some time.

"Come, Helen," said he, at length, as though the subject had been forgotten, "I want the soothing influence of sweet sounds," and opening the piano as he spoke, he led Helen toward it.

She seated herself at the instrument; and soon stunned Walter's ears with a martial performance, which, as a somewhat unlettered critic observed, "beat the Battle of Prague all holler." For every cannon discharged in that pride of school girls, at least *two* went off here; and drums beat as though the imaginary army had more than they knew what to do with.

Then she performed various marches; and Walter listened and admired, apparently in earnest—though, all the time, he was longing for some of those gentle songs that were so peculiarly suited to Helen's voice, and wondered very much what had wrought this sudden change in his lady-love.

Helen turned round on her music-stool, and affected intense admiration of a handsome soldier, on the cover of a piece of music, who was singing a most inconsistent and preposterous farewell to an imaginary piece of perfection.

"*All men should be soldiers*," she observed, for Walter's benefit, "a quiet life, for a man seems so effeminate."

She did not quite like Walter's air of amusement, as he replied, "Surely, you would not have brother always meeting brother with doubled fist? Beside," he added, "that is quite an aspersion upon *my* employment; but sword and bayonet have not done more for their country than the grey, goose-quill."

"Yes," replied Helen, saucily, "and the cackling of a goose saved imperial Rome. A mouse, too, once set a lion free."

But Walter only laughed; and he looked so much amused that she began a panegyric upon the unseen general.

Having endowed him with all possible and impossible virtues, she paused to take breath; but Walter listened to these raptures in perfect silence; when, just as matters seemed approaching

an awkward crisis, Judge Glowood entered, looking completely wearied out.

He had been hunting the lion unsuccessfully, for a long time; but, at length, he succeeded in finding him, and the invitation was given and accepted. The general was very much occupied, and his stay would be but short; still, as a great favor, he would endeavor to come.

Helen flew to her aunt with the delightful news; but Miss Becky was anything but pleased at the prospect of so troublesome an invasion. She seemed to think that the general's slaughtering propensities were not confined to animate things, and feared that she could not furnish a table sufficiently to satisfy him, and concluded by wondering if her brother had gone crazy.

Whatever might have been Mr. Glowood's impressions of the expected guest, he kept them to himself; and Helen was left in uncertainty.

However, as the time approached, she arrayed herself very charmingly in a blue muslin dress; and blushed and trembled very much, as she sat there in the parlor—hoping for, and yet half dreading to hear, the general's ring. Would he enter the room like Napoleon, erect, grave, with one hand behind him—or would a smile of peculiar sweetness illuminate his features as his eye fell upon her? She wondered if she would be able to raise her eyes to the glittering figure, and what his first words would be.

These bewildering reflections were rudely interrupted by Miss Becky, who came in to say that dinner was ready—the hour named had passed by without bringing the guest—and the meal would certainly be spoiled. The general ought to be ashamed of himself for not having refused at once, instead of giving her so much trouble; but, having accepted, he should now be ashamed for not coming.

Helen's hopes fell; perhaps, after all, she should not see him!

Judge Glowood and his clerk made their appearance; but still no General —. To Helen's great disappointment, her father insisted upon sitting down to the table, when the clock had pointed to half an hour beyond the time; and it required quite a powerful effort to refrain from shedding tears. Walter thought that she had never looked so charming, but he felt almost as much curiosity to behold the general as Helen, herself; he was, as yet, uncertain whether to fear him or not.

They had quite given up all expectation of the guest, when the judge was informed that a gentleman wished to see him; and, after a few moments absence, he returned, accompanied by the tardy general.

Helen did not look up until he was seated; then she found herself vis-a-vis to a weather-beaten-looking individual, who was neither tall nor short, fat nor thin—whose expression was neither stern nor benignant, and who appeared particularly unaccustomed to ladies' society.

Helen received a dodge of the head, as *his* part of the introduction that ensued; and the first words of the great man, particularly addressed to herself, were: "Have some salt, mum?" accompanied by a somerset on the part of the injured salt-cellar.

Helen wished to keep her eyes on her own plate, but a strange propensity impelled her to glance toward Walter. He was just raising a goblet of water to his lips; but she caught a glimpse of laughing eyes that seemed fairly dancing with merriment on the edge of the glass.

The young lawyer had weighed his fancied rival carefully, and found him wanting; his equanimity being, therefore, quite restored, he determined to amuse himself at the expense of his fickle ladye-love. He watched the visitor narrowly—not a single movement escaped him; and poor Helen sat with painfully burning cheeks beneath the provoking looks that Walter was constantly sending toward her.

The general's style of eating was decidedly unique. He had been too familiar with more formidable weapons to use much precaution in handling his knife; and as Miss Becky watched the rapid strides which that utensil seemed making for his throat, she grew alarmed lest it should "sink to rise no more."

The visitor had taken the invitation to dine in its most literal sense, and effectually repulsed all attempts to draw him into conversation. At length, he paused from sheer exhaustion, and Mr. Glowood seized the favorable moment to draw him out.

"You have seen some pretty hard service, I believe, sir?" observed the judge.

"Yes, pretty hard," replied the visitor, "pretty hard," and here he plunged into a dish of floating islands as though it had been one of his foes. He said no more until the conclusion of the repast.

"Well, sir," said the general, hastily drawing back his chair, with the air of one who has performed his duty, "I feel obliged to you for your polite invitation, in accepting which I have enjoyed myself most agreeably. And, madam," turning to Helen, "I feel happy to have made your delightful acquaintance, and should be glad to meet you again."

And the man of war went the way of all men who wish to emerge into the street.

The general's visit was over; leaving Miss Becky highly indignant—Helen somewhat hysterical—Judge Glowood extremely puzzled—and Walter very much amused. He set himself assiduously to the task of consoling the disappointed damsel, but she would not be consoled, and received all his attempts with such a decided pout that he abandoned the field in despair.

Helen said to herself, "let him go," and was quite sure that she never *would* have anything more to do with him.

The summer passed, and autumn leaves were fringing the woods with crimson.

The single window wherein Miss Bastings, "the mould of form," to the female Delvillians, delighted to exhibit her first appreciation of the fashions, glowed brightly with gorgeous ribbons; and in the small apartment behind the shop, sacred to the process of cutting and fitting, sat our friend Helen, tapping her parasol on the floor with a somewhat confused air.

"I can see, with half an eye, what *you've* come for!" exclaimed the officiating priestess, who wore such a huge pair of clippers that she seemed to be all shears.

Helen blushed, as she glanced at the neat parcel toward which Miss Bastings' sharp eyes had been directed, and looked as though she did not half like it.

"No use, now, in putting on any airs with *me*," continued the active spinster, "people do not wear white satin dresses to church for nothing—and I'm really glad that you and Walter have come round again, it's quite time—though, to be sure," she continued, with an encouraging nod to herself, in the glass, "people marry at all ages."

Helen did not contradict this, and Miss Bastings clipped away with renewed vigor.

"You've got a clear, little waist," observed the complaisant dressmaker, regarding Helen as a creditable block for the display of her own skill.

"Settle down in the old house, I suppose?" she continued, half-provoked at her customer's silence.

The bride-elect was roused from a pleasant reverie, "I do not know," she replied, in an embarrassed manner, "I believe there was some talk of moving away."

"Not away from *Delville*!" exclaimed the excited spinster, "well, now, that's what *I* call real *mean*—a real mean *shame*. As soon as people get a little up in the world, they go and move off, instead of staying to ornament their native village. It isn't treating Delville well—it ain't *patriotic*. Well," continued Miss Bastings, "there's *one* comfort, at any rate, if

people *are* moving out, there are others ready to come in. Mrs. General — will quite illumine the place."

"Is the general *married*?" asked Helen, surprised at this very natural circumstance.

"La, yes," replied her informant, "didn't you know *that*? His wife and I used to go to school together, and I've boxed Sally Price's ears many a time; but I suppose that she quite sticks up, *now*."

Helen walked home in a thoughtful mood, as she remembered her romance; but her laughter broke forth unrestrainedly when Walter whispered, with his peculiar manner,

"Helen, I have had an introduction to Mr. General —; she does not look in the least like *you*."

There was a quiet wedding at Delville; and the two departed to build an altar for their household gods elsewhere.

Walter Camberson rapidly rose to fame and distinction; and when years had cemented the bond that sent them forth together, they went, one day, to a public meeting, where different wonders were exhibited, and different people were expected to make speeches.

Helen's laughing eye was soon attracted by the figure of her old acquaintance, General —, to whose arm clung a small, sharp-looking woman, who seemed resolved to impress the crowd with a conviction of her proprietorship.

There was a stir among the assembled multitude; and the general was, with some difficulty, persuaded to mount the platform.

"He's going to make a *speech*!" whispered Walter, with a most wicked smile.

Expectation was upon tiptoe; but the general's lips remained so long glued together that it seemed doubtful whether he had not an attack of lockjaw.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, with difficulty, "it gives me much pleasure to see you assembled here to day." Here he smiled as benignly upon the crowd as though he had been welcoming them to his own house.

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed an admirer, but no more appeared to be forthcoming; until at length the speaker gathered courage to add,

"This is a most useful project, and worthy of all encouragement. I am no speaker," he concluded, which was, certainly, a self-evident fact, "and you must excuse me from farther exertion."

A great many smiled as the general again sought shelter beneath the protection of his resolute-looking lady; but one of his friends observed:

"The general ain't a *great* speaker, to be sure; but, when he *does* speak, it's always to the pint."

Helen, however, thought it decidedly Jack Bunsbyish; and found it quite impossible to restrain her laughter.

When she had composed her face to a proper degree of gravity, she looked up to see her husband mounted on the platform. She shook nervously as she reflected that Walter's fort did not consist in making himself conspicuous, but his first words reassured her; and she fairly devoured the glowing sentences that seemed to emanate from a heart inspired by every noble feeling.

There was no attempt at display—but perfect silence reigned throughout the audience; and, after a speech that seemed very brief indeed to

them, Walter found himself overwhelmed with congratulations, and offers of friendship.

He looked at Helen. Her face was more eloquent than their honeyed words, and he hastened to join her.

"Well, Helen," he whispered, "have you recovered yet from your hero-worship?"

"No," she replied softly, "the *worship* is unchanged—but not the idol. I humbly bow to the grey goose-quill; and consider the general better calculated to hew off the heads of his fellow-men than to supply them with any fresh ideas."

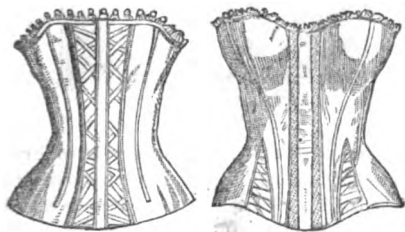
Helen never again found herself in the position of those unfortunates whose destiny it is

"To make them idols, and to find them clay."

THE CORSET DI MEDICI.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, another pattern for stays, the Corset di Medici, so called because it does not cramp the figure, but keeps it as graceful and healthy as in the Venus di Medici. With the instructions we gave, in February, how to make stays, and this pattern, ladies, by the exercise of proper ingenuity, can fabricate this corset for themselves. The Corset di Medici is



delightfully elastic, yielding to every motion, or respiration. It may be made in plain jean or contil, or silk or satin. Always carefully measure, with a tape-line, across the bosom, from shoulder to shoulder, across the back, round the waist, &c.; and make the corset to fit exactly; for no dress will look well unless this is the case, nor will the wearer feel easy; and without feeling easy there can be no grace, nor even proper respiration.

Before we quit this part of our subject, we must remark that there seems to be a strange mania amongst our countrywomen for pushing themselves *up* in their *stays*, which is in the highest degree unnatural and unbecoming. Let them beware of this error, as destructive of all graceful outline of figure; and, no matter what a corset-maker may say to the contrary, let them only wear such stays as have the gores where nature herself indicates they ought to be: varying only in position according to the bust of the wearer. Then, and not till then, shall we see the lovely forms of America's beautiful daughters to the best advantage; not artificially increased, but supported so as to fit them for exertion (or even fatigue) at home or abroad; and not reduced, as they often are at present, to a listless, lounging existence, of little benefit to themselves or others; but enjoying that greatest of all blessings, health and strength—fitted to roam at will over hill and plain, so as "richly to enjoy" the invigorating breezes bestowed on God's children; to render them not only happy, but *useful* beings.

We would strongly recommend all mothers not to put any stay at all on their children till they attain the age of thirteen or fourteen. A bodice of jean, with slight cords run into it, and attached to their flannel petticoat or drawers, to keep it thus from rising, is quite sufficient.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

MATERIALS.—French working cotton, No. 120. names for marking are to be worked in the same way. Work in button-hole stitch and satin stitch. The

HOW TO MAKE MUSKMELON-SEED BASKETS.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.



TAKE a needle and thread and string through one end of the seed, (just near enough the end not to break the seed) enough to form a circle at the bottom, as we begin at the bottom first. (Fig. 1.) Then put two between each seed, (Fig.

bottom and continue to go round until you get to the top, and until it is finished.



Fig 1

2.) and so on until the bottom is as large as you want it.

It is better, however, not to make them too large, as they do not set well, and are much neater and prettier small. The size of a large china tea-cup is a very pretty size and shape. When you get the bottom large enough, you begin to sum up and add two or three seed between as the shape requires. You shape it as you do crochet work, into any figure you please. You begin at the

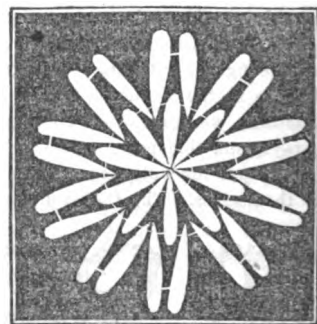


Fig 2

The top seeds are turned down so as to form a flat circle or rim, and between every two or three seed a bead is added. Large red beads are the prettiest. Make a wire handle and wrap it with ribbon. Sew such wire in the inside at the top to make them stiff, and line them with silk. Tack in a row of seed around the bottom for a stand, and insert beads between like the top. Bows of ribbon are put at each side of the handle.

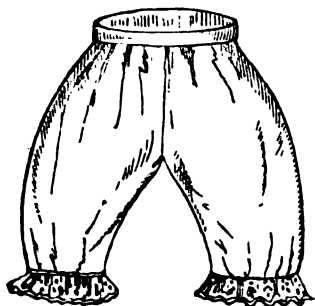
CHEMISETTE PATTERN

A HEART'S-EASE pattern. Worked in satin-stitch, and button-hole stitch, with French working cotton, No. 120. As the rage for large

collars is increasing, it would be better, when enlarging the pattern, to deepen the collar, so as to make it of the fashionable style.

TROUSERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

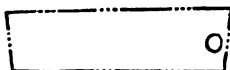


We have been solicited to give patterns for children's clothes also, in our series of "How To Make One's Dress." Accordingly we select,

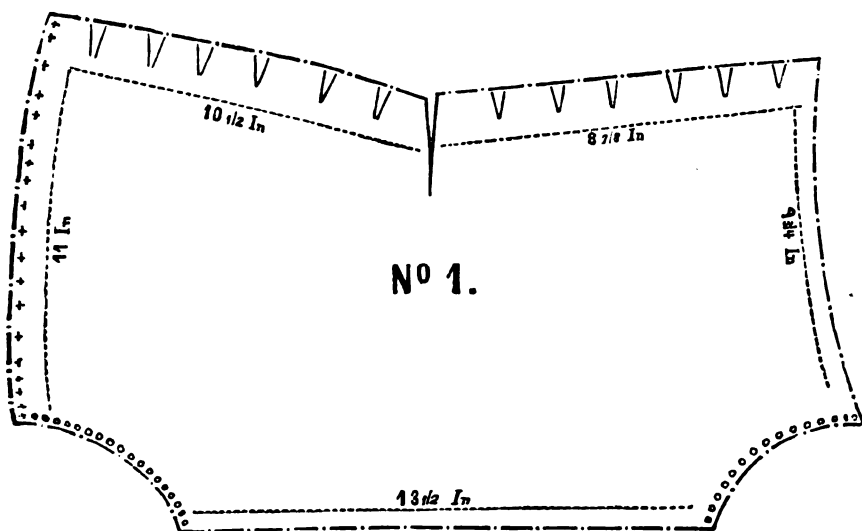
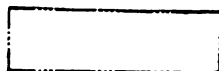
as most appropriate to the season, a pattern for the trousers of a child two or three years old.

To make these trousers cut two pieces like pattern below, after having enlarged it to the size indicated by the inches marked on each side: as, for example, to thirteen and a half inches on the lower side, eleven inches on the left-hand side, &c. &c. The joining of the back of the two pieces is indicated by X X X. The front may remain open or not. The seam of the part that forms the leg is marked by OOO. This pattern is gathered at top and sewed into a band that may be buttoned on each side. We give, in Nos. 2 and 3, the pattern of the half of the front and back of this waistband which fastens in

Nº 2.



Nº 3.



front by a string sewed on the body, and passed through an eyelet-hole in the middle of the front of the waistband. These trousers are trimmed

with deep embroidered bands. Nos. 2 and 3, the waistbands, must be enlarged proportionally with the trousers.

A CARD BASKET.

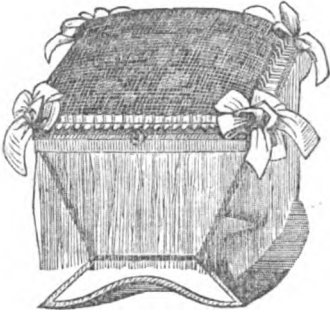
This pretty affair is made of white paste-board, cut as seen in pattern, and ornamented

with beads of various sizes. The handles are of wire ornamented with beads.

JEWEL-BOX.

MATERIALS.—Thick common cardboard; white gros de Naples, and white satin, three-quarter yards of each; white satin cord; ribbon, one inch wide; one yard of deep white fringe; one reel of white soie d'Avignon; six skeins of gold thread; and a skein of pale blue silk.

The foundation of this pretty box is made of cardboard, which may easily be cut out from the



engraving. Ten pieces are required, namely, four for the sides, all of the same dimensions, seven inches at the top, four and a half at the bottom, and five deep, gradually sloping equally at both sides, from the widest to the narrowest part. The piece for the lid will then, as a matter of course, be seven inches square, and that for the bottom four and a half. The shape of the

four pieces forming the stand can be well seen in the engraving; at the upper and narrowest part they are four and a half inches, and about half an inch deep.

The cardboard for this box should be of a kind too thick to sew; the edges should, therefore, be gummed together and bound over with strips of cotton. The inside is then to be lined with silk, and the outer part with satin, a lining of flannel being placed between both these substances and the cardboard. The edges will be sewn together, and covered with the ornamental cord, *inside* as well as *out*. The lid of the box must be nicely wadded, to raise it, and over the satin covering one of darned netting is laid. It must be done in the square stitch, with the white silk, and a pattern darned on it in gold and blue. A quilting of white satin ribbon trims the lid of the box; it is laid rather within the edge, which is finished with the same ornamental cords as the other parts.

Square netting is begun on one stitch, in which two are worked; then turn the work, and do one in the first stitch and two in the last. Work backward and forward, always doing two in the last stitch of the row, until you have the required length up one side; then net the last two together, at the end of every row, until one stitch only remains.

BOOK-MARKERS.



The accompanying diagram represents a book-marker worked in floss, or common silk, upon perforated cardboard. The materials required are—a piece of white perforated cardboard, two inches wide and four and a half inches long; a piece of deep blue sarsenet ribbon, two inches wide and thirteen and a half inches long; dark green, rose-colored, drab, light green, and dark blue or purple floss silks. The cross is all worked in drab silk, in cross stitch, leaving the word "Truth" un-

worked; for the sake of accuracy it is better to pencil the word upon the cardboard very faintly before working the cross. The shading of the cross is worked in dark blue or purple silk. The base of the cross which is shaded, in the diagram, is worked in light green silk—and the wreath of roses and rose-buds with leaves, in rose-colored and dark and light green silks. When the design is finished, the cardboard is attached to the ribbon by three neat stitches worked in each corner.

Book-markers may be worked on perforated cardboard, like the above, substituting such words as "Constancy," "L'Amour," "L'Espérance," or various names—such as Mary, William, &c., for the design; the names being worked with floss silk in cross stitch.

LAMP MAT, IN GERMAN BEAD WORK.

MATERIALS.—Berlin Wools, in shades of violet, orange, green, and olive brown; two bunches of clear white O. P. beads; four ounces of clear white pound beads, No. 2; a ball of silver crystal twine; a reel of Evans' Boar's-head Crochet cotton, No. 12; and a pair of coarse knitting-needles.

This Mat is in a new and very fashionable style of work, the design being done in Berlin wool work, and the ground entirely in beads. Any pattern suitable for Berlin work will be appropriate, whether a wreath or a bouquet, only, as the ground work is in white beads, white flowers should not be seen in any part of it. Care should be taken to select such canvass as will allow of each bead completely covering one square; (two threads in each direction) and the Penelope canvass will be found the best. Mark the size of the mat first on the canvass with ink, and then count the threads, so that the pattern may be at an equal distance from every part of the edge.

The clear white beads which form the ground

are sewed on with Evans' Boar's-head cotton, for the sake of strength.

The mat is lined with cardboard and glazed calico.

For the Border.—Thread all the O. P. beads on the crystal twine. Cast on eleven stitches.

1st.—Knit one, \backslash , make one, slip a bead up, knit two together, \backslash three times, make one, slip up six, knit two together, make one, knit two together.

2nd.—Knit one, \backslash , make one, knit two together, \backslash five times.

Repeat these two rows alternately, until enough has been done to go round the mat, loosely. Sew it on, and put a wire frame under the outer edge, where the loops of six beads are, bringing the row of the last two stitches over it, to stretch it out.

The wreath, as well as the grounding, may be in beads, if desired; but as beads of the requisite size can only be had in some particular colors, this plan frequently involves considerable difficulty.

LINES

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."—*Job xvi. 22.*

A FEW more years when they have come,
It matters not if weal or woe,
Then I, alas, the way from which
I shall not come again shall go.

A few more years, and earth will take
Again the dust awhile it lent:

A few more years and Heaven recall
The soul for a brief sojourn sent.

A few more years—a few more years,
And who will care that I have been,

Or think, save when they careless speak
Of something, and say I was then

A few more years I shall have done
The work my Father to me gave,
Have suffered, and the church-yard grass
Will creep above my quiet grave.

But this worn spirit freed from sin,
'Mid the bright ranks of seraphim,
Shall have begun that second life,
That second life that's hid with Him.

TO THE FALLEN.

BY T. B. SELTON.

COLD is the bed by Honor made!
No gentle hands may smooth it down;
The sleeper lies where he is laid,
On some wide moor or mountain brown.

No pillow heap'd by earnest care
For those by Honor done to rest!

No soft hands putting back the hair
From eyes half hid on some white breast!

Nothing but silence evermore
Sits at the feet and at the head;
And in some lone home, o'er and o'er,
The tale—how nobly fell the dead!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A NEW NATIONAL POEM.—It is a common remark of English critics, that our American poets are not national. We have just received, however, a poem, "The New Pastoral," against which this fault, at least, cannot be urged. Its author is Thomas Buchanan Read, who though a young man comparatively, has already achieved a name in American literature. One of his former poems, indeed, a ballad of about a hundred lines, received the high praise, in the North British Review, of being the best American poem ever written.

"The New Pastoral" fills a volume of over two hundred pages. We cannot describe its character better, than by saying, that, what "Thomson's Seasons" is to English literature it is to American. The scene of the poem is laid in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in the heart of what is called the Great Valley, one of the most lovely rural regions in the world. We can speak from personal knowledge of the fidelity with which Mr. Read depicts, not only the general aspect of the landscape, but its varying appearance under the different seasons of the year. We can testify also to the admirable manner in which he sketches the manners of the people. In these particulars the poem is equally minute and accurate. Had we read it in a foreign language, and with the suppression of every name that could have assisted us in identifying the locality, we should have known that the scenes and characters were Pennsylvanian, we should have recognized the very hills which bound the landscape. In the later cantos, the scene is changed to the Great West, though, toward the close, it returns again to its original locality.

As such a poem must be chiefly descriptive, the poet has little opportunity to indulge in those higher flights of the imagination and passion, which the epic and even ballad, not only justify, but demand. Mr. Read has executed a difficult task with skill. Many of the things, absolutely necessary to be described, if a true picture of rural life was intended, were so prosaic that no genius could surround them with a poetic atmosphere: and though Mr. Read has sometimes failed, as when he attempts to make lemonade, or bake buckwheat-cakes in verse, he more often has signally triumphed. We cannot, on the other hand, recall any instance in which he has not made the most of his subject. If there is the slightest particle of poetry about it, his divining rod detects it, and lo! the waters sparkle and dance in the sunshine. We refer, as one example, to his description of Fairmount; and as another to the manner in which, by a skilful reference to Rome and Jerusalem, he heightens, by association, his description of the approach to Philadelphia.

Bits of exquisite poetry are scattered all over "The New Pastoral," starting it as daisies do the fields of spring. In this number, there is a quotation, in which the flight of a butterfly, startled from the grass, is depicted as only genius can delineate: and there are scores of similar pictures through the volume;—one, we recall, as we write, in which a yoke of oxen is described as "swaying" along, "their large eyes dreaming o'er the rolling cud." In things of this kind, Mr. Read has no superior. But in the management of incident, he is less happy. But do not critics ask too much, when they expect poets to be masters of the novelist's art, as well as of their own?

The volume is elegantly printed. Messrs. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia, successors to A. Hart, are the publishers.

OUR MARCH NUMBER.—Our March number was popular everywhere. If we were to give even a tithe of the encomiums it received, we should have no room for anything else. We, therefore, quote what the Wilmington (Del.) Republican says, as a type of scores of others:—"The March number of this work is fully equal to any that has preceded it. The stories are generally of a moderate length, and are of a moral character. We regard this Magazine, in this respect, superior to any other devoted to light reading, now published. The writers employed handle their pens skilfully, and while they interest also instruct the reader."

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM."—We recommend to families a monthly periodical for juveniles, under the above title, published by L. K. Lippincott, No. 65 South Third street, Philadelphia. The price is only fifty cents a year, or ten copies for four dollars. It is printed on fine, white paper; embellished with unusually elegant wood-cuts; and edited by Grace Greenwood: so that, in every particular, it is the best publication of its kind. Indeed, if merit can secure success, "The Little Pilgrim" will, very soon, have a hundred thousand subscribers.

TO NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—Articles offered to this Magazine must be accompanied by a statement whether payment is expected, or not, and if expected, what price is desired. No responsibility taken as to the preservation of the M.S. In no case is poetry purchased. Short stories, from three to five pages in length, preferred.

THE GIFT BOOK OF ART.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we state that we will send "The Gift Book of Art," post-paid, to the address of any person, on the receipt of one dollar.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS.—Our colored steel fashion-plates are conceded, the Union over, to be not only unsurpassed, but unsurpassable. The Maquoketa (Iowa) Sentinel echoes the universal sentiment when it says:—"A brilliant number, containing the richest colored fashion-plate of any other Magazine published, besides other beautiful engravings. The reading contents are from the best authors. Altogether, it is the best literary periodical published in Philadelphia."

THE BEST STORIES.—Says the York (Pa.) Republican:—"Peterson's is decidedly the Magazine that publishes the best stories." And so say hundreds of others.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life, Exile, and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon. By the Count De Las Cases. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 4 vols. New York: Redfield.—The accession of Louis Napoleon to the imperial authority in France has revived the taste for what may be called Napoleonic literature. The present work is one of the most famous of that series. It originally appeared, after Las Cases had left St. Helena; and is principally a narrative of conversations held with the dethroned emperor on that island, the Count having been the secretary of Napoleon. Though the fidelity of parts of it have been called in question, it is substantially a correct record of what the Emperor said and did; and no person can pretend to a knowledge of Napoleon, who has not carefully perused these four volumes. The work, in addition to its historical value, has all the interest of a romance for intelligent readers. The present edition is handsomely printed, and embellished with numerous portraits and illustrations; and reflects great credit on the publisher. It is bound in a style to match "O'Meara's Recollections of St. Helena," another book on Napoleon lately issued by the same enterprising house.

Getting Along. A Book of Illustrations. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Are we wrong in attributing this book to Miss Cheeseboro? If it is hers, as its general style leads us to suspect, it exhibits a great advance on former efforts. The work, however, is not without defects. Though the purpose is noble, many scenes finely drawn, and great thoughts frequently expressed with a felicity that rises to genius, the novel, on the whole, is unartistic and vague, so much so, indeed, that one continually asks if the author really has any idea half the time what she wishes to bring out. If the story had been told in half the space, the characters more sharply drawn, and a good deal of misty disquisition left out, the book would have been the best of the season: but now it is only a fine novel spoiled. The publisher has issued the two volumes in very neat style.

My Courtship and Its Consequences. By Henry Wikoff. 1 vol. New York: Derby & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We took up this volume strongly prejudiced against the author. We had read the newspaper account of his alleged abduction of Miss Gamble, at the time of its occurrence; and we supposed that the tedious imprisonment to which he had been subjected had been fully deserved. We had not read many pages, however, before we began to doubt the justice of our condemnation; and before we had finished the volume, we pronounced Miss Gamble a heartless flirt and Mr. Wikoff an injured man. The work is as interesting as the best novel, being sprightly in style and full of incident. We can recommend it.

Eliza Wharton; or, The Coquette. 1 vol. Boston: Fetridge & Co.—This is a republication of a novel, highly popular sixty years ago; and, therefore, curious as a specimen of what our grandmothers wept over. The Johnsonian words and stilted style are highly amusing. But the book displays considerable talent, and has really much interest as a story, apart from the fact that it is founded on incidents which really occurred. The notorious Pierpont Edwards, son of that eminent divine, Jonathan Edwards, was the original of one of the characters; while the heroine, his victim, was the daughter of one clergyman and the affianced bride of another. The volume has been published in a very creditable style.

Life and Beauties of Fanny Fern. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—A retaliatory publication, called forth by "Ruth Hall," though, we believe, not emanating from the libelled parties. We have no faith in slanderous literature, and wish, therefore, that neither this, nor its predecessor, had appeared. The result of "Ruth Hall," which began this war of private scandal, may have been to "put money into the purse" of Fanny Fern: but it has damaged, to an extent that no money can repay, her character, as a daughter at least. We are sorry to have to say this, but our duty, as public journalists, and especially as editors of a ladies Magazine, demands it of us imperatively.

Pride and Prejudice. By Miss Austen. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—We are glad to see this new edition of one of Miss Austen's best novels, and hail its appearance as a proof that good taste is reviving. Sir Walter Scott, it will be remembered, said confidentially of Miss Austen, that though he could "do the grand style," she far excelled him in delineating the little thousand incidents that go to make up domestic life and character. A truer criticism was never written.

Class-Book of Botany. In Two Parts. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An analytical class-book, designed for schools and private students, copiously illustrated and substantially bound. It is the best work of the class extant, and we commend it cordially to the public.

Satire and Satirists. By James Hannay. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A capital book. Horace, Juvenal, Erasmus, Sir David Lindsay, George Buchanan, Boileau, Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Churchill, Burns, Byron, and Moore are the principal satirists discussed. In addition, there is a fine bit of criticism on early European satire, and another on the present aspect of satirical literature. The work has been very favorably received in England, where it first made its appearance. Redfield republishes it in a very neat manner.

Costas de Espana; or, Going to Madrid vice Barcelona. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A sprightly, agreeable book, which will amuse a leisure hour. There is much information also to be culled from it, respecting the manners and customs of the Spanish people.

North and South. By the author of "Mary Barton." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very superior novel, by the author of "Ruth," itself one of the most exquisite fictions in the language. The reprint is a cheap one at thirty-seven and a half cents.

The Heiress of Bellefonte: and Walde-Warren. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Two novels complete, in one volume, by a popular author; and published at the low price of fifty cents for both.

The Banking House. By Samuel Phillips. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—A capital story, and, what is a recommendation to many, published in cheap style for twenty-five cents.

The Virgin Queen. By J. Frederic Smith. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—A story of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, published neatly, in cheap style, for fifty cents.

THE ELEGANT AND USEFUL.

PLASTER CASTS OF LEAVES AND FLOWERS.—The leaf, as early as convenient after being gathered, is to be laid on fine-grained moist sand, in a perfectly natural position, with that surface uppermost which is to form the cast, and to be banked up by sand, in order that it may be perfectly supported. It is then, by means of a broad camel-hair brush, to be covered over with a thin coating of wax and Burgundy pitch, rendered fluid by heat. The leaf is now to be removed from the sand, and dipped in cold water—the wax becomes hard, and sufficiently tough to allow the leaf to be ripped off, without altering its form. This being done, the wax mould is placed in moist sand, and banked up as the leaf itself was previously; it is then covered with plaster of Paris, made thin, due care being taken that the plaster be nicely pressed into all the interstices of the mould, by means of a camel-hair brush. As soon as the plaster has set, the warmth thus produced softens the wax, which, in consequence of the moisture of the plaster, is prevented from adhering to it, and with a

little dexterity it may be rolled up, parting completely from the cast, without injuring it in the least. Casts obtained in the manner thus described are very perfect, possessing a high relief, and form excellent models, either for the draughtsman or for the moulder of architectural ornaments.

TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS FROM PLANTS ON COTTON, SILK, LAWN, MUSLIN, OR LINEN.—The colors, which may be obtained from any chemist, must be prepared with cold-drawn linseed oil. The balls are to be made of soft leather, and stuffed with wool. If the impressions be taken on paper, they may be colored afterward with any water-color. The following are the directions given for preparing the colors:—Lamp black or ivory black, makes black; king's yellow or orpiment, makes yellow; Prussian blue and king's yellow, added together, make green; rose pink or drop lake, makes pink; smalt or Prussian blue, makes blue; vermilion or ermine, makes red. A thimbleful of roche alum, added to one ounce of any of the above colors, will make them stand washing and wearing.

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

TO RENDER BODIES LUMINOUS IN THE DARK, SO AS TO GIVE A SUFFICIENT LIGHT TO SHOW THE HOUR ON THE DIAL OF A WATCH, AT NIGHT.—If a four or six ounce phial, containing a few ounces of liquid phosphorus, be unstopped in darkness, the vacuous space in the bottle emits a sufficient light for showing the hour of the night, by holding a pocket watch near it. When the phial is again corked the light vanishes, but reappears instantly on opening it. In cold weather it is necessary to warm the bottle in the hand before the stopper is removed; without this precaution it will not emit light. Liquid phosphorus may likewise be used for forming luminous writings, or drawings; it may be smeared on the face or hands, or any warm object, to render it luminous; and this is in nowise hazardous.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Clean Black Silk.—Lay the silk smooth upon a board, and spread a little soap over the soiled places. Mix a lather with Castile soap, and with a fine brush dipped in it, pass over the silk the right way, viz: lengthwise, and continue to do so till the silk is sufficiently scoured. Turn the silk and scour the other side in the same manner. Put it into boiling water; and let it remain for some time, and finally rinse it in gum water, and stretch it out till nearly dry; then press it with a cool iron.

A Blue Wash.—To four pounds of blue vitriol and a pound of the best whiting, put a gallon of water in an iron pot; boil an hour, stirring all the time; then pour into an earthen pan, and sit it by a day or two till the color is settled; pour off the water, and mix the color with whitewasher's size. Wash the walls three or four times, according as is necessary.

Fruit Cream.—Fruit creams are very easily and quickly made, by mixing with good cream a sufficient proportion of a well-made jelly or jam to flavor it. A quarter pint of raspberry jelly will do for a pint of cream. When well blended, lightly whisk them to a froth; the size of the whisk has nothing to do with your failure: take off the froth as it rises, and lay it on a fine sieve reversed, to drain, or if it is to be served in glasses, fill them at once. *A Solid Syllabub.*—Mix a quart of good cream, one pound of refined sugar, a pint and a half of white wine in a deep pan; put to it half a pint of raspberry jelly and a little lemon juice; beat, or whisk it one way, half an hour; then put it on a sieve with a bit of muslin under it, until the next day; put into glasses. This will keep good for a week.

French Tea-Cakes.—To one pound of flour add two ounces of fresh butter, rub them together, then mix them with about four tablespoonsful of warm milk, one of beer yeast, and a beaten egg. Mix well together, and set the dough before the fire to rise. When it has risen, make it into three cakes, put them on buttered tins and place before the fire for an hour; then bake in a quick oven a quarter of an hour. *Bordeaux Cakes.*—Make a paste with well-beaten white of egg and powdered lump sugar, to a consistency proper to cut into shapes. Flavor with powdered cinnamon, and bake in tins in a slow oven.

Blamange.—A pint of good cream, with a pint of new milk sweetened and flavored with lemon rind, and six bitter almonds blanched and bruised, and an ounce and a half of isinglass, with a wineglass of brandy, will make a rich blamange. Infuse the lemon and almonds in the milk, add three ounces of sugar and the isinglass. Boil gently over a clear fire until the last is dissolved, stirring frequently. Take off the scum, stir in the cream, and strain all into a bowl. Move gently, till nearly cold, that the cream may not settle on the top; and before it is moulded, stir in by small degrees the brandy.

Carrot Soup.—Boil some carrots very tender in water, slightly salted; then to pound them very fine, and to mix them gradually with boiling gravy soup, in the proportion of a quart to twelve ounces of carrots, weighed after they are boiled. The soup should then be passed through a strainer, seasoned with salt and cayenne, and served very hot. If only the red outsides of the carrots are used, the soup will be very bright in color. Two quarts of broth, and a pound and a half of carrots, will make a good tureen of soup.

Imitation Cream.—A spoonful of arrow-root mixed with a little cold milk, one ounce of white sugar, a small piece of butter; mix in a pint of warm milk; put this into a basin, and the basin into hot water, and stir one way until it acquires the consistence of cream.

A Safe Tonic for Indigestion.—Twenty grains each of rhubarb, gentian, carbonate of iron, and Spanish liquorice; prepare by pouring on these a pint of boiling water, and take off the cold infusion two tablespoonfuls three times a day.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is full and without flounces, but trimmed with two rows of the wide tassel fringe, which has been so popular this winter. Above each row of fringe is a puffing of green ribbon headed with a narrow black lace. The basque (not seen) is closed up the front, and finished to correspond with the skirt. A black silk mantilla of the pelerine form is also trimmed in the same style. A white bonnet, ornamented with lace, pink roses, black velvet and pink ribbon, completes this very elegant toilet.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS ALSO OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with nine flounces, four being of a rich shade of purple, and the alternate ones of black. The upper one, of black, is much deeper than the others. This style of dress has been very fashionable lately, though the colors are nearly always black, and some good contrasting color, such as green, blue or violet. The basque of this dress is of black silk, opening in front over a purple silk vest, which is buttoned up to the throat and trimmed with black galoon. The basque is closed at the waist by three narrow bands, and ornamented with lozenges up the front formed by fringe, each lozenge containing three velvet buttons. The sleeves are cut in five points, and, like the basque, finished with fringe. Two ends of broad purple ribbon fall from under the basque. Collar and under-sleeve of *point d'Alencon*. Hair rolled back from the forehead, and surmounted with a cap of *point d'Alencon*, trimmed with green ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt is of crimson cashmere, trimmed with five rows of black velvet. A small jacket of black velvet, rounded in front, and trimmed with buttons, is worn over a full waist and sleeves of fine linen. A large bow of crimson ribbon is placed a little to the left side. The collar of linen is fastened in front with a black bow. Small straw hat, bound and trimmed with black velvet. The pantelettes are wide, with a full ruffle.

FIG. IV.—BRACES OR BRETTELES OF RIBBON.—The ribbon should be figured and of some showy color, or of various colors harmonizing with that of the dress. It is gathered to a point at the back and in front of the waist, and edged with narrow lace, either white or black. Quillings of ribbon form short sleeves, or epaulettes if the dress have long sleeves. A rosette at the point of the waist in front, and streamers, also edged with lace, which descend to about the middle of the jupe.

FIG. V.—LA COMPTESS SLEEVE of very thin muslin, finished on the back with bands of insertion, and bows of ribbon. A deep frill falls over the hand. This sleeve is exceedingly dressy, especially if made of illusion, or thin lace.

FIG. VI.—CACHE-PEIGNE HEAD DRESS of pink ribbons striped with silver, mixed with roses and jessamines; a torade of ribbon crosses the top of the forehead and joins the *cache-peigne* on each side.

FIG. VII.—FIGURED MUSLIN COLLAR with square

corners, formed of embroidered insertions and Valenciennes alternately, bordered with Valenciennes.

FIG. VIII.—PUFFED SLEEVE ornamented with embroidered bands edged with lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The cold, windy weather is still with us, making us wrap ourselves closely in our furs: and velvets, and brocades, and heavy silks, are also necessary, yet the counters of all our drygoods stores are gay and airy with the light summer fabrics. The silks, when not flounced, are usually in large plaids or stripes, some of a pattern which has a chene effect, and are very showy. Light blue, lilac, apple green, stone color, and light brown or fawn color, are the favorite tints. The entirely plain silks are distinguished for their richness of texture. Some will be made with the skirt plain, but *very full*, others flounced. The most elegant and popular dresses are those which have the flounces bordered with a woven pattern of colors harmonizing with the rich silk. These dresses cost from eighteen dollars up to fifty and seventy-five. The lowest priced are those which are called summer silks, which are much thinner and lighter than the others. For twenty-five or thirty-five dollars a very elegant dress can be purchased. Most of the India silks, which are expressly for summer wear, are of medium sized plaids, at about seventy-five cents a yard, of *de lain* width. *Moiré antique* are also very much worn, but mostly by middle-aged or elderly ladies. A very elegant dress of this material with satin stripes, can be bought for forty dollars.

The DE LAINS are of rich colors, many of wide figured stripes, but the patterns are not so large as they were during the winter. This material has a particularly elegant appearance this spring. For good quality the prices range from fifty to seventy-five cents.

The most beautiful article for summer wear is grenadine or twisted silk, which all our readers know is as light and delicate as gauze. It possesses the advantage of being very durable, and not rumpling. The lowest price for a good quality of this material is one dollar a yard, but a dollar and twenty-five or fifty cents is the usual charge. When this article comes in dress patterns, with woven flounces, twenty-five dollars a dress is asked. Nothing can be more elegant for a dinner dress at a watering-place than a grenadine, and it also answers admirably for an evening dress. One of the most charming which we have seen, was of a white ground, sprigged over with delicate roses and buds, with three deep flounces, wreathed with flowers. Another was of a white ground with lilac flowers, and the flounces bordered with lilacs of the natural colors.

Still cheaper, and very handsome are the *bareges* and *tissues* with woven flounces. The dress is usually of some dark or plain color, with satin stripes or arabesque figures in good contrasting colors. For instance, brown with green, brown with dark blue, or brown with purple stripes; or stone or fawn color, with blue, green, or darker shades of stone or fawn.

BLACK BAREGES with blue or green stripes or arabesques are very stylish. This material can be obtained from six dollars and a half, up to fourteen or fifteen dollars a dress.

The LAWS are exceedingly delicate. Some of these also are flounced, and cost about eighteen dollars a dress.

Of course plain TISSUES and BAREGES will be much worn, and these are very elegant when trimmed with flounces of the same.

No change as yet has taken place in the make of dresses. Braces are very much in favor. There are too many elegant laces in fashion yet to dispose of the open fronted dresses. Although morning-gowns are still made with broad revers, of velvet, or silk, there are also some accompanied by large pelerines or tippets. These pelerines, in high favor some years ago, will be again in vogue.

BALL DRESSES are very pointed and have no lappets or basques. Although lappets retain all their vogue for walking toilets, it is considered bad taste to put them on ball dresses made of light tissues. However, they are still added to bodies for ladies who no longer dance, and who wear what may be called matronly tissues. A great many bodies for ball dresses have draperies, a very graceful style which gives fulness to the bust and elegance to the figure generally. However, for dresses with braces or braces, the braces do not terminate at the waist, but are continued below and hang down the skirt. The effect of this arrangement is very pretty. Corsets are fixed at the waist by a bow of ribbons, the long ends floating like those of a sash. Double and triple skirts, puffings and flounces are most in for light tissues.

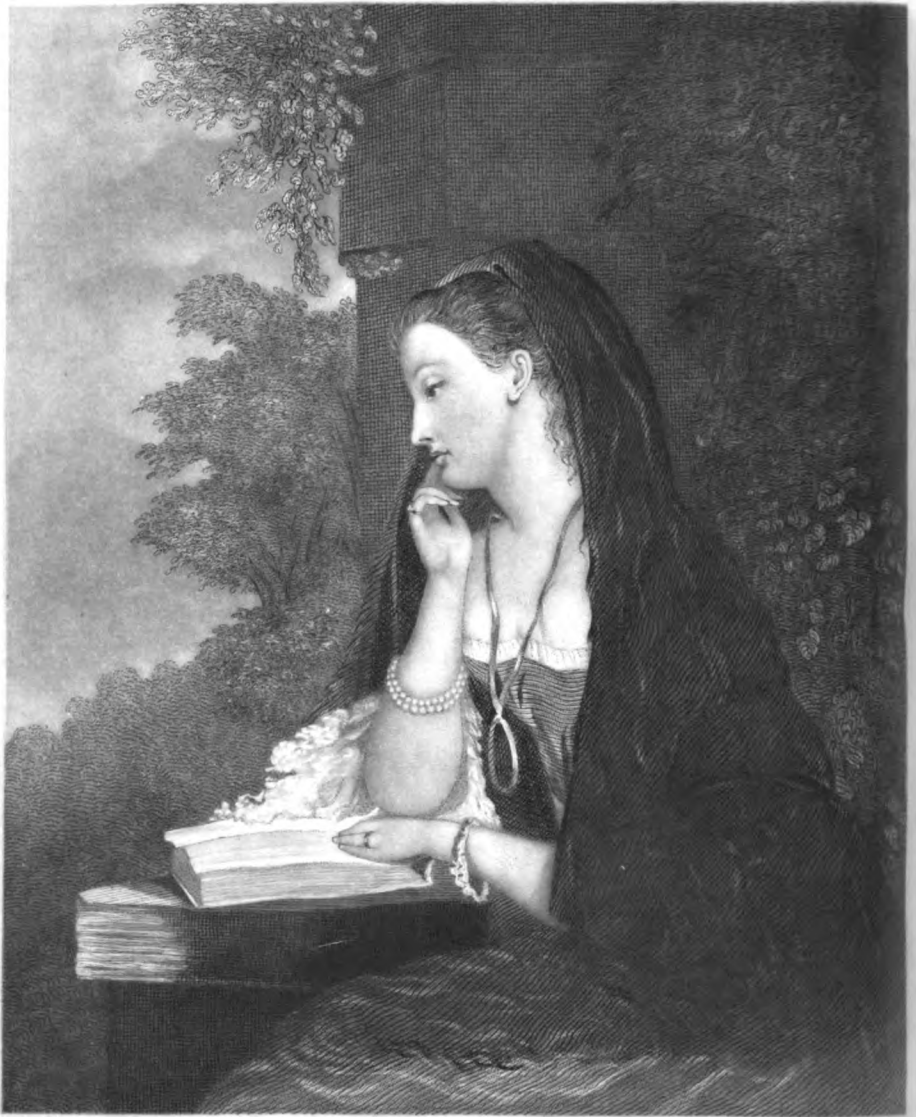
A great many bodies are ornamented in front and on the sleeves with floods of ribbon *a la Louis XV*. This trimming is sometimes seen on the skirt. The floods of ribbon are made of a number of loops laid one over the other.

LACE is also extensively used in trimming dresses, and while we are on this subject, we must mention that M. Bell is now making very graceful pelerines of black lace and English application. These pelerines, round behind, pointed in front, where they are in the style of the Marie Antoinette fichu, are in great wear for family evening parties and the theatre.

BONNETS.—But very few spring bonnets have made their appearance yet, as the "openings" of our fashionable milliners have not taken place. We give, however, the description of one of the most elegant which we have seen. It is of pink *point de soie*, entirely covered with a veil of *point de tulle*, slightly puffed and bordered with a *revers* of blonde. This veil which covers the curtain hangs on each side in long barbes on the shoulders, is fastened right and left of the front by three or four some pink feathers. The inside is trimmed, on one hand with daisies, on the other with a *bande* of ribbon mixed with blonde. The fronts of bonnets are somewhat deeper than they have been.



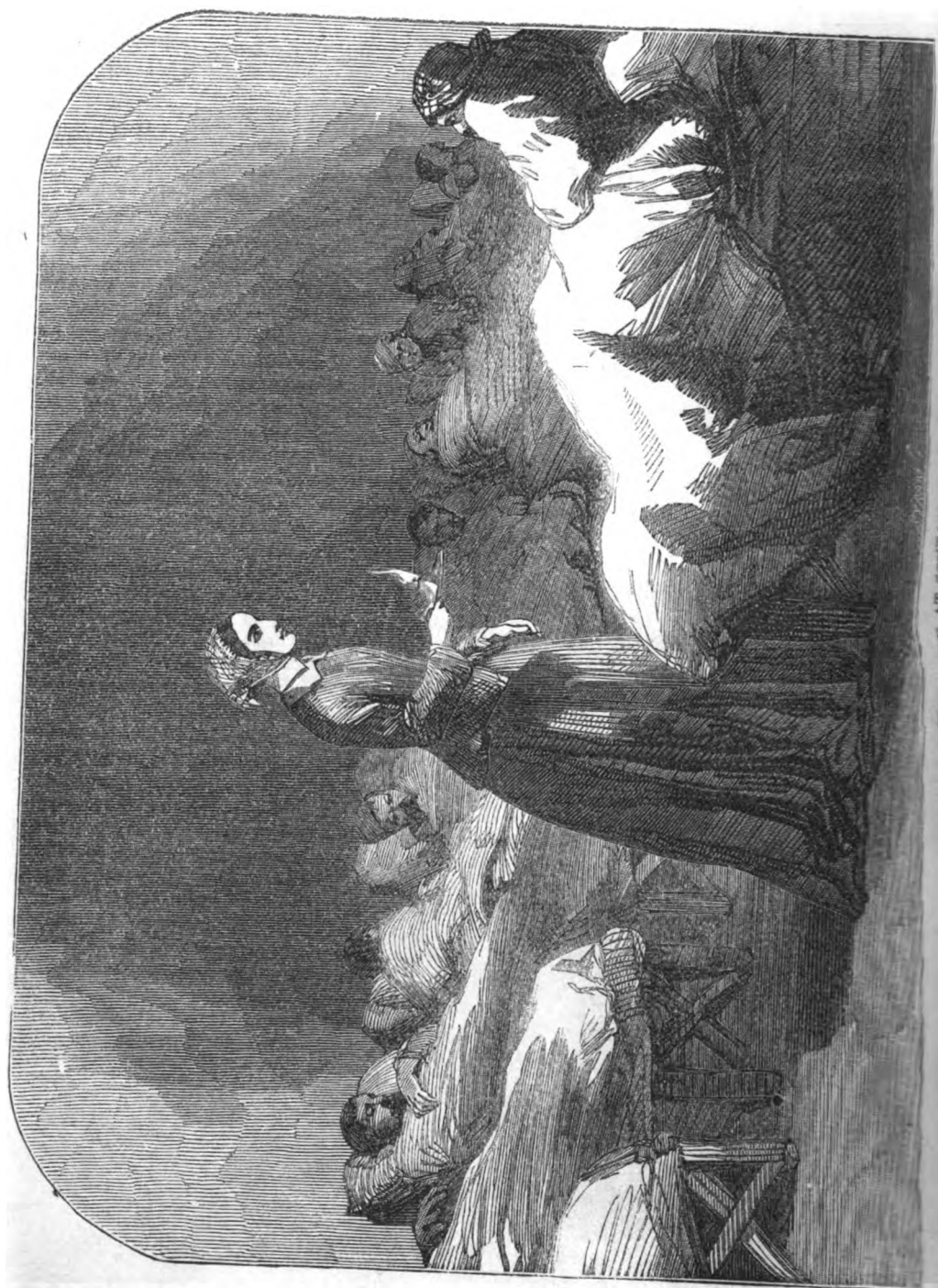
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1855.

No. 5



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.



HEAD-DRESS.



THE FELICIA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

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EMILY WHARTON'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

At eighteen, according to the diploma of a fashionable boarding-school, Emily Martin was fully qualified to marry. Her music was of the most scientific description, far above the comprehension of the common herd; her voice in the highest state of cultivation; her French as Parisian as Monsieur Gondon and a provincial French nursery-maid could make it; her Italian so extensive that she could sing it with but few mistakes, and her embroidery and fancy work very much better than her plain sewing.

So, as I said before, my friend Emily considered herself fully competent for the matrimonial state, and a certain Louis Wharton thought so too.

After the flutter of bridal finery and bridal parties was over, the young wife was carried off to a distant village to make acquaintance with her husband's family, and she came home delighted with everything and everybody she saw. Such housekeeping, such clock-work regularity, such breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers; these were the themes of Emily's conversation for many a day, and she had half a mind to try to rival her mother-in-law and sister-in-law in that respect.

But her old interests and occupations soon superseded her new ones, the more readily, as Biddy, her one servant, was a faithful, thorough-going creature, who preferred having the work entirely under own control.

It was four months after her marriage, and with a gay heart and willing hands, Emily Wharton was putting her frilled pillow-cases on the bed of her spare room, for her mother-in-law was expected that day to make them a visit.

She was standing back to admire the effect of her handy work, when Biddy put her head in at the open door.

"If you please, mam," said she, "I must go this minit to my sister's. Jemmy's down stairs, and he says the baby's most dead intirely. The

Virgin save us!" and Biddy's tears flowed copiously.

Poor Emily stood bewildered. It was a case in which she could not refuse to let her servant go, but what was she to do? her mother-in-law, the queen of housekeepers, coming, and dinner to get. Had it been a piece of intricate music to play at sight, she would have laughed at the difficulty, but chickens to prepare, and dessert to make, and old Mrs. Wharton to criticize! poor Emily felt as if her sorrow was as great as Biddy's.

"But can't you run down and see the child, Biddy, and then come back to get dinner? You know my mother-in-law is coming to-day. You shall go away again as soon as possible. I guess the baby isn't so very sick," said she, as coaxingly as if her manner would have made it as she wished.

But Biddy shook her head.

"If it's ill jest, you see, mam, I must stay and help nurse it; and if it dies, Margary will want me to wake with it. But I'll come back, mam, as soon as iver I can," and she left the room to put on her things.

Emily seated herself on the foot of the bed which she had been at so much trouble to prepare, and looked as if stunned by some unexpected blow.

She could not collect her ideas, and it was not till she heard the hall door close, that she recollected how much she might have learned from Biddy, had she but had her wits about her sufficiently to have asked.

There was a mine of energy in Emily's character which had never been worked for want of necessity, so without stopping to bewail the unfortunate circumstance any longer, she proceeded at once to the kitchen. There upon the large waiter, which Biddy always used for such purposes, lay a pair of fine chickens, with amputated legs, and in the half prepared state in

which they were when she had received the news.

The poor, little housekeeper gazed at them for a moment, no more knowing what to do with them than the Indian did with the syllabub, till a happy thought flashed across her bewildered brain, and, with something like a smile, she got her cook book. But, alas! there were "chicken patties," and "chicken gumbo," and "chicken friocasees," but never a word about *preparing* and roasting chickens. She took the fowls up and studied their anatomy as attentively as ever Cuvier did that of some precious, unknown animal, but it was of no use; dress them she *could not*, and with a sigh, and a hearty inclination to cry, she sat down to reflect upon what was to be done.

She picked up the waiter and carried it to the cellar, and during her explorations in the safe, she discovered a fine roasting piece of beef, which had been sent home with the marketing. She could almost have danced for joy. A nugget of gold gleaming upon the eye of a California adventurer was never half so welcome. Here at least there could be no difficulty; no preparation nor filling was necessary here. She was uncertain, however, how long it should roast, so she again applied to her cook book. But with no better success than before. There was "beef *a-la-mode*," and "beef *bouilli*," "French beef," and "beef olins," but never a word about a plain, old-fashioned roast. Still as there was a chance of getting something for dinner, Emily would not be totally discouraged, so she hunted up a pan, and put the beef in the oven, determined it should be done enough; but knew nothing of the necessity of seasoning.

The potatoes were her next trouble. Were they to be put in hot water or cold? And secretly thinking that washing them was about as dirty work as she ever did, she dropped them into a large boiler of hot water.

The mental debate then was, "Spinach versus cold ham." The former carried the day, but as she looked at the basket full of crisp, dark-green leaves, she wondered if Louis, when he marketed, had intended they should live on spinach for the next week. So she threw a couple of handfuls into a pot of water, and wondered how long it took eggs to boil hard enough to eat with it.

"The dinner will look somewhat frugal, to be sure, but mother Wharton will excuse it under the circumstances, I know," thought Emily, as she gazed at the clock, and found it was just twelve. They dined at two, and the dessert was yet to be made. But what was it to be? She did not know what Biddy had intended doing

with all the milk which she saw in the cellar, but she was so out of patience with her cook book, that she never thought of consulting it again. Here, however, she defied circumstance. She had some fine preserves which her mother had put up for her, and cheese, and almonds, and raisins, and the dessert for this day should consist of these.

With a mind very much relieved, she proceeded to arrange the dinner-table, and after a dozen unnecessary excursions to the pantry, it was completed with the exception of spoons for the vegetables, and the castor.

Emily thought it was now time to see how her dinner was coming on. She opened the door of the range, and to her dismay she found that the splendid piece of beef had a whitish, sickly look, and that the oven was as cold as charity. With tears in her eyes she tried the potatoes. They lay snugly huddled together far down in a gallon of water, as hard as when they were put in. The two handfuls of spinach had diminished frightfully, and as a climax to the disasters, she now, for the first time, noticed that the bright fire in the range had become dusky white ashes, which gave forth no heat.

Her previous anxiety had made her nervous, and now she took a hearty cry. But she soon went to work again right bravely. She applied the poker vigorously to the grate, but nothing except dust and cinders, which nearly choked her, followed. She lifted the lid from the range and looked in. There was still a little fire left, and determining to have a good one when she made it, she threw on a whole scuttle full of coal. She went on raking away, covering herself with fine white ashes, the tears coming occasionally in spite of herself, when the door-bell rang.

With a half terrified "oh, dear, there they are," and another burst of tears, which she hastily wiped away, Emily proceeded to open the front door, never thinking of her appearance.

Louis was handing his mother out of the carriage, and she stood like a culprit, half hidden by the door.

"Here, Biddy, take this basket," said he, handing a small travelling satchel, as he spoke, without looking up.

"Oh, Louis!" was the answer of the supposed Biddy.

The young husband started in astonishment. That this blackened, tear-stained, ashes-covered figure could be his neat, smiling, pretty wife, was almost incomprehensible.

"Biddy's left me, Louis! How d'do, mother," but the kiss on old Mrs. Wharton's face was

accompanied by such a burst of tears as shocked the mother-in-law. The good, thrifty soul, could not comprehend *such* a sorrow.

They all went into the parlor, where Emily, with a broken voice, recounted her troubles.

It would be untrue to say that Louis was not disappointed; he was so anxious that Emily should continue the favorable impression which he knew that she had at first made on his mother. In his own mind he had determined that she should sing herself like a mermaid into old Mrs. Wharton's affections, and he just now discovered that there were other accomplishments, which he suspected his mother valued more highly than music, singing, French or Italian.

The good lady smiled, but not unkindly, on her daughter-in-law, for she saw how anxious she was to do her duty.

"No matter, Emily, about your dinner," said she. "If your kettle boils, give us some bread and butter and preserves, and a cup of tea, and we shall do famously. Wait till I get off my things, and I will see what I can do with your refractory fire. I can generally coax up one like a charm."

The willing voice and manner relieved Emily

indescribably, and with a lightened heart she led the way to the kitchen.

Mrs. Wharton rolled up her sleeves, tied her handkerchief over her cap, and pinned up her gown, (Emily did not possess a cooking apron, for which she inquired) then with an ease which did really seem like a charm, she kindled a fire with the splints which Emily had brought at her request from the cellar.

A suspicious twitch flitted about the corners of her mouth, as she peered over her spectacles at the beef, the potatoes, and the spinach, but she told Emily so kindly how she ought to have done, and made it all appear so easy, that the poor, little wife gave her a hearty kiss, and took another good cry.

Biddy did not return till the next day, and to her astonishment she found that the "ould lady," as she called her, was constantly invading her domain with young Mrs. Wharton, and after some unintelligible mutterings about "two mis-thresses," she quietly yielded to the presence and the help of the two, when she was preparing meals, and in consequence, Emily Wharton now adds *good cooking* to the list of her other accomplishments, as we would advise all young ladies, whether married or not, to do.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY ELIZA BISHOP

I THINK of thee when morning flings
Her rosy robe o'er earth and sea;
I think of thee when midnight brings
Repose, 'tis then I think of thee.

When stars through the pure azure gleam—
Those tiny blossoms of the sky—
And when the struggling, faint moonbeam
Brings thoughts of thee, for thee I sigh.

When day is done, and stillly night
Brings gentle, calm repose to me—
When cares and sorrows take their flight,
In balmy sleep I dream of thee.

Through all the hours of blessed light,
Amid my daily toil and care—
And through the watches of the night,
For thee, to Heaven ascends my prayer.

THE MYSTIC RIVER.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

FLOATING down the mystic river,
Waiteth, pauseth, never, never,
Swifter, deeper, grows forever—
Life's great silent stream!
Flowers along its banks are growing,
Shadows dim, and sunlight glowing,
Flit athwart its ebbing, flowing,
Like a changeful dream.

As when daylight's curtain closes,
Dew-drops nestle 'mid the roses,
But to flee when morn unclases
Her dark brilliant eye;
So the dreams of joy and sorrow,
That the gliding travellers borrow,
For the never-coming morrow,
Vanish out, and die!

THE PRAIRIE WAIF.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

A YOUTH was traversing on horseback one of our great western prairies.

A leather saddle-bag slung over his horse, contained his wearing apparel, and in a knapsack, which was strapped in soldier fashion to his back, were a compass and a spy-glass—instruments as indispensable to the voyager on the prairie sea, as to him who navigates the deep.

The patient horse plodded his toilsome way through the tall grass, which in its rank luxuriousness greatly impeded his progress.

From time to time the young rider glanced behind him at the sun, which was beginning to dye the western sky with gorgeous sunset hues, and then looked earnestly and anxiously forward.

Stopping his horse at last, he took his glass from the knapsack, and after a careful scrutiny, a quiet smile broke over his grave, young face, and he murmured, as he replaced the instrument,

"The hollow tree at last!"

Guiding his horse in the direction toward which he had looked, the object mentioned soon became apparent—a tree of gigantic dimensions, but hollow, and almost dead, which stood like a sentinel at the outpost between the prairie and the common land.

The rider, with what speed he could, approached it; but it was not till he emerged from the high grass within a few rods of the tree, that he perceived, to his great surprise, that a little child was standing all alone beneath the huge, rugged branches.

It was a little girl about five or six years old, and as beautiful as a veritable fairy, who stood in an expectant attitude gazing eagerly up into the tree.

As she heard the rider approaching she partly turned her head, and made a motion desiring silence; and then remained, with her little finger still held up, and with an earnest smile on her bright face, still gazing upward.

Hugh Westering, for that was the youth's name, thought he had never seen anything so beautiful—had he been an artist, in fact, as he was in feeling, he would have wished to model the lovely child just as she stood and looked, as

the personification of "Hope." He paused a moment in admiration, and then slowly approached a little nearer.

"Do not make a noise!" said the little girl, coming to meet him.

"Why not?" asked Hugh, softly, respecting her commands.

"Oh," she answered, "because I am expecting my owl to come out now. He is in the hollow tree—he has been there all day, and he would not come down, though I have tried hard to coax him. But I think he is coming now—he came out only a little later last night, and I saw him put out his head just now. And look there," she added, with a joyous laugh, "what a nice feast I have got ready for him."

Hugh looked where she pointed, and saw on the grass a number of flat, oval stones set out in regular tea-table order. On these stones were piled up blackberries, whortleberries, ground-nuts, fresh hazel-nuts, and some pieces of dry bread. Little bouquets of the rich prairie flowers, bound together by blades of grass, were placed around—a more tasteful little tea-table could not have tempted Queen Titania herself. Hugh was becoming more and more interested in this lovely little one, who, though thus solitary, and apparently deserted in so dreary a spot, had, resting secure in her innocence, and knowing nought of evil, felt nought of fear. He determined to unravel the mystery of her being where she was, and dismounting, he left his poor, tired horse to pick a supper much to his liking from the grass, while he approached the child. She clapped her hands gleefully as she saw his intention of joining her, and said,

"Oh, you're coming to my supper! I'm so glad. You are better even than the owl."

Hugh smiled at the meagre compliment, and seated himself by invitation opposite to one of the stones which was playing the part of plate.

The little hostess helped him plentifully to her really delicious berries and nuts, chattering in childish fashion all the time about "the tea-party being begun, and how sorry the owl," (which she every now and then declared she saw peeping at them from the tree) "how sorry he must be that he had not come when she asked him—but it was not too late yet, if he was not

too shy, and did not mind his country manners, and not being used to parties"—this last with a little air of childish importance.

Hugh at length interrupted her merry talk, to question her seriously as to who she was, and how she came to be all alone in such a strange place.

His interrogations seemed instantly to recall the child from the land of dreams, where she had been wandering, to this world of realities and sorrow. Her smiles and laughter changed to a look of distress, and tears rolled rapidly down her cheeks as she told Hugh her story in a childish, broken way.

It appeared from what she said, that her mother had been left a widow in her solitary home, which lay in the wilderness just beyond the prairie. Unable to cope with the difficulties of her position, and far from either friends or neighbors, she had set out with her child to endeavor to cross the prairie in order to reach a more settled part of the country.

Ere long, however, the lonely woman, who had no idea of the dangers of the enterprise she had undertaken, became lost and bewildered in the pathless waste. Fortunately her stock of provisions was ample, and did not fail her; but the anxiety and fatigue she underwent was so great, that when she was able to discern from a distance the topmost branches of the beacon tree, for which her aching eyes had strained in vain for many long days, her strength, sustained till then by excitement and fears for her child, failed utterly. She sunk down among the prairie grass, poor, weary, heart-broken traveller, to die on the borders of the promised land which her foot was never to tread.

To the child she gave her earnest, dying charges to loiter not when she should be no more, but to take their remaining provision and proceed strait onward till she should reach the hollow tree, where she bade her remain, knowing probably that there the child would be in comparative safety, and could scarcely fail to be soon discovered by travellers passing a spot so well known. Alas, for the dying mother, who could make no better provision for the orphan she was leaving!

The weeping little one concluded her sad story, by saying she had only stopped just long enough to lay prairie flowers all round dear mamma, and then had come strait on, just as she said, till she had come to the tree the night before.

"Mother told me to wait here and God would provide for me," she added, with a tone of doubt in her voice, as though she asked Hugh to settle

the question which had arisen in her lonely, little heart.

"And so He will—He has," answered Hugh, much moved, and without another word he lifted the child to his saddle, and springing after her, he folded her closely to his bosom beneath his warm cloak, and rode carefully homeward.

Hugh Westering, though still a youth in years, was a man whose youthful buoyancy was gone, owing to a great early disappointment.

He had been deeply attached to a beautiful girl of his native place, Salem, Massachusetts. She had given him every assurance of affection, and, notwithstanding their youthfulness, they were betrothed with the consent of friends. Happening, however, to attract the attention of a handsomer and gayer man, the fickle girl lightly broke her troth with the utmost levity and heartlessness.

Unfortunately Hugh was but too sincerely attached to this unworthy object. His feelings were naturally uncommonly deep and constant, and he felt the shock of this unexpected blow to his inmost being. He could find no solace in the reflection that the idol he had worshipped had proved herself a false goddess, unworthy a true man's homage—that he found the hardest thought of all to bear.

The noble nature can better endure sorrow than humiliation; and what humiliation so keen as the degradation of the being dearer far than self.

The sorrow and agitation this unhappy affair caused Hugh occasioned a severe illness, which for a time threatened his life. When he recovered, he gathered together his means, and leaving forever a place which had become hateful to him, sought a home such as suited the gloomy and misanthropic state of his mind in the forests of the West.

His mother, a plain woman of the Quaker faith, whose whole affections were centered in her only child, accompanied him.

For three long toilsome years had they lived in their lonely home. Hugh found a stern pleasure in the fierce struggle by which the backwoodsman subdues nature; who does not willingly yield her freedom, and compels her to serve him and minister to his wants; but his heart had lain cold and dead in his bosom.

Now, for the first time in all that period, he felt it stir, as though to new life, as he folded the lonely and deserted little orphan closely to him. While she remained awake he listened with a kind of rapture to the music of her innocent prattle, and when she fell asleep in his arms, he bowed his head over her, and silent tears, the first he had shed since his great

sorrow, fell in the darkness, as he thanked God for giving him at last something for his lonely, aching heart to love.

Though it was not many miles from the outskirts of the prairie to Hugh's forest home, it was quite dark ere he reached it. It was but an humble-looking place, the house, though large, being built of logs, as nearly all the dwellings in those remote regions are.

The traveller seemed to have been expected—a boy was waiting outside the house, and came forward with a warm greeting to "Mr. Hugh," and the door was at the same time opened by a middle-aged woman in Quaker dress and cap, who asked,

"Is it thee, Hugh?"

"Yes, mother," replied the young man, as he carefully dismounted with the sleeping child in his arms. Entering the house, he deposited her on a lounge in an inner room, and turning toward the wondering old lady, simply ejaculated the word "there," in a tone of relief and satisfaction. The satisfaction, however, appeared to be by no means mutual. A frown of displeasure darkened friend Mary Westering's brow, and she exclaimed in a tone of impatience,

"Good Lord save thy wits, son, what has thee brought home now?"

"Only a poor, lost child, mother."

"Only a child! and what will it be next? Last week it was a poor, lame horse, which had been turned out on the prairie to die, which you brought home to tend, and nurse, and feed—before that it was a wounded deer—I have been pestered all my life with thy lame dogs and stray cats, and now it is *only* a child, I am to play foster-mother to."

"Mother!" said Hugh, in a tone of gentle reproof, "thy words belie thy kind and tender heart. If I am compassionate to the helpless and suffering, when I meet them, from whose early teachings have I learnt the lesson? God knows, mother," he continued, in a lower tone, and a voice he strove to make steady, "my heart has been hard and cold enough since the bitter time now past when Mary betrayed me—since then I have never felt it soften to any human being as now to this poor child. Mother, wilt thou not love her—or at least bear with her for my sake?"

It was the first time Hugh had ever alluded to the sorrow of his youth—the first time the name of the false maiden had been uttered between them, and the mother knew well how much it had cost her silent and reserved son to make this appeal; thoroughly melted, she answered with tears standing in her eyes,

"Yea, that I will, Hugh, and bless her from my inmost heart if she prove to thee a comfort and solace, for greatly thou needest both."

And so it was, that the little orphan girl was welcomed into friend Mary's heart. At first, for the sake of the beloved son; but once admitted, the little one maintained her ground, and even conquered it anew in her own right. She became the pet and darling of the old lady, and as for Hugh, from the time he took the poor, deserted little wanderer in his arms, he surrendered to her his whole heart. He tended her—waited on her—amused her—sat by her when ill all through the long night—and was in all things her most obedient servant.

He spent several hours every day instructing her, and when he was working in the fields she was his constant companion. While he was busy with his farm work, she would nestle down in some shady corner, in sight, and make plays, and hold long conversations all by herself. A flower, a stone, a leaf, a bud, anything would serve for a foundation for her to build her fancies on; and Hugh, formerly so grave and sad, often paused in his work, and stood listening and laughing at these imaginary discourses, when the child fascinated herself unobserved.

Sometimes he would approach her, and with a heart overflowing with love and joy would ask, "Art thou happy, my little prairie bird?" and she soon learned to know that nothing in the world delighted him so much as to hear her reply, in the Quaker phraseology, which sounds so quaintly sweet on childish lips,

"Yes, dear Hugh, as happy as thou could'st wish."

Nothing is so grateful and flattering to a man, particularly one whose affections have once been made the sport of treachery or falsehood, as the affection of children, since it bears so indisputably the stamp of genuine honesty that none can doubt its sincerity. Hugh could not but see that his little foundling preferred him to all the world, and of course the fact increased his tenderness for her.

Thus pleasantly passed away the little girl's childhood—no one ever came to claim her, though her romantic story was often told to such travellers as not unfrequently sought a temporary shelter beneath Hugh's hospitable roof. Hugh, therefore, in course of time, lost the dread of losing her, which had troubled him so much at first.

A few years rolled swiftly by, and as by some magic, the playful child has been transformed into a beautiful, bewitching young woman.

Hugh could only gaze and wonder—could it be

that the vision of loveliness which he saw flitting about his humble dwelling, and seeming to irradiate each spot she visited by the mere sunshine of her beauty—could it be the very same being, the same little Fanny, whom he had found under the old prairie-tree, and carried home, like a lost lamb, in his bosom?

Fanny was about eighteen years old, when it happened that a company of United States soldiers, on their overland way to California, a country which was beginning to attract great attention, claimed Hugh's hospitality for the night, and both house and barn were crowded by the travellers.

Among the guests at the house was, of course, the commanding officer, young Lieutenant Howard, of Philadelphia. His manners were those of a gentleman of refinement; his conversation was lively and brilliant; he was, besides, extremely handsome, and as he appeared to be greatly struck by Fanny's loveliness, and devoted himself to her with a courtly gallantry, to which the country maiden was all unused, it will be conceded that a more dangerous visitor could scarcely have entered the forest home, if Fanny wished to continue to

"Walk in maiden meditation—fancy free."

But however willingly the young soldier would have lingered in this Eden which he had found in the wilderness, duty summoned him on the morrow to resume his journey. He accordingly "marshalled his men," and having courteously thanked his host and hostess, and taken a somewhat tender leave of Fanny, he mounted his horse to depart. But ere he had secured his seat on the saddle, the animal swerved violently aside, owing to a sudden fright, and the rider was dashed forcibly to the ground.

His leg was broken by the fall, and as the accident of course unfitted him for travel, he remained in friend Mary's hands, while the troop proceeded on their journey without him.

Of necessity the young man was domiciled for many weeks in Hugh's cottage, and never was invalid more carefully nursed and cared for. Friend Mary was an excellent nurse, and unremitting in her attentions, and both Hugh and Fanny, but more frequently the latter, were constantly summoned to her aid.

Young Howard, on his part, seemed to have no idea of playing the uninteresting and querulous invalid. He exerted his really uncommon talents to render himself agreeable and entertaining, and his dark eyes told eloquent tales to Fanny. Will the simple country girl have wit to read them?

Friend Mary, simple-minded and unobservant, saw nothing of what was going on, but Hugh had perceived from the very first what a powerful impression the young girl's beauty had produced on the young soldier.

It was therefore no surprise to him when, one evening, before the youth was to resume his journey westward, he laid before him satisfactory papers in proof of his respectability and character, and demanded permission to address his adopted daughter.

Hugh had not an objection to urge. The proposal seemed in every way honorable and desirable; yet his heart sickened within him as he listened to the stranger's voice. Even the words in which his petition was urged grated on his ear—for the first time he heard Fanny spoken of as his daughter with pain. In vain he mentally chid himself, and bade himself consider the advantageousness of Lieutenant Howard's offer, so much more brilliant than he could have hoped for Fanny—so honorable both to himself and her. He could not persuade himself that the young soldier's proposal had caused him anything but the keenest anguish of spirit.

So greatly was he agitated and overcome by the conversation we have alluded to, that he was twice obliged to leave the apartment, ere he could recover composure to grant the young lover the privilege he felt he had no right to withhold.

The next morning, Fanny rose early, as had been agreed upon between her and friend Mary, to preside at the early breakfast prepared for the parting guest.

Hugh, who had passed a sleepless night, and had been long up, heard her lively call as she passed his door, but he made no response, remaining in his room till the sound of a horse galloping away assured him of the young soldier's departure. How could he doubt the answer he had received?

He descended slowly and sadly to the room below, but he assumed a cheerful air as he entered the apartment—at least he could spare Fanny the pain of knowing the suffering she innocently caused him—she should never blush for the folly of one she had revered and respected as a father. At least he could keep his secret—had he not guarded it well—almost from his own heart even—for two long years?

Fanny with somewhat heightened color and downcast eyes, was busying herself with the breakfast things as he entered.

Hugh, with the desire a despairing man has of hearing a dreaded certainty affirmed, said with an attempt at pleasantry,

"Well, Fanny, dear, how is it? Has he spoken?"

"Yes, Hugh."

"And your reply?"

Fanny blushed deeply, and turned away her head.

"I want courage to tell you my reply," she said.

"Take courage, Fanny," replied Hugh, in a voice which told how sadly his own was failing him.

Fanny was silent a moment, and then looking up at Hugh with her candid blue eyes filled with tears, said in an agitated voice,

"Yes, I *will* take courage, dear Hugh—though it costs me a struggle—for your sake as well as mine. I told him I did not, and could not love him, because I already loved another."

"Indeed, Fanny?" cried Hugh, completely taken by surprise, "how can that be when you have known no other?"

"The person I love I have known all my life," said Fanny, raising her eyes to Hugh's face, "and he has loved me well these two years, though he little guessed I knew it."

She smiled through her blushes and tears, and Hugh changing color, stammered,

"Ah, Fanny, can I, dare I think——"

"Think anything," said Fanny, giving way to a violent fit of weeping, which she sought in vain longer to restrain, "except that I am bold and unmaidenly. Or forgive me, dear Hugh, if you do think so—but it was the only return I have ever had it in my power to make for all your goodness to me."

"*Forgive* you, Fanny? Oh, I bless you and thank you from my inmost heart—you have made me the happiest creature on God's earth."

"Except one," smiled Fanny, laying her girlish cheek affectionately on the rough-coated breast to which she was clasped; and if we may read aright the expression of that sweet young face, we must believe it no mistaken feeling which has made her reject youth and beauty for the sake of a man, plain-featured and no longer young. There is no mistaking that look of perfect love and trust—deep—earnest—entire.

Who shall judge of a girl's fancies? "The wind bloweth whither it listeth," and even so waywardly does woman bestow her love. Yet seldom, indeed, does it happen that any man is so fortunate as to win the entire affections of the same individual thrice—as child, girl and woman.

LEONORE.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

Slow the midnight hour is stealing
Through the dim and silent room
Where the dying maiden lingers
Still, amid the deepening gloom;
Yet the pale and placid features
Show that life is almost o'er,
That the grave will soon receive thee,
Leonore!

On the hushed and weary household
Yet a deeper shadow lies,
For the light of life is fading
From the bright and beaming eyes;
And the deep and heavy breathing
Tells thou'rt nearest that far shore,
Where no sorrow e'er shall wake thee,
Leonore!

Must it be that all that's lovely,
All that's dear shall pass away?
That our purest, sweetest treasures
All shall silently decay?
Can it be that thou art going
Far away to come no more?
Wilt thou then as now be with me,
Leonore?

Ah! how sad will be the Spring-time
When the flowers bloom again!
I shall miss thy gentle presence,
I shall feel that life is vain!
Yet I know that thou will hover
O'er the ones thou'st loved before,
When the hand of death hath found thee,
Leonore!

Hush! I feel the night air breathing
Soft upon my aching brow,
And I know that death is coming
With a sudden stillness now!
Lo! the fever-strife is ended—
Lo! the hours of life are o'er—
Thou hast passed the darkling current,
Leonore!

Calm and meek the hands are folded
O'er the still and silent breast,
Where no sorrow e'er shall enter,
No dark cloud disturb her rest.
Thou hast joined the angel choral,
On the bounds of that bright shore,
Where the spirit knows no dimness,
Leonore!

A WEDDING EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE front of the Aylesford mansion was a blaze of light on the evening in question. The uproar of carriages, arriving and depositing their precious freights, was almost deafening at times. Between lanes of servants the guests passed up to the imposing doorway, and entering the carved and wainscoted hall, which was now fairly dazzling with light, were shown up the wide staircase to the chambers set aside for dressing-rooms. It was a splendid spectacle to see the proud dames, attended by their lovely daughters, come pouring down the ample, heavily balustraded steps, and flock toward the drawing-rooms like stately birds. The rustle of stiff brocades, and the fluttering sound of fans, were mingled with a rich, low murmur of animated conversations, carried on in whispers, that was like a soft undertone to a gay piece of music. Nor were the cavaliers less gorgeous-looking than their partners. The age of dark and sober hues had not yet wholly usurped that of gay colors and silken fabrics for gentlemen's wear; and the *petit maitre* of the day thought himself unfit for female society, if his ruffles were not of the choicest lace, his coat and waistcoat elaborately embroidered, and his white hands sparkling with jewels. All was a blaze of light and grandeur. Swords jingled; diamond shoe-buckles flashed; necklaces sparkled till they rivaled the fair wearer's eyes; and the air was fragrant everywhere with the exquisite perfumes of the powder shaken from dozens of lovely heads whenever they moved. From a military band, stationed close by in the garden, came bursts of proud music continually, that made many a charming little foot move impatiently, and stirred the blood even of the old.

It would be impossible for us to describe half the superb dresses that made their *debut* on that occasion; but our fair readers would never forgive us if we omitted those of Mrs. Warren and the bride. The former wore a petticoat of crimson satin, thick as a board, the very sight of which would drive a modern belle crazy with envy. Over this was a skirt of rich, gold-flowered brocade; the bodice being made of the same material; and sleeves that, reaching to the elbow, were trimmed with deep, yellow, old lace, of almost fabulous value. But the head-

dress of Mrs. Warren was the crowning triumph of the good lady's toilet. This coiffure was, in fact, the masterpiece of the French artist, whom Mrs. Warren had engaged three months before, and who had spent most of his leisure moments since in studying out this grand achievement of his genius. It rose nearly two feet in height, a perfect mass of interwoven ribbons, curls and jewels, almost rivaling that, which, a few years later, gave a European reputation to the celebrated Lemard, hair-dresser to Marie Antoinette, because he had consumed in it upwards of fourteen yards of gauze. It was, in short, a miniature tower of Babel, done in hair, pomatum and powder. The dowager was as proud of this *chef d'œuvre* as her artist, and had but one drawback indeed on her satisfaction, which was that her cousin, Lord Danville, could not behold this miracle of art, taste and beauty.

The bride's dress followed the fashion of the hour less servilely, having been made subservient to her, own excellent taste. Her hair was drawn back entirely from her face, as was the prevailing *mode*; a style that eminently suited her regular features; but instead of being raised into an enormous tower, it was simply combed over an ordinary cushion, a long curl or two being allowed to fall behind each ear. It was slightly powdered on this occasion, but with silver *mareschale*, which produced an indescribably brilliant effect against her fair complexion; and further ornamented by a wreath of delicate flowers placed on one side. On her snowy, swan-like neck, she wore a superb necklace of diamonds, which had belonged to her mother. Her petticoat was of rich, white satin, the bottom being trimmed with wreaths of flowers; while her gown was of rose-colored brocade, wrought with silver flowers, and looped back from the under skirt with bunches of ribbons and flowers. Her stomacher was of costly lace, interspersed with diamonds. Her sleeves, like her aunt's, were tight to the elbow, where they were trimmed with a double ruffle of lace, whose fabric of frost-work set off the taper and rounded arm, heightening even its statuesque beauty. Her shoes were of white satin, pointed at the toes, and with high, red heels, a fashion which showed to the greatest advantage a lady's instep. She

carried a Watteau fan, a gift from the French ambassador, worth almost its weight in gold.

Such was Kate's costume, and amid all that splendid circle, she was, beyond rivalry, the loveliest. Nor was the bridegroom, who appeared simply in the uniform of his rank, less conspicuous among the array of magnificently clad gentlemen. His air of command and of manly dignity had, indeed, but one rival there; and that was in Washington himself, who then, as ever, "towered pre-eminent." The grand, yet simple dignity of that heroic form; the quiet authority in the somewhat severe face; and the unaffected, yet awe-inspiring manner: ah! what pen can describe these, which cotemporary painters confessed themselves unable to limn, and which the tongues of his most gifted compatriots fell short of depicting. But, though every eye turned first on the commander-in-chief, (even the eyes of those suspected of secretly wishing well to the royal arms,) the next object of admiration, at least among the ladies, was the bridegroom, as that of the gentlemen was the bride. Even the graceful, French noblemen, who were present, altogether failed of attracting attention by the side of these.

The ceremony was impressively performed, the bridegroom making the responses in a firm voice, and the bride in one a little fluttered. After a proper interval had elapsed, the dancing began. But our fair readers must not suppose that those high-bred dames permitted themselves, as their descendants do, to be taken familiarly about the waist by a comparative stranger, and whirled around the room in a schottish, or other waltz, as if the giddy pair were human spinning-tops. Nor must they imagine that the cavalier and his partner, with arms a-kimbo and faces alternately turned toward each other and averted, went stamping up

and down the apartment, like wild Indians, in a polka. They must not even think that the gentlemen was at liberty to swing his partner till her wrists ached, whenever he approached her in a quadrille, for that now comparatively obsolete dance had not then yet come into fashion. The minuet was the only dance sufficiently courtly for that high-bred age. It required something more than ordinary grace also to elicit admiration in that princely pastime; for it was performed in single couples, and with the eyes of the whole room watching for the slightest display of awkwardness. When the minuet, however, was danced to perfection, as it was more than once during this evening, it elicited that complete satisfaction in the beholder, which any finished work of art always produces. The gentleman leading out his fair partner as ceremoniously as if she was a queen, bowed over her hand till he bent almost to her waist; while she curtsied in return, with lashes drooping on her cheek, the color rising into her face, and her damask-gown rustling as it sank to the floor. All this had a grace, a stateliness, and an air of chivalrous worship, such as, alas! we never see in a modern ball-room. Then the exquisite ease with which the partners subsequently moved through the aristocratic dance, gliding to the slow, measured, stately music; the cavalier inclining his powdered head profoundly, with his hand on his heart, whenever he touched the hand of his companion; while she performed each evolution with lightness of step, a tender coyness, and a formal grace, which seemed to be the poetical realization of that lordly and perhaps pompous, yet knightly age. When the bride executed the minuet, she carried off all plaudits, however, for notwithstanding others danced well, she danced surpassingly so.

From "Kate Aylesford."

LURLINE.

BY S. M. THAYER.

It was the solemn midnight hour,
A storm was on the sky—
Unheeded by those saddened hearts,
In their deep agony.

They knelt around the dying bed,
The death-bed of the young,
And with deep sobs, and heartfelt sighs,
A mournful dirge they sung.

"Thou art leaving us, our Lurline,
So fondly loved and well,

Oh! thou art still so dear to us—
How can we say farewell?

"We gaze upon thy thin, pale cheek,
Thy fever flashing eye,
We feel that Death is near to thee—
Oh! God, let him go by!"

The wall was hushed—for Death had come,
And borne the flower away,
To bloom in fairer, brighter climes,
Where reigns eternal day.

MARIE TREVOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 289.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOST FOUND.

In a richly furnished room, on her couch, reclined the Lady Walden. Beauty no longer gave radiance to her face, but the pensive, care-worn look that lingered among the ravages suffering and sorrow had made, imparted to her countenance a purely spiritual, saint-like expression. Her hair was so white that one could hardly distinguish the line of silver that parted it from her pale brow. She wore a cap of fine material—a cambric robing-gown, and as she lay, she ever and anon pressed her hand above her eyes, as if she would fain, for the moment, shut out the light of day. She had evidently been weeping, and the cause seemed to be—her husband. He sat by her side—his head bowed on both hands, his posture one of deep humiliation.

A low, trembling voice broke the silence of the room, as the lady said, "It would ill become me, perhaps, near the grave as I am, to deny forgiveness to an erring fellow creature. Henry, if you had only told me this before our marriage! I loved you too well not to forgive, even then—and oh! I believe heaven has punished me for my idolatrous affection—but had I known all, this double sin had been prevented. Now I will not chide you—you have suffered, oh! how much more than myself, poor Henry."

"You were an angel!" whispered a broken voice.

"No, only a weak mortal, and yet heaven strengthens me to do my duty. Do not sob this way, dear Henry, I cannot bear it. I feel we have both been very sinful thus to mourn for eighteen long years—thus to defer the exquisite happiness of forgiveness. We both needed chastening—yet our selfishness has prolonged it, and but added torture. Come, cheer up, God has not forgotten us. Look at our son, noble, beautiful boy! I, at least, deserved not such a treasure, for I have lightly cherished it. Come, let me tell you what I intended to do this morning. Neither of us have many years to live—let us then im-

prove what little time remains. Look how the wind steals over those roses, catching perfume before it flies, to bear to other banks of sweets—so let time pass over us, bearing the perfume of good deeds to the better home. To-morrow is our boy's freedom day. We must forget the past in order to be benefited by the future—and I would have no sombre memory darken to-morrow's festival. From to-day, therefore, I have determined that not a word of our misfortune shall ever pass my lips. Is it a thing to mourn over—the thought that our beautiful girl has been these eighteen years among the blest in heaven? No! rather to rejoice, while we feel her gentle ministrations. What do you say, my dear husband, that forever after to-day we bury the past?"

A silent pressure of the hand was the baronet's only response, and clasping his wife to his bosom, he hurried with a lightened heart to his own room, there to thank God for His many mercies.

"Did you ever see Lady Walden looking so well before since her great misfortune?" asked a noble lord of an old dowager, who had in her turn expressed surprise on the same account quite often to sundry persons.

"No," replied the old lady—"I was saying a great many times that it was marvelous she gave this party on Lord Henry's freedom day; let me see—yes, this is the very first since; and—but then she is changed—changed, oh! yes—Lady Walden is changed—very—very," she added, dropping her voice, and repeating the word after the custom of good old ladies.

"Lord Henry is a fine young man."

"Yes—but I fancy he has grown a trifle thin since he travelled; and—mercy! did you see him start? No wonder, there is irresistible attraction in that young person's face—who is she? I mean the one just entering with that noble-looking woman; good heavens! what a likeness!"

"Likeness—of whom—where?"

"Why to the Waldens—to Lord Henry, for instance; look at them now—look, look—did you ever meet with anything so striking?"

"Y—e—s," said the other, hesitatingly, "there is a—a—yes, a striking likeness, as you say; by the way I must find who she is;" and the little, youthful old man tripped away, keeping time to the music of the band outside.

Marie (for it was she) soon found herself an object of immense interest; this and that one peering from all sides—some giving a stealthy, well-bred glance—others forgetting politeness in their curiosity, and staring as it has been said only Yankees can stare; but young America sometimes finds more than her match in old England—there is not so much difference as some suppose, especially in the matter of rudeness.

The excitement at last became so intense that it attracted the attention of Lady Walden.

"She says there is quite a wonder of beauty and youth present, in the person of a young girl," she said to her husband—"what does it mean?—who have we invited out of our circle?"

"Nobody," replied the baronet—"this is a young American girl whom Lady *Manget* has brought; it seems she is known to no one but her—really quite a sweet young creature—but why she has chaperoned her here I cannot imagine. However, she must be a person of distinction, or——"

"My dear Lady Walden, let me introduce you to my new acquisition," said a sweet voice, interrupting the baronet—and the dark-eyed Lady *Manget* presented the beautiful girl, remarking as she did so, "My young American friend has become quite a belle."

"A sweeter vision never crossed my path," said Lady Walden, mentally, feasting her eyes upon the speaking features—the rich tints of the cheeks, the sparkling eyes of such clear, deep blue, and, stranger though she was, she took both hands in hers and gazed with a sad kind of searching look into the angelic countenance. For an instant a sudden paleness overspread her features, and she shut her eyes with a slight moan—but almost as quickly regaining composure, she led the young creature to a seat, and sat herself beside her.

"I should not keep you from the dance," she said, in a low and remarkably sweet tone.

"You do not detain me at all," replied Marie, "I much prefer to be quiet awhile; I know not why," she added, mentally, "but I feel so strongly attracted toward this lovely woman."

"I want you to tell me all about America and American ladies," said Lady Walden, with gentle earnestness; "it seems to me that your men are all brave, and your women all fair."

"You do us honor," replied Marie, blushing; but it was not wholly the compliment that called

out the rosy red. She saw not far from her, leaning against a draperied pillow, the noble young heir, Lord Henry, regarding her with passionate soul-searching glances—a fire in his eye, a bloom on his cheek that added new beauty—she knew the light and the flush were kindled by her presence, and a pang shot through her heart as she thought perchance he could not conquer his ardent love. But soon rallying, she delighted Lady Walden with a vivid description of the parts of her country, the customs and prejudices, the virtues and follies of society.

Her listener expressed herself highly gratified and gazed with growing wonder on the eloquent young girl, when looking suddenly up she perceived her son standing in the posture of one who would seek farther opportunity of acquaintance.

"Come here, Henry," she cried, beckoning "Miss, I beg your pardon."

"Le Dunlap," Marie responded, trembling little as she put her hand in that of Lord Henry—"we have met before."

"Ah! indeed," replied the lady, glancing easily from Marie to her son, and noting the agitation, the nervous manner that had come over him.

"I had the pleasure of seeing him at my foster-father's house," said Marie, for the time feeling the painful awkwardness of position, her inability to speak of those in memory she revered as filial love dictated. They talked together, and now Lady W seemed to feel a curious interest, clasping hands, starting, bending forward to look at sometimes with features almost rigid, and a full working of the lips.

"It is so very strange, so wonderful, would murmur, "how like they are. She must have been just such another—but I have promised—I will not regret the past. Is it possible? Can Henry love her—can he love her?"

This she murmured seeing the young man upon Marie one despairing glance—turning and abruptly leave her side. Lady W had not observed the growing and intense excitement visible through the crowded ranks of those who were not like her absorbed effort to subdue old memories. It was thought, that there was a marvelous and whispering and shrugging of shoulders as persons passed and repassed the lady and looking at both with singular interest; faces of some were quite pale and full while others seemed almost bursting with effort of keeping a joyful secret; that sent out its shrilly melody with new

that outside, the shouts were prolonged far and wide. There was a rumor floating in the air that assumed various shapes; some said that the child-stealer had returned, that she had become known, and the baronet had instantly caused her arrest—others that an impostor was striving to palm off a girl on the Waldens as their daughter. All the marvelous stories took hue from the extravagance or imagination of the gossips.

It was certain that a note had been given to the baronet, that after its perusal he grew "as white as a sheet," and nearly upset two old dowagers in his rush from the hall; it is certain that the handsome, stately woman had been seen in close conference with him.

It is certain that after the interval of some twenty minutes he returned, yet whiter than when he went out, with the large, handsome woman by his side, also looking extremely agitated; and everybody saw the stranger walk up to Marie, gently touch her beautiful curls, part one, and turn to the baronet, who immediately making an effort to speak and stretch out his hands, fell heavily backward, and amidst the rush and confusion was carried from the room.

"What does it all mean?" whispered the alarmed crowd.

"What has happened?" cried Lady Walden, springing like one frantic to her feet.

"My sweet sister," said a low voice at Marie's side, "my own darling sister," and her hand was clasped, an arm circled her waist—those deep blue eyes bent in holy love upon hers. Lord Henry stood beside her.

"Pray be calm," he added, in a lower voice, leading her through a near entrance, Lady Walden following by the tearful entreaty of the stranger, "do not let our mother hear you—be calm—you tremble—all shall be explained, my sweet sister—how could I help but love you when I first saw you?"

A faint shriek burst from the white lips of Lady Walden, as they entered the private room where sat the baronet, feebly supporting himself, and audibly repeating again and again, "My God, I thank Thee."

"My wife—oh, let us be humble this day; come nearer, sweet child—come and behold your parents who have sorrowed for you night and day—come," he cried, with outstretched hands.

But Lady Walden sprang forward, and catching Marie in her arms, she burst forth like one inspired: and such words surely seldom issue from mortal lips! It was a song of Thanksgiving, a Miriam chant—and as she stood there, her hair falling once more glossily from under the confines of her cap—her blue eyes upraised, her

slender figure dilating—her looks and tones and gestures overflowing with a love that had found full vent for its long pent-up emotion, she looked almost celestial. Marie from the first had eagerly hung upon her every word: and now that she knew the extent of her bliss, she was nearly overpowered. And at the word mother, when she essayed to speak it, what new and wonderful feelings flooded in upon her heart! Oh! it was a fit scene for angels to rejoice over. And with what mournful tenderness did Lady Walden turn to Mrs. Le Dunlap. "You have been, through the workings of an ever wise Providence, a mother to my child," she said. "Her heart has laid upon your bosom—you have led her to womanhood safely and happily. Heaven knows what we have suffered—but the past is gone—this moment repays me ten-fold; we have all sorrowed—let us all be reconciled."

At this instant Marie—or, as we should call her, young Lady Aimee—turned and springing toward her foster-mother, fell sobbing upon her bosom.

"You will not forget me, Marie, though I have been unjust to you—you will still cherish my memory?"

"Forever, and ever, and ever," said Lady Aimee, solemnly, still clinging to her: "oh! my own, dear mother," she added, turning to Lady Walden, "you will let me love her, won't you?—she has been an angel of goodness to me—she took me from poverty—she cherished me as she would her own, in a home of luxury; she has done more for me than tongue can tell—I may still love her dearly, very dearly."

"Love her, my child," said a broken voice, and Aimee was in a moment by her father's side, pressed again and again to his heart.

Meanwhile the crowds below were growing impatient. Everybody, it may be supposed, had exhibited an unfathomable amount of sagacity, protesting that they had had a warning of it all: they had thought of this remarkable coincidence, and the other wonderful feature: and above all, had been impressed that "*something was going to happen.*"

Lady Walden preferred being retired for the remainder of the evening—but young Lady Aimee entered the great saloon leaning upon the arm of her father—Lord Henry on the other side, his face absolutely radiant with his new-born happiness. Then what congratulations! How wealth and loveliness, youth and age united in welcoming the long-lost pearl; how beautiful seemed all things—the lights danced with a brilliancy just acquired—the bands had pressed closer to the door, pouring in triumph strains

that moved the pulse with a quick, rapturous beat—the peasantry filled all the air with their thrilling shouts, and the windows were crowded with honest faces, striving for a glance at the new-found lady-child of the baronet. Happy voices resounded on every side, and in a kind of bewildering joy the young and lovely creature moved on, ever and anon glancing upward to the glad face of her father, or the beaming features of Lord Henry, whom she had at last learned to love. Amidst all this glow of heart she did not forget the past. If one form had been there—one more than noble face, lighted up with the glorious pride of intellect—if *he* had been there to share her pleasure.

"Can I not read your thoughts, sister?" asked Lord Henry, playfully.

A blush was her only answer.

"If Frederic were here," he said, archly.

"Let us go to mother," she replied, answering his look with a glance full of expression—"oh! dear Henry, can it be reality, that I have found so many loved ones?"

"Aye! indeed, a blessed reality to us," he replied, kissing her upturned brow.

It was nearly grey dawn before Lady Aimee retired, for her mother was unwilling to yield up the sweet form that laid against her bosom, living years of deep and tender happiness in moments, and feeling in her heart the fresh tendrils of her love reaching up from their withered stems, and growing strong and green again in the sunlight of her new existence.

"I am so afraid you will vanish from before my eyes," she would say, looking down with tears hanging on her smiles, "it seems so like a blessed vision that I fear to move lest the fabric shall dissolve—but you need rest, my dear daughter; one more kiss, and I will go with you myself to the door of your room."

"How beautiful—oh, how beautiful!" cried the enraptured girl, pausing in the centre of the large apartment. A bedstead with soft silken hangings, gleaming with golden embroidery, stood at one end, glittering in the faint light. The richest and most delicate furniture disposed in graceful grouping—exquisite statuary—every thing pure, refined, and exalting in the noble pictures, met her delighted vision. Upon a little table inlaid with ivory rested some rare volumes. She carelessly opened one, and on the fly-leaf, to her astonishment, saw written, "Dedicated to our angel child."

And upon the covering of the bed were the same words delicately embroidered—everywhere she found them—everywhere these silent, but beautiful tokens of the place she had held in the

memory of her mother. Lady Walden had taken a mournful pleasure in thus decorating this apartment sacred to her child—what she had hitherto spent in ornaments on every anniversary of birth-days, she had laid out in adding to this room, giving the surplus money to the poor. It seemed as if she must have had a kindly presentiment that it was not all in vain.

Before one of the little tables, and on which stood the light, a superb cushion was placed; and as Lady Aimee knelt to offer her prayer, she marked a richly bound Bible, open, with a mark placed at these words.

"Praise ye the Lord;
Praise God in his sanctuary.
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him for His mighty acts;
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise Him with the psalter and harp.
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance;
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals;
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord."

Fast fell her tears upon the holy words as she murmured, "I do praise Thee, oh! my heavenly Father; I do praise Thee for thy wonderful acts and kindness."

"Amen!" said a low voice, and turning, Aimee found herself locked fast in the passionate embrace of her foster-mother.

"Believe that I love you as much as ever," whispered the beautiful girl, as she clung to her.

"My expiation is not yet done," replied Mrs. Le Dunlap, smiling through her tears, and kissing her affectionately, "I must explain to you all the circumstances of your disappearance, and heaven grant that I may not look thoroughly contemptible and unpardonably sinful in your eyes." Then she recounted to her all the past from her infancy to the present moment.

"It seems like some wild romance," said Lady Aimee, lifting her wondering eyes, "yet my sympathies are with you—but did my father?" she shuddered, nor did she finish the sentence.

"He wished me to tell you all, nor spare him, my sweet one. It was his only crime—he has suffered beyond all mortal conception—he is a pure, good, holy-minded man now, through tribulation made perfect. You do not honor him less."

"Oh! no—more; infinitely more for his humility, my noble father—but how did they recognize me?—how did they—you know they might—"

"Doubt my word," interposed Mrs. Le Dunlap, smiling, "surely they might—they had cause enough—but fortunately I remembered the little

silver lock, the tiny curl of white hair that you have under your beautiful curls. It was a mark you were born with, and by that they knew my word was true."

"You will not go soon?" said Lady Aimee, again laying her hand on the shoulder of her foster-mother, for whom an intense love thrilled every fibre of her being, "oh! I cannot bear the thought that with all this honor and greatness I cannot have you too. I have strange fears when I begin to think—fears that my parents may be proud and wedded to their old family usages—that they may wish me to forget my friends—perhaps to forget—him," and she shuddered again.

"No, my love," returned Mrs. Le Dunlap, "all is right concerning Frederic. I have stated the whole matter to your father, who consents to your marriage in two years from now."

"But his home is in America."

"True—and there if you are faithful to him will your home be. So anxious are your parents for your future happiness, and so little do they care about honor and state, that they intend returning with you, and making a permanent home in America, leaving Lord Henry, your brother, as their representative. So be at rest, and if we are parted, God grant it may be but for a little while. Now rest all you can, you will not be disturbed to-day—good morning, and God bless you my precious, precious child."

CHAPTER XV.

ONE MORE SCENE IN THE COTTAGE.

"It was from you then, dear Rose, that the money came when poor William died—to you my Rose has been indebted for her education, and all of us to the snug home that shelters us."

So spoke a youthful-looking matron in widow's cap and weeds, as she sat beside the window of the old cottage home, with her hand in that of her sister-in-law.

Quite a group was there assembled on that same day: beautiful, rustic belles, bashful, handsome young men, the children of old farmer Goldfinch's sons—and the latter were there too—all but one; the youngest wearing on his grief-worn face smiles of joy that for many years had been banished to give place to the shadows of a settled melancholy. All were recounting the unexpected favors they had received from an unknown source; little dreaming that the long-lost from their household hearth were the good angels who ministered unto them.

Ruth and Rose had that day made themselves known. They learned with a mournful pleasure

that their old father yet lived, that he "babbled of green fields," and for years had been unconscious of the visible things about him.

Emaciated and bent double, the old, old man with his white locks hanging glistening over his shoulders, walked daily, under the protection of his little grandson, the youngest born, down to the daisy meadow, where his feeble sense yet took in the fresh scent of the new hay, or the floating incense of the hedge flowers. There he would walk and mutter of by-gone days. Sometimes he would fancy he was young again; and listen for the glad laugh of the beautiful twins, see them twining wreaths, hear their merry laughter, and call them the life and light of his soul. Then would pass in review before the crumbling wall of his memory the horrible vision of broken trust, departed innocence, death, and a shattered intellect; and he would sink groaning to the earth; and sometimes the fair-haired boy who led him, would be obliged to hurry back for the aid of a stronger arm than his, to force the old man home.

But of late they said he had been very quiet and tractable.

"And when shall we see him?" ventured Rose, in a broken voice.

"Now, for here he is with Willy," replied the widow, "he seems smiling and glad too: his step is quicker—what can it mean?"

"Oh! how shall I speak to my poor old father?" sobbed Rose, bursting into tears, "I who have been the unhappy cause of all his sorrow."

"Say nothing, dear sister," replied Ruth, with emotion, "or if we speak, let it be of old times when we were happy little children together, so we may draw his memory backward, and God may give him reason, who knows?"

All were silent as the old man entered. He seemed to feel that some unusual thing had happened, and casting his dim and aged eyes about, they rested on Ruth and Rose. He came forward, tottering, and stood near them with vague, troubled looks, scanned the features first of Ruth, then of Rose, shook his head slowly, and turning, hobbled to his accustomed seat.

Then bending over, he rested his head on both hands doubled over the top of his staff, muttering as was his wont.

"Oh! Ruth, don't, don't hold me back any longer," half shrieked Rose, bursting from her sister's grasp, and throwing herself before the feet of the poor old man, she cried, "oh! father, father, don't you know me? I am Rose, she who has brought your grey hairs with sorrow nearly to the grave. Oh! father, dear father,

look at me, speak to me—you *must* remember me, I am Rose—Rose, your child—do you forget that little twin child you called Rose?—father, dear, forsaken father, only say you know me, you *forgive* me, and I shall die in peace.”

“Little Rose—little Rose,” repeated the old man, lingering lovingly over the words, “little Rose—ah! she was a sweet angel, little Rose and little Ruth—let me see, they are gone—they had some other to love—a mission, a mission of trust, peace and blessedness—ah, yes, little Rose.”

“Oh! Ruth, Ruth, my heart will break; why did I come here?—he will never know me, and I have done this cruel thing.”

“Be calm, Rose,” replied Ruth, with that manner that betokened authority, and which instantly subdued her sister, who sank trembling and crouching closer to the floor. Then Ruth came forward, and silently placed one arm about the old man’s neck. It seemed to annoy him; he strove to throw it off—then looked uneasily up, saying, “who are you—who are you?”

“I am Ruth, father,” she only replied.

“Ruth—father—Ruth—father,” he repeated. “Ruth, I had a Ruth, and——”

“It is *me*, father, I am Ruth, the spirit of my mother who is in heaven, sent me here!”

“Are you from heaven?” he naively asked.

“No,” said Ruth, almost despairingly, “but I am your Ruth.”

“My Ruth, humph!”

“Yes, (her brother came forward and whispered her) you know they called her—the—the child-stealer, your Ruth,” she hesitatingly added.

“It is false,” exclaimed the old man, powerfully agitated—“it is false—they are hounds, hounds, coming to hunt my poor, innocent girl—and you, too, what do *you* mean?—do you dare call her *that*?”

“No, dear father,” cried Ruth, solemnly, with a silent prayer to heaven, “here I am, come back to comfort them all—I am innocent, as God has forgiven me.”

“Heaven be praised,” cried the old man, with streaming eyes, letting fall his cane as he raised his hands reverently—“God be praised—then you *have* come back, dear child, let me hold you to my heart. I knew you never were guilty—I knew it was all false.”

“And you *do* remember me then?” cried Ruth, almost overcome by the impression her statement had made.

“Yes, you are Ruth, you say,” said the old man, holding out his trembling fingers to pat her cheek, “but you have been gone, and you are changed, my child.”

“And you remember, Rose?” murmured Ruth, with a choking voice.

“Rose,” said the old man, pausing a moment, “Rose is dead—she died—did she die yesterday?”

“No, my father,” cried Rose, rising from her knees, “I did not die—I am Rose—do you not see me, living, waiting for your blessing?”

For an instant the old man bent his brows, and looked from side to side with a wild glare—then a strong light seemed to spread all over his countenance—he lifted himself upright, seized their hands in his trembling grasp, and cried in a loud, steady voice, “As God liveth, are ye my children?—is *this* Ruth—is this other Rose?”

“As God liveth we are your children,” said Ruth and Rose, solemnly, while hushed sobs were heard all over the room.

“Then Lord now lettest Thou Thy servants depart in peace,” he cried, in a shrill tone, “oh! my children—my children, what do my old eyes see?”

“Father, you will forgive me all my sin against you?” cried Rose, passionately, with pleading eyes and clasped hands.

“I do,” he answered, holding out his trembling arms, and the stricken woman fell upon his aged bosom.

“You forgive me for deceiving you?”

“I do, my child.”

“For deserting you?”

“All—all is forgiven,” and a sweet smile lighted up his withered features. “Dear Rose, sweet Ruth, my two darlings—all my dear children, bless you—bless you.”

He closed his eyes; his head sank back, and the wan, pallid look came again. Rose gently laid his head against her bosom—Ruth tenderly placed an arm over his shoulder, and thus between them, with sons and daughters gathered about, he seemed to sleep. Sometimes he would open his eyes, smile, and whisper, “mother;” sometimes he would raise his trembling hands, and clasp them in a kind of transport. But gradually he grew more deathly quiet—his head fell forward—his arms dropped, and he slept, never to wake in this world again.

CHAPTER XVI.

In a splendid mansion in the suburbs of Philadelphia, the twins lived together, after they had seen the mortal remains of their old father laid in the village church-yard. The plain slab bearing the name of Rose had been raised from its mossy foundation, and it stood quietly in the shop of the marble-worker, who had lately come

to the rural town. Ruth and Rose had settled a snug little sum on each of the family, and taken with them Rose, their youngest niece, to be educated in America. It was this pretty girl who came flying in the beautiful room where the sisters were sitting together, one October afternoon, exclaiming, "Oh! see what I have found."

And holding a manuscript paper in her hand, she laughingly advanced.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Le Dunlap, looking up, "some foolishness of mine, I suppose."

"It's a poem, with the queerest name," she added, and then read, "TO AN OLD HEARTH-BRUSH;" "well, of all the subjects—when did you write it, aunty?"

"I remember," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, musingly, "it was at an old house, a deserted, haunted house in my native town. I was told the story of its inmates, how a beautiful daughter died from the effects of disappointed love—and they say she walks the old chamber yet."

"Read it, my love," said Rose.

"It's not worth the reading," replied Ruth, "but if it will please you—read Rose," and the young girl continued in a soft, well modulated voice,

TO AN OLD HEARTH-BRUSH.

Worn out, thrown by, old brush—no more
The edges of the tidy floor
Will know thy hurried, noiseless touch;
And the broad hearth—though needing much
Thy care—no red flame may illumine:
The hand that used thee in the tomb
Lies mouldering now, and this quaint home
Is tenantless; the bats may come
Sometime through casements black and old,
Where once the sun in liquid gold
Spread o'er the pane; and crickets sing;
But no sweet voice the time will ring
In silvery changes to their song.

Old brush, it seemeth not so long
Since forms of beauty glided here;
This parlor wainscot broken, drear,
Is choice with memories, that decay
Can never mould.

Yon carriage way,
How oft the prancing chargers bore
Gay hearts to this same shattered door.
The grapery! through windows dark
With dust, I look, and fain would hark
To list that low voice, clear and soft,
That from the trellis issued oft.

Alas! the very birds forbear
To rear their little nestlings there,
So sad the place; the garden 'yond
Wears not a flower; the glassy pond,
Shrunken and black, now sullen lies,
Reflecting tree, nor shrub, nor skies;

Like souls, once impress bore of Heaven,
Now to the vain earth wholly given.

In this same room of olden charms,
A babe was placed within my arms;
And on these boards so loosely laid,
A little fair-haired infant played;
Then a young child with holy face
Bending o'er pictured page, would trace
Some story of affection through,
While tears o'erdimmed her eyes of blue
A maiden grown I see her yet,
White fingers 'mid her curls of jet
The wind her tresses lifting now,
How pure and wide the ethereal brow!
Behold! a wounded bird she finds;
His little wing how gently binds;
Oh! tears ye blind my vision—stay—
Oh! memory bear her not away;
Nor tell me where the willows wave,
In forest depth they made her grave.

Her hand, old brush, hath hallowed there:
When the great fire of birchen tree
Roared up the chimney, throwing wide
On objects all its crimson tide
Of light, till ringlets sparkling rolled
O'er ruby cheeks in waves of gold,
Till the dark eyes of child and dame
Were brighter than the spiry flame,
Sometimes with crack and gleaming light,
A shower of stars came dancing bright
In fountain curve, and witch-like leapt
Just where the hearth was newly swept.

Then, with quick bound and laugh of glee,
Her fairy hand would circle thee;
And the black flakes, their beams all dead,
Back to their kindred ashes fled.

The grief comes brimming to my eyes;
How desolate the old hearth lies!
How bleak and chill the winds, that roam
At pleasure through this ruined home!

And then old relic—tattered, torn,
Thy very stump to baldness worn,
Thou hast a voice though thou art dumb,
And power to bid old memories come:
I'll cherish thee—so thou shalt bring
Soft eyes that smile—sweet tones that sing;
And ever henceforth shalt thou be
A dear memento unto me.

"A lady, ma'am," said the servant, respectfully standing at the door.

"Has she sent in her card?" asked Mrs. Le Dunlap.

"No, ma'am," replied the man, with a grin, "I never see her before, ma'am."

"Ask her in, Jacob." But before Jacob could turn round, in came a round dumpling of a figure, with a fat baby in her arms, and hurried up to the sisters, with a face so broad with good-nature that it laughed all over.

"Oh!—I see—it's Sally Possait—Sally, how do you do?"

"No, Mrs. Jo Dumbley, if you please—I've been married to Jo more'n five year, and this is our last baby. Why, you don't say you've got a sister! How like, too."

"I'm sure I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Dumbley;" then turning to her sister, she added, "this is the good woman who was so kind to that poor sailor's widow—and is your mother well, Sally?"

"Yes, please the Lord, ma's well, and like to be; and so is pa—only you know he *will* drink."

"You saw the advertisement, I suppose?"

"The advertisement," repeated Sally, blankly.

"Yes, didn't you know we had advertised for you?"

"Laws, no," cried Sally, her cheeks blanching, she evidently associating advertisement and crime together—"laws, no! I ain't done nothing. I only heerd you was here—so, ses I, I'll take baby and go and see if I can hear something about that dear Miss Marie, for you know I hain't seen her since the day afore we was married. You see we moved to York state, and then to Bostin: and my poor man's been unfortunate like, and I've had to do jest what that poor *Miss Trevor* did—take in slop-work—and it *was* the sloppiest work too."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Le Dunlap, compassionately, "but I advertised for you yesterday and to-day, because Miss Marie has sent you her love and some money."

"Some money—for me?" cried the little woman, starting out of her chair in amazement, "jest now, too, when the matter of ten dollars or so would set us all right. The Lord be thanked."

"It's more than ten dollars too," said Mrs. Le

Dunlap, the tears starting, "it's a check for a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds," repeated Sally, bewildered.

"Yes, five hundred dollars; quite a snug little sum."

"Oh! ma'am," cried Sally, falling on her knees, while the baby's head went where its feet ought to be, "I can't hardly believe it, it's *too* good—and poor Jo crying this morning, thinking how sick he was and nothing to do; and me almost worn out—in my spirits, I mean—for I've had to keep him up, and the children up, and myself up—yes, up all night and all day sometimes—and now I've got this good news, it's almost turned me wild with joy, indeed it has," and the good creature wiped her eyes and sobbed afresh.

It was sometime before she became sufficiently composed to hear all the news about Lady Aimes, and her amazement it is impossible to portray.

"Then she is a grand lady, and I shall never dare to go see her!"

"She is one whom station can never exalt as far as to make her forget the poor, especially those who were friends to her when she was friendless; you see she has remembered you."

"Yes, God bless her," said Sally, "is she married yet?"

"Yes, and before the week close it, should our heavenly Father permit, she will be here with her husband and parents."

"Oh! I hope she will be happy all the days of her life," cried Sally, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven—"surely, surely, I pray God to bless her with every good thing, and make her whole life a blessing."

"Amen," said the twin sisters, solemnly.

MAY THOUGHTS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

FROM sunnier climes the swift swallow is winging,
To bathe his bright plume in the sun's rising ray;
Aries from his icy-bound palace is bringing
His sweetest of daughters, the young blushing May!

The rose blossoms fair and in beauty the flowers,
Awake into life at her first thrilling kiss!
Spell-binding Eliza in her love-lighted bowers
Can boast of no scene that is fairer than this!

Within the dark forest the wild vine is clinging
Around the old oak with its festoons of green;
And in its lone cloisters the sunlight is flinging
Rich haloes of glory the dim aisles between!

All gracefully twining around the light trellis,
Soon will the clematis in snow-wreaths be seen;
And lily and crocus will linger to tell us
The orchies and astor are coming, I ween.

Half doubting its freedom, the streamlet is leaping,
To gladden the heart with its music once more
Serene as an infant the lakelet lies sleeping
Within the fond clasp of the pine-begirt shore!

Sweet thoughts of thanksgiving are upward ascending,
Away on the pinions of prayer to soar;
My spirit with one that is holier blending,
Granted communion while it learnt to adore

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Oh, dear! I am so tired!" said Esther Moreland, as after vainly trying to amuse herself with her music, flowers and books, she leaned back wearily in an arm-chair with a heavy sigh, "tired to death doing nothing!" she added, with a faint effort to smile, as she met the inquiring glance of an old friend of her mother's, familiarly called aunt Dora, who had come to spend a few days with them.

"Doing nothing!" repeated the old lady, with an emphasis. "That, in truth, is the most wearisome of all employments; but I never thought my young friend, Esther Moreland, likely to suffer weariness from such a cause. You did not look so woe-begone awhile ago, when I saw you busied with some domestic affairs."

"My share of the household duties is done for to-day," replied Esther, "and I am glad that it is, for I have no heart for anything."

"Do you often have these feelings?"

"Yes, indeed, I frequently feel as I do just now, that the least exertion of body or mind is a grievous trial; and after all," she added, petulantly, "I believe there is no greater trial than depression of spirits."

Aunt Dora smiled curiously on the discontented girl. "Scarcely seventeen, and yet talking of low spirits! Why, child, what will you do when you shall have passed as many years in the world as I have?"

"I don't know, I am sure, unless you give me your recipe for good spirits and contentment. You must have an infallible one, for you never seem to suffer from ennui, whether at home or abroad."

"I have a very good one—a change from amusement to occupation, and vice versa, as either becomes fatiguing or irksome."

"But just now all occupation and amusement are alike to me. I have no care for anything, and know not how to employ myself, unless by annoying my kind friend by my selfish complaints, which I am thoughtlessly doing."

"Have no fear on that hand, my dear girl," said aunt Dora. "I have an idea of what your present feelings are, and am not annoyed by their utterance. Let me see if I can help you. You have various methods of spending your spare time?"

"But I cannot interest myself in any. Perhaps

if there was a necessity for applying myself to any object in particular I could by great effort do so; but there is not. Our fall sewing is over, and I have tried the different kinds of fancy work which I have on hand for odd minutes, but I cannot give proper attention to any of them."

"Well, there is one resource, at least, which you have not tried—this is a fine morning, suppose you try a long walk in the cool, autumn air? That will surely have an enlivening effect."

"Not when I have no other company than my own dull thoughts."

"How would you like me for company? Perhaps we might meet with something novel or interesting."

"Certainly, if you desire to take a walk, aunt Dora, I will accompany you with pleasure; but if you are only going for my sake——"

"For your sake, and for my own also, my dear," interrupted the good-natured old lady. "A walk will do both of us good; so let us get ready at once."

They were soon in the street, aunt Dora chatting pleasantly as they went along, and taking advantage of every opportunity to enliven her listless companion; with little success, however, for she perceived that Esther's transient gleams of animation were only the result of a polite attention to her. After a time aunt Dora prepared to return.

"But, perhaps," she added, "you will have no objection to call upon a sick person in this neighborhood with me. I ought to go to see her. Will you come?"

Esther assented; and turning down the next street, aunt Dora, without ceremony entered a small house, and preceding her companion up the stairs, her gentle rap gained them admission to a room occupied by a sickly-looking woman and two little girls. The furniture of the room, as Esther observed at a glance, was scant and plain, but everything was tidy and clean, and a few plants in the window gave an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. The woman, who with the elder child had been busily sewing beside the window, rose on their entrance, a faint smile of pleasure lighting up her wan features as she replied to aunt Dora's friendly and cheerful-toned greetings.

"Now, Mrs. Williams, I fear I shall have to

begin to scold," said aunt Dora, after they had sat down, "didn't you promise me that until you gain some strength after your long spell of sickness, you would not undertake any sewing?"

"I did, indeed, dear madam, and I have kept my promise," was the reply, with that same touching smile. "I am now a great deal better, almost as well as ever, thanks to your kindness, which I can never cease to remember with gratitude."

"We will not talk of that, for I did nothing," rejoined aunt Dora. "You are in fact looking better than I had expected to find you, but I am afraid you are trying your strength too soon. I wish you would rest for a few days."

"I do take rest every now and then, but this work is for a lady who has been giving me most of her fine sewing for sometime past, and as she is going travelling I should be sorry to disappoint her, so I thought by working a little occasionally, this week, I would be more sure of having all done by the specified time."

Esther Moreland had been talking with the children during this conversation, but she heard enough to understand its import, and her kind feelings becoming at once interested in the uncomplaining invalid, and the two quiet, delicate-looking children, she offered to take some of the sewing home with her, as she could easily devote a few hours to it, and thus relieve Mrs. Williams of a part of a task, which, to one so feeble, must be insupportably tedious. Aunt Dora warmly approved the offer, which Mrs. Williams would have declined; and selecting such parts of the work as she judged most tedious of execution, Esther promised to return the next day, and they took leave of the grateful little family. On their way home aunt Dora gratified Esther's curiosity by such particulars as she was able to give.

Mrs. Williams was a widow, and by her skill in fine needlework supported herself and her two little girls. The latter belonged to aunt Dora's class in Sunday school, and had become favorites with her on account of their docility and amiable deportment. Having missed them from school on two Sundays, she had inquired their place of residence, and called to ascertain the cause of their unwonted absence. She found the mother confined to her bed through the debility occasioned by a severe cold, from which she had been suffering for several months; and this, together with the want, as she conjectured, of suitable clothing, had prevented the children's attendance at school. Aunt Dora belonged to a benevolent society, but she felt that this was not a case to bring under its notice, as the widow had evidently suffered many privations in secret, rather

than apply for aid. She had, therefore, with as much delicacy as possible provided various little comforts of which she judged them to be in need.

"And the children," said Esther, "have you yet supplied them with the things they need?"

"No, I deferred that as their mother was too sick for them to attend Sunday school, even had they been provided with suitable apparel. Next week I will see about them."

"Suffer me to see about them, will you not, aunt Dora? It would be so much pleasure to me to provide them with some nice clothes."

"Then you shall have the pleasure, by all means, if your mother will sanction your intention," replied aunt Dora, delighted at her young friend's prompt benevolence.

On reaching home, Esther related what had passed to her mother; and receiving her ready approval of her benevolent purposes, she set about her self-imposed task without a thought of "ennui," and by the afternoon of the following day it was accomplished in her own neat style. On returning it to Mrs. Williams she had a long conversation with her and the little girls, which increased the interest she had already taken in them, while they began to look upon her in the light of a friend; so that when she invited Anna, the elder one, to take a walk with her, the child with pleased alacrity hastened to get ready. Her attire, to be sure, was ill-suited to the season, but this was of little consequence as the afternoon was mild, and Esther only intended to take her a short distance. The principal object, indeed, was to ascertain how she could make her intended gifts most acceptable, and this was easily done; a few adroit questions eliciting from the confiding child that her mother had been intending to get brown merino dresses and cloaks for them, but being so long sick and unable to earn enough for the purpose, they had to go without them.

"Mother was so sorry, and we were, too; but she says maybe she can get them for us next fall," and the mournful look which the child's face had worn while speaking of the great disappointment, was replaced by a smile of joyful anticipation. Esther smiled absently on the little face artlessly upturned, but she spoke not, for she was calculating the possible cost of the articles specified, and others needful to correspond with them, and she was thinking that her entire sum of "pocket-money" would scarcely suffice, leaving nothing for the purchase of a few trifles she had intended to buy for herself. The desire, however, to satisfy the long-cherished anticipations of the children, and to please the long-suffering, toiling parent, conquered the

pleadings of self, and on reaching the store where her principal purchase was to be made, she selected the brown merino. Anna's eyes sparkled with joy on being informed that it was intended for her and her little sister, and Esther was more than compensated for her trifling act of self-denial, by witnessing the innocent delight she had caused to one who seldom felt the keen, lively pleasure of early childhood. She took the child home with her that her dress might be cut out and begun at once, and on dismissing her desired her to come the next day, and bring her sister if their mother could spare them both.

Aunt Dora smiled kindly on the young girl who, far from regretting the sacrifice she had made of the coveted ornaments she had been promising herself, was now busily employed with the merino, which Mrs. Moreland remarked was of an excellent quality, and suggested that the dresses should be made with large capes, which would be nice for spring wear, and afterward help to alter the dresses which would last two or three winters.

"Little Anna's tongue is busy enough to-night, I warrant!" said aunt Dora, as after tea they all three began to work on the new dress.

"At first I intended to keep the matter a secret from Mrs. Williams," said Esther, "and was going to caution Anna very seriously to say nothing of the new clothes; but then I thought it would be unkind to deprive her of a pleasant anticipation merely to give her an agreeable surprise."

"So it would," replied aunt Dora. "But, Esther, what has become of your ennui?" she added, archly, "I was afraid it would return to-day, but I have seen no indications of it."

"Nor have I felt any," rejoined the young girl, with a bright smile; "thanks to your invaluable recipe, which has proved so efficacious in this instance that I must have recourse to it on similar occasions in future. Do you think it will fall when the novelty is worn off, aunt Dora, or is it a sure and never-failing remedy?"

"In most cases, my dear, I hold that cheerful, well-endured industry will prove the most effectual preventive of low spirits; and I believe that young ladies, in particular, would often be the gainers by engaging in some active work of benevolence, such as that which at present affords you a pleasing occupation. To contribute to some charitable society or institution satisfies the majority of even what are considered really benevolent people; but how many like yourself have a little spare time as well as money to devote to kind deeds, and by a little generous exertion, and, if need be self-denial on their part, how much good might be effected."

"I have never thought seriously on the subject," replied Esther, "but now that you have directed my attention to it, I hope I shall not be found so remiss in future, especially as I have myself gained so much already by the pleasure I feel in this little work, so that my benevolence, you see, is only a new phase of selfishness."

Mrs. Moreland and aunt Dora smiled, for they knew how little inclined was the warm-hearted Esther to selfishness, and that she needed no such incentive to fulfil the resolution which was thenceforward diligently put in practice; and while many blessed her for her kind deeds, she always maintained that she was the person benefited in being cured of ennui.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

WHEN sunbeams sink to rest, my love,
And Nature woos the shade;
When night has hush'd in calm repose
The music of the glade:
When zephyrs grow serene and mild,
And birds have still'd their glee;
When all is tranquil as a child,
I crave an hour with thee.

I cannot live without thee, love,
My thoughts I cannot keep;
And hope shall prompt my inward soul
Affection's voice to speak;

Come then where silence holds her sway—
While silvery stars above
Shall be the only witnesses
Of my undying love.

Then when the sunbeams sink to rest,
And all around is still;
When moonbeams bright are slumbering
Upon the distant hill;
When all is hush'd in calm repose,
And birds have ceased their glee;
When slumber's wings are over all
I crave one hour with thee.

ESQUIRE FAXON AND HIS DEACONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

THE FAXONS had been three months in Haverhill at the time our story opens. There were four of them, father, mother, daughter, and "a young scapegrace of a son;" (for this is what aunt Molly Kimble called him.) The father, until lately, had been a clergyman. He went into the ministry when he was very young; only twenty-two; "before he was old enough to know his own mind," he was accustomed to say, "so he was governed by the mind of his pious old father." And he was accustomed to add, "As bad luck would have it, I began life under the shadow of another's will, and I have never come out of it. There hasn't been an hour since, when I've been awake, that I haven't been turning my head one way and another, before I stirred, to see what the deacons, or the people would say to it. I don't see why I have had to do it; I who hate to be meddled with worse than I hate poison; worse than any other man on earth can."

Mr. Faxon could never keep a parish. And by-and-bye he left off trying; turning himself unreservedly to a half-bitter, half-jolly sarcasm against "the people," and against "the ministry." Against the ministry, as a vocation, he meant. "He had no faith in it," he said, "not the least: that was, in its efficiency to alter people and make them better. For people," he added—alas! poor Squire Fink!—"were what they were made up in their brains to be, from beginning to end. More than half of them were like the foolish herd of swine going headlong into the sea. For his part, he was going to let them go." He did, therefore; and went to studying the law. He was just through with it when he came to Haverhill; a large, grand-looking man; bringing along his "crack team"—the squire's own term; and we also imitate him, in setting his team foremost, before wife and children; his "little flutter-budget of a wife;" (so aunt Molly called her) his gay-headed daughter of twenty, and his son of eighteen; who, as aunt Molly said, was "allers upon the fly, scurrying east, west, north and south, with that pocky gun of his, that was *forever* clapping off its noise close to a body's ears. For her part, she didn't go anywhere that she wasn't, in one spot or another,

scaret half to death with it." And, *apropos*, when lively Mary Harnden heard her telling this to Mrs. Harnden, in the midst of her energetic snuff-takings, she tucked her head away a little to hide the smiles that would keep breaking up over her face, much as she disliked doing anything to make aunt Molly cross, or to trouble any one; for, the day before, when she was in one of the chambers, she saw, first, John Faxon running in a skulking way, with his gun in his hand and his game-bag on his hip. She saw him throw himself over Dr. Frazer's garden fence, and Mr. Hurd's stone wall, to be near the road just behind aunt Molly, who was plodding with her head down. She saw John discharge his piece at the body of an elm; saw aunt Molly jump about; saw John, as if he didn't know there was an aunt Molly, go hurrying, stooping, hunting in the grass at the foot of the elm, *as if* for his game.

Squire Faxon bought Judge Denin's house and furniture when he came to Haverhill. The judge and his wife were going to board at the Coffee House.

It was, on the whole, the most substantial, the best-looking house in the village. It was a finer house than the boasted homestead of the Warrens, a little out of the village, on the north. But the Warrens had the finest yard, garden and green-house. When the squire saw this, he proceeded diligently to have his all torn up; taking precautions everywhere, in the first place, to have everything different from the Warrens; and, in the second place, to have everything handsomer. He would have no great marble vases with tiny verbenas in them. Or, if he had them anywhere, it should be in the background, in modest, out-of-the-way places. The Warrens had theirs near the front pillars of their portico. The squire placed statues there, of Pan and Flora. He bought them very cheap, by the way, at an auction of second-hand vases in Boston. He talked roundly, though, with one or two, to set the matter going in the village, of their beauty and value, touching his finger-tips here and there, as he lamented the little mutilations they had got by the way, in coming. He established two jets, moreover; small ones, they were; but they had a cool, pleasant sound in a summer

evening to many and many a weary, heated passer-by; so that to these, far more than to their legitimate owner, who had, we fear, little else beside pride and vanity in them, the little fountains were a beautiful and a dear possession.

Aunt Molly called the squire "a horse-jockey." And nobody dissented, saying, "Ah, don't, aunt Molly, be so severe!" as sometimes they did when they found her really unjust. For he certainly did make grand flourishes, "especially for one who has been a clergyman so lately," many said, curveting with his team, up, down and across the wide street, with the lash far-stretching, and his elbows gracefully bent, gracefully lifted.

CHAPTER II.

Nobody at Haverhill filled Esquire Faxon's head like the Warrens. He hardly sat at a meal, that he hadn't something to say before he was through, of "the Warrens;" and especially of "the old gentleman," Deacon Warren. He hardly sat down at night to read his politics, that he did not soon let the paper hang on his hands, in an abstraction from which he looked up, sometime along, to say something about what the Warrens had been doing, or were going soon to do; or about how many houses the old gentleman had there in the village, how many thousands he had in and about the old homestead, and how many in the People's Bank; or about the young man's salary as superintendent of the Haverhill and Boston Railroad, and about how he was all the child the old people had; so that, one day, he'd be rich as Cræsus. Not that the squire had any natural, spontaneous love or care for money. He had not. Money had been coming to him whenever he had pressing need of it, all his life-time, sometimes in legacies, sometimes in gifts, sometimes in loans, so-called; but they had all the essential attributes of gifts, as all who were concerned knew.

These came, both the gifts and the loans, chiefly from his rich father and father-in-law. But he had spent it, as if it were no more in his eyes than water, caring little where it went, or how it went, until a supply was nearly out. Then he began to look about him for those who had money, and to calculate his chances of getting hold of a little. Lately he had spent so much, that both father and father-in-law had sober faces, as if they were questioning within themselves, where and when it would all end. The squire's keen eye did not fail to see this; and seeing it, thinking about it on his way home and after he reached home, made him settle down upon the Warrens and their substance;

made him think within himself and hint it to his wife, that "if young Warren could, by any sort of tact and cunning, be entangled with Cad, so as to marry her, then!" And he finished by setting his large, fair hands out before him in his way, and rubbing them together.

As for little Mrs. Faxon, she wished as strenuously that some such thing as that might turn up for Cad. She was sure she was tired of this going to the parents for so much; this being so dependant. For her part, as true as she lived, she would rather be very poor; that was, she would rather live in no style at all than to be so dependant. She wouldn't though; and so her husband told her. He told her it was only her way of repining; that, in reality, she was asking every day of her life for something new for herself, or some of them, or for the house, when she, as well as he, knew that these things could come only through fresh drafts upon his father. For his profession as yet, she knew, didn't pay his office rent.

But, wheugh! where was Cad? Why didn't breakfast come in? It came in presently. Cad came in at the same time; Cad and Rinkum. Cad had not been up long; long enough though to have had "a famous time" with the dog, out in the paths.

Young Warren had gone out of town, the squire said, during breakfast, without looking up. They had some company up to the deacon's, he added. He should think there were a half dozen sitting in the portico and on the steps, when he rode by last evening. And, within a few days, he had seen a tall, finely dressed man out round the village with the deacon. He saw Colonel Barker speaking to him as if he knew him familiarly. The colonel came from them to him; but he asked no questions of him.

"Mind ye," said he, "I never ask questions about the Warrens." His muscular arms were lying on the table; his muscular hands were together breaking a roll. "For, if the Warrens are high, so I am. I never forget that a minute. I never will. They are better worth knowing than anybody else here at Haverhill. I haven't a doubt of that. I want to know them, when I can, in just the right way. But when Colonel Barker said to me, 'You must know the Warrens, some way; I wish I could ever find a chance to introduce you.' I bowed in Dombey's way, and said sententiously, 'Oh, any time, colonel! There's not the least hurry.'"

"But the deacon, pa! you hate deacons so!" said Cad, looking up like a fresh rose. "They've been such a bother to you all your days!"

"Not because they were deacons, though,

chit," replied he, laughing in a low, hearty way at the face Cad put upon the deacons. "I never hated them simply for this. But because they took it upon themselves to *manage* me. No wild creature, with the most destructive propensities, was ever curbed, goaded, hedged about as I've been by some of my deacons. I've had deacons who were reasonable men; who were excellent men. You know I have, wife. Such as Deacon Gilman and Deacon Ladd. But I've had more who were mere men of iron, grim as skeletons, such as Deacons Baker, Ordway and Clapp. Those men I hate!—in spite of the gospel and everything. I hated them the very minute I was standing in the pulpit, saying to my people, 'Love one another.'"

"Ah! why, pa!" said Cad, half in laughter, half in consternation.

"A fact! and your mother knows it. I believed in love," added he, proceeding to butter the roll he had until now been holding in his hands just as he broke it, "I believed in it for a long time. I always did at times and do now. But they almost killed me!" An expression of bitterest pain crossed his features as he spoke; and the bread that was half way to his mouth he laid down again in his plate, adding, "Well, of course I hated myself for hating them, for the contradictions in—in my entire life. My whole life was made one gigantic lie; was bruised, battered and torn down by the warfare going on between my conscience and the circumstance that kept me in its almost constant violation; and between my own propensities, (innocent, good enough propensities these were, if my people, and especially my deacons, had ever given the dust time to settle fairly, so that I could see how to regulate them) my own will and the will of those thick-skulled old fellows, who could no more understand one of my temperament, or know what to say to me, or how to say it, than an Egyptian mummy can in *its* casing."

"No! that is what I always said!" began his little wife, in her delicate little morning cap and pretty morning gown. Neither, alas! did she understand him. Neither had she, in all his "warfare;" so that she had been no help and comfort to him, but a quickener of whatever in him was over-fond of the approbation of men, impetuous, and in need of being put utterly aside, or soothed to rest. She had never once, in all he had erred and suffered, said to him, "We'll think of God then. We'll do right. In *His* holy sight we'll *deserve* to be loved by our people, by everybody; and farther than this, we will not have a thought or a care. If we find at any time that we do care, that we look one way

and another, caring more for what Deacon Clapp, or any of our people say and think of us, than for what God sees in our hearts, we'll take this for a sign that we have *need* of His discipline." When the suffering was at its sorest, she had never once said, "We'll take it in meek patience, dearest; and it shall quickly do its office of 'the schoolmaster bringing us to Christ;' quickly pass on, leaving us in a new and more grateful serenity." On the contrary she had said, as if she were only a child, "I wouldn't bear it! We don't do a thing that they don't watch and criticise; and I think it's hateful! If I were a man I'm sure I wouldn't stay here and bear it."

So he strove to reconcile himself neither to the spirit of Christ, nor to the waning love of his people. He only offended the more recklessly, and looked up another parish.

CHAPTER III.

"I'm out of it now!" said the squire, with a breath deep and long-drawn, on the morning of which we have already spoken. "You are out of it, little chit," setting the tips of his fingers under his daughter's chin. "And I'm thinking that you too feel as if shackles were off."

"Yes!" interposed Mrs. Faxon. "For, was a mere child, she's had to be a woman, because she was 'the minister's daughter!' H'm!"

"I think you made up for it though," said the squire, speaking to Cad, "while you were at grandfather Partridge's."

The family, by the way, had had their home with Mrs. Faxon's parents, at the retired and pleasant old homestead, while the squire was away pursuing his new studies.

"Ha! I did have a good time," laughed Cad. "Rinktum and I." He was a noble, great fellow, black and shaggy as a Russian bear. He was lying at Cad's side, his eyes half-shut, his nose pillowed in his soft paws. He looked up quickly on hearing his name spoken, and Cad gave him the rich bit she had been making ready for her own mouth. "There wasn't a big rock anywhere that we didn't climb it; or a fence, or stone wall; was there, Rinktum? And don't you think, pa! I even made old Fawntwenty years old, as much as that—I made her leap a three-boards fence. What do you think of that?"

"Poh! the boards were all down flat though, Mr. Faxon," said Mrs. Faxon, seeing how his eyes were beginning to dilate. And thereupon the squire narrowed his eyes again, poised his spoon on the brim of his huge coffee-cup, telling Cad that *she* was "a mischievous lump."

"But there was fun in it," persisted Cad. "You can't deny that, ma!"

"No, I can't. I guess you would have laughed, Mr. Faxon, if you had seen them. Cad and old Fan, I mean. The boards—they were the bars of the field across the road from the house, you know. Well, they were lying as flat as Mrs. Deacon Clapp's pancakes, all together. It was nothing to go over them; but Cad and Fan made such a piece of work out of it! They would go away back as if to have the advantage of quite a run to the leap; then they'd come ambling and prancing back, then leap; and then Cad would pat Fan's neck and the side of her head, as if she had been doing wonders. Old Mrs. Ralfe was there visiting with her tremendous great calico work-bag. Don't you remember, Cad?"

Cad "rather thought" she did remember.

"Do you remember what she said, when at last you came up to the door where we were?" Mrs. Faxon asked.

"She said, '*she* never see er minister's darter cut up like that afore,'" replied Cad, coloring. "I made her a low, old-fashioned courtesy, telling her I wasn't a minister's daughter, I thanked her, but an independent lawyer's. For I was mad, you see, pa. It put the shackles all back to my wrists and ankles; and stifled my breath and my speech. I can't bear any more of that; I've had so much of it!"

The squire said he understood very well how she felt; bade her not mind old Mrs. Ralfe, nor anything that was past; but to take her comfort in the present—as he meant to.

Cad, who hardly seemed to have heard what her father remarked, came out of a little musing fit to say, "If I ever get married, and if it is to a man who attempts even so delicately to be my master, I am thinking that he will have his hands full."

Her father came out of the abstraction into which he had been thrown, in thinking that, after all, he didn't see as he was a happy man, even if he was out of the ministry, and in possession of the best house in Haverhill, and said that "he presumed so." Next he asked why John was not there taking his breakfast with them; what he was in bed for at that time of day; eight o'clock; half-past eight; looking up at the mantle-clock.

Why, he was out a little late the night before, Mrs. Faxon said. He had never had a chance to be out any before, she said, they had always been obliged to be so strict with him, "because he was the minister's son. And you know," added she, "we always made him get up so early at Malton, Deacon Clapp's folks said so much

about its being our duty to make him an example for their boys in early rising! As true as I live," she continued, gathering the knives and forks, "I don't believe the deacon did anything, or thought of anything one morning in twenty, but looking over our way to see if John was out of bed. John had such a time of it; for he is naturally a sleepy boy in the morning. He takes it from me. Now he can take his comfort, I think we ought to let him. Awhile, at any rate."

Her father now rose to go, and her mother went to the kitchen. Cad threw herself on the piano-stool, and while her fingers abstractedly run over the keys, she thought how imperious her father was toward her mother. She knew he was not more so than other men, or, at least, other strong-willed men like her father, were to their wives; but she felt that it was what she could never bear. For if she ever married, and if her husband had a strong, mighty will, so would she, his wife and equal, have a strong, mighty will; that should *never* meddle with his chosen ways; she would hold it back conscientiously from such an unlawful proceeding as that; but that should never, could never, in its very condition of strength and impetuosity, bear from him *commands* such as her father every day gave with high head, with indifferent looks and tones, as if her mother were his servant. Cad was no reasoner. As she had been incidentally trained to do by her parents' habit, she took hold of all action in its simple aspect before her, estimating it without a single reference to the few or many collateral inducements, or necessities which we call circumstances. If she had been a reasoner, she would have known that, in the first place, her parents were not well-matched. They knew it; that is, the parents did. But in the light, unreflective way in which they held whatever knowledge they possessed, of whatever matters; not once submitting it to Reason's good crucible, to see it come out therefrom in the form of pure, available Wisdom. So the squire still had his heart-sore reveries of the splendid girl, Jamelia Story, (now the splendid woman, Mrs. Dr. Harding, of Newburyport,) whom he would fain have married, only that his rigid old father would not hear of anything but his marrying Miss Partridge, since "her family was so substantial;" that was since her two brothers and her two, or three uncles and cousins in the ministry at home and abroad, would be such strengtheners and supporters of his hands.

Mrs. Faxon thought of dear, poor Henry Eave, now Lieutenant Colonel Eave, of the Mexican army. She often thought of him while she was bending low over her sewing; settling it anew in

her convictions that he had remained single to this late day, that he had joined the army out of the old love of her that still lingered in his heart.

Cad, if she had been a reasoner, or a fresh, impulsive thinker, would have seen that it was a difficult thing for one like her father to do—to feel genuine respect and esteem for one like her mother. She would, albeit, have seen beyond this the grateful truth, that, notwithstanding all the opposing circumstances of earlier loves, uncongeniality, and intellectual disposition. Mrs. Faxon still had her chance to sit quietly, improving herself in the Christian graces of gentleness, of long-suffering, of love in the midst of the long-suffering; that Esquire Faxon had his chance of nobly redeeming himself from the low passions of vanity and selfishness, of turning himself to a serene inward life; of helping to bring his wife to this kind of life, by his powerful will rightly attuned to dignity and gentle kindness toward her.

But poor, misdirected Cad could see nothing at all of this, while she sat there touching her keys at intervals. She finished, therefore, by thinking that their way was rather dark before them; by saying, "Heigh-ho," and then sauntering away to see what her mother was doing.

CHAPTER IV.

ESQUIRE FAXON brought his brother home to dinner, the brother, that, beyond any other mortal, he loved and looked up to out of a sincere appreciation of his exalted mind and character. The brother was a delicate, little man, with penetrating black eyes, with a very pleasant, but at the same time, a very firm mouth, with quick, vivacious manners, strongly indicative of the quick, vivacious character he indubitably possessed. He was missionary to the farthest, most benighted West. He had been appointed there at his own request, not long after his ordination, ten years ago. This was his second visit east.

"Tell me," said the squire, speaking earnestly, while they were sitting after dinner, "what made you go there? for I remember how people courted you and wanted you here."

"Yes, I remember it. I went because in those days, pray, struggle, strive as I would, I found myself constantly in danger of becoming light-headed with the appreciation I got on all hands. The brethren of the ministry praised me, you remember, and predicted high things of me. The people loved me and came round me in little packs, or great, whenever I preached. And I

liked it. Thinking of it on my way home, and after my head was on the pillow, I did *not* think of Him who was doing all for me, giving me my life, my talent of moving others, everything. I wept many tears on account of the miserable servitude to poor, dependant man. But I couldn't pick out the huge faculty of approbateness up here. I wouldn't stay and let it lead me about in the seductive paths, so I took a cross so heavy that I could trust to its restraining my feet, and keeping me bowed down before the only true Master."

"That is strange!" said the squire, speaking thoughtfully. "You ran voluntarily away from what I have all my life-time been trying hardest to get. I would have given that finger to be a thoroughly popular preacher."

"You would have given it for something poorer than the poorest song!" said his brother, speaking very seriously. "That is, I mean, if you had set your heart on the popularity as you naturally would, desiring it so much."

"Yes, I suppose I should," sighed the squire. "I did, at Springfield. I was really popular awhile there, you know, wife," turning to Mrs. Faxon—"but *you* don't, chit," his eyes happening to light on Cad's that were so large and bright just then. "You were a little thing with silver hair then. I used to call you 'tow-head,' I remember. Well," he added, his smile quickly fading, "I rode on the wings of flattery and favor awhile; and I must own that my head, at least, was a little light with it. It didn't last long though. It wasn't—why, in less than a year, some who had been my best friends at first, were hardest and stiffest against me. I supposed I deserved it from them though, after letting my vanity be so tickled with their favor."

"You deserved it from Providence, my brother. In other words, softer a little, but expressive of the same thing in the mind of the philosophical Christian, you *needed* it. It came legitimately out of God's perfect law of evolution; came as effect, as penalty; as an incentive—if used aright—to a close walk with God; not with men. Like the physical pain we feel and complain about, its office is a most necessary one—to indicate a disease; its seat and its nature. The pain itself is really beneficent. But it is a pity to have the disease, is it not?"

He ended with a smile. They smiled all round the table. Cad felt as if a little light came in upon her life; as if life might after all be beautiful to one who knew how to make it so. John thought that his uncle Henry was a confounded good-natured man, and wondered whether he

would think anything of his gun, and of his dexterity at the target.

Mrs. Faxon, poor woman! wished that Henry could teach her, in so long a time, how to be as happy as he was. She wouldn't value sitting hours and hours to be told the way.

Esquire Faxon, always in the dark about himself—especially after the prodigiously hearty dinners he was accustomed to eat—thought that, but for the deacons and the people who had wronged and embittered him, he might, per-

haps, have been half as wise and happy as Henry, long before this time. Some of Henry's words made him feel as though he might, any way, have been happy. Something that Henry said about one's mastering one's own life and all its conditions, made him see it, although in a glimmering way, that he all his life-time had been slave instead of master; slave of the circumstances, of all sorts, that had been tossing him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MAY-DAY.

BY LILL LILBERNE.

THEY come, they come, a joyous band,
In search of the earliest flower,
O'er height, and hill, and meadow land,
Where Spring with its breathing bland has fanned
The buds in the wild-wood bower,
Till leaf and life long hidden there,
Burst forth like sunlight everywhere.

THEY come, they come while the morning light
Along the lowlands lay,
And is stealing on the garments white,
And trembles among those tresses bright,
Then flashes away, away,
And lingers long on lake and ledge,
Deepening there on each shadowed edge.

THEY come, they come with a shout of glee,
With their voices sweet and clear,
With their changeful songs so wild and free,
With one glad gush of minstrelsy

That falls on the listening ear,
And is echoed back again, again,
By rock and dell and spreading plain.

THEY come, they come while the morning hours
Are bright with the breath of Spring,
That is stealing among the forest flowers,
Half hidden away among Nature's bowers,
Like light there lingering
Where the bending boughs and branches twine,
With the shadowy leaves of the wild-wood vine.

THEY come, they come with one wild cry,
They've crowned the Queen of May
And every heart with hope beats high,
Whose light they think will never die,
That one, one promise ray;
Yet over all in after years
Will gather the darkness of time and tears.

MAY THOUGHTS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

AN, here we'll rest, sweet cousin mine,
Upon this mossy seat;
With buds and blossoms all around,
And violets at our feet.
And we will dream the sweetest dreams,
And bound them with a rhyme;
And wake within our hearts the songs
Of the dear, olden time.

The same glad waters wander by,
That murmured here of yore;
And fairer flowers gem the sward
Along the sloping shore.
The music of our childhood seems
To float around us here;
And oh, I feel that in those hours,
Thou wert not half so dear.

I gaze upon thy sunny face,
Where love lies soft and warm,
And deem the Spring a living thing,
That has assumed thy form.
Thine eyes—the music of thy voice—
Thy brown and silken hair—
All speak without thy presence here,
This scene were not so fair.

Then welcome to the gladsome Spring,
For it has brought me thee—
A being full of life and light—
Like childhood back to me.
And I will wreath thy snowy brow
With Spring-time's sweetest flowers
And, as in those bright days gone by,
Ne'er dream of darker hours!

PIEBALD.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—PIE—

Dramatis Personæ.—NEIGHBORING LADIES AND GENTLEMAN.—A BAKER.

SCENE—*Baker's Shop. The Sofa lengthways as an oven.*

ENTER BAKER, with a nightcap and footman's jacket and apron on. His face is white with best seconds. He lights an imaginary fire under



the sofa, and, with the dust-pan tied to the end of a fishing-rod for his "peel," he awaits his customers.

Enter NEIGHBORING LADY bearing a delicious imitation leg of mutton, which she hands over to Baker, who slips it into sofa oven, and gives in return card-counter as the customary tin check.

Enter NEIGHBORING GENTLEMAN, with the largest dish in the kitchen, covered with the

largest tin cover. This he also hands over and receives a mother-o'-pearl check.



Enter LADIES AND GENTLEMEN with splendid bandbox pies and dishes with covers on, all of which are slid into hot oven with dust-pan "peel."

When the Customers are all gone, the Baker on tiptoes goes round the room to see that nobody is looking, and then, drawing out all the dishes, he takes from a closet his own very small pie, and changes it for the largest, by "ringing the changes," and altering the tin checks upon every dish.



Re-enter Neighboring Ladies and Gentlemen with napkins to place over their dishes. They present their checks, and demand their dinners. They are extremely shocked at seeing the great alteration in the size of their joints and pasties. The Baker shrugs his shoulders, and proves to

them very clearly, by pointing to the ceiling, that the meat has shrunk by evaporation in the cooking. When they have a second time departed, Baker, bursting out laughing, takes his heavy dish and makes his exit dancing for joy.



ACT II.—BALD.

Dramatis Personæ.—OLD GENTLEMAN.—MIDDLE-AGED LADY.—CHAMBERMAID.

SCENE—*Supposed double-bedded room at an Inn not a hundred miles from Town. On one side an imaginary bed with window-curtains, on the other the sofa ready turned down. In the centre a toilet-table with looking-glass upon it.*

ENTER CHAMBERMAID lighting in OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just arrived from the passage. He intimates, by leaning on his hands and yawning, that he is very tired, and putting down his car-

pet-bag, he untwists his comforter, and takes off his cloak. Then taking his night-cap from his pocket, he puts it on, hangs his coat and waist-



coat on the back of a chair, turns in behind the window-curtains, and in a few seconds is heard snoring.

Enter MIDDLE-AGED LADY with her chair, (by means of a pair of luxuriant sable cuffs) dressed *en bandeaux* at each side of her face, and bulging out her well-filled cap. Under her arm she carries the warming-pan, with which she begins warming her sofa-bedstead. In the midst of it



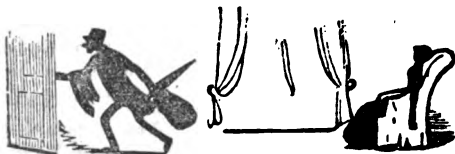
she rouses the Old Gentleman from his sleep. He pokes his night-cap through the window-curtains, and his face bears a look of intense horror

at finding a lady in his room. As she continues warming the sofa his timidity leaves him, and he admires her beautiful hair, and looks frequently up to the curtain-poles to show that he is deeply moved by her beauty.

Suddenly Middle-aged Lady advances to the looking-glass on the table, and Old Gentleman rapidly withdraws his head. She begins her



toilet, and the Old Gentleman reappears, and his face wears an expression of ghastly astonishment as he sees her unpin from each side of her face the lovely sable cuffs that he had been admiring as her own luxuriant tresses. At last she removes her cap, and he nearly falls backward on perceiving that she is quite bald. In his horror the Old Gentleman groans audibly, and Lady turns round quickly as he disappears. She throws her arms about her wildly for one moment, and then sinks into chair and faints from fright.



Old Gentleman, seizing his carpet-bag, and clothes, taking advantage of the moment, hurries quickly from the room. WAITERS, CHAM-

BERMAIDS, &c., rush in. They express surprise at Lady's baldness. She revives, screams, and runs out; when *exceunt omnes*.

ACT III.—PIEBALD.

Dramatis Personæ.—POOR NEGRO.—HIS ENGLISH WIFE.—THEIR THREE CHILDREN.—KIND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

SCENE—*Inside of Poor Negro's house. In the centre deal table; on each side a kitchen chair.*

ENTER POOR NEGRO. He has a white turban on, and a night-gown tied tightly round his waist. In his hand he holds the broom he has

been sweeping a crossing with. He presses his forehead several times, to tell that he is in deep distress; and, finally, drawing the kitchen chair to table, he flings himself into it, and buries his face in his hands.

He tells her, by pointing several times to his



open mouth, that he is very hungry, and wants something to eat. She shakes her head slowly, and turns aside to hide her emotion.



Enter KIND LADIES and GENTLEMEN, who,

Enter his fair WIFE, also in deep distress.

putting their glasses up, examine closely every thing in the room. Negro and his wife bow to them. The ladies are shocked at the destitution of the place, and give them money. Ladies then, by dandling imaginary baby in the air, ask if they have any children. Wife nods her head several times joyfully, and rushes from the room.

Re-enter Wife with, first, one CHILD. It is

black. The Visitors express, by pointing to the face of the little one and the Negro, that it is the image of its Father. The Wife then introduces a second CHILD. It is white. The Visitors remark that it resembles its Mother. At last the third is brought in. It is a Baby in long-clothes and, being like both Father and Mother, it is—Piebald. Astonishment of Visitors, and



GRAND TABLEAU.

I AM DREAMING.

BY NELLIE NORRIS.

I AM dreaming—dreaming ever—
Dreaming of the long-gone years,
Ere the morning's smile was shadowed
Or the life-path stained with tears!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Treading moonlight walks of old,
Clasping hands whose loving pressure
Now is chilled and deathly cold!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
List'ning love-tones sweet and low,
Which have perished, save in echo
From the realms of "long ago!"

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Roaming mem'ry's haunted halls,
Where the sunlight's ever radiant,
And the shadow never falls!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Lingering in the old romance,
Just the same in day's broad noontime
As when evening fire-gleams dance!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Weaving webs of fairy dye,
All of forests grey and olden,
Where the moss and ivies lie!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Of the streamlets on their way,
Winding thro' the vale and meadow,
Where the rustic children play!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Fairer is the world to me,
When in fancy's sunny colors
All its weary ways I see!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Chiefly dreaming of the shore
Where my weary feet, when resting,
Shall in dream-land roam no more!

I am dreaming—dreaming ever—
Far away the goal I see!
Nearer, nearer, surge oh, life-tides
Till my dreams shall real be!

REST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,

Fleeting to ocean
After its life.
'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best!
'Tis onward! unswerving,
And that is true rest.

MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY, AUTHOR OF "ADA LESTER'S SEASON IN NEW YORK."

CHAPTER I.

"AND this, I suppose, is to be my home for the future," thought I, as I leaned forward to view in the twilight the old-fashioned house before which the carriage drew up; and in spite of the buoyant spirits of fifteen, I shrank from that future.

To live forever with two old maids, and their cats, and lap-dogs, and worsted work!—it was too horrible to contemplate, and I mentally resolved to escape from *such* single blessedness as soon as possible.

But the door opened, and I was already in a well lighted hall, warmed at the farther extremity by a huge stove which seemed to be nothing but fiery eyes, as the red coals shone through the isinglass that lined the elaborately cut fancy work of which the upper part was composed. Before the servant had time to close the one door behind me, another had opened, and a kind voice, in the parlor, said,

"This way, dear, do come to the fire and get warm, it's a bitter cold night, and then we'll have tea. This is your aunt Margaret," leading me up to a fine, elderly lady by the fireside, "and I'm your aunt Patty, dear; though we're not much of relatives either, I believe."

"And I'm your cousin Harry, dear," said a mocking voice from a corner, into which I had not had time to peer.

A mellow little laugh from aunt Patty, that seemed to say that the speaker was a privileged person, and a "Harry, don't, you'll frighten the poor child," from aunt Margaret, was all that I knew of cousin Harry at that time, for there was no lamp in the room, and he sat in too obscure a corner for even the dancing, merry light of the hickory fire to illuminate.

How cozy and comfortable everything looked, after the paper flowers, and wax flowers, and dilapidated annuals of the large, tawdry drawing-room of the boarding-school. The wonderful twisted legs of the old-fashioned furniture seemed to be dancing quiet little jigs, as the firelight flickered on them; a lion's paw was now and then thrust forward in a kind of rough play, grasping a marvellous-looking ball, from some chair, table or escrutoire. The curious, black, old cabinet, in the corner, stood grim and prim,

scarcely deigning to smile as the ruddy firelight played hide and seek over its multitudinous doors and drawers, making one think of lost wills, and secret springs, locks of hair and faded flowers, and all the other romances connected with old cabinets. But the firelight lingered the cheeriest around the table in the centre of the room, with its snowy damask cloth, its old-fashioned glittering silver, led off by the platina tea-urn, with its grim lion's heads, blinking inoffensively at one, as they grasped the huge silver rings which served as handles, and the tiny egg-shell china cups, almost transparent in their delicate beauty.

Orphan and stranger as I was, all this domestic comfort, after three years in a pinched, genteel boarding-school, opened my heart to my unknown relatives.

In the meantime, my bonnet and wraps had been moved by aunt Patty's own plump hands, the bell rung, and lights and tea were being brought in.

Aunt Margaret drew her spectacles down to her eyes and scrutinized me for a moment.

"You are very much like your mother, Isabel," she said at last.

"Jezebel! what a name for a woman," put in master Harry, who now came forward, his saucy face lighted up with irrepressible mischief.

Aunt Margaret wound her yarn up systematically to the last inch, stuck the long needles through the ball, and laid it upon the little work stand beside her. Aunt Patty busied herself with the brightly polished copper kettle, which was brought in over a spirit lamp, bubbling away in its merry, domestic manner; herself, it seemed to me, a kind of human kettle, with her cheery fireside hum and bubble of content; then the servant placed the muffins, as brown as an oak leaf in autumn, and the strangely twisted silver toast-rack on the table, and we took our seats.

"This is poor fare, isn't it, after the sumptuous table you have been accustomed to at boarding-school?" asked Harry, as he handed me a second muffin. "You don't seem to like it."

It was too bad; for now I knew that my mischievous cousin could have enumerated every mouthful I had eaten, and I was nearly starved

yet; but I answered as composedly as possible, "I like it so well that I'm sorry to see you feeding your dog so soon, for I'm not nearly done yet," and I passed my tiny cup to aunt Patty for some more of her fragrant tea.

Aunt Margaret drew her lips over her teeth, which I afterward discovered was about as near as her dignity would permit her to come to a smile, while aunt Patty laughed gleefully, saying, "So, ho, master Impudence, you have got your match, I hope," and the young gentleman dismissed the dog, which was sitting on his haunches, watching, with wagging tail and anxious eyes, every mouthful which Harry took.

When my school-girl appetite was appeased, I had time to look around; and the only modern thing in the room was a portrait which hung over the mantel.

I glanced alternately at it, and at Harry Anstruther. There was the same fair, open brow, beneath the profusion of curls, which, even at the age of twenty-one, retained the golden hue so rare save in childhood; the same laughing, hazle eye, the same well formed mouth, shaded by the down of the first moustache.

Harry at last caught the direction of my glance.

"Yes, it's I," said he, nodding gravely, "but it does not by any means do me justice."

Indeed I more than half agreed with him, coxcomb, as I thought him.

"Now, Miss Jezebel," continued he, "I must give you warning not to fall in love with me. It will be hard work for you, I know, to help it; but I cannot have any more wives on my hands. I'm engaged to six already."

"There is not much danger," I retorted, "as I'm neither a Mormon nor a Turk."

"Whew! how peppery you are. Have a care, or I'll take you to season the batch," was the reply. "Let me see; there's Nelly Hale, she's a beauty, I tell you; as *petite* as a Fenella, a perfectly bewitching little blonde, that dances into your heart without leave or license. I admire blondes," and he looked steadily at me, my brunette complexion growing swarthier, I have no doubt, from my vexation.

"Then there's Clara Hoffman, she's two," counting them on his fingers, "there was never a Roman empress more stately than she, and her figure is rounded like a statue's." Another glance at me, who was all angles and corners.

"And there's Alice Brant. Well, Alice is the very personification of grace; she never moves a hand nor turns her head except just when she should; every muscle is in its proper place."

I had such a superabundance of limbs that I never knew what to do with them.

"Then there's Anne Gray. Ah! *she'd* make a wife! Such sweet, blue eyes, that only live on your own, and such a gentle little heart, that only beats for—well, no matter who. And Elizabeth Taylor, let me see, she makes five. Well, Elizabeth is rather strong-minded. She knows more about the 'ologies' and 'onimies' than any professor in college. But I think you would appreciate Jenny Warren the most. Such pies and puddings as she makes. She'd reach any man's heart through his stomach, I assure you;" and master Harry aired the evening paper before the fire, and settled himself down to its contents.

The evening passed quickly to me, in arranging my plan of studies at home, with my aunts, and tired as I was, the good ladies' early bed-hour arrived long before I expected it. Aunt Patty arranged the blocks of her silk patch-work in her basket, and then left the parlor, Harry following her. Presently I heard her voice in the next room,

"Harry, what a troublesome fellow you are. You mix up the silver so that I shall never get it counted."

"Well I won't, aunty," replied Harry, "but what an elfish-looking little thing that girl is."

Aunt Margaret was protecting her geraniums from the cold air of the window, so I had the full benefit of the remarks.

"She is not very handsome now, poor child; but she is very much like her mother was at her age, and she grew to be one of the most beautiful women I ever saw," replied aunt Patty, with as much sorrow as her voice could express, coming through a throat made mellow by most generous living.

"*She'll* never be anything but a fright. She puts me in mind of an imp, aunt Patty."

"Harry, how can you? One, two, three—don't mix the large and small forks, Harry—five, six."

"Why she's got arms like the sails of a wind-mill, and hands like a bird's claws."

"Eleven, twelve large ones—she will fill up and be a fine figure yet."

"Yes, she will *fill up* mighty soon, if she puts down muffins and tea with the locomotive speed she did to-night."

The clinking of the silver was all that I heard for a moment, then master Harry commenced again,

"And such a mouth! Whew! it would take a week to kiss it from one side to the other."

"What nonsense, Harry—James' silver don't look very bright—you men seem to care for nothing but kissing; it is really underbred to

talk so much about it as you do," and I fancied the little lady drawing herself up to her utmost height.

"Now, aunt Patty, you *know* you like to be kissed. Don't be jealous because I sometimes bestow my favors on others."

"Well, sir, all that I have to say is, that Isabel Hadley has a spirit of her own, and you had better not try it on her."

"My moustache against your 'false front' that I do it to-night," was Harry's rejoinder.

"I don't wear a 'false front,' Harry, and you know it," and good aunt Patty's voice quivered with excitement, "and if you try to kiss her, I hope she'll box your ears for you."

"Don't be revengeful now, because I made a mistake about your hair. I'm going to try it, at any rate."

"Harry, you will make the child cry with your nonsense. Don't do it, now!"

"Cry! she is not one of the crying kind, I can tell you. Here goes. I hope she will not cut me with all those angles of hers, though," and the door opened, and Harry entered the room, looking perfectly innocent of the intended assault.

I was stooping on the sofa, searching for my gloves, when he came and stood by me.

"Good night," said he, extending his hand.

I put out mine. As quick as a flash of lightning his arm was around my waist. His mouth was close to mine, when suddenly he sprang back several feet, looking like anything but a conquering hero. I had dexterously concealed a pin in my mouth, and before his lips could touch mine I thrust it forward, giving him a prick which electrified him. I stooped down and picked up the glove which he had knocked out of my hand again, and then said very quietly,

"It is hardly worth your while to begin kissing me at so late an hour if it is going to take a whole week to do it. Good night, though," and I nodded maliciously at him, as he stood lost in amazement.

Dear little aunt Patty laughed till the tears started.

"You bluffed me off that time, Miss Isabel, but beware of the next," said Harry, recovering himself; and he passed his hand over his mouth, and then examined it to see if there were any traces of blood.

"Yes, I'll beware. But you've lost your moustache, you know, to aunt Patty," and throwing this bomb, I followed the two ladies up stairs.

"You must not mind Harry, Isabel," said aunt Margaret, "he is a spoiled child, and as

full of mischief as a kitten. He is always at his pranks with us."

"Oh! I can take care of myself very well," I replied, secretly delighted at my success.

CHAPTER II.

SUCH was the beginning of my acquaintance with Harry Anstruther, and so it continued during the rest of his vacation.

The next year passed happily to me, but the winter vacation did not bring Harry as formerly. He was an orphan and the uncontrolled possessor of a large fortune, and had made up his mind, as he wrote to his aunts, to see something of the world.

By-and-bye vague rumors of mad, college pranks began to circulate in our little coterie, and the elderly ladies, who assembled at aunt Patty's tea-table, nodded their heads and looked mysterious when master Harry's name was mentioned.

As I entered the parlor one day, I heard a visitor say,

"You should really write to him, Miss Anstruther, and expostulate with him about his conduct. George assures me that he is at the head of all the mischief in college, and he would have been expelled long ago if he had not been so adroit in escaping positive proof. But perhaps George, dear boy, is too severe, for his standard is so high," and Mrs. Welsh arranged her sables with much satisfaction as she spoke.

"His standard is not too high for detraction," said I, with no little temper, as the lady smiled herself out of the room.

Aunt Margaret made no answer, but sighed as her knitting-needles clicked and flashed with unusual rapidity. But the tears came to good aunt Patty's eyes as she said,

"I wouldn't have believed it of Harry. He was always full of fun, and maybe he did just for mischief dress himself up like a robber, and stop the farmers on their way to market, and make them give up their money and things, but I *don't* believe he gambles so," and the most troubled tears I had ever seen in aunt Patty's eyes, stood there now.

"There must be some truth in it, sister," replied aunt Margaret, sternly, "Judge Hale has forbidden him his house," and she turned her back a little more to the light as she spoke.

"Poor boy, and maybe he was in love with Nelly Hale," and aunt Patty, whose warm heart extended its charities to all sorts of troubles, fell into a reverie.

All further discussion of the subject was

stopped by the waiter bringing in an armful of wood for the fire. As he was retiring, aunt Margaret said,

"James, I wish, while we are out driving, you would take down master Harry's portrait from over the mantel, and place it in our chamber."

James was too much astonished to make his usual elaborate obeisance, and stood staring vacantly at his mistress till she reminded him of his duty by adding, "You may order the carriage now."

Aunt Patty had looked up with a frightened air at her sister, but the Misses Anstruther were really heroines to their servants, so it was not till after James had certainly closed the door that she said,

"Oh! Margaret, how can you do so; it seems so cruel for us to desert poor Harry because everybody else does."

"I cannot have this portrait hanging there made an excuse for people like Mrs. Welsh to discuss him as they please," was the reply.

When we returned from our drive, I could have cried too with aunt Patty, to miss the gay, pleasant face, which had looked down so saucily on me so long, in the cheerful morning light, or in the grey gloaming, or flickering firelight, as on the first evening of our acquaintance.

I was now nearly seventeen, and my mirror told me plainly enough that I no longer looked like the imp or elf of Harry's early acquaintance. I was an heiress and a belle; a belle most probably because I *was* an heiress. I had "filled up" certainly; whether as my cousin had insinuated by tea and muffins, I cannot say; but if George Welsh, who was now one of my most devoted admirers, was to be believed, Alice Brant herself would bear no comparison to me in grace.

With poor Harry, in the meanwhile, matters went from bad to worse. The gentleman, who had been his guardian, confessed to his aunts that he had spent every cent of his fortune that was available, and this was by far the greater part of it. Then again, through Mrs. Welsh, whom I now looked upon as a bird of ill omen, we heard of grave professors being caricatured to their faces, and reckless midnight orgies, and all the other evils of college life. But our cup of trouble on his account was filled, when we learned that he had fought a duel. We knew nothing positive about it, only that his opponent had been severely wounded, and that a woman had been the cause.

The morning after we had heard of this, I was called into the sisters' chamber. Aunt Margaret had pushed a little table, on which she was

standing, up to the mantel, and was endeavoring to detach Harry's portrait from the hook on which it hung. She said,

"Isabel, my dear, won't you please to help me down with this? Sister has refused, and I cannot expose ourselves to the remarks of the servants, by having them do it."

"Poor boy, I cannot," said aunt Patty, as she rummaged in her drawers to hide the falling tears.

Aunt Margaret looked around sternly as she answered,

"Sister, it is due to ourselves to forget him."

I assisted her silently, and helped to carry my cousin Harry's portrait to the lumber room.

CHAPTER III.

It was nearly three years after my first introduction to my cousin. The snow had been falling softly and silently all day, and as night came on we drew the curtains in the little parlor, and prepared to pass a cozy evening together. The tea-table was already arranged, and aunt Patty had the silver "caddy" in her hand, measuring out with scrupulous exactness the silver bowl full of tea, which constituted her "drawing" when the hall bell rung violently.

"What a dreadful stormy night for any one to be out," said aunt Patty, as she peered into the tea-urn, where she had just thrown the bones. A stamping in the hall, as if some person was knocking the snow from heavy boots, aroused our attention; and before we had time to speak the parlor door opened and Harry Anstruther entered. There was the same open, boyish smile as of old on his face. Aunt Patty dropped the lid of the tea-urn, and sprang forward to meet him with a cry of glad surprise. Aunt Margaret also, on the impulse of the moment, had met him with unusual activity; but before her sister's greeting was over she had resumed her chair and awaited her nephew's salutation with her dignity.

His aunt's manner very perceptibly affected Harry. His greeting was constrained, and he, who had been standing aside, now noticed that his face had a care-worn, sorrowful look, natural to it.

Presently his eye rested on me. I met the look of astonishment with which he regarded me, and I said with a low courtesy, and in a voice which mimicked the one he had greeted me three years before,

"I'm your cousin Isabel, dear."

"Goodness gracious! is it possible? Why are not such a dreadful *fright* after all," and in the old manner returned as he spoke

"No, I'm 'filled up;' tea and muffins, you know," I replied, nodding my head.

We took our seats at the table, and Harry's quick glance soon detected the vacant space over the mantel. A grave look stole over his face, then he said with an attempt at gayety,

"No longer worthy, eh, aunt Patty?" But he sighed as he pointed to where the portrait had hung.

Aunt Patty was very much embarrassed as she replied,

"We had it carried up to our chamber, Harry——"

"And from there to the lumber room," interposed aunt Margaret, sternly.

The look, which overshadowed the handsome face of my cousin, made my heart ache for him; and I retired to my own room as soon as tea was over, that I might be no restraint upon him and his aunts.

The next day aunt Patty told me there was something about Harry she could not find out; only that he had acknowledged he had lost nearly all his money; that he was going to Europe for awhile; but that she believed he was still engaged to Nelly Hale.

My cousin was not to sail till the spring. In the meantime we were constantly together, and I began to wonder about Nelly Hale. But he never mentioned her name.

Aunt Margaret's manner toward her nephew softened in spite of herself, and had it not been for shame, I verily believe that the portrait would have been restored to its original place.

The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room, and we were alone together in the little parlor. I was crocheting a purse for my cousin, talking busily the while of his anticipated tour.

"How I envy you, Harry; I wish I was going too," I said, enthusiastically.

"Will you go, dear Bell?" he cried, suddenly. "Could you love such a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp as I am?"

Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the duel, all crowded upon my mind. I rose indignantly.

"What do you mean, sir, by offering me the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and fortune? Me?" And I confronted him as I spoke.

Alas! had I been more indifferent, probably I should not have been so angry.

I think he was paler, though his laugh was light, as he asked in his old, mocking way,

"Mercy, Bell! What would you have said if I had been in earnest?"

I was so astonished, that for a moment my

heart seemed to cease beating; but I quickly answered,

"Then I should have informed your aunts, who would have speedily rid me of the annoyance," and I picked up the purse and went on with my crocheting.

I know not what demon prompted that ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain my tears. He arose, walked up and down the room once or twice, as if conquering some emotion, said,

"Forgive me, Isabel. You were justly angry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob me of my aunts' love. It is all I have left now."

My tears were gathering fast. I dared not trust my voice to answer. I would not look up lest I should betray myself. In a short time Harry left the room.

That evening, at the tea-table, he told us that he should leave early the next morning, as he had some business to settle in New York before he sailed. His aunts expressed their astonishment, scanned his face narrowly, and no doubt wondered what new scrape Harry had got in; but I swallowed my tea with a great gulp that nearly choked me. I sat up half the night to finish the purse. I had foolishly wrought blue forget-me-nots on the crimson ground. When I handed it to him the next morning, I tried hard to steady voice and lip, as I said with averted eyes,

"Do not think too unkindly of me, cousin Harry."

Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred by the tears which she would not let fall, when she bid Harry good bye, but poor aunt Patty cried as if it was the one great sorrow of her life-time. As for myself, my eyes burned, but there were no tears, even of sympathy, in them now; but my trembling limbs almost refused to support me, and the hand, which he took at parting, must have sent an icy chill through his veins. I saw the carriage drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears and moans which escaped me, told me plainly how indifferent I was to Harry Anstruther.

CHAPTER IV

A YEAR after my cousin's departure, I was invited to a bridal party at Mrs. Welsh's. George and myself were on good terms, although he had ceased visiting me long before. In truth he was a fortune or position hunter, both of which he had found in the graceful Alice Brant, whom

Harry had eulogized on the first evening of our meeting.

I had been in the room but a short time, when a beautiful young girl, with a face as fresh as a rose-bud, and as bright as a sunbeam, left the circle surrounding the bride, and coming up to me with the confidence of one who was never repulsed, said,

"Are you not Miss Hadley, Harry Anstruther's cousin?"

I bowed, and as I glanced at the beautiful creature before me, a sickening realization of who she was stole over me.

"I am Nelly Hale," she went on, "but I suppose I am not as well known to you as you are to me."

Alas! too well known. But I did not say so. I only buried my face in my bouquet as I replied that I had often heard my cousin speak of her.

"If he was my brother I could not love him more," she said.

I supposed not, but asked somewhat ironically if "she knew what a brother's love was?"

"No, I never had a brother; and when Harry first went to C—, years ago, we had *such* juvenile flirtations. We vowed regularly twice a week to die for each other, and were very much disappointed that there was no occasion for it, I believe."

She must have thought me dumb at first. The meeting was so unexpected, that it was sometime before I could recover my faculties to speak of *him* to *her*. And I felt most bitterly, for whatever her feelings might have been, I believed that he had loved her sincerely.

She was chatting on in her light, gay way, when a gentleman came to claim her hand for a waltz. Her face brightened still more as she exclaimed,

"Oh! Willie, this is Miss Hadley, Harry's cousin, you know. Mr. Graham, Miss Hadley."

At the mention of "Harry," the gentleman, whose back was partially toward me, as he was about to lead Miss Hale away, turned suddenly, with his fine face sparkling with emotion, as he took my hand, saying,

"You do not know how glad I am to meet you; to see any relative of Harry's."

The waltz seemed now to be forgotten, and Harry, and Harry's present doings, were fully discussed.

"I wish he would come home," said Nelly, gaily, "in his last letter he promised me a set of pink coral from Naples."

I felt some comfort in thinking that I was a kind of woman to whom he could not promise a set of pink coral.

"Do you know, Miss Hadley," said Mr. Graham, suddenly, "that I am indebted to your cousin for all the happiness of my life?"

I looked inquiringly at Nelly, in whose blue eyes the tears were standing.

"Not only her," said he, with a happy laugh.

I took Mr. Graham's arm almost unconsciously, for I felt that much of what we had never known of Harry was to be revealed; and we left the crowded room for the hall.

"Anstruther is such a generous, noble-hearted fellow, that I don't believe he has ever done himself justice to his friends at home," said my companion. "His gay, mischief-loving disposition was always getting him into trouble. He was at the head of all the harmless pranks that drove the professors nearly wild. But, unfortunately, his love of excitement took a quieter but more dangerous turn. He became very fond of card-playing. He lost his money like a prince, but that did not seriously impair his large fortune."

There was a moment's pause in the narrative, and Nelly, who leaned on the other arm, looked up encouragingly in Mr. Graham's face.

"The fellows at college always said Harry and I hunted in couples," continued he. "In truth, I *did* make him my model, but I soon surpassed him in my fondness for gambling and the extent of my losses. One night, oh, God! that night, in my madness I lost all, more than all I had, and I knew, that, if my widowed mother survived the knowledge of my shame, I had made her a beggar. Nelly, too, to whom I had been engaged for a year, I felt would never be allowed to marry a penniless gambler. In my frenzy I was ready to commit suicide; but Harry Anstruther, who had witnessed all, saved me."

Nelly's tears were flowing fast, and the speaker's voice quivered with emotion.

"He declared that it was his example which had first tempted me—but heaven knows that was not true—and he never left me on that horrible night, till from his own fortune he had made arrangements to pay my debts. I sometimes think now that I must have been insane to have allowed it—but my old mother and Nelly! As for Harry, he said it was a cause of thanksgiving. It seemed as if our eyes were opened for the first time to the horrible precipice on which we hung, and I believe no earthly power could tempt Harry Anstruther now to touch a card. And with God's help neither will I," and he bowed his head solemnly as he spoke.

"And to think that papa was so unjust to Harry as to refuse to let him come to the house, till Willie heard of it, and told him the whole

truth. I was dreadfully frightened, for fear papa would make me break my engagement with Willie; but he said, that after such a lesson, and with such a friend as Harry, there was not much danger," and, as Nelly spoke, the smiles had already dried away the tears.

"But the duel?" I asked.

"Ah! did you hear of that too?" said Mr. Graham. "We thought it was kept pretty quiet, for Fuller hardly got a scratch, though he deserved something more. He unpardonably insulted a pretty little milliner girl, and boasted of it 'in his cups;' and when Harry remonstrated with him about it, high words ensued; he called your cousin a liar and a coward, and it all ended in the duel."

A little more talk of college life, and we entered the parlor. Harry's entire vindication did not give the unalloyed pleasure it should have done; it was all mingled with regrets for my own hasty pride, bitter regrets for the love I had thrown away. I hurried home from the party and rushed into my aunts' chamber. It was sometime before I could make them comprehend the welcome news.

The next day Harry's portrait again hung over the mantel in the little parlor.

My acquaintance with Nelly Hale ripened into friendship during her visit at P——, and I have promised to act as bridesmaid for her the next winter. Graham had received an unexpected fortune sometime before from a god-father, and had already refunded the money which my cousin had so generously given him.

CHAPTER V.

We had for a long time eagerly scanned Harry's letters for some intimation of his return home, when one day we read,

"I shall probably be with you in two months. Graham is going to be married to my little friend Nelly Hale, which prodigious feat, he thinks, cannot be accomplished without my assistance. Dear aunt Patty, how often have I mystified you with regard to that same Nelly. I believe I was passionately in love with her for one whole year, the first of my college life, though alas! the violent emotion exhausted itself, but for all that, I think she is the darlinest little creature living.

"I am twenty-six, sober twenty-six, dearest aunt, but your kind letter about the restoration of my property, *nearly*, mind I say *nearly*, brought the tears to my eyes. I had enough to live upon economically without it, and I feel somehow as if I had no right to that. My example was so near causing a suicide and two broken hearts at

least. It was all my fault. It seems as if the sufferings of a century were crowded into that night. There are two things, however, that console me, now that Willie has so generously taken all the blame on himself. Aunt Margaret and yourself love me as of old, and if I ever offer my hand to a woman, it will not be with 'only the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and fortune.'"

I was not forgiven.

He came, and we met, not as of old with gibe and jest, for there was more thought on the sun-burned brow, and more dignity in the subdued demeanor of my cousin, and my pride had grown into the pride of a proud woman, and was no longer that of a peevish school-girl or petted heiress.

Well, we two stood beside Willie Graham and Nelly when they were married. There was many a silly joke about "one wedding making another," and I listened in vain for the gay repartees, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have pained me. Harry only said that he was not a marrying man, as long as he could not have Nelly, and I averred that I was so enamored of the single life of my aunts that I should lead it too.

One day I was sitting in the parlor at Judge Hale's alone. My cousin entered and drew a letter from his pocket from aunt Patty. After handing it to me he left the room. I watched his retreating figure, and then glancing on the floor at my feet, I saw the purse which I had knit him. He had undoubtedly drawn it out with the letter. I picked it up and examined it. Alas! the forget-me-nots had all faded, and the tears came as I remembered the afternoon and night on which I had finished it. My letter was unopened, and I dreamed on of what might have been, still stroking out the folds of the purse in an absent way.

"What does aunt Patty say, Isabel?" asked Henry, at my elbow. I started up covered with confusion, and mechanically grasped the purse tighter.

"I think I dropped something," proceeded my cousin, looking on the floor.

With a woman's quick instinct I dropped the purse, and let him find it. But my ruse was of no avail, he had been watching me for some minutes, and did not leave the parlor till——

Well, no matter what. But there was to be a sleighing party that night, and I never enjoyed a ride as much as I did that.

Three months ago, the large drawing-room of the good aunts was thrown open, and the Holland covers were taken off the old-fashioned

damask furniture. There was a vast amount of cake and wine consumed, and any quantity of white satin, and wreaths, and veils, displayed; and Harry, with all his old sauciness come back, vowed that I was never happy till he gave me a chance to write myself Mrs. Harry Anstruther.

LIFE'S RIVER—A DREAM.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

I WAS sitting very weary
Here within my little room,
Shadows dim crept close about me,
Seeming with their arms to flout me,
Frowning through the gathering gloom,
While I sat so still and dreary
In this quiet little room.

With the dappled past I wandered,
All its leaves are faded now;
And of youth's fresh garland flowers,
Gathered erst in love's bright bowers,
I've not one to deck my brow;
Will the future (thus I pondered)
Be as dark and drear as now?

Sleep oblivious soon came o'er me,
And a fairy in my dream
From my little chamber bore me,
Where a plain stretched out before me,
Near a pebbled mountain stream,
While the sunlight glinted o'er me
With its soft and kindly beam.

Singing birds and fragrant flowers
Graced this seeming Paradise:
I would fain have roamed for hours
There amid those leafy bowers;
And my wonder-loving eyes
Feasted on the gems that sparkled
Where this river took its rise.

Then the fairy gently brought me
To the shining river's side,
All its magic power she taught me,
And with earnestness besought me
Gaze into its dimpled tide;
'Twas the stream of Life she taught me,
Down which weary mortals glide.

First its wave was clear and shining,
With rare jewels dotted o'er:
Wreaths of love and beauty twining,
And the shells with silver lining
Lay about the pebbled shore,
All their rays and hues combining
To enchant me more and more.

Prattling down this shining river
Played a merry-hearted child,
She each glittering gem kept grasping
Closely with her fingers clasping,
While she onward played and smiled,
Floating onward—reaching ever
With some farther gem beguiled.

Yet each toy that she was grasping
But an empty bubble proved;
Smiles upon her young cheek rested
As another gem she tested,
While along the waves she moved,
But an envious billow wrested
From her hand the gem she loved.

With a startled, anxious feeling
Gazed I on this little elf,
While the rays of light were stealing
Down amid the waves, revealing
That the wee one was myself,
There amid life's billows reeling
Like a miser seeking pelf.

Darker, rougher grew the river,
Fiercer, colder blew the wind,
Down its waters rushing ever,
Tossed from wave to wave, and never
Leaving mark or track behind,
With pale lips that seemed to quiver,
"When the haven shall I find?"

Then the fairy whispered to me—
Whispered very sad and low,
All the past has gone before thee,
And there's nothing can restore thee,
Love and trust of long ago:
Shall the future glide before thee,
But I quickly answered, "No."

"Tell me nothing of the morrow,
Of its clouds, its hopes and fears;
From the future I'll not borrow
Joy for smiles, or grief for tears;
Tell me nothing of the morrow—
Brings it not the weight of years

Then the fairy smiled approving,
"Mortal! chosen well, hast thou
Down this rapid river gliding,
Tossed by waves, and nothing guiding
In its course the veering prow:
Every day brings less of sunshine
Than the present yields us now.

"When the glorious sun is shining,
Or in dark and moonless night,
While o'er joy's bright wavelets gliding,
Or on grief's dark billows riding,
Strive to steer thy bark aright;"
With these words the fairy vanished,
And the river from my sight.

SUNLIGHT CHASING THE SHADOW.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

THE shadow is deepening and casting a lengthening shade over Bessie Irvin's life. For months—months has she toiled in that little attic room. The sunshine has greeted but dimly that weary form. The window—the *only one*, is too small to admit but a feeble ray reflected from yonder stone mansion. Yet it enters *there*, and tiny feet leap joyfully and play in its beams, and little hands fling down book and toy; and try vainly to clasp its merry light. But poor Bessie! there she sits toiling on, oh! how wearily. The soft brown hair is parted on as pure a brow as eyes e'er looked upon. The delicate features are beautiful in their contour. The form is as graceful as that of Lady Emmas reclining on her velvet couch in that sumptuous mansion yonder. Aye! and her step was *once* as light, and her voice, though ever sweet and gentle in its carolling, spoke of joy and *lightness* within. She has lost none of her guileless innocence, though sorrow has cast her withering bane over Bessie's young heart. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all gone. She has bid, perhaps, an eternal adieu to the vine-covered cottage with its pleasant fields, and clear, running brook, and the little door yard, with its wealth of flowers and gay singing birds.

Her flowers may bloom as beautifully. Her birds warble as sweetly, and the little brook flow on in its unceasing gentle ripple—but Bessie hears them not. The sounds that greet her ears now are those of carts, and rail-cars and freighted omnibuses, and luxurious carriages rolling on with unceasing din.

Once too she loved. But he, who had sworn to be hers, had been called away to distant climes; and the ship, in which he had sailed, had never been heard of more.

Oh! poor Bessie! yours is a hard lot seemingly—but toil on and on, for sooner or later you will meet your reward. If not in this world, in that brighter one to come.

The work has dropped from your hands, and you sink back in utter weariness. Your eyes look down into the street below, and there! as if in mockery of *your* woe, are figures gorgeously clad, and smiling faces. But, do not sigh, sweet Bessie, poverty, however humble, is preferable to gilded vice. They fold the silken robe over

the serpent, *but it lives there still*. There! your weary fingers have taken up the robe again. Its tints, how beautifully blended. Joy! it is almost finished. It is then to encircle form no lighter, limbs no fairer than thy own. But no! check the bitter smile as the thought crosses your mind. Yet the smile is not bitter now, only sorrowful, as you think that each stitch, taken oft-times with a piercing pain, may have perchance to be unripped, and thy scant reward considered "too much." But cheer up, sweet Bessie, and remember that with Christ there is no respect of persons. Yes, your Bible is beside you, your mother's dying gift, and, thank God! her dying request has not been disregarded. Now you have folded the costly robe, and readjusted your own modest toilet. How blithely your step descends the creaking old stair.

Now our little seamstress is on the steps of the noble mansion opposite, for the garment completed is for the Lady Emma. At the magnificent entrance Bessie pauses, then rings the bell timidly. The door is opened by a gentleman passing out. He scans her face earnestly as he passes: Bessie looking up questioningly, nay! wonderingly, while a faint flush overspreads her features. But the footman is waiting, and she enters with trembling steps, and almost ready to faint.

For once Bessie's work was pronounced very beautifully done, and the price paid pleasantly and unhesitatingly. But there was more joy in store for Bessie on that bright New-Year's morning—and never more but once did Bessie Irvin ascend that creaking old stair to her desolate room. For ere she again crossed the threshold of the Lady Emma's dwelling, the same gentleman again stood before her, and asked in a low voice if that indeed could be Bessie Irvin. And Bessie shed tears, many tears, as that voice recalled the old memories that were clinging round her heart—for it was her school-fellow and long-absent lover who thus spoke to her.

So Bessie's tears were soon wiped away, and the old smile of happier days played on her lips—for that same New-Year's morning our gentle Bessie became a happy bride of one who had brought back fame, honor and fortune from a foreign land.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER IV.

MARY MARGARET DILLON lay in the sweet sleep which so frequently follows exhausting efforts. With her right arm she held the strange baby close to her bosom with persevering charity that lived even in her slumber. But her motherly face was turned with the irresistible instincts of nature toward the little chubby-faced fellow at her left, who had been nestling closer and closer under her arm without arousing her, and now lay drowsily comforting himself with his little red fist, at which he tuseed and worked with persevering philosophy, now and then giving out a loud, relishing smack, as if determined to notify the little interloper how richly he was provided for.

In the energy of his satisfaction the youngster threw out his feet, and made his tiny elbows play with a vigor that soon aroused Mary Margaret, who gathered up the strange baby to her bosom with a warmer clasp, as if to shield herself from temptation, and then nestled her loving face down to the other baby, and bending back her arm to give him a hug, she began lavishing kisses and blessings upon him.

"Bless the rogue—arrah, bless the crathur. Sure his ginerous Irish blood is up already in consideration of the stranger baby; faix, and isn't he independent as an Irish baby born in this blissed land of liberty should, be sure, contenting himself intirely with a taste of his own blissed little fist, that by the token 'll yet work for his mother whin she's feeble and auld. Faix, and wouldn't the father of him be a proud man, this minit, if he could see the little filler acting in all respects like a gentleman intirely?"

Mary Margaret was interrupted in her pleasant natural talk by a faint shriek that came from the lower end of the ward, and starting up from between the two infants, she threw a skirt over her shoulders and ran down the dim room; but she paused suddenly with an exclamation of terror, for there upon the cot where we left the pale, young mother, she saw a form so fair, so wild, and yet so spirit-like, standing erect in the

smoky light, that all the native superstition of her race rose up to chill her.

"Blessed saints, but it's a wraith," she murmured, sinking gently to her knees, "the poor, beautiful crathur has gone sure enough, and this is the shadow she has left, och, hone—och, hone."

A less fanciful person than good Mary Margaret might have mistaken the vision bowing above the pauper couch for something supernatural. The thin, childish face so white at the temples and forehead; the burning red of the cheeks; those wild, feverish eyes flashing like stars; the long, thick tresses sweeping down like a golden veil to the coverlet: the thin, white hands and arms uplifted in wild grace; the form slender, waving like the stalk of some tall flower that threatens to break with the first blast of wind. It was enough to still the blood in Mary Margaret's veins, and send her frightened speech in fragments of prayer to her lips.

"Whist—whist! what is it sayin' for sure it's words that I hear. Drink, drink! It's alive, it's the poor, young crathur herself clamoring for the drop of could water, and no one foreasm to give it. And I, unnatural heathen that I am, lying there between the babys, and sleeping as if the whole world belonged to me. Water, drink, sartinly, me poor, white darlint, jest aise yerself down till the pilly and see if I doesn't bring yees a hull teapot full."

It was useless making the request. The poor, young thing waned to and fro on the bed, flung out her thin hands, groping in the air for something to lay hold off, and then her fragile limbs seemed to writhe up, she sunk down through the murky white in a pale heap, covered only from sight by the abundance of her golden hair.

"Hist, hist! what is the matter, darlint?" said Mary Margaret, softly dividing the silken waves from the childish face and attempting to arrange the bed.

The young creature looked up, and a gleam of intelligence shot through the fever in her eyes.

"I am parched, I want drink, my head throbs,

my bosom is full of aching fire. My hands—put them in cold water they are so hot—they will not let me touch it while these hands are so burning hot.”

“There is no drink here!” said Mary Margaret, searching among some cups and bowls that stood upon a chair near the bed, “not a drop of anything.”

Mary ran to her own bed, seized a basin of cold tea that her kindly persuasion had obtained from one of the nurses, and held it to the burning lips of the patient. Then she began to smooth down those long tresses with her hands, and by a thousand gentle movements intuitive to her womanly nature, soothed the delirium that had seized upon the poor girl afresh during the loneliness of night.

As Mary Margaret was performing these kindly offices, she happened to turn her eyes toward a corner of the room, and there she saw the nurse Kelly, not asleep, as she had at first supposed, but with her arms folded on a little board table, her chin resting upon them, and her eyes peering angrily through the light shed from a smoky lamp hung behind her on the wall.

Sharp and angry as the notice of a rattlesnake came that glance through the darkness: and Mary Margaret's hands shook as she sat down the basin of tea with a sort of nervous terror. Still she was too brave and too earnest for any thing like an ignominious retreat even from the glare of those eyes.

The poor, young patient was relieved by the drink so kindly given, and lay very quietly, unconscious of the malignant influence that had crept even to her pauper couch, unmindful of the gentle care that fell like dew around her. But still the noble Irish woman lingered at her post with an instinctive feeling that she was needed to keep watch and ward over that frail life.

But young Ireland in the other cot had at last become heartily dissatisfied with the state of things in that neighborhood. The mouth from which his tiny fist was withdrawn now filled with indignant tears, and Mary Margaret hastily gathering the skirt around her shoulders, ran back to silence the little rebel before he disturbed every patient in the ward.

She lay down by the child outside the bed, and resting on one elbow, for some holy instinct still kept her on the watch. After she had rested a moment, and the voice of young Ireland had subsided into satisfied and half-cooing murmurs, she saw the nurse arise cautiously, open a drawer of the table and steal round to Catharine Long's bed, over which she hovered a moment and

disappeared in her corner again. Then came a few moments of silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the sleepers and a restless moan or two from Catharine Long's cot; but Mary Margaret was strangely wakeful, and as her child sunk off to rest, she arose again and stole down the ward to see if her charge slept. Then the nurse arose and came boldly forward, a strange wheedling smile hung around her lips, and there was something in her look that made Mary Margaret shudder.

“It's very kind of you, I'm sure, Mrs. Dillon, to be taking all this trouble for me, that isn't fit for duty to-night no more than your baby there. I'm very grateful that you will have an eye to this poor thing, for my sick headache just uses me up, and the doctor is very particular about her medicine. If you'd only take charge now while I catch a little nap, it would be a charity to more than one; but do be particular about the medicine.”

Mary Margaret was seized with an unaccountable shudder, but she answered quite naturally, “Surely and I'll do me best, marm.”

“That's a good soul, don't forget the medicine, the directions are all on the bottles, and—and——”

The voice was husky and eager, and all around her mouth settled a strange pallor, as if the sickness of which she complained had seized with new force upon the woman.

“I'll do my best,” repeated Mary Margaret, and she sat down upon the foot of poor Catharine's bed like one who had resolved to guard it well.

The nurse went half way to her chair in the corner, and turned back with her face from the light. “In fifteen minutes it will be time to give her first dose,” she said, still huskily, and with an effort; “a tablespoonful, don't forget.”

“I'll not forget, will I, me pretty darlint?” answered Mary Margaret, folding the two pale hands of the invalid between her palms, and gazing upon her with kindly mournfulness.

The nurse floated back to her corner like a condensed cloud, and sat brooding there, sometimes with her eyes closed, sometimes with that basilisk glance peering out from above her folded arms. She reminded you of a rattlesnake watching amid its own coils.

Mary Margaret caught these glances once or twice without appearing to regard them, but they kept her intellect upon the alert, and without knowing exactly what she was to guard against, the good woman felt that harm was around her, and that the evil thing must find her watching. A slight change in her position threw the light

directly across the chair upon which the cups and vials used about the sick had been placed, and where she had left her basin of weak tea.

Without having consciously made the discovery, Mary Margaret became aware that the only vial which had stood upon the chair had been moved, and that its contents, a pale wine color, had become white as water. Still the vial was the same, and as she bent over softly to read the label that was also unchanged, "a table-spoonful every hour." This was what she read and had seen before while searching for drink among the empty cups.

Why was this? For what object had the contents of that vial been changed? Who *could* have done it but the nurse, and why *had* she done it? Then Mary Margaret began to ponder over the change in nurse Kelly's manner—the sudden favor into which she had fallen, and an unaccountable antipathy to give the medicine in that bottle seized upon her.

"Isn't it time to give the medicine?" asked a low voice from the corner. "It should be given on the stroke of the hour."

"Yes!" answered Mary Margaret, with a start, "it's time."

She turned her back toward the nurse and received the light over her shoulder. A pewter tablespoon lay upon the chair. She held up the vial, and, pouring a small quantity into the spoon, drank it herself with a rash determination to know, if possible, what the drug was before she administered it. It left a strong taste of opium in her mouth; and, quick as thought, she remembered that morphene was colorless, that a few drops would kill, and she had been directed to give that frail creature a table-spoonful.

Mary Margaret shuddered from head to foot. The blood seemed curdling in her veins; her plump fingers grew cold as they clasped the vial. How much had she drank? Would those few drops be her death? No, no, they could not be enough. She felt sure that God would not let her perish there in the midst of her duty.

"Have you given her the medicine?" asked the hoarse voice again from the clouded corner.

"Not—not yet. I—I am pouring it out," was the reply, and sitting down the vial, she hastily poured out some tea into another spoon and gave it to the patient, who smiled gratefully as the moisture crept through her lips.

"Has she drank it?" again asked the nurse, starting up as Mary Margaret settled the invalid back upon her pillow.

"You see!" answered Mary, pointing to the moist lips of the girl.

The nurse pushed her way between the cots, saw the vial with its cork out and moisture about the neck, and her white lips broke into a half smile, so cold, so deadly, that Mary Margaret shrank back as if a snake were creeping across her feet.

Still the woman did not seem quite satisfied, but took up the spoon, out of which Mary Margaret had drank, and touched her tongue to the bowl.

"Oh!" she said, rather in a deep breath than with words, "oh! now watch, and I will go to bed awhile. If she sleeps, let her!—if she wakes up, call me."

"And if she is worse, where can I find the doctor?" asked Mary, gazing wistfully at her enemy through the lamp-light, and shuddering at the strange sensations that she fancied to be creeping over her. "The doctor, where is he?"

"Call me if you want any one. Bellevue doctors don't come to the beck and call of their pauper patients."

"But I must have a doctor!" persisted Mary.

"*Must!*" echoed the woman, turning deadly white. "Oh!" and with a slow, cat-like movement she crept back to the bed, lingered over the pillow an instant and disappeared, carrying the vial of medicine with her.

Poor Mary Margaret scarcely saw it. Her eyes were growing so heavy, and an oppressive languor weighed down her limbs. She forgot every thing, even the fair girl mother, who opened her eyes and asked so meekly for drink again. All that the poor woman hoped for now was power to get back to her own pauper cot and die close to her baby. She thought nothing of the strange nursing then, for all the feeling left unnumbed in her heart turned to her own offspring.

Half unconsciously she gave the invalid some drink, and then moved with slow, leaden steps across the floor. It seemed as if she had been walking miles when she reached the bed, and swept back the blankets with her slow, heavy hand. The two infants were huddled together below the pillows. One was her own child: with that she wished to lie down and sleep: but the other, it must not perish with her, some one must care for it, but who?

Heavier and heavier grew her brain, still kind thoughts lingered there last. She took up the strange baby, staggered with it down the ward, and laid it softly into the fair bosom of the young girl but late so feverish and delirious.

"It must not starve, and it must not die," said Mary Margaret, in her thick, fettered speech. "Take care of it. I—I must take no baby but my own."

And with a still slower and more dragging step, Margaret went back to her cot, fell down, and become senseless as stone.

The sick girl grew calm as Mary became more and more like the dead. Her slender arms wound themselves like vine tendrils around the child.

A smile stole over her mouth, and a cool, dewy moisture crept, like dew upon the leaves of a lily, over her neck and forehead, and thus with this her healthful life closing around them, the woman and the child slept.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Month of Nature's teeming joy,
Month of bliss without alloy,
Month of sunshine, month of mirth,
Floral-fairies at thy birth,
Hymned thy praises, welcomed thee,
With their songs of melody.

Month of song-birds, month of flowers,
Month of health-imparting showers,
Month to poets ever dear,
Fairest offspring of the year,
Goddess month of hope and love,
Welcome from the fields above.

Like a fay on silver wing,
Thou hast fanned the cheek of Spring;
Thou hast come the earth to bless,
With exceeding loveliness;
Sunbeams now are out at play,
Everything proclaims it May.

Thou hast come with lightsome tread,
By the graces hast been led,
By the Loves thou hast been crowned,
For thy tresses now are bound,
With a love-wreath of the flowers,
Gathered in the fairy bowers.

In green nooks thy bed receives
Shadows from unnumbered leaves,
Dancing in the sun's warm beams,
To the music of the streams;
With thy coming thou hast brought
Floral-tributes to each grot.

Butterflies on dappled wing
Seem thy advent welcoming
Grass is springing on the hills,
Violets beside the rills,
And the woods with birds are full,
Singing carols beautiful.

Oh, the blissful hours of May,
Pass like sunny dreams away,
Like the rainbow's arching form,
Vanishing amid the storm;
And as dreamily they glide,
As the streams at eventide.

Sweeping wings through vernal skies,
Gleaming plumes like rainbow dyes,
Lute-like sounds from mossy dell,
Where the crystal fountains well,
Winds coquetish out at play,
All proclaim it gladsome May.

WISDOM.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

In the unseen world, where children are angels,
Dwells Wisdom, who comes to me,
Like a child, to read her simple evangel,
And open life's mystery.

Maidens attend her, as fair as the graces,
And a bright crown decks her brow,
Which she lays aside, and they veil their faces,
While she stoops to teach me now.

High are the lessons that Wisdom rehearse,
As the Heavens whence she came;
They fall on my heart like so many mercies,
And they warm it to a flame.

And Heavenward, earnestly, points this maiden,
And evermore seems to say

To the heart of the Pilgrim, with sorrow laden,
"Come, walk in my pleasant way."

She speaks to her own, and they are not fearful,
For she makes their hearts rejoice,
As they leave the ways that are steep and tearful,
To follow her well known voice.

She tenderly leads the child to the fountain
That feedeth the streams of life,
And the old man points to the holy mountain
Ere he fainteth in the strife.

And thus from that land where children are angels,
When the fair Queen comes to woo,
By her side I walk while she reads her evangel,
And find I'm an angel too.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

A MOTHER sat watching her little child, whom she feared would die. It was quite pale, and its little eyes were closed. The child sometimes breathed as heavily as if it drew a deep sigh, and then the mother would gaze on it with still greater anguish.

Some one knocked at the door, and in came an old man, wrapped up in what looked like a horse cloth, for it was a cold winter's day. Abroad everything lay covered with snow and ice.

Seeing the old man shiver with cold, and as the child had gone to sleep for a moment, the mother got up and placed a small pot of tea on the stove, to warm it for him. And the old man sat and rocked the cradle, while the mother sat on a chair beside him, and looked at her sick child, who was breathing so heavily, and took hold of its little hand.

"You think that I shall preserve him, do you not?" asked she. "An all-merciful God will surely not take him from me."

The old man—who was no other than Death—nodded his head so oddly, that it might as well have stood for yes as no. And the mother cast down her eyes, while tears rolled down her cheeks. She had never closed her eyes for three days and three nights, she now fell asleep, but only for a minute, and then she got up and shivered with cold. "How is this?" asked she, looking all about her. But the old man was gone, and her little child was gone. And the old clock in the corner began to rattle—the heavy leaden weights fell to the ground:—whirr! and the clock stood still.

But the poor mother rushed out of the house, calling after her child.

Outside in the snow sat a woman in long black clothes, who said, "Death has been into your room. I saw him hastening away with your little child. He strode faster than the wind; and he never brings back what he has taken."

"Only tell me which way he is gone," said the mother—"tell me the way, and I'll find him."

"I know it," said the woman in black; "but before I tell you, you must first sing me all the songs you used to sing your child. I am fond of those songs. I have heard them before. I am Night; and I saw your tears flowing while you sang them."

"I will sing them all—all," said the mother;

"but don't detain me now, that I may overtake him, and get back my child."

But Night sat silent and still. The mother then wrung her hands, wept, and sang. There were many songs sung, but still more tears were shed. Then Night said, "Go to the right in the gloomy forest of pines, it was thither I saw Death carrying the little child."

In the depths of the wood was a cross way, and she knew not which direction to take. There stood a bramble-bush, without either leaves or flowers, for it was cold winter, and icicles hung to the twigs.

"Have you not seen Death go past with my little child?"

"Yes," said the bramble-bush; "but I will not tell you which way he has taken, until you have warmed me on your bosom. I am freezing here to death, and turning to ice."

And she pressed the bramble-bush close to her breast, in order that it might thaw. And the thorns ran into her flesh, and her blood trickled down in large drops. But the bramble-bush put forth green leaves, and blossomed in the cold winter's night—for warm, indeed, is the heart of an afflicted mother! And the bramble-bush told her the way she was to go.

She then reached a large lake, where there was neither a ship nor a boat to be seen. The lake was not sufficiently frozen to bear her on its surface, nor yet shallow enough to be waded through—yet over it she must go to find her child.

The lake had pity on her.

"I will take you to yonder large hot-house, where Death lives," it said, "and rears trees and flowers, every one of which is a mortal's life."

Then the lake raised her up and swung her over to the opposite shore, where stood a strange house a mile long.

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" asked she.

"He has not yet arrived here," said a grey old woman, who took care of Death's hot-house. "How have you come hither, and who has helped you?"

"God has helped me," answered she. "He is compassionate; and do you be the same. Where shall I find my little child?"

"I do not know it," said the old woman.

"Many flowers and trees withered to-night, and Death will soon come and transplant them. You know that every human being has his tree of life, or his flower of life."

And they then went into Death's large hot-house, where trees and flowers were growing promiscuously in a strange fashion. There were delicate hyacinths, under glass shades; and large peonies, as strong as trees. There were water-plants; some quite fresh, others half sickly. Then there were splendid palm-trees, oaks, and plane-trees, besides parsley and thyme. To each was attached the life of some human being. Some large trees were planted in little pots, so that they were stifled, and ready to shiver the pot to atoms; while many little weakly flowers were set in a rich soil, surrounded with moss, and nurtured with the utmost care. But the afflicted mother bent over the smallest plants, and could hear in each the beatings of a human heart; and she recognized the beatings of her child's heart amongst a million.

"There he is," cried she, stretching out her hand toward a little crocus, that drooped its sickly head on one side.

"Do not touch the flower," said the old woman. "But place yourself here, and when Death comes—and I expect him every minute—don't let him root up the plant, but threaten him to serve other flowers the same, and then he'll be uneasy! He must account for each to God, and none must be uprooted till leave be given him to do so."

A cold wind blew through the hot-house, and the mother felt that Death had come.

"How did you find your way hither?" asked he, approaching. "How could you come faster than I did?"

"I am a mother!" answered she.

And Death stretched out his hand toward the little delicate flower; but she held her hands fast around it, and clung to it so anxiously, yet so carefully withal, that not one of its leaves were injured. Then Death breathed on her hands, and she felt his breath to be colder than the biting wind, and her hands relaxed their hold.

"You cannot prevail against me," said Death.

"But a merciful God may," said she.

"I only obey his will," said Death. "I am his gardener. I take all his flowers and trees,

and transplant them into the vast garden of paradise, in an unknown land. How they flourish there, and what it is like, I may not say."

"Give me back my child," said the mother, with tears and entreaties. And she seized hold of two pretty flowers, and said to Death: "I will tear up all your flowers, for I am in despair!"

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say you are unhappy; and would you make another mother just as unhappy as yourself?"

"Another mother!" cried the poor woman, leaving hold of the flowers.

"Look into the deep well just by," said Death. "I will speak the names of the two flowers that you wished to root up, when their whole future career shall lie displayed before you. And then you will see what you wanted to ruin and destroy in the bud."

And she then looked down into the well; and it was delightful to see how the existence of one of these flowers was a blessing to the world, and how much happiness it spread around; while the life of the other was full of care, anxiety, misery and wretchedness.

"Both are the will of God," said Death.

"Which is the unhappy flower, and which is the blessed one?" said she.

"I may not tell you," answered Death; "but this much shall you learn from me: that one of these flowers was attached to your child's existence. It was the future fate that awaited your child that you beheld!"

The mother uttered a scream of alarm.

"Which of them was my child's fate? Tell me. Deliver the innocent one! Deliver my child from so much misery! Rather take it away! Take it to the kingdom of God! Forget my tears and my entreaties, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand you," said Death. "Do you wish to have your child back again, or shall I take him to that place which you do not know?"

The mother then wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to God: "Grant not my prayers when they are contrary to Thy will, which must always be the best! Oh! grant them not!"

And her head drooped upon her bosom.

And Death carried her child to the unknown land.

FAIRMOUNT.

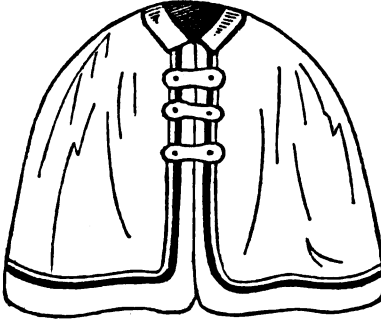
BEHOLD the mound by art and nature reared,
"Fairmount!" in whose tall top the waters lie
Lifted as in a great baptismal font;

The height from whence the river deity
Pours, from his giant and refreshing urn,
The stream which slakes a grateful city's thirst.

T. B. R.

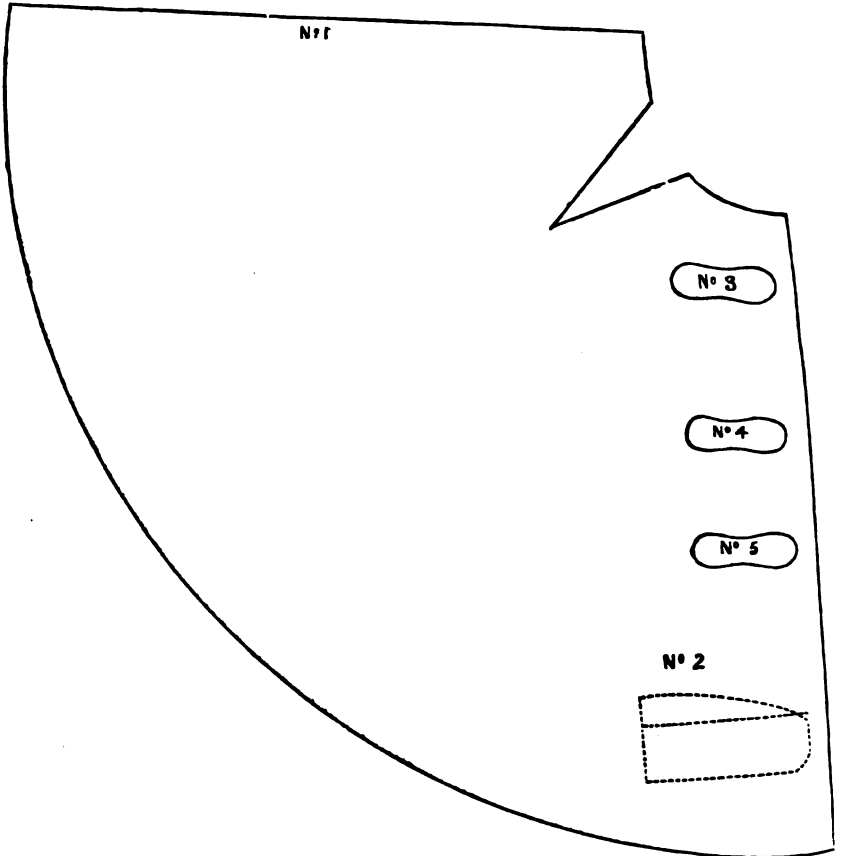
THE NORWEGIAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE Norwegian is the latest style of mantle for a child three or four years old. It may be made of cloth, cashmere, or silk, according to the season. For the spring or summer it should be made of cashmere or silk. The turn-down collar is made of velvet of the same color as the cloak. It is closed down the front by three tabs with rounded ends and pearl buttons. The ornament is composed of a broad galloon surmounted by a narrow one about half an inch above it, or else by a broad band of plush.

No. 1 is the pattern for half the cloak, the other being exactly similar, the size to be regulated by the age and size of the boy or girl for



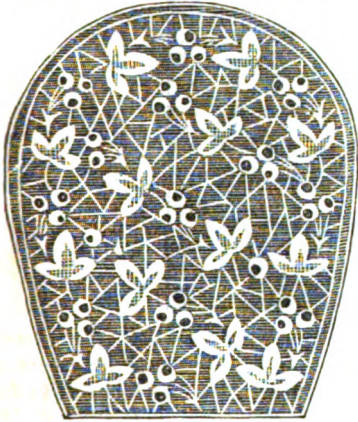
whom it is intended. No. 2 is the pattern for the collar, and No. 3, 4 and 5 the patterns for the tabs. Altogether it is the prettiest affair of the season for a child.

INFANT'S CAP.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Nansook, or French muslin, and the Royal Embroidery Cottons, No. 30, of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby.

We have availed ourselves of the different sections of this pretty cap, to show two different modes in which it may be worked. In the one, the design is merely worked on the muslin; in



the other, the embroidery is entirely connected with bars of overcast stitch, and the muslin is then cut away altogether. This is far the prettiest, though the most tedious mode of working.



TO MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

LADY! stars fleck the sky to-night,
The moon walks in her path of light,
A murmur comes from the pale, white wave,
It bids me bow, and be your slave.
I kneel, for light chains encompass me,
May I come—may I come, and go with thee?

Oh! may I come in your fairy bark,
The sunlight gleams, but the waves are dark,
You'll chant soft strains as I bend on the oar,
And together we'll reach that beautiful shore,
For the isle of song sleeps on the bright sea:
May I come—may I come, and go with thee?

I'll lay snowy blossoms upon your brow,
Where the star of fame is gleaming now,
I will cheer your heart, when the way is lone,

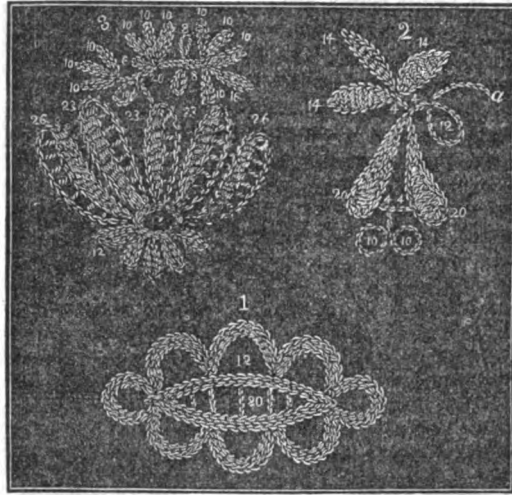
And your spirit aches with its dreamy tone,
If you'll save but one caress for me;
May I come—may I come, and go with thee?

We will moor our bark 'neath the laurel bough,
And its fadeless leaves shall rest on thy brow,
We'll drink from the depths of Parnassus' spring,
And a mystic spell on our souls 'twill fling,
And I'll catch thy spirit of poesy;
May I come—may I come, and go with thee?

My soul met thine in the hall of thought,
And thy name in my dreams is now enwrought,
I would call thee friend, on the stream of time,
And should I first dwell in the sunny clime,
When the shadow rests softest upon the sea,
I will come—I will come, and go with thee.

HONITON SPRIGS IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS



EVANS' boar's-head cotton, No. 50. Crochet hook, No. 24. Eagle cardboard gauge.

Begin by working the edging, (No. 3) each flower of which is laid on separately. The round *a* is the commencement. 16 ch, make a loop, and work round in dc, working two stitches in every alternate chain. Then the five small leaves, \bowtie 12 ch, miss 1, dc, 11, slip on the round, \bowtie 5 times, slip 3 on round. Then the long leaves, the line *b* being the first ch of 26, 26 ch; turn the work on the wrong side:—miss 5, dc in 5th, \bowtie 2 ch, miss 2, dc in 3rd, \bowtie 6 times, 2 ch, miss 2, slip on round close to the last short leaf, slip two stitches on the round, and up 23 of the 26 ch, 8 ch, 16 tc, 4 dc, 2 sc, on 23 ch, bringing the thread again to the round *a*; work this three times more, but with 23 stitches instead of 26, and one open hem less. The 5th long leaf is somewhat differently worked:—slip two on round before working; then 26 ch, miss 5, dc in 6th, \bowtie 2 ch, miss 2, do on 3rd, \bowtie 6 times; 2 ch, miss 2, slip on round close to the first small leaf; pass the thread neatly under to the side of the last long leaf, and work on 26 ch, 2 sc, 4 dc, 16 tc, which brings you to 2 ch beyond the first dc of open hem; slip down the chain at the outside of the open hem, without drawing it, then round the outer edge of the small leaves, down the edge of the first long, and partly down the inner side, round the point of the 2nd, and up to the point

of the 3rd, (c) when the small spray of leaves to be worked, the lower side being done first. 22 ch for hems, 12 for open leaf, form into a loop, round which work all sc stitches; 18 ch, miss 1, sc 9, leaving 8 for the hem; work round the leaf in slip stitch, 10 sc, miss 8, 8 dc; make then small leaves of 10 each, like the last, dc to opposite the open leaf, when make a very small one of 8; 8 dc, 2 sc, 2 slip on ch, 8 close leaves as before; 8 slip on ch, 1 close leaf of 8, 2 slip on ch, 6 ch, 8 close leaves, 6 slip on ch, 4 sc main ch, open leaf, 4 slip on ch, which completes the flower.

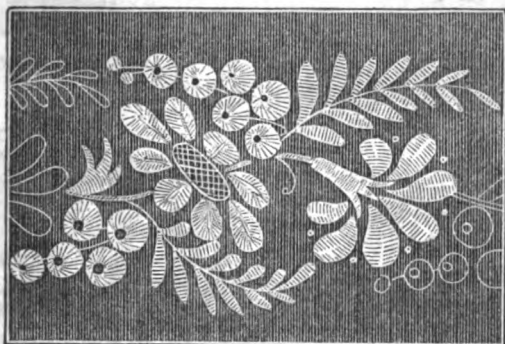
SPRIG 1.—20 ch, miss 5, dc in 6th, \bowtie 2 ch, miss 2, tc in 3rd, \bowtie 3 times, 2 ch, miss 2, dc in 3rd, 2 ch, miss 2, slip on first ch. Work this open hem entirely round in dc, having two stitches in every chain round the points. Slip to 3 from the point, 13 ch, slip opposite 2nd bar of the open hem, 18 ch, slip opposite 4th, 13 ch, slip at 3 from the point, 13 ch, slip at 3 on the opposite side of the point; and work 4 more loops in the same manner. Every chain of 13 must be done thus:—1 sc, 2 dc, 10 tc, (two in each of the three centre chains) 2 dc, 1 sc. These sprigs may serve as an edging for a collar, if the requisite number are laid side by side; the outer loops must then be trimmed with pearl edging.

SPRIG 2.—20 ch, close in 9th for a loop; 7 ch,

stem: leaf—14 ch, miss 2, 8 dc, 3 sc, 1 slip, all round it; repeat this twice more; 3 slip ch, 24 ch, miss 1, 1 sc, 2 dc, 10 tc, 2 dc, 2, leaving 4 ch for the stem, 20 ch, work like previous; then slip up the side *b* of the first round the point, and to the first of the teeth, 19 ch, close in 10th for a loop; work it in sc, 10 ch, make a loop, and work as before; slip down 5 of the 9 ch, 4 ch, join to the end leaf, slip up to the point and down the edge of the leaf *c*; then slip-stitch along stem, and round the loop, working the last stitches in sc; fasten off. These Honiton sprigs may be made up either on net, or by setting by dotted Venitian bars. If the for-

mer be preferred, as the least laborious mode, Brussels net, without any stiffness, should be used; the pattern being cut out, and laid on colored paper, and the sprigs tastefully arranged and fastened on by running lightly. But the other work is decidedly prettier; and in that case, a pattern of the size and shape of the article should be cut on colored paper; the sprigs and edging arranged, and then united into a solid mass by dotted Venitian bars; after which the appearance will be further improved by a line of the finest Sorrento edge, being worked on the edge of all the crochet, in Evans' boar's-head, No. 120.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

oblige several of our fair subscribers, we arranged a pattern in embroidery, suitable for an insertion or the front of an infant's cap. The flowers, leaves, &c., are worked in

the regular satin stitch, the stems in button-hole stitch. The direction of the stitches is given in the engraving.

OCTAGON ANTIMACASSAR.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Four reels of No. 10 Boar's-head crochet cotton of Messrs. W. Evans and Co. of Derby, two ounces of knitting cotton, and an ivory mesh No. 9. The foundation begin with twenty-five stitches, increase (by netting two in one at the end of every row) until there are fifty-one squares at the side. Continue without increasing for forty-two rows, and then decrease by netting two less at the end of every row, until twenty-two squares only are left. The antimacassar should

then be washed, and pinned out, that it may form into shape. Place it in a frame to darn, and this may be done extremely well from the engraving; then add the border and fringe. The former is plain netting, with a stitch in every one, except at the corners, when four must be worked in each. This is for the first round; in the succeeding ones, one stitch only is to be worked in each. Finish by knitting on a rich fringe, three inches deep.

SPRING FASHIONS FOR BONNETS, &c.

BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."



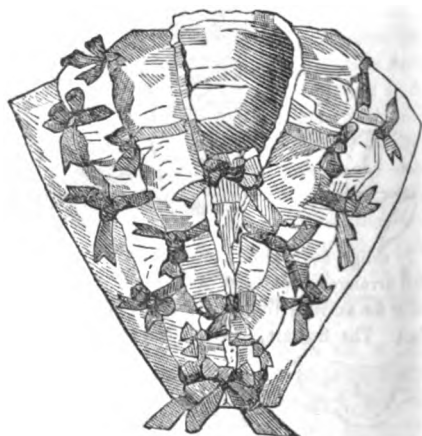
GRAPE BONNET.



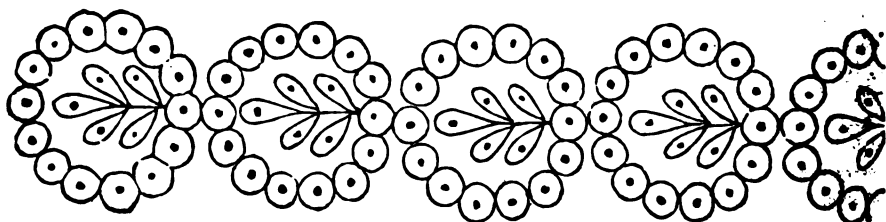
STRAW BONNET.



CHILD'S DRESS.



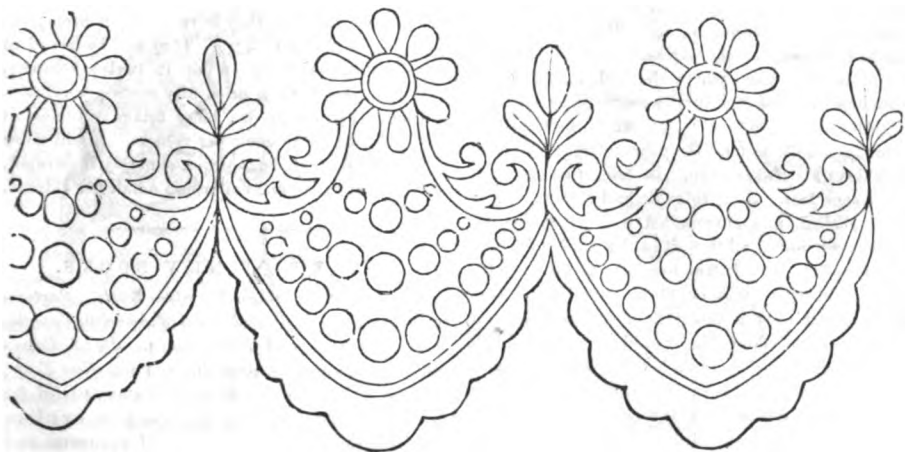
CHEMISETTE.



INSERTING

TRIMMINGS, EDGINGS, &c.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



TRIMMING FOR CHILD'S JACKET.



EDGING.



BORDER.

THESE are all worked, on jaconet muslin with fine working cotton, in button-hole stitch and satin stitch, sewing over the stems, and the circles in open eyelet-holes.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

MISS NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI.—We presume there are but few, if any, of our readers to whom the name of this lady is not familiar. When intelligence reached England of the deplorable condition of the hospitals at Scutari, where the sick and wounded from the army of the Crimea were collected, Miss Nightingale determined to go out to the Orient, in order personally to tend the poor sufferers, heroes of Balaklava and Inkermann. In doing this she made great sacrifices. Born to rank and fortune, highly accomplished, and surrounded with every luxury, she has renounced all to wait in the wards of a military hospital. This is true heroism; and the sympathies of every woman ought to attend her. How much nobler such a career than one wasted in the frivolities of a fashionable, or aimless life! Reliable correspondents write, that, but for her mission of mercy, the soldiers, even in hospitals, would have found scanty refuge from the miseries with which this war has been attended. With a fragile figure and delicate health, it is feared that she may yet become a martyr. It is her practice, after all the other nurses have retired, to take a small lamp and personally visit every couch, as represented in our engraving, which may be depended on as a life-like portraiture. An English poet has written the following sonnet, which, fine as it is, hardly does justice to her.

"How must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain—
His foeman's frown imprinted in his brain—
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand!
When this great noise hath rolled from off the land,
When all those fallen Englishmen of ours
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled shall stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingering o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling ever there;
Surprised to tears his beating heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A temple like a lily white and fair."

"KATE AYLESFORD."—This new novel, written by one of the editors of this Magazine, and just published by T. B. Peterson, will be sent by mail, *postage paid*, on receipt of one dollar. Or an edition, handsomely bound in cloth, will be sent, *postage paid*, on receipt of \$1.25. But see the advertisement of T. B. Peterson, who publishes the book, on the cover of this number.

"THE BOUND GIRL."—Owing to a protracted illness, Mrs. Stephens was unable to complete but one chapter of this novel, in time for the present number. Mrs. S. is now better, we are glad to say.

NEW EDITION OF DICKENS' WORKS.—Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, is about to issue the works of Charles Dickens, in a completer style than they have ever yet been published in the United States. They will be issued in three styles. A cheap edition in twelve volumes, bound in paper cover, price fifty cents per volume. A library edition, in five large octavo volumes, at one dollar and fifty cents per volume. A still more elegant edition, on finer paper, superbly illustrated, in twelve volumes, one dollar and a half per volume.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Harper's Statistical Gazetteer of the World. Particularly describing the United States of America, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. By J. Calvin Smith. Illustrated by Seven Maps. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is unsurpassed for merit and cheapness. A good gazetteer has long been required, the rapid development of commerce and progress in general having rendered the old compilations of this character obsolete. The recent census returns of Great Britain, Mexico, South America, and continental Europe, as well as of this country, brought to light an invaluable array of new statistics, all of which are digested into this volume: and in addition many elaborate treatises on geography and various special branches of science. In commercial statistics the book is particularly rich. More names of places are embraced in this gazetteer than in any other. Accurate notices are given of the geology and physical geography, the meteorological and mineralogical contributions, the heights of mountains, and the ancient as well as modern divisions of countries and districts. It is exactly the work demanded by the wants of the times. We have examined it with some care, yet cannot detect any inaccuracies. The general reader, the student, the merchant and the artisan, will all find in it information adapted to their several requirements: and in a form more commodious, accessible and economical than can be had elsewhere. The volume comprises about two thousand pages, printed in double column, on fine, white, linen paper; and is substantially bound.

The Physical Geography of the Sea. By M. F. Maury, L. L. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is strange that inductive philosophy has only been lately applied to the sea, so as to ascertain its currents, its winds, its atmosphere, its bottom, &c. &c. Among those who have at last brought science to the aid of the mariner, the author of this work stands pre-eminent; for in less than ten years he has demonstrated more than in all the centuries

that went before. The volume before us is a popularized account of his discoveries. The cause and character of the Gulf Stream; its influence on climate; its effect on commerce; the magnetism and circulation of the atmosphere; the currents of the sea; the geographical agency of the winds; the drift of the sea; the ocean winds; and the climates of the great deep—are among the subjects discussed. The work is lucidly written. A profound reverence for the Deity pervades the writer. In the various laws of Nature which he demonstrates, Lieut. Maury finds constant proof of the wisdom and goodness of Omnipotence, presenting a noble contrast to less comprehensive men of science, whose narrow intellect, like the eyes of a mole, can see nothing but materialism in Creation. The volume is illustrated with several excellent maps.

Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe. By the late Horace Binney Wallace. 1 vol. Philada: H. Hooker.—The early death of the gifted author of this book was a public calamity. Endowed with a rare union of the logical and imaginative faculties, disciplined by a long course of judicious education, and surrounded by circumstances peculiarly favorable to the prosecution of the higher studies, he was just the man whom this utilitarian age required to correct its materialistic tendencies. The present volume is published from papers found in his portfolio after death, and embody his views of art, scenery and philosophy in Europe, the fruits of a year's residence abroad. Mr. Wallace's ideas of art are as profound as they are elevated. He appreciates fully the Gothic cathedrals of medieval Europe, and the paintings of the great Italian masters. Analysis and ideality, in his critiques, go hand-in-hand, the one suggesting what the other reduces to a theory, the other heightening, as with a halo of glory, the inductive teachings of the first. The volume is handsomely printed.

Travels in Europe and the East. By S. J. Prime. With Engravings. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A record of travel, by a clergyman of the Calvinistic school. To all who view life from the same platform, it will prove a deeply interesting work; while readers of every creed will find it well written and pleasing. Mr. Prime visited, not only Great Britain, and most of the continental countries, but Syria, Palestine and Egypt also. His remarks on the Orient possess peculiar interest at this crisis. The volumes are handsomely printed, neatly bound, and graphically illustrated.

A Long Look Ahead. By A. S. Roe. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a quiet, pleasant novel of rural life. Several of the characters are admirably sketched. Adelaide is a beautiful creation; Col. Johnson a noble specimen of the Christian gentleman; and Charles the ideal of the intelligent, self-reliant, truthful and energetic American cultivator. It is a relief to meet a fiction with so healthy an atmosphere as this. Mr. Derby publishes it in superior style.

Ellen Norbury; or, The Adventures of an Orphan. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The best novel, in every respect, which Mr. Bennett has yet written. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, among that Ishmaelitic population which infects it in common with all other modern cities; and the principal incidents are founded on actual occurrences. The wrongs and sufferings of the orphan Ellen, the heroine, will wring tears from the sternest reader. It is a work, which will not only interest deeply, but will be productive of good. Mr. Peterson publishes it in elegant style, bound in cloth, for seventy-five cents; or in a paper cover for fifty cents.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. V. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The life of the unfortunate Marie Stuart is continued in this volume. Miss Strickland is always an agreeable writer, but has never been more so than in this memoir. Much new light is thrown on Mary's character. The "Silver Casket" letters are utterly demolished. Miss Strickland, even if she is sometimes carried too far by enthusiasm for her subject, has demonstrated that Mary was more sinned against than sinning; and has, in addition, produced a book which has all the fascination of a romance.

The Little Louvre. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the fourth number of that invaluable series for juveniles, "Harper's Story Book." The volume is a succession of word-pictures, adapted for youth, and is named from the gallery at the Louvre. Fifty-four illustrations adorn the volume. Among the subjects described are "The Naval Combat," "The Polar Bears," "Reaping," "The Rook," "Dancing round the May Pole," "Eating the Christmas Dinner," &c. &c.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher. By Henry Mayhew. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This delightful story for the young is founded on the early life of Ferguson. It is designed to show how a poor lad became acquainted with the principles of natural science; and this object it fulfils at once thoroughly and pleasantly. It is beautifully embellished. Altogether it is a book in a thousand for young persons.

At the Springfield Armory. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The fifth of the series of "Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels." It embraces a complete description of the Armory at Springfield, mixed up with an entertaining narrative of a journey thither, and containing a full account of archery, fire-arms, and the processes of making iron, forging, casting and boring guns. It is just the book to delight youth.

Harvestings. Sketches in Prose and Verse. By Sybil Hastings. 1 vol. Boston: W. P. Ftridge & Co.—A collection of tales by one of our old contributors, all capitally told, and generally on subjects that heighten the interest. Ftridge has issued the volume in his most elegant style.

English Past and Present. By R. C. French. New York: Redfield.—Whoever wishes to understand the English language critically should carefully study this work. It discusses obsolete words, changes in spelling, derivations, alterations in the meaning of words, &c. &c. We know no single volume into which so much philological learning is compressed. The book, so far from being tedious and dry, is positively engrossing, for when we had taken it up, we found it almost impossible to lay it down. Redfield has issued it in a very neat style.

The History of the Hen Fever. By George P. Burnham. 1 vol. Boston: J. French & Co. Philada.: T. B. Peterson.—This is partly a history of the late chicken speculation, and partly a record of what some people would call "cuteness" in the author, who made a fortune out of the excitement, according to his own showing, by packing prize committees and puffing officially his stock. As Blackwood's Magazine made mince-meat out of Barnum's Autobiography, what ought it do with this, which out-Herods that completely?

The Life of William H. Seward. With Selections from His Works. Edited by George E. Baxter. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—An abridgment from the larger work, in three volumes, intended for circulation where the costly character of the other prevents its purchase.

THE GARDEN.

PLANTING A FLOWER GARDEN.—There are many ways of planting a flower garden, and as many methods of arranging flowers in a large nosegay; but with the exception of wedding nosegays, which should always be made of the whitest flowers, the arrangement of the flowers may be reduced to three heads. First, to make choice of flowers all of one color, or nearly so, and then using a small quantity of other flowers that will make a strong contrast with the ground color. Secondly, shading the flowers from the centre to the sides; and, thirdly, quartering the circle with four kinds of colors that harmonize well together, or with two colors in contrast—one quarter of the nosegay being of the same flowers as the quarter opposite to it—or, better still, the colors to be the same in each pair of quartering, but the flowers to be from two different kinds of plants. Thus, one quarter of some pea-flower of a given color, and the quarter opposite to it to be of pea-flowers also, but from a different plant. The size of the individual flowers to be as nearly alike as can be; then the other two quarters may be of composite flowers in the same way. This is the most difficult kind of nosegay to make well. When you have a choice and abundance of flowers, shading them is the easiest way, and, when flowers are very scarce, the mixed nosegay is the safest to attempt; but it should never be without a ground color, if artistic effect is at all attempted. To get a half dozen of mixed flowers bundled up together anyhow, and go

into good company with such a nosegay in these days, is looked upon as certainly not a mark of high breeding.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

HOW TO TAKE THREE BALLS OFF TWO STRINGS.—You show two pieces of strong tape to the company, of an exact size, and then you show the balls which have a hole through the middle of them; having put on one ball yourself, you let the person who is to hold one end put on the second ball, and the person who is to hold the other end the third ball. Each person has two ends which are of the same length. Suddenly you jerk the balls which slip off, while the strings, when examined, remain as before.

EXPLANATION.—While the balls are examined you double each string, and each appears to have two even ends; you twist the double end of each together, and putting on one of the balls, which has a hole smaller than the others, over the place that is joined, the strings remain firm, and can bear to be pulled. Each person that holds it thinks he has the extremities of two strings, while in fact he has only the end of one. By a jerk the middle ball comes off, followed by the rest you then slip them into the hands of one of the persons who holds the strings; he of course lets go his hold, and you then take care to put the strings lengthways. This is a good trick when well managed, but it requires dexterity to conceal the deception. Formerly this trick was done with three button moulds on two small whipcords of about two feet each, and with three rings on two ribbons, but the balls and tapes are preferable.

SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS.

FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.—Add gradually one ounce of sulphuric acid to six ounces of water in an earthen basin. Then add three-quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc, with a few pieces of phosphorus the size of a pea. Gas-bubbles will be immediately produced, which take fire on the surface of the effervescing liquid, and the whole surface of the liquid will directly become illuminated; fire-balls and jets of fire will dart from the bottom through the fluid with great rapidity.

TO MELT A COIN IN A NUT-SHELL.—Take three parts of nitre, one part of sulphur, and one of dry saw-dust; rub them together, and pressing down the powder in the shell, on which place a small coin of silver or copper rolled up; fill the shell with more powder and press it closely down; ignite the powder, and the coin will be melted in a mass when the combustion has been completed.

ROTATORY MOTION OF CAMPHOR UPON WATER.—Fill a saucer with water, and drop into it camphor reduced to the form of coarse sand. The floating pestiles will commence moving, and acquire a progressive rotatory motion, which continues for some minutes, and then gradually subsides.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Rhubarb Tart.—Cut the stalks in lengths of four or five inches, and take off the thin skin. If you have a hot plate or hearth, lay the pieces in a dish, and pour over them a thin syrup of sugar and water; cover with another dish, and let it simmer very slowly for an hour; or simmer in a block-tin sauce-pan. When cold, make into a tart, as codlin. When tender, it will be sufficient to bake the crust. Or, pare the stalks as above, cut them into pieces about an inch long; put them into a basin, and sprinkle over and between them a little fine sugar. For a quart basin heaped, take a pound of common lump-sugar; boil it in nearly half a pint of water to a thin syrup: when skimmed, put the rhubarb into it, and as it simmers, shake the pan often over the fire: simmer it gently until it *greens*, when take it off. When cold, lay it in the tart-dish, with only as much syrup as will make it very moist. Put a light crust over it; and when it is baked, the tart will be done. Quarter the crust, and fill the dish with custard or cream.

M. Soyer, in his famed *Cookery-book*, recommends red forced rhubarb, very young, which put into a preserving-pan, with one pound of powdered sugar, and a wine-glassful of water; stew it quickly over a sharp fire, keeping the rhubarb very red, and the syrup very thick: when quite cold, serve upon a crown of puff-paste, with a border of apple marmalade.

Salad Dressing.—For a salad of moderate size, pound very smoothly the yolks of two hard boiled eggs with a small teaspoonful of unmade mustard, half as much sugar in fine powder, and a saltspoonful of salt. Mix gradually with these a small cup of cream, or the same quantity of very pure oil, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. More salt and acid can be added at pleasure: but the latter usually predominates too much in salads. A few drops of cayenne vinegar will improve this receipt. Hard yolks of egg, two; unmade mustard, one small teaspoonful; sugar, half as much; salt, one saltspoonful; cream or oil, small cupful; vinegar, two tablespoonfuls. The eggs should be boiled for fifteen minutes, and allowed to become quite cold always before they are pounded, or the mixture will not be smooth; if it should curdle, which it will sometimes do, if not carefully made, add to it the yolk of a very fresh unboiled egg. The Italians dress their salads upon a round of delicately toasted bread, which is rubbed with garlic, saturated with oil, and sprinkled with cayenne, before it is laid into the bowl: they also eat the bread thus prepared, but with less of oil, and untoasted, often before their meals, as a digester.

To Cure Tooth-ache.—The application of the following remedy for tooth-ache, is said to be efficacious in the most desperate cases, provided they are not connected with rheumatism:—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix them well, and apply them to the tooth.

Cure for Corns.—We give the following old-fashioned remedy for corns; it has the advantage of being both an easy and harmless application:—Roast a clove of garlic on a bright coal or in hot ashes: apply it to the corn, and fasten it on with a piece of cloth. This should be done just before going into bed. In the morning wash the foot in warm water. It is right to renew the application twice or thrice in the twenty-four hours. In a short time the indurated skin which forms the horny coating of the corn, it is said, will disappear, and the corn itself, however inveterate, will be softened to such a degree that in two or three days it will be loosened and wholly removed.

The Sting of a Bee.—In most cases, the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing on the point stung with the tube of a key. This will extract the sting and relieve the pain, and the application of *aqua ammoniac* (common spirits of hartshorn) will immediately remove it. The poison being of an acid nature, is at once neutralized by the application of this penetrating and volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the point of a needle, or fine nibbed pen, and applied as soon as possible, will scarcely ever fail.

Compote of Rhubarb.—Simmer in a quarter of a pint of water six ounces of sugar, and simmer in this syrup a pound of paired rhubarb stalks until they are tender. Lisbon sugar will answer, but lump-sugar is preferable. This wholesome and agreeable preparation is much less served at tables than it deserves to be: it is well suited for persons of delicate habit, who are forbidden to partake of pastry in any form; and, accompanied by a dish of boiled rice, it is preferable for children, as well as for invalids, to either tarts or puddings.

Rhubarb Jam.—Boil gently together for three hours an equal weight of fine sugar and rhubarb stalks, with the juice and grated rind of a lemon to each pound of the fruit. When the true flavor of the rhubarb is much liked, the lemon-peel should be omitted. A very good jam may be made with six ounces less of sugar to the pound by boiling the rhubarb gently for an hour before it is added.

Good Yeast.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour; when milk-warm, bottle, and cork it close. One pint of this will make eighteen pounds of bread.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A HOUSE DRESS OF WHITE PLAID ORGANDY.—Skirt long and full. Corsage high and plain, with short sleeves. Over the corsage is worn a loose sacque of the same material as the dress, trimmed with a straight ruffle edged with fine Swiss edging. Collar and under-sleeves of worked linen cambric. Bracelet, pin and ear-rings of carved coral.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of one of the very elegant new *moire-antique*, with satin stripes. The color is of a rich green. The skirt is very full, and

quite long. The *basque* is trimmed with velvet, with *bretelles* or braces also of velvet, terminating in bows at the waist, both before and behind. Bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with small curling ostrich feathers, and a broad white lace veil, which falls back over the bonnet, and forms a *demi-veil*.

FIG. III.—THE CHANTILLY MANTILLA, composed of two rows of black Chantilly lace, brocaded by rows of plaited gauze ribbon.

FIG. IV.—MALTESE LACE CAP, trimmed with light green or blue ribbon.

FIG. V.—THE GUIPURE MANTILLA of rich guipure lace, lined with violet-colored silk, a new and beautiful affair.

FIG. VI.—CANEZOU BERTHE, of an entirely new form, which is in great favor in Paris and London. It descends in a point at the back, as well as in the front of the waist, and the ends in front may be linked in a loose tie, or merely pinned so as to cross one over the other. An ornament of ribbon, or a brooch, fixes the *berthe* in front of the bosom. The *berthe* may be made of black or white lace.

FIG. VII.—NEW STYLE SLEEVE composed of bouillonnes of white tulle, trimmed with bows and ends of blue ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—Frock of white cambric muslin, the skirt finished at the bottom by a broad hem, preceded by a row of needlework, which is carried up the two sides of the front in the *tablier* style. The body (not shown in our engraving) is low, and the sleeves short and ornamented with needlework. *Mantelet* of green glace. It is gathered in fullness at the throat, and has arm-holes, edged with a *ruche* of silk, and finished at the lower part by bows of ribbon. The fullness of the *mantelet* is set on a neck piece, which is covered by a small turning-over collar edged with a *ruche*. A row of fringe of shaded green silk trims the lower edge of the *mantelet*. Bonnet of broad straw, with a front of drawn maize-colored silk, and trimmed with a maize-colored feather. Short white cambric trousers edged with scalloped needlework. White cotton stockings, and boots of grey cashmere tipped with black patent leather.

FIG. IX.—BOY'S DRESS.—Short pantalettes of cambric, edged with a deep embroidered scallop. *Sacque* of maroon colored velvet, confined at the waist by a broad sash of the same color, tying behind. Sleeve *demi-long*, slit on the outside of the arm, and joined by two bands of velvet. White cambric collar and under-sleeves. A *sacque* of this style is very beautiful if made of poplin, *de lain*, or even of linen or gingham.

FIG. X.—EVENING HEAD DRESS.—The back hair is disposed in twists and loops, fixed so low as to fall over the nape of the neck. The front hair is divided at each side into two portions, and disposed in full puffs. In forming these puffs, the two divisions of hair above the forehead are rolled downward, and the divisions at either side are rolled upward. A wreath of white and pink daisies passes

across the upper part of the head, descending at each side as low as the ears, and terminating at the ends in bows of white and pink ribbon.

FIG. XI.—RIBBON HEAD DRESS.—This head-dress is in the form called the *cache-peigne*, that is to say, an ornament placed at the back of the head for the purpose of concealing the comb or tye which fastens the hair. It is made of ribbon of a very beautiful and showy description, having a bright blue-watered middle, edged with *cerise*. It is made up in loops with long flowing ends. The front hair is arranged in waved *bandeaux*.

FIG. XII.—THE FELICIA is a copy of one of the imported styles for the season, selected by Mr. Bell himself from a distinguished modiste in Paris, and is one of the most stylish mantles of the season. It is made in rich *moire-antique*, and is already a great favorite with those who have seen the original pattern. Mr. Bell has profited by his visit to Paris, and his stock is replete with novelties that cannot be seen elsewhere in the mode.

FIG. XIII.—WHITE CRAPE BONNET, the material being laid on the foundation plain. A bias fold finishes the front, edged with a narrow fold of silk, while three of the same, about an inch apart, finish the crown. A narrow flat bow of crape with ends is on the top of the head, from which droops a white crape lily, with feather centre, mingled with *blonde*; while a cluster of lilacs made of blonde finishes the left side. Face trimmings of blonde, with a single white lily, and green crape leaves on the right side.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET OF PLAIN SPLIT STRAW, with straw blonde inserted in the centre, that is ornamented at the back with bows and ends of the same fine straw. Loops and ends of lilacs and white ribbon adorn the left side, twine gracefully round the curtain and finish with two ends on the right side. Face linings of blonde, with purple violets and a small bow and ends of white ribbon: on the left a half wreath of white rose-buds, with clusters of purple and white lilacs.

FIG. XV.—CHEMISETTE.—This presents some degree of novelty; being formed of bouillonnes of tulle, and trimmed with bows and ends of blue gauze ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC MUSLIN.—The skirt is made in the robe style, and is trimmed at each side with a double row of scalloped needlework. These rows of needlework are carried up each side of the corsage, and terminate at the shoulders. The corsage is high to the throat, and the front is ornamented with double rows of scalloped needlework, the edge of one row being upward, and the other downward. The short sleeves are furnished with needlework corresponding with other parts of the dress.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As we said in our last number, no material alteration has taken place in the style of making dresses. Nearly all corsages are made open, a fashion which is likely to continue whilst so many elegant laces and rich embroideries

are tempting our ladies. One of the most becoming sleeves, for a handsome dress, is made tight to the elbow, with two deep frills looped up on the inside of the arm with a bow of ribbon with long ends. A rich lace sleeve not very long should be worn under it. Flounces are *à la* fashion, although some dresses have been trimmed *en tablier*, that is, with trimming down each side of the skirt, widening as they descend from the waist.

CHALK has again become a favorite material for dresses. The old objection of its frailty has been removed by the satin stripes and plaids which are now woven with it. The most elegant dress patterns of this material are of a white ground, and have very small satin stripes, interspersed with tiny flowers in bright colors. The skirt alone has plain stripes of a single color, about two inches wide, running up it. The material for the bodice is without the plain stripe, but there comes a quantity of trimming for it in colors to match the skirt. The effect of these dresses is very beautiful, the plain corsage and striped skirt being very novel. The handsomest which we have seen were of this white ground with the satin stripes and small figures, with wide apple-green stripes. One also with French blue stripes, and another with chocolate colored ones were very rich. There were also various shades of pearl and drab, but these are not so effective. These dresses come at twelve dollars a pattern.

Narrow cut fringe is very much used for trimming flounces and basques. This is a graceful as well as a cheap finish for a dress. The loop fringe should be avoided, as it is apt to catch in hooks, &c., and pull out.

THE ORGANDY LAWS are among the most beautiful of the thin dress materials. Those with white ground, having palm-leaves scattered over them, are the most in favor. They cost about forty-four cents or half a dollar a yard: but the flounced dresses of this article are worth from seven to eight dollars. For morning wear, the dresses of French or English chintzes are the most fashionable. Some of these come with borders of the most delicately colored flowers and wreaths, which are used as a trimming down the front, for the sleeves, collar, &c. The pattern of these dresses are usually only small spots, not much larger than a pin's head. Brown, apple-green, purple and drabs, are the usual colors. This material costs forty cents a yard, but a much cheaper dress, which has the same effect, can be made by purchasing a shilling calico or cotton article, with very small figures, and buying a few yards of gay striped calico, and using the stripes as trimmings.

BASQUES or jackets of black silk are both elegant and convenient. The skirts of many dresses are good when the corsage is completely worn out, or no longer fits, and then the present style of wearing black silk or velvet basques is exceedingly economical, as one jacket will answer for any number of skirts. Fringe lace and jet trimmings are mostly used for this article of dress.

SHAWLS are again coming in favor. Pre-eminent, of course, is the elegant India shawl, the price of which is one hundred dollars for a *small* one, and not of the best quality. The centre is of one color, such as rich scarlet, green, or pure white, with a border less than a quarter of a yard deep. The long, or double shawl, of course has a much deeper border, and for only a medium quality one two hundred and fifty dollars are asked. A thousand dollars is no unusual price given by the wives or daughters of our millionaires, or those who would be thought so. The French cashmeres are strong rivals of these India shawls. They are much more brilliant in coloring, and are really more elegant in appearance, if one could be made to believe that they cost as much. Very beautiful shawls can be obtained from twelve to fourteen dollars, which would be greatly preferred by persons who were not judges, to the India ones. Many of the latter have a crinkled look in the centre, with a faded appearance of the border, which made a person once exclaim, "there goes a lady who has had her shawl washed and not ironed." The poor republicans of America, however, see none of the fabled Delhi shawls, that can be drawn through a lady's finger-ring. We do not know whether the cost has dazzled us, as it does so many, but we must confess that we have brought ourselves to believe that an India scarf falls in softer folds around the person, than one of any other material possibly can. Scarfs are always graceful, and always worn by persons of taste, without reference to fashion, but they have also become fashionable this spring. Very handsome ones can be procured for eight, ten, or twelve dollars.

MANTILLAS, many of them are of the scarf style, trimmed with deep lace. Others have a ruffle of black net, put on in square or box plaits, trimmed with several rows of narrow watered ribbon. Lace is employed on nearly all the mantillas, or else this net, which gives the same effect. Embroidery is also very much used combined with the lace. For the plain style, ribbon quillings and fringe are employed, but these are stiff except in the case of the latter where the tassel fringe, like that in our April plate, is used. This costs from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard, according to the width. Almost without exception, the mantillas are made open in front to match the corsage of the dress. Black is a fashionable, as well as a convenient color for these articles, as many of the fancy colored ones are not appropriate for all dresses, and should only be bought when there are others to change with.

BONNETS.—The bonnets were never more beautiful than they are this season. They are deeper on the front than they have been, but still shallow on the cheek. A lady's bonnet this spring is a perfect mass of blonde, tulle, and flowers, as may be seen in our engraved crape bonnet. The actual foundation usually of crape is scarcely seen, so covered is it with the trimmings. Sprays of the most delicate

flowers are half buried in blonde; the full light trimmings around the face gives a vapory, ethereal appearance to the coarsest countenance; and the whole looks, as a sentimental young lady said, "like a poet's dream." The outside trimming extends from above the cape up the front of the bonnet near the edge. Ten, twelve, sixteen, and even eighteen dollars, are ordinary prices given for these frail additions to a lady's toilet. The straw bonnets are of the same shape as the fancy ones, but of course not trimmed with the same materials, though the style is the same. The full face quilling, however, is common to all. For superior styles of straw, wreaths and bouquets of straw flowers are much used, as well as an imitation of ribbon in straw. But few colored flowers are worn on these bonnets. The better kind sell for sixteen dollars, though they range from that price down to two dollars. We describe one of the most beautiful, but useless (except for the carriage)

of the fancy bonnets. The material is pink satin, covered with beautiful white tulle, figured, with raised spots worked in white silk, producing almost the effect of fine pearls. On one side of the bonnet is placed a single large rose, having long pendent sprays of foliage, and buds which droop on the opposite side. Under-trimming white blonde and rose-buds.

HEAD DRESSES.—One of the most elegant consists of three bands of cerulean blue velvet, figured with pearls in a Greek pattern. These bands are passed across the forepart of the head, and at the back are bows of blue velvet, intermingled with bunches of grapes formed of pearls. The velvet, of course, can be of any color, crimson, black or scarlet would look equally well.

PARASOLS ornamented with a large bow of ribbon on the top are getting into favor, but as yet they are only used in full-dress toilet.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR APRIL NUMBER.—The April number received the unqualified applause of the press. Says the Penfield (Ga.) Banner:—"Peterson's Magazine gives more thrilling tales than any we have ever seen; and all are original." Says the St. Lawrence Democrat:—"We hope our readers will subscribe for this Magazine, for it is equal to any of the three dollar Magazines, and is furnished for only two dollars." Says the Dahlonaga (Ga.) Signal:—"No lady should be without this Magazine, the fashion-plates alone are worth the subscription." Says the Maquoketa (Iowa) Sentinel:—"Peterson is determined to make this not only a fashion book, but a family periodical, embracing all that is desirable and entertaining to the general reader." Says the Beaver Dam (Wi.) Sentinel:—"Peterson's Magazine is but two dollars a year; and as it is fully equal to any of the three dollar Magazines in point of literary merit, typographical appearance, and every other way, of course it is the cheapest monthly extant." And the Long Island Democrat, in acknowledging the receipt of the April number, writes as follows:—

"FOREVER IN BLOOM.—Like the monthly rose, 'Peterson's Magazine' must always keep warm life in its heart; and thus one volume closes to make room for another to open. As the fresh-breathing rose is always more lovely than the one passing away, so each number of this 'Magazine' excels the one which preceded. Nor does the publisher intend this excellence shall decline, if the most careful culture and untiring exertions can insure its perpetual progress. This number of the Magazine, as it goes forth in the morning of the year, when not a shadow rests on the beautiful perfection of Nature, should be for Magazine literature like the rose in full bloom and perfect beauty. Is it not so? In every department of Art where has it an equal? In the sweet and sacred influence of its moral mission and home lessons, it warms the heart, purifies the affections, and strengthens the soul of its reader for all the

sacred duties of life. And thus may it continue to be—the book—every American lady is proud to call her own."

MATERIALS FOR PAPER FLOWERS.—Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, furnishes materials of every description for the manufacture of paper artificial flowers. For the convenience of persons at a distance, she puts up in a box, which can be sent by mail, materials for making a large bouquet or basket of flowers, price one dollar. Persons, on remitting that sum to her address, post-paid, may rely on receiving a box by return of mail. Mrs. H. furnishes the very best materials, and has the finest taste. Some of her bouquets and baskets, which we have seen, surpass anything of the kind ever brought to our notice

"PETERSON" AND "HARPER."—We will send them two Magazines, for one year, for \$3.50, the full price being \$5.00. Ours is confessed everywhere to be the best lady's Magazine in the United States, and "Harper's" is the best Magazine of a miscellaneous character. In all cases, however, the whole \$3.50 must be sent to us in one remittance.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We repeat the notice, given last month, that articles intended for this Magazine must be post-paid. If remuneration is expected, the fact must be distinctly stated and the price named. In no event will verses be purchased.

"GIFT BOOK OF ART."—We will send this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings, post-paid, on receipt of one dollar.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

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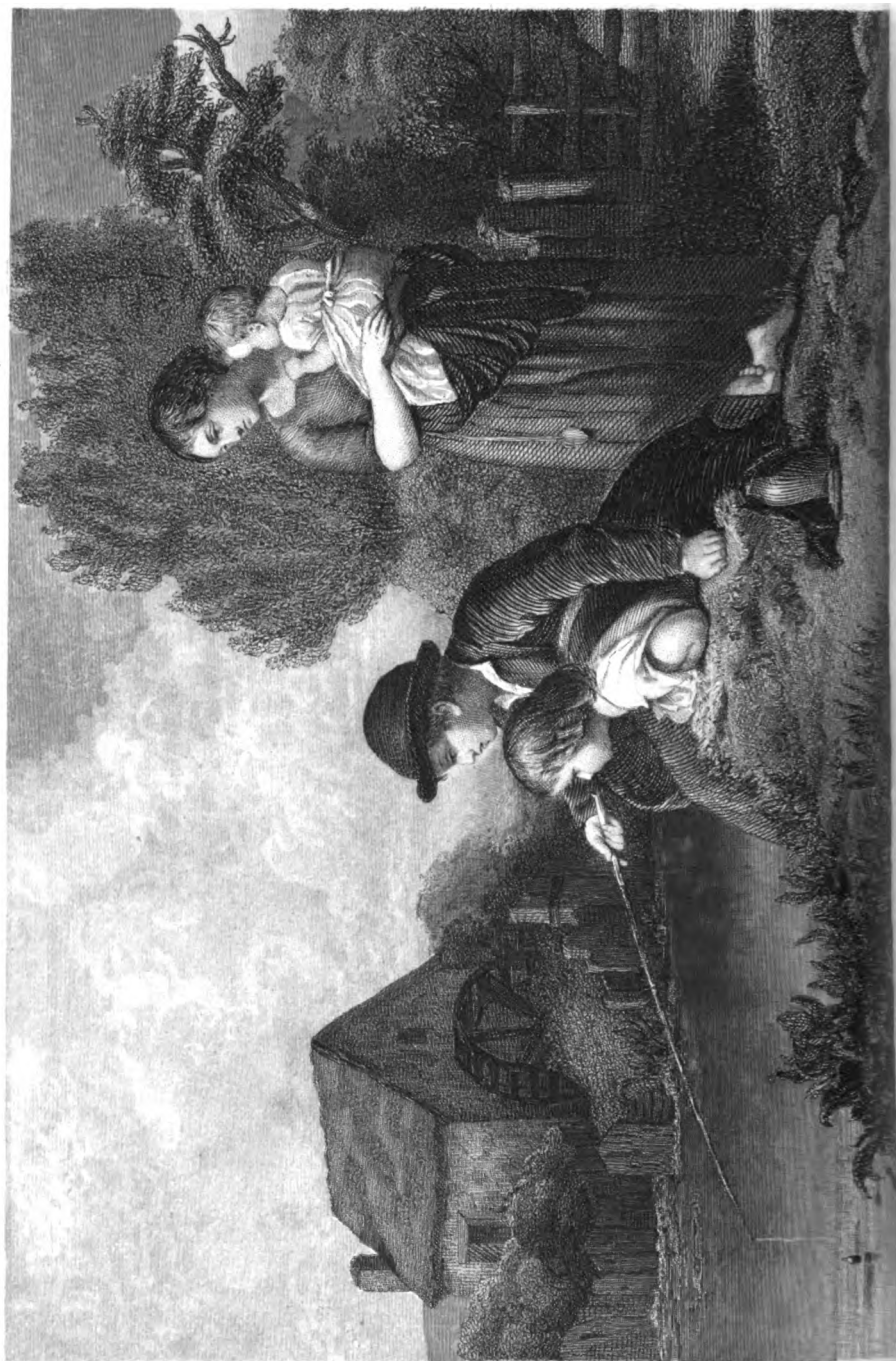


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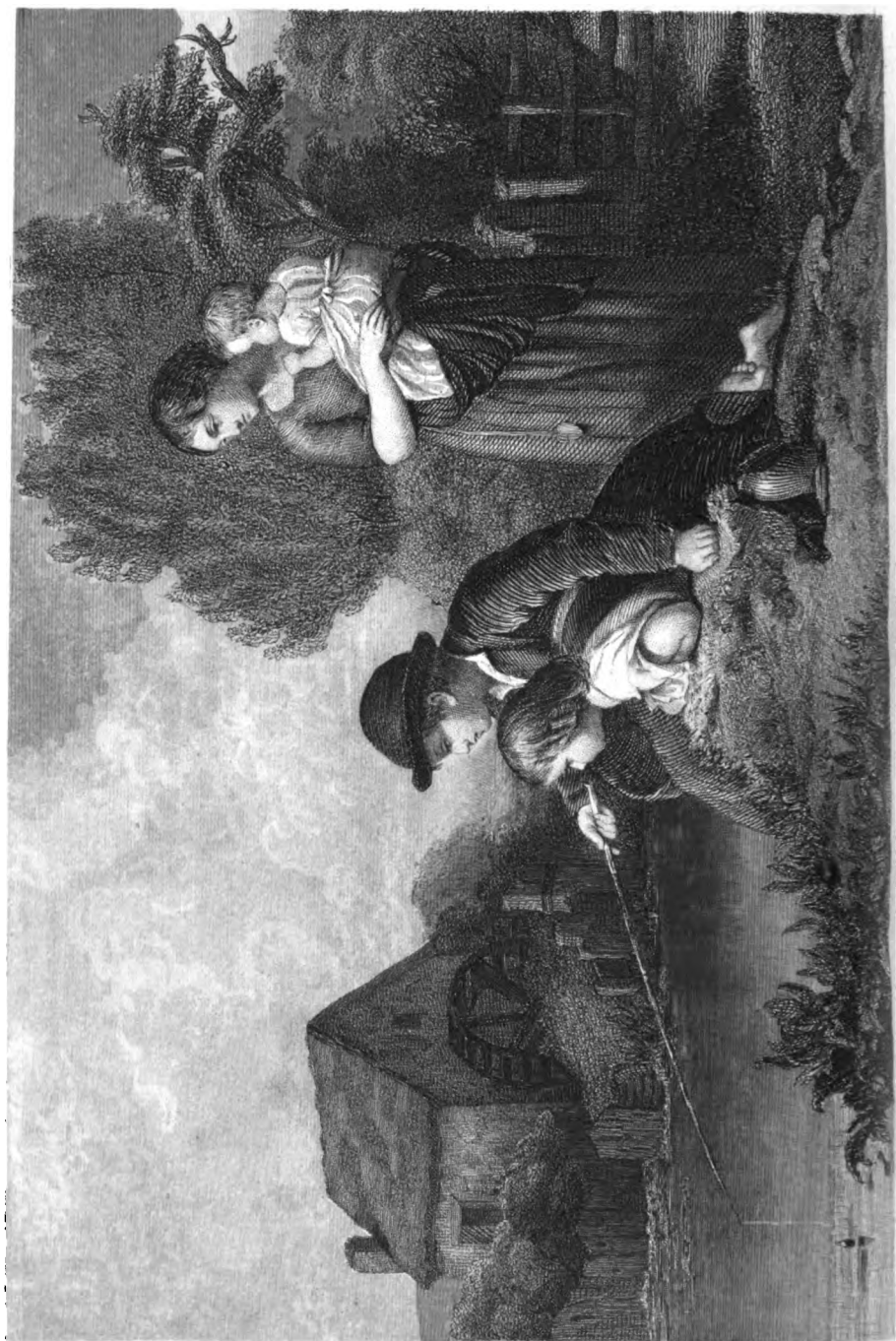
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NAMES FOR MARRIAGE



THE ROSITA.

As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer, New York, and drawn from the original garment in his store.



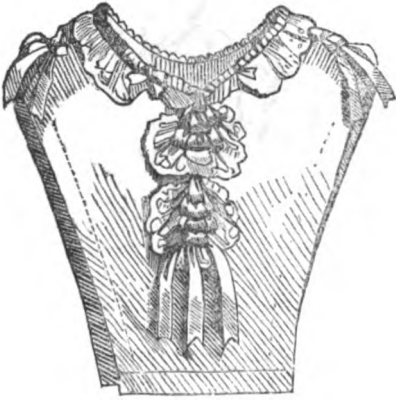


NAME FOR MARKING.



THE ROSITA.

As made by Molyneux Bell, Mantilla and Cloak Importer and Manufacturer, New York, and drawn from the original garment in his store.



CHEMISETTE.



BERTHE.



EVENING BASQUINE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

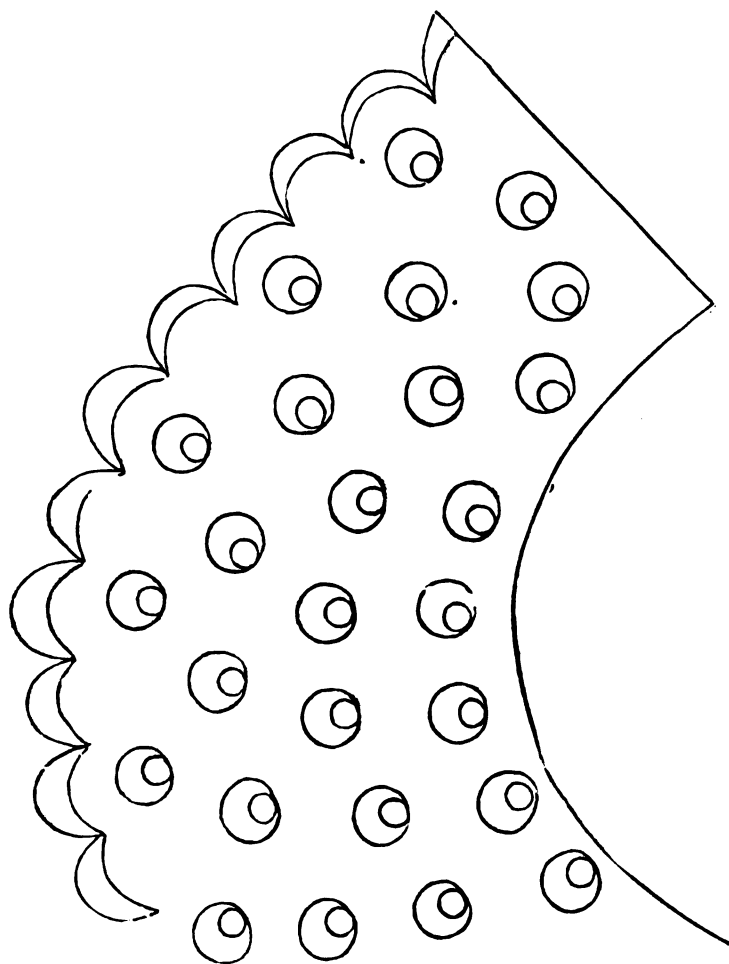
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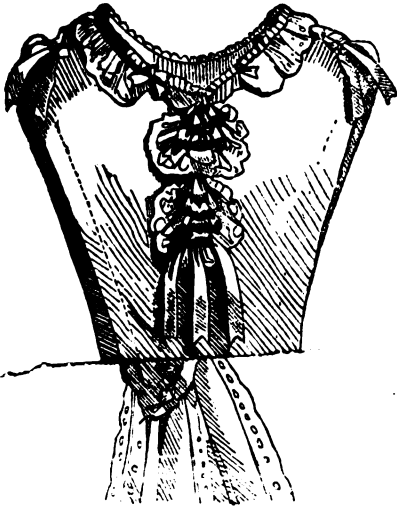
"SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MUTTON-CHOPS again for dinner," said the well-fed looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, a luscious steak too. How could you be so



COLLAR FOR EMBROIDERY.



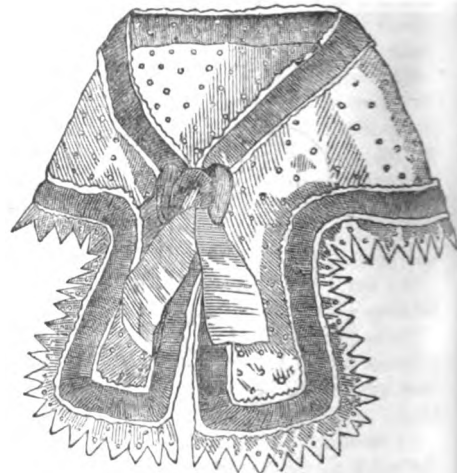
CRAPE BONNET.



COLLARS.



BOY'S PARDESSUS.



MANTELET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1855.

No. 6.

"SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MUTTON-CHOPS again for dinner," said the well-fed looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, it's too bad, when you know that, if there's any thing I detest, it is mutton-chops."

"I wasn't aware, James," answered the wife, a care-worn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I know, indeed, that you preferred beef-steak; but then beef is so high, especially sirloin-steaks."

"Well, well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly, helping himself to a chop. "But don't, for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff, meat I will not call it. Sirloin-steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

Save it in something else! "But how," asked the wife of herself, "is this to be done?" Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could well be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for "sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said. Now it was omnibus hire; now it was a new broom; now it was for mending a broken pane; and now it was for a dozen of new tumblers, or cups, or plates, or pie-dishes. Sometimes it was even for cigars, her husband saying, as he left the house, "you must give me half a dollar, Anne, to buy cigars as I go down town; for I find I haven't a bit of small change; and I can't do without my afternoon smoke."

The next day, there was a juicy sirloin-steak for dinner, but only one kind of potatoes.

"Why, how is this? How is this? No sweet potatoes to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, roasted sweet potatoes, particularly with steak."

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered the wife.

"Good gracious no! I'd rather do without anything else," tartly replied the husband.

"Positively, my whole dinner's spoilt: and such a luscious steak too. How could you be so absurd?"

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew that her husband hated what he called "a scene," and so she choked down her emotion. There were few words spoken during the meal, for Mr. Finley was out of temper, and his wife did not dare trust herself to talk, lest she should break down.

The third day, the steak was excellent and the sweet potatoes browned "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humor, as he always was over good eating, until the dessert came in, which consisted of a plain rice-pudding. At sight of this the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare. Really, Anne, one would think, from the fare you provided, that I was a bankrupt."

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears. "But I can't afford to give you everything, provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have this cheap pudding, than do without your steak or sweet potatoes."

"Pshaw! Don't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the others," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity of it, my dear, for, in so large a household as ours there are plenty of things off which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day. But, a few mornings after, Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup,

"What's the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that grocer has cheated you. Why," tasting it again, "this stuff is Laguyra, and not Java at all."

"It is not the grocer's fault," Mrs. Finley mustered courage to say. "I knew it was Laguyra

when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something; and I thought it would be felt least, perhaps, in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save in," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his cup. "I'd rather drink cold water than this strong, coarse *Laguira*." And cold water he did drink, though his wife, almost ready to cry, offered to have some tea made.

Mrs. Finley is still endeavoring to "save in something else," for her husband will not deny himself in anything, and forgets to increase her allowance. Her last experiment was to forego a new spring bonnet. But her husband, on seeing

her come down dressed for church, on a sunshiny May morning, with her last year's bonnet on, grew very angry, declaring that "there was no need to make herself look like a fright, he wasn't a broken merchant." But, when one of the children told why the old bonnet was worn, he made no offer to increase his wife's stipend, but only grumbled, sulkily, that, "she might have saved it in something else."

When I see a well-fed, dogmatic husband, who has a care-worn wife, I think of the sirloin-steak, the pudding, and the bonnet; and wonder if poor Mrs. Finley is the only woman, who, to gratify a selfish husband, is made the victim of saving "IN SOMETHING ELSE."

BURIED LOVE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THE anemone blooms as in days of yore,
The Spring birds warble their music o'er
The grave of one I love;
The tinkling rain-drops lightly fall,
To wreathe his grave with a velvet pall,
The blue sky shines above.

And perhaps the stranger with careless steps,
Treads roughly now where he softly sleeps;
I am away, away!
They look on his grave with a tearless eye,
And without a sigh pass it coldly by
To scenes more glad and gay.

But an hour for me with the silent dead,
An hour alone by thy mossy bed,
A sweet communion hour,

Where Nania is chanting her music low,
And whispering zephyrs come and go,
Hath a holier, dearer power.

There the willows in sadness softly wave,
And moonbeams are playing around his grave,
And dry leaves rustle by;
Myrtles once wet with thy Nellie's tears,
Are as fresh and green as in long past years,
Like Nellie's memory.

Tho' the sunlight is past and the shadows come,
I love even wildly their lingering gloom,
Nor wish the darkness gone;
Tho' far away from that hallowed spot
Affection's flowers are withering not,
And I weep alone—alone!

ANNIE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

AND thou art gone!—
We miss thee by the household hearth,
Where oft thy voice, in music's tone,
Cheered our lone hearts to joy and mirth.

The sad winds moan,
And chaunt low dirges o'er thy tomb;
Where stars look down, all sad and lone,
Through Winter's sky of cheerless gloom.

So young to die!—
Ere yet the world was dark to thee,
Thy spirit winged its way on high,
Beyond Time's billowy phantom sea.

The Spring will come,
With tender buds, and blue-eyed flowers;
And 'neath the sunny, soft blue dome,
Will melt in song the winged hours;

But nevermore
Will earthly roses bloom for thee:
No more, as in the days of yore,
Thou'lt wander o'er the flower-strwn lee.

Perchance 'tis well
That thou didst pass so soon away;
But grief will start, and sorrow swell,
And lonely hearts no more be gay!

MEETA CARR.

A LEAF FROM A BACHELOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

I NEVER saw two people that seemed so "made for each other," as did Meeta Carr and my friend Job Talfourd. One rarely thinks of such a thing in reference to persons that have never been brought together, but the first time I saw Miss Carr, as her head appeared above the ship's side she was climbing, I felt that Job's Venus had risen from the depths of the sea. I wished that he was there. It was a gala-day. The vessel was to be christened, and notwithstanding his name, Job was well-fitted to play his part in such a scene. I suppose his godfathers and godmothers had to answer for the rounds of imprecations he bestowed upon his cognomen. He always wrote himself J. Talfourd, and considered it a personal insult for any one to ask what the initial represented.

It is a wonder that I did not fall in love with Meeta Carr myself that day, for I never saw any being so beautiful as she broke the bottles of wine; but I had—a previous engagement. I became an intimate friend of hers, however, a frequent guest at her uncle's splendid house in Fourteenth street; sat by her at dinner-parties, feeling all the charm her grace and tact lent to her deep-toned thoughts and feelings, and danced German quadrilles with her at midnight. The men, without exception, worshipped and flattered her, and she seemed, by a sort of chemical analysis, to separate whatever there was of truth or sincerity in their compliments—that only, she received; all felt that the rest floated down the stream. She had none of those little nets and lines by which many women gain admiration. It took well—this gay indifference. The conservatories were ransacked for choice bouquets for her; and her door was besieged with anonymous presents, which were straightway locked up in a dark closet.

It was almost as exciting as champagne to study daily such a deep heart and mind. And the sparkles were not wanting. Some were flashed from Meeta's pride, which would admit very few into the penetralia of the sanctuary—the exception in my favor a great compliment therefore. Another was that she never looked upon me or behaved toward me as if there was any probability of my ever becoming her lover.

But in talking to Miss Carr, one now and then seemed, if I may so express it, to come to the bottom of affairs unexpectedly. You could not say it was too soon, but it was when you had thought a fresh fount of feeling just opening. I discovered the reason of this by the merest accident. Meeta Carr had no idea of religion, hardly of a God. I do not mean that she was an Atheist, neither had she the easy creed of the world. But the sentiment, the feeling, even in its most general form, was not in her. She told me, with wonder at my wonder, that the idea of a Disposer of all things had never once entered her mind till suggested by some one else. She could talk and think of a future life, but the thought of a God ruling over the present, with whom she had any connection, could find no foothold in her mind. I tried to rouse a feeling that I thought must only slumber, but in vain. She would look at me calmly and smile. One day I concluded an eloquent burst. "Do you understand me, Meeta?" I asked.

"No," she quietly replied.

I desisted after this, but wondered that such a lack was not more visible, and that it did not extend itself farther.

When our party was made up for Newport in the summer, I wrote to Job Talfourd to meet us there. In common with every one else, he was dazzled with Miss Carr, and at once devoted himself to her. The drives and polkas he begged for were granted far more freely than to older acquaintances, his flowers were worn, his instructions at the bowling-alley accepted, &c.

One day I was praising him to her, when she said quietly, "I do not understand your friend. Tell me his peculiarities."

"I think his character easily read," I answered, watching him closely, "with the exception of a sensibility as tender as a woman's. He is a poet, as you may have discovered, and has perhaps indulged too freely in the license of genius; but you ladies will not like him the worse for that."

As we rose to go in—we had been sitting on the piazza in the moonlight—Job suddenly came up the steps. I looked quickly around at Meeta. Her face was quiet, but I saw she was holding

her breath to keep the color from rising. I felt convinced that she had undertaken to win Talfourd's heart—undertaken it with all a woman's wilfulness, the more quickly because she saw it would be difficult. Yes, the proud beauty, so disdainful of admiration and homage, would change her character and bearing, and try all ways of winning devotion. Strange inconsistency! Fain would I have given her more help, but I too was puzzled with Talfourd. He went too far not to go farther.

Late that same night, I was walking down to the beach with him, when he suddenly collared me, exclaiming, "Do you love Meeta Carr?"

"What the deuce do you mean? Hands off," I replied, shaking myself clear.

"Do you love Meeta Carr I ask?"

"Do you?"

"Yes—no—I don't know."

"Say no, then. Meeta Carr is not a woman to be loved with a hesitation."

"I know it." After a pause he continued, "you have not answered my question. You have been playing a part. You love Meeta Carr and she loves you."

"Take care, Talfourd, what you say. I have not the patience of your namesake."

"Namesake be hanged."

"I will answer you in plain words. I do not love Miss Carr, and never shall."

"And why not?"

"I deny your right to ask the question."

"Is she not worthy of being loved?"

"Aye! nobly, sincerely."

"Has *she* not a true heart?"

"Truer than you think; with feelings far more deep and underlying than you have any idea of."

There was a hop the next night. How radiant Meeta looked! She was dressed in white, her skirt caught with bunches of ivy-leaves, and a garland of the same twined in her glossy curls. She wore a splendid wreath on her bosom, reaching from shoulder to shoulder, which a little marred the symmetry of her costume, but I fancied, and afterward learned, that it was Talfourd's gift. He did not come until late, and then only said a few words to her, and devoted himself to a little, blue sylphide from Philadelphia. I noted the fierce pang of jealousy that shot through Meeta's heart. All that evening she eagerly tried to attract his attention. She who before had scarcely deigned to accept!

Satin slippers were beginning to look soiled and frayed, when he relinquished her hand after the single dance he had asked that evening. I saw the feverish expression in her eyes. Suddenly she extended her arm in a strange manner,

I thought, and her bracelet lay broken at his feet. He raised it, and asked permission to have it mended. She haughtily refused. He seemed nettled at this, and turning hastily left her without a word.

The ball was breaking up. I heard Talfourd make engagements for meeting the little girl in blue, at the bowling-alley the next morning, and also to drive her on the beach at six. Miss Carr had refused several invitations for the beach in hopes he would ask her. I joined her in the embrasure of a window. The music ceased, and we heard the melancholy roar of the sea. The night looked dreary without. There were tears in Meeta's eyes, and I knew the fast-thinning ball-room looked dreary through them. I half wished Talfourd would approach, but Meeta knew better. She knew that a ball-room is no place for woman's most subtle weapon. The next moment she looked up from her drooping wreath with an easy smile, "I believe my mother is waiting." Oh, smiles and flowers and jewels, how much do ye hide! Was hers the only aching heart in that Newport ball-room that night?

Dancing, flirting, promenading, manoeuvring, ten-pins, fast horses, sherry-cobblers, moonlight *tete-a-tetes* and Polka Redowas went on at Newport. Well for those who had not put their heart on the game! I beheld with wonder the transformation of my friend Meeta Carr. Her quick and practised tact prevented others from seeing anything in her actions but the caprice of a petted beauty. She had a constitutional fear of horseback exercise. I had once seen her, after many solicitations, tremblingly allow herself to be placed on the back of a steady, old worn-out Rosinante, but at his first step she turned deadly pale, and but for assistance would have fallen fainting from the saddle. Now Talfourd greatly admired a lady equestrian. On this account she determined to conquer her dread. But her riding lessons were hours of torture. She often returned to her room with a headache for the day. She learned to ride with grace, as she did everything else, but never without a palpitating heart, and a sigh of relief on dismounting.

Talfourd was a wonder to me as well. His behavior to Miss Carr was always distant and reserved, and yet he almost constantly sought her society.

"Lawrence, I leave Newport to-morrow," he said to me one day.

I was not surprised the next evening to hear Miss Carr announce to her bevy of admirers, that the time set for their return to the city was the beginning of the next week.

Again in New York, her trial to win Talfourd's love continued. I knew that her mornings were passed in close study of the German metaphysical works he loved, and urged upon her. She had no fancy for such things, but still would dim her bright eyes poring over them when she longed to be abroad in the breezy October noon.

All at once she stopped and drew back. She was cool and smiling as a snow-drift. Was it jealousy? I had seen that passion urge her to the putting forth of all her powers. Had she concluded it hopeless? No, the change would not have been so sudden. I watched her for a week and learned the explanation. She had a poor cousin, plain and delicate, to whom Talfourd's feeling heart had made him show many attentions. He would bring her the lingering flowers of autumn, move her chair to a sunny window, reach her a fire-screen, tell her the gossip of the town, and in a thousand nameless ways cheer the poor girl's existence. These things Meeta had understood and admired, but one day she saw him pick up a bunch of faded chrysanthemums that lay beside the piano, and conceal them in his bosom. They were Laura's, and he stood aghast. God forbid that she should come between that poor girl and a love that would be to her as the one ewe-lamb of her life! With all the direct generosity of her nature, she began at once to crush back her feelings. I even revered her as I looked on her trembling lips and calm brow. With another, even her proud spirit would have struggled, but with her poor, sick cousin—no! Talfourd saw her anxiety not to eclipse Laura in his presence, saw she had misinterpreted his attentions, and took care that she should do so no more. The incident of the flowers was accidentally explained—he had thought them hers. Her proud spirit was laid open before him, and by her own generosity. And so it was that meeting at a bridal reception, after a month or two more of eager trial and heart-burning on Meeta's part, Talfourd said, in the most every-day manner,

"Ah! Miss Carr, I am glad to see you here, for I should have only had time to leave my P. P. C's at your door. I am going abroad."

Meeta went through the suitable surprise and regret. "When do you sail?" she inquired, calmly.

"On Monday. I will not say good-bye. *Au revoir.*"

Each took a smiling and careless farewell. Meeta hurried into the refreshment-room, where after a hasty glance to see that she was not observed, she filled for herself a brimming glass of Margaux, and drank it almost at one swallow.

Before Talfourd sailed, I discovered that he had found out Meeta Carr's great defect.

The birds had sung the new music of two spring-times to the skies of America, blue as those of Italia—twice had the forest fairies of the New World kissed every branch and stem with their loving and glowing lips, while Talfourd and I wandered in "foreign parts." I had joined him in the Levant, and we had travelled over the East together. We had got back to Paris again, and found it ringing with the beauty and grace of a young American girl. At the opera, a few nights after our arrival, we observed a sudden stir and raising of glasses. "*Voilà,*" said the enthusiastic young Frenchman, who had been gabbling to us of large, wondering eyes, and pearly teeth, and exquisite shoulders. It was Meeta Carr.

We went round to her box. At first I was deceived by the well-trained self-possession with which she greeted Talfourd, but I happened to look down among the folds of her ermined cloak, and my eye caught the quick clasping and unclasping of her small hand. Her remarks to me were in French, but after the first words of salutation she spoke to him in English. The unconscious compliment was not lost. He seemed at once under a spell. I had never thought that he really loved Meeta, and had fancied that two years had effaced all impressions, but a true poet's heart was that of my friend Job. What a name for a son of thine, Apollo! The embers of affection could never become entirely dead. And Meeta? I soon saw that the struggle was to recommence.

She had much to tell the next morning of the events of two years. The great sorrow of her life had fallen upon her. Her mother had died very shortly after my departure. For a moment I hoped that grief had led her to look to a higher power, but alas! no! Her lame brother's health had brought her with her uncle to Europe. To this child, the last of her immediate family, she clung with idolatrous tenderness.

I knew there was little food for the hope that glittered through her downcast eyelashes when she spoke of Talfourd; and Paris was of all places the last in which to indulge it. Frivolous and perhaps heartless as French women may be, they are most of them unaffectedly religious, and this without the embarrassment and secrecy in it which distinguish Protestants. Poor Meeta!

I was hardly prepared for her passionate turning away from all homage to seek that of Talfourd. Paris was at her feet. Men of the world, scholars, military men, noblemen, poets, pursued her with exquisite gallantry, delicate

flattering attentions; but she sent them down the wind as if not worthy of a thought. Oh! how many arts love taught her, and how day by day her feelings grew more eager, her heart sickness more intense. She did nothing unmaidenly, nothing forward, but it seemed as if her feelings could not be repressed. Talfourd was too absent-minded to be a very close observer, but I thought he must see this. Many an irascible Frenchman looked at him with a muttered "*sacre*," as his own attentions were repulsed for those which Talfourd offered with such a strange, variable, uncertain manner.

Summer drew on, and the Baths of Lucca were recommended for little Charley Carr. To my surprise Talfourd insisted upon going thither also.

"You had better stay where you are," I said. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You understand me. I do not wish in such a connection to speak the lady's name even to you?"

He looked offended and turned away. The next morning he said, "I am going to Italy when the Carrs go. You can come with me or not as you choose."

"But Talfourd——"

"If you wish to continue your last night's remarks, Lawrence, you must excuse me. We will not resume that subject at this or any other time."

I knew Job did not get his temper from the land of Uz, so I said no more.

At the Baths the same scene was re-enacted. There was much company there, and Meeta queened it over all. The impressible Italians raved about her. There was a wealthy English nobleman, one of the most striking men I ever met, who would have given half his fortune to bear back such a bride to his velvet Westmoreland glades. I did hope that some one would succeed in diverting Meeta's regards.

"This is my first and shall be my last attempt at match-making," said I to myself. "How much would I give if I had not been the means of bringing Talfourd and Miss Carr together."

As I better read Meeta's passionate heart, I feared she would break through conventionalism, and throw herself upon Talfourd's compassion. How much pride had she already cast aside for him!

The Baths of Lucca are "located," as a Yankee would say, in a narrow valley, on both sides of which the rise is abrupt. There are many lovely hill-side walks. One day I came upon my two friends seated beneath the shadow of a

spreading chesnut. Meeta's uncle, who had been her companion, had strolled farther up the mountain. Talfourd was trying to sketch the drooping arch of her eyebrow. Failing in the attempt, he began tracing over the original with the corner of a card, "to get his fingers into the way of the curve," he said. Suddenly stopping, he pressed the card to his lips, and replaced it not in his pocket, but in his bosom. Meeta sat still with her usual grace. I found myself *de trop*. Miss Carr's manners, however, had lost their former *retenu*. They had become restless and impetuous. Foreigners thought nothing of it, but she would not have been as much admired in England as formerly.

At the next ball given by the duke, Talfourd was constant at her side, and hanging upon his words, she seemed scarcely able to spare a thought for an attempt to veil her preference. She secretly watched his eyes to guide her in every little particular. One trifle struck me that evening. All Italians have a horror of perfumes, so that Miss Carr's *Hediosma* and *Es Bouquet* which she used profusely, attracted attention. A day or two before I had heard Talfourd strongly express his agreement with the natives of the country. That night, for the first time, I lifted an unscented handkerchief.

Talfourd and I occupied a sitting-room in common. As I was pulling off my pumps that night I heard him leaping up stairs. He dashed across the room without a word and bolted himself into his bed-room. The next morning he asked me in a melancholy, but firm tone, if I was ready to go with him to England. And so the day of our departure was fixed for the next Wednesday.

On Tuesday there was a sketching party made up. We wandered about for some hours, Talfourd hovering near Miss Carr with wistful looks and silent, sad attentions. Our cloth for a late dinner was laid upon the grass. Poor little Charley Carr sat at the head in high glee. He had been carried up in his chair, for his sister never could bear him long away from her.

The sloping rays were glimmering through the lovely chesnut woods. We were standing on the brink of a cliff watching the shadows creep up its sides, when we heard a sudden cry. Miss Carr sprang round the angle of the cliff and uttered a scream of horror. Her little brother had ventured on a ledge in quest of berries. The rock on which he had crawled had loosened and fell, and he barely had time to fling himself toward another crag, where he hung by his hands. All access to him seemed impossible. The precipice was almost perpendicular, and far below

among the jagged rocks foamed a dark mountain torrent. What was to be done? The poor child looked up with a face of dumb horror. Talfourd's eye caught a jutting rock near, and he instantly threw off his coat. "Let me go, signor," said a Luccese peasant, who had been with us during the afternoon, "I am used to these mountains. It were madness for you."

The man instantly began to climb down the cliff. With suspended breath we watched his progress. He reached the rock, but the distance from the child was greater than he had thought. He could do nothing. Sick with disappointment, we looked in each other's faces. The man retraced his steps to reach another crag, from which grew a stunted tree. Carefully he began to climb out to the end of its braches. In the meantime, Charley had managed to draw his feet up on the rock, and crouched there, clinging to the matted vines. Meeta had been cheering and encouraging him, but now she covered her face. A German girl by her side breathed a low "*mein Gott*," and she suddenly looked up with an expression I never shall forget—intense, puzzled, eager, wistful. Many an ejaculation of prayer was uttered aloud; and she looked from one to another, and then almost writhed in agony. *She had no God—no God to pray to!*

The peasant had now reached the outermost branch, from which he stretched down his athletic arm to the child who could just grasp his fingers. "Climb up to my shoulder, so that I can get hold of you, can't you, my boy?" he said.

Poor Charley's lameness almost prevented this. He tried often vainly. "The branch is parting," whispered some one, as a loud crack was heard. The brave Italian cast one glance at the body of the tree, then at the abyss over which he hung. "Signori, my wife and children," he said, looking up; and then to Charley, "once more—for life—for life!" This time he was successful, and the man's strong grasp was on his arm. One

mighty effort, and he swung him clear of the overhanging crag, away above his head, to a broad rock whence many eager hands bore him to the top. The peasant had just time to get off the branch when the last fibre parted.

For a moment I thought the revulsion of feeling would absolutely strangle Meeta. Then she bowed her forehead on a rock near which she knelt, and her lips moved in thanksgiving to God. Yes, in that hour the heavens were opened for her. Her burden of gratitude forced her to scale them, for all earth flung it back. There was silence while she lifted up her awed and overwhelmed heart. When she rose, and Charley sprung to her straining embrace, there was an altogether new expression on her countenance. She looked around on hill, and vale, and river, as if a new world had burst upon her.

I do not think she thought of Talfourd then, but his whole soul was laid at her feet. That one prayer had won—won what absorbed and wearying effort and affection had failed to do alone. Dizzy with emotion, her tottering steps were supported by his arm. There was no need of words. His whole being went forth to her with a passionate abandonment that could not but satisfy even her.

The brave peasant was generously rewarded, but I think he cared more for Meeta's tears on his hand.

What a delirium of joy glowed in my beautiful friend's eyes the next day! Time and eternity, this world and the next were casting their floods of happiness at her feet.

"I thought we were to be on our way to England to-day, Talfourd."

He looked at me as if I was wild—then laughed. "Oh! I recollect. Well—I'm not going to England just now, my dear fellow."

They were married in Italy, and Talfourd's ardent affection for his lovely bride was—I'll leave it to novel writers to describe.

"A L O N E."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Thou art not with me, and the hours
All wearily go flitting by;
A gloom is on my heart and brow,
That seeks relief in many a sigh.
The poet's song no longer charms—
E'en music's voice has lost its spell;
And life seems but a weary thing,
Since you and I have said—farewell.

I dare not dwell upon the past—
Those joyous hours that knew not pain;
I dare not ask the coming years,
If we shall ever meet again.
I only know thou art not here,
And life has lost its sweetest tone;
And though my lips may wear a smile,
My heart is sad, and all alone.

A CHASE OFF THE GUINEA COAST.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE sky was without a cloud, and the noon-day sun, pouring vertically downward, filled the atmosphere as with the breath of a furnace. Not a zephyr rippled the glassy surface of the bay. A few birds wheeled lazily overhead, or settled slowly in flocks on the white strand of the beach. The broad expanse of the deep was unwhitened by a solitary sail. The low, mangrove shores stretching around three-quarters of the horizon, and the white surf outside the inlet on the western seaboard, formed a picture as monotonous as could be imagined. The stifled roar of the distant breakers was the only sound that broke the stillness of the scene. A deep, oppressive silence hung over sea and sky.

Close in to a point of the shore, and in not more than two fathoms water, lay a dark, rakish schooner, swinging by a single anchor with the tide, which now, at a half ebb, was running swiftly out to sea. The inlet, with its seaboard of breakers, could just be seen abaft the main chains of the schooner, far away on the western horizon. A hot, undulating haze waved in the distance; the sea glowed like molten lead; and only the sluggish ripple of the tide against the schooner's bows broke on the silence of that sultry noonday.

A beautiful craft was that schooner. She was painted of a deep black, unrelieved by a single line of white: her mould was clear and sharp; her bows tapered off like a knife; her tall, whip-stalk masts raked gallantly backward; and her yards, sails, and rigging, betokened the highest discipline in her crew. Her high bulwarks, surmounted by a monkey rail running aft, concealed much of her deck, but enough was seen to show by its extreme whiteness, and the burnish of her brass mountings, that she was no common merchantmen; while the two ports on either side, from which frowned the deadly carronades, and a long swivel gun mounted amidships, warned one that she was not unused to conflict. Yet no signs of life were discernible about her.

It was some three hours after the meridian, when a slight ripple ruffled the surface of the bay, and as it came down toward the schooner, a score of men, as if by magic, appeared on her decks; the anchor was heaved up, and catted; and the fore-sheet and jib hoisted away. As

her bow caught the breeze, she fell off before the wind; her mainsail and topsails were set; and in less than a quarter of an hour she was sweeping down the inlet like a sea-fowl on the wing. Before sundown her white sail could just be seen upon the western seaboard, appearing and disappearing amid the spray, as she rose and fell on the horizon.

During the whole of that day an American frigate was lying becalmed, hull down, in the offing. But when the grateful breeze reached her from the shore, her sails were sheeted home, and she began to lay off and on, as if watching for some expected prize. Suddenly a hoarse voice hailed from her foreyard,

"A sail—broad on the weather bow."

"What's her rig?" hastily exclaimed the officer of the deck, as the crew of the frigate swarmed on the decks, and covered her sides at the signal.

"A fore-and-aft topsail and flying jib——"

"She's the craft we've been looking for, Mr. Weldon," said the captain, drawing a long breath, as he took the glass from his eye, after a protracted gaze, "her mould, her rig, her conduct, everything speaks it. We've got her now."

"She's the worst slaver on the coast," answered the lieutenant, "and has often boasted that she defied us."

In a few minutes every stitch of canvas was spread that could draw; and before long the frigate began to overhaul the schooner. The latter evidently persisted in her design of getting to sea, and for this purpose was standing boldly across the track of the man-of-war, notwithstanding the risk it involved, doubtless trusting to her reputation for speed to make good her escape. Perceiving this, the captain, when the frigate came within long cannon range, ordered a fire to be opened on her.

"We've cut away her fore-top-sail—see how she falls off," exclaimed the lieutenant, as the ball from the man-of-war whizzed through the schooner's rigging.

"Bear away a point or two, quarter-master—let drive there with your forward guns."

"Ay—ay, sir!" answered the gunner, as his battery opened on the flying clipper.

A few minutes of breathless suspense passed. None of the frigate's shot told. The schooner.

meantime was directly ahead, about a mile off, lying right across our track. If she could succeed, the chances of her capture would be almost destroyed, for night was coming on. A single glance satisfied the captain that to circumvent her required immediate action.

"Port your helm—port—a—port," he thundered, springing upon a gun carriage, and holding on by a rope, as he leaned over to catch a better view of the chase, "keep her away there now—steady—steady."

"She begins to find she's entrapped," said the first lieutenant, after a few minutes trial had satisfied all that she could not pass across the frigate's bows in safety, "see she wears—she's luffing into the wind's eye."

"And by St. George, she will make her port again, and leave us to cut her out with our boats, unless we are quick—starboard—quarter-master—ha—ard," and as the giant vessel came up into the wind, her huge sails flapped heavily against the masts a moment, and then as she fell off on the other tack they filled again, driving her through the swell with such force, that the spray flew almost to the very fore-top.

The scene was now one of absorbing interest. The low coast, presenting its white, sandy beach in front, and the thick groves of tropical plants farther back from the shore, lay a league or two up on the weather bow: while the surface of the sea between the frigate and the breakers was white with the foam and ripples. Toward this coast the schooner was now stretching under every rag of canvass that would draw, and such was the excellence of her mould and rig, that she could lay several points nearer to the wind than the frigate, and still gain rapidly upon her. It soon became evident that she would make the inlet, though the man-of-war would fall some points to leeward. In an instant the captain's determination was taken.

"Bear away, quarter-master—let her come round a bit—all ready there—and now give her a broadside, my boys—fire high and don't hit the poor wretches in her hull."

Quick as lightning the gallant frigate fell off from her course, and just as she presented her broadside to the flying schooner a storm of fire burst from her sides that made the old ship stagger again. The foremost of the schooner tottered and went overboard, dragging with it all its hamper into the deep. The slaver payed off at once, and the next instant the mainmast following its predecessor with a loud crash, the late rakish craft rolled a wreck upon the waters.

"Ten and a half," sung out the man at the helm

"Steady then, steady—run her in as close as you can, quarter-master," said the captain.

"Eight—seven and a half—seven," sung out the man with the lead, at as many casts.

"It shoals fast—but steady—steady."

"Six and by half six—five."

"We must haul off," said the captain, "port your helm—around all—pipe away the boat's crews, for we shall have to cut her out."

The shrill whistle of the boatswain shrieked through the ship; the crews were mustered; the boats were lowered away; the men took their stations, and with a loud cheer the little fleet pulled rapidly away after the now disabled schooner. The pursuit had been protracted into the twilight, and darkness was already settling on the face of the deep when the boats left the frigate. The outline of the schooner's hull could just be caught sight of, low and dark upon the waters, close in upon the land. Far away lay the coast, a shapeless mass of shadow, the surf painted, like a white line, in the foreground. Above not a star was seen. The clouds were in thick masses overhead, and were gathering wild and ragged from the horizon. In a few minutes, as the darkness increased, the coast vanished in the gloom. Then the outline of the schooner died faintly away, and one by one the boats were lost in the obscurity, until nothing was perceptible from the decks of the frigate, except the comb of the sea for a few fathoms around her, and her own tall and shapely masts, towering above until lost in the deep darkness overhead.

Moments passed away, which grew almost into hours, and yet the same pitchy darkness continued. Nothing had been heard of the boats. Often were the eyes of the crew turned toward the quarter where the schooner lay, but not a rocket rose, nor musket flashed upon the night as a signal of her boats' success. All was silent as the grave. The wash of the swell against the frigate's bows, and the low melancholy wail of the wind were the only sounds breaking on the deep stillness of the night.

"There they go—the signal—the signal," shouted a dozen voices on the quarter-deck, as a rocket shot up into the air and arching gracefully over, burst into a dozen stars, and then fell in a shower of sparkles to the sea. By the wild, unearthly light flung for an instant over the scene, the frigate's boats might be observed, formed in line, sweeping steadily up to the dismantled schooner. But in another instant all again was dark.

A few moments of thrilling excitement ensued. Eagerly the frigate's crew waited for the sounds

of the fray. Minutes passed away, yet no musketry rattled, no guns roared upon the night. What could be the cause? Had the schooner been deserted? Had she offered no resistance? Each man looked at his neighbor with surprise written on his countenance. All at once, a vivid, blinding light filled the whole atmosphere as if by magic; a stream of fire in the direction of the schooner shot up into the heaven: and then, for one instant, sky, sea and shore was revealed with terrible distinctness; a confused mass might be seen darting upward from the deck of the slaver; a roar followed as of the Archangel's trump; the frigate quivered from the keelson to the truck: and then a darkness, as sudden and as awful as that momentary flash, and in which everything appeared swimming before the aching eyes, fell upon the scene. There was a moment of silence.

"God grant the boats are safe," ejaculated the captain, "they have blown themselves and the poor wretches up!"

Every man on board was horror-struck. It was long before the sensation passed away, and it might have continued longer, had not the captain dissolved the spell by ordering the remaining boats to be manned, and go to the relief of the sufferers if any yet remained alive.

Never sped a barge quicker over the waters, than that sent from the frigate on this errand of mercy. The men bent to their oars with enthusiasm, and soon reached the spot where the catastrophe had occurred.

"Forward there at the bow, what is that shadowy object ahead?" said the officer at the helm.

"Boat ahoy!" shot across the night in reply, and directly the frigate's launch appeared in

sight. Greeting her with three hearty cheers, the new-comers hastily inquired respecting the fate of their other comrades, and learnt, to their relief, that the boats of the frigate were all saved; for that, by some mistake, the magazine of the slaver had exploded while they were yet a sufficient distance from her to ensure their safety. The poor wretches in her hold, however, as well as the slaver's crew, were all lost in that terrific explosion.

The launch had already been engaged in searching over the spot where the schooner had been last seen, for her ill-fated passengers, and a more awful spectacle, her lieutenant said, he had never witnessed. Her hull had already sunk, but fragments of the wreck—human bodies torn to pieces, scorched to cinder, disfigured, mutilated, bloated, scarred, and blackened in the most frightful manner, covered the sea in the vicinity. Even while he spoke, a hideous corpse floated by, its distorted face looking almost fiend-like in the gloom.

The other boats soon joined the barge from the frigate, and every exertion was made to discover if any human beings of the slaver's ill-fated burden were alive. But though shattered timbers and mangled bodies were found floating on every hand, not a man, woman, or child, yet living, was picked up. After a search of nearly two hours, the crews of the boats returned with heavy hearts to the frigate.

The next morning the search was resumed, but in vain. Far along the coast floated the wreck of the schooner and the disfigured bodies of the slaves, with here and there a human being of a lighter skin, but no one was ever rescued alive from his watery grave.

BY THE BROOKSIDE.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

We wandered by the brookside,

We wandered by the brookside—
The birch its branches o'er us hung,
Wild flowers along our pathway sprung,
And on the breeze their odors flung—
The birds their songs around us sung,
And built their nests the boughs among,
As we wandered by the brookside,
When you and I were young.

We wandered by the brookside,

We wandered by the brookside—
A cloudlet hovered in the sky,
A chilling breeze swept rudely by,
We saw the flowers around us die,

The birds sang not, and low did lie
The leaves that proudly waved on high,
As we wandered by the brookside,
When you and I were young.

We wander by the brookside,

We wander by the brookside—
Cold the blasts of Winter blow,
Swiftly falls the blinding snow,
Rapidly the waters flow,
And shadows dark flit to and fro—
We weep to think how, long ago,
Did we wander by the brookside,
When you and I were young.

THE FRENCH MARTLETS.

BY ALICE CARY.

ONCE upon a time, and in a part of our federal Union which need not be designated, there lived a man of the name of Higgins—Squire Higgins who, be it understood, entertained the highest respect for him—by the younger and more enthusiastic portion of society he was not unfrequently denominated an "old fogey." The chief ornament of his front door yard was a martin-box, which had been built shortly after his marriage, and was for the times a very good house—but at the time we write of the squire he was an old man, the pole on the top of which the aforesaid house stood was considerably aslant—the paint (it had originally been red) was nearly beaten away by the storms of many years, and as it had received no alteration or repairs whatever, it was in the estimation of most persons except the good squire and his wife, a little behind the times. On the spring of the opening of our story, the twain held a consultation as to the propriety of renovating the martin-box a little. Martlet-house was the modern designation of like tenements, but the squire persisted in saying martin-box. The consultation began by the asseveration of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins that the old house was plenty good enough—that as worthy and respectable birds had been born and reared in it as ever had been bred in finer houses, and as for the modern improvements, they were all nonsense, ending to degeneration and effeminacy—therefore it was resolved that the house should be put up to let as it was. Some fresh straw was laid on the floor, and a prop placed against the leaning pole, and this was considered enough to satisfy any reasonable applicants.

They had experienced a good deal of difficulty in letting the old red house for some years past, and this was why the straw was laid down and the prop set up, but as for putting up useless trimmings and painting the house white, which was the modern fashion, the squire would not hear of it. Nevertheless both he and his wife were of the opinion that *their* house ought to bring as high a rent as any house in the neighborhood. Lest the demand should seem exorbitant, they resolved to put certain privileges in the bill, for on looking about they found they could include a hop-vine, three bee-hives and a

peach tree as well as not. So the old red house was advertised as to let for such a sum, *with the privilege* of the hop-pine, bee-hives and peach tree!

Day after day the squire seated himself on the porch next the martin-house, and remained there from twelve till one to receive applicants. Many birds simply glanced at the outside and went away, without so much as asking for the key—a few desired to be shown the house, but one must have larger parlors, another a range, to another a bath was indispensable, and all agreed that the conveniences were by no means equal to the price demanded. "Suppose it is comfortable!" they said, "what is a little red house when big white houses are the fashion?"

Now if they had put the house in thorough repair, and been content with a reasonable compensation, they would have secured a good tenant at an early day no doubt, and to have martins about the yard was the squire's special delight. One day when he had sat the usual time without receiving a single application, he said in a very desponding tone, "I have a great mind to put down the terms a little, Dorothy—why every house in the neighborhood is taken, and a good many nests are made already, I'll warrant you."

But Dorothy said, "Wait a day or two—if all the houses are taken, so much the better chance for us, and I should not wonder if your very eagerness to let the house was in the way of your doing so—here is the paper—pretend to be reading, and let it not appear that you are sitting here to watch for applicants."

The squire took the newspaper and unfolded it before him, though he kept his eyes in the air, and Mrs. Higgins went on to say that their house was good enough for any birds, if they only had sense enough to know what they wanted. "And when another bird comes," she said, "mind what I tell you, and don't appear over-anxious—there is a little fellow now looking at the house!" and she concealed herself behind the door that her concern about the place might not be apparent. She never once thought that craft might be met with craft, and that themselves might fall into their own trap.

The squire bit his lip to keep back the smile when he saw the little martin his wife had

indicated, for he felt at once almost sure of a tenant. He turned over the newspaper and adjusted his spectacles as if for its perusal, but in fact for a closer survey of the inspector of the red house. He was a recently married widower, as the old man conceived, for widower martins have an undefinable manner that betrays their condition, and which they do not drop immediately on marriage, though generally shortly afterward. From his motions he had evidently kept house many a time, and knew how to appreciate the comforts of a home, and had less regard for show than younger and less experienced birds. He seemed to take in the advantages of the place at once, and in the space of a minute had hopped in and hopped out more than a dozen times, besides dashing past the bee-hives, rustling through the hop-vine, and taking a swing on a branch of the peach tree: and all the time his little brown eyes glistened more and more with delight. Once or twice the squire thought he saw his wings quiver as with ecstasy, and he heard him say to himself, "a sung home—a very sung home—better than my first wife ever had," but he continued a little more thoughtfully, "perhaps I had better alight in the main road, and survey the premises from that point of view."

The squire could not see the change that came over his countenance as he took an observation from the new point, and judging from the previous signs of satisfaction, resolved to yield no farthing of his first demand. I said a change came over the face of Mr. Martin as he viewed the tenement from the public road—it did not present a very imposing aspect, and he was uncertain as to the expectations of young Mrs. Martin, or Martlet, as she insisted on being called.

Sailing round in the direction of the squire, who seemed intent on the newspaper, he politely inquired if he were the owner of the red house, for he had wisely resolved to ascertain the terms, and then go home and fetch Mrs. Martlet to decide herself on taking it. Remembering the advice of Dorothy, the squire gave an affirmative nod without so much as looking up. He was apparently absorbed in the newspaper, which, to say truth, he had not read for a month, in his anxiety about renting the house.

But to Mr. Martin his manner was meant to say, and did say, "I am the owner of that very eligible piece of property, sir, but as to letting it, I am quite indifferent about the matter—in-deed I rather prefer declining."

A rich man, thought Mr. Martin, to whom the letting of that little house is a small affair—so

I think I had better secure the place without consulting Mrs. Martlet. The independence of the landlord made the red house look more attractive at once—it was late in the season and difficult to get a place at all—besides that was as good a house as he could afford to have, and of course Mrs. Martlet would be reasonable—the first Mrs. Martlet had been.

Still he felt some hesitancy, and bowing very low, inquired whether the refusal of the house would be allowed him for an hour.

The old gentleman gave him a look which seemed to say, he had made the most preposterous request that ever a martin made, and shaking his head with a gravity that intimated the whole world moved with it, he replied, "No, sir, not a minute!"

"If Mrs. Martlet were with me," urged the miserable applicant, but he was interrupted with the haughty remark, that if he wanted the house he could take it, but that no words were to be wasted about it, and at the conclusion the squire turned his chair quite away from the anxious applicant.

"So, ho! I must put on airs too if I would succeed," thought the bird, and dashing almost in the face of the old man, he twittered with an accent slightly foreign, "What are your terms, sir?" and came to the ground for an answer, strutting in a way that indicated terms were little to him if the place suited. He could not, however, forbear drawing his eyebrows up when the squire coolly replied, that his terms were ten thousand songs a month.

"Very high," said the martlet, and in spite of himself his tail drooped slightly.

But the squire replies, that considering the advantages the terms are low. "The neighborhood," he says, "is most desirable, affording the best society—"that his house includes the privileges of the hop-vine and peach tree, together with the bees, and that his tenants will witness the swarming without extra charge—and I am sure," he continues, "nothing can exceed the beauty of the landscape, which embraces two barns, a haystack, a pretty turn of the road, together with my own residence and the western extremity of my henroost!"

"Not less than ten thousand?" asks the martin, and he stretches his neck forward to catch the squire's answer, for he is getting more and more troubled and bewildered, from the fact that he don't know what Mrs. Martlet will think.

Why he did not know more of her character before marriage was his own affair, not ours. The squire is evidently bored, and answers, "Not a song less!" and he proceeds to say he

would not let the red house at all, but for the sake of being saved the annoyance of continual applications, and that it will not be let on any terms except to a genteel family without children, and one that comes well recommended, and engages neither to hang out a sign, nor to keep boarders: and rising, he wished his troublesome applicant good evening.

The martin makes a zig-zag, as if at all hazards he must ascertain the expectations of his wife, but seeing a new house-hunter alight in the yard, he blindly hurries toward the landlord, and just as he is disappearing within the door tells him to take down the bill.

"What references have you?" demands that person, in a most consequential manner.

The widower says he is but a new-comer to the neighborhood—his wife and mother-in-law are at present the occupants of Gen. Lofty's new house, and he mentions incidentally their connection with a French family of great distinction. He regrets that he is personally unknown thereabouts, but mentions a number of great names at a distance, if the squire will be at the trouble of addressing them.

"Very well, sir," said the squire, his face fairly breaking into smiles before the applicant was gone, and stepping into the house, he continued, "well, Dorothy, I've got the confounded old house off at last, and for twice as much as it is worth! I think the fellow will repent, but what is that to me?—he had his eyes open and saw what he was to get, and knew what ten thousand a month was, I suppose—his wife can help him, or they can manage some way. And don't you think, Dorothy," he continued, "they belong to the great family of French Martlets, and are doubtless rich as they can be, and the music, I expect, will be superior to anything that has been heard hereabouts."

That was a happy night to Squire Higgins and his wife—they would have such pleasant times hearing the birds sing, for they liked the music of martins, both of them, and these were no common birds, but real French Martlets!

Mrs. Higgins almost felt as if she could wear her "store frock" every day, and the squire actually put ribbon shoe-strings in his shoes, on the strength of the excellent bargain he had made. A nice bed of roses they had heaped, as they thought, but they saw not that the thorns were beneath the thin leaves, and would soon come through and pierce them, and their dissimulation return to plague the inventors. Pretty shrewd people they were, but they had yet to learn that they could not be just themselves without also being just to their neighbors.

A widower with a young wife! Ah, she will be the old bird's darling, for a year at least, they said, and consequently a charming neighbor—we will have a lawyer in the morning and the little Frenchman made fast enough, for they resolved to make no inquiry into the references, almost immediately.

Having directed the bill to be taken down, Mr. Martlet felt an uncomfortable sensation, as of a coming event casting its shadow before, and perching on the ridge of Squire Higgins' barn, he surveyed the prospect in general, and his late movement in particular. He was not quite confident of a favorable reception on the part of Mrs. Martlet, of the news he had to convey to her—she lived stylishly with her mother, and belonged to a rich family of French Martlets, so she had told him; she insisted on having the name called *martlet*, it was not to be confounded with the vulgar martins among whom they lived, she said.

"Whew!" said the mother-in-law, "just as if our complexion and accent did not attest our origin."

Sad misgivings passed through the mind of Mr. Martin as he sat on the ridge of the barn-roof—he knew his mother-in-law was exceeding proud and haughty, and that his wife was spirited he had some reason to believe—he had supposed they were rich, but on that point he was not perfectly advised—he had accidentally met his wife at a watering-place, and after three hours' courtship had proposed and been accepted. His mother-in-law had immediately thereafter taken Gen. Lofty's fine new house and given a brilliant entertainment; and, if he could judge from recent indications, she was about to throw aside her weeds and re-enter the state of conjugal felicity. She had more than intimated her desire to have the young people provide for themselves. And leaving Mr. Martin to such reflections as under the circumstances would naturally arise to his mind, we will turn to the dwelling of the bride and mother.

A fine old place was Gen. Lofty's, and a fine bird house he had, to be sure—the gardens, and fountains, and flowers, and everything about it was pleasant as pleasant could be.

The shadows of evening are falling, and the young wife has been expecting the husband for an hour—she is sitting at the window in no very amiable mood, because she is sure he might come if he would. Some wives would have been fearful lest an accident prevented the return of the beloved—not so she—there were no tears in her eyes, and no tremor in her nerves—it was not at all likely in her calm and cold survey that her

husband, who went forth well and strong two hours before, had been seized with the cholera or overtaken by robbers—it seemed much more likely to her clear survey that he had met some old crony, and was passing the time in a wayside chat, or that he was taking tea with some one of his lady friends—at this last thought she looked positively mad—and so ugly her husband would scarcely know her if he were suddenly to come in—and why should she not look as she feels, and feel as she pleases? She has been married two weeks, and her mother (just now on the roof of the house talking with a very dear friend) has told her repeatedly that if ever she is to have any privileges like other wives, it is time she had them. Suddenly she rises and shuts the window with a slam, exclaiming aloud, “really this is too bad, I’ll not watch any longer—he may stay away forever, for all I care! I could have taken forty houses!”

“What, my dear?” calls the mother, from the roof of the house—“pray, excuse me, my sweet friend, till I see what my daughter says,” and with a bewitching look she flutters down to the window, and in a tone which none of her friends would recognize, exclaims, “What in the name of sense keeps that old fool, your husband, so long away—the supper will be spoiled, and I shall be ashamed to have our visitor partake of it.”

“What did you insist on his remaining for?” asks the bride, “he has been here all the afternoon now, and beside that you have been together every day for the last month—do for decency’s sake come in the house and make your courtship, at any rate.”

“It’s none of your business where I court, nor when!” answers the mother—“I reckon I will do as I please in my own house—I only wish you and that stupid wretch you have married, had one of your own, for ever since you have been big enough to speak, you have been a torment to me!”

“Mercy knows you can’t be so glad to have me away, as I am to go,” answers the bride, sharply, and the gentleman on the roof drops down at the door and says, “I think, ladies, I must wish you a good evening.”

The bride nods her head and waves her wing gracefully by way of adieu—she is so intent on watching for her husband she scarcely notices the stranger, but the mother exclaims with more than her customary sweetness, “my dear sir, I will not hear one word of your going—I have promised myself the pleasure of drinking tea with you, and I am sure you can’t disappoint me.” So winning, and so appealing is her manner

that the visitor says he will take a turn around the grounds and be with them presently.

“Mercy! mother, what did you insist on his eating with us for—we have not enough for ourselves, you know,” says the bride, dashing backward and forward through the house.

“Shut up your mouth, or I will box your ears!” replies the mother—“I want him to go as badly as you, but I must be civil—you ought to have sense enough to try to make things seem more and better than they are—I am sure I have tried hard enough to teach you!”

“I wish all the feathers would drop out of your wings,” cries the bride, “you are the hateful old bird I ever seen, if you are my mother!”

“Another word and I’ll pick your eyes out!” rejoins the widow, making a sudden dash at her daughter. As she does so the visitor appears. “Ah, my dear friend,” she says in her very sweetest coo, “I was just going in search of you. We won’t wait one minute longer, shall we, sweetie? I expect sonny has had a long, hard search, poor boy.” This last was addressed aloud to her daughter, and approaching the door she affected to give one anxious look, and putting down her head as though she whispered some word of consolation to her troubled daughter, she gave her a sharp peck in the cheek and added aloud, “come, my dear, let us sit down at once—perhaps sonny will drink tea with some one of his many friends.”

The bride smiled, and scratching her mother under the table they sat down together. The widow had not the least appetite, *she said*, but nothing gave her so much pleasure as to see her friends eat heartily—if her visitor did not accept everything she offered she would really feel offended. “My dear daughter,” she would say, “do let me help you to a little of this, and this,” shaking her head at the same time, or thrusting her elbow into the side of the young lady.

“My dear madam,” said the guest, “how can you part with that lovely daughter?”

“Don’t mention it, pray,” she replied, “don’t let me see the dreadful truth so long as it can be kept off—we lived together so sweetly here—I really think I have a very naughty sonny to deprive me of my jewel, and here he comes, naughty little man!” and rising from the table she flew to meet him, as though her affectionate heart would not be restrained. It was not, however, pure love that prompted her action—she wished to say to him that he must pretend to have taken tea from home; inasmuch as there was not a mouthful in the house with which to replenish the table, and the guest had eaten all before him.

This went hard with the bridegroom, and he muttered something aside that sounded like a protest against having to live upon love; the bride gave him a look that seemed to say, "scratch for yourself, old fellow—little do I care whether you have had supper or not, leaving me two whole hours to amuse myself!"

The widow was quick to understand the glance and the muttering, and laughingly proposed to her visitor a trip to the barn for the sake of the air, and besides, the sentiment of lovers was such a bore, she said.

"Well, bridy," said the new-comer, when they were quite alone, "I have taken a house at last," and he sidled toward her with intent of saying how his affairs stood, and that the house was not so good as he wished, but as good as he was able to have.

But her reply was a very cold "indeed, sir," so that for sometime he remained silent. The bride was silent, too, and dropt her head under her wing as though she were not able to talk.

"What is the matter, my dear?" ventured the bridegroom, at length. She replied that her head ached badly, and impliedly blamed him for it, inasmuch as she said it had been brought on by watching for him.

The husband said he was sorry; but he did not believe she had a headache, and being a good deal hungry, and a little displeased, said no more, but complained of being tired and went to bed. Peeping from beneath her wing, the bride discovered that he was gone, and fluttered out of the house, saying between her teeth, "I'll show him if that is the way he is going to treat me." But what could she do? She and her mother were not on very amicable terms, as has been seen—she had as yet made no confidant—so, after a brief cry to herself, she picked up a nice supper of bugs and flew up to the roost, resolved to bide her time.

In the morning the widow was astir betimes. She would have the young folks out of her house, that she was determined on—for be it known to you, oh, reader, in confidence, she was about to get married, and wanted sole possession of the roost.

The moving was a terrible time, to be sure—the bride was still indisposed—perhaps on account of the fear she entertained that the new home would not be so stylish as the old one—indeed she would not have budged the whole day, but that her mother fairly picked her out of the house. There was in fact a general quarrel among them—the mother asserting that she was tired of seeing the faces of the young people, and that if they ever meant to begin housekeeping

for themselves it was time, and the daughter recriminating upon her that the match was of *her* making, and it was but fair she should give them house room. Indeed the quarrel rose to such a pitch that the poor husband was fain to take his wife on his back and sail off as best he could.

"Dear widow Martlet," said a bird, who chanced to be passing by shortly after the son-in-law had departed—"what is the matter? any thing new?"

The widow said no, (very mournfully) except that her sweet daughter had just left her, and it seemed to open afresh the old fountain of her grief.

"You must not mourn so, my friend," said the consoling bird, "your tears can't bring back the dead, you know—and as for your daughter, she has not removed from the neighborhood, I hope."

The widow choked down her anger and mortification at the little red house, though it was better than she had ever lived in till now, and said in the sweetest tone possible, that she could not consent to have her dear children far from her, and that for the sake of being near her, they had, for the present, taken Squire Higgins' house—her daughter was like herself, she said, and thought little of exteriors, keeping all things subordinate to the affections.

The consoler bird had duties at home, and presently took leave of the widow with a kiss, and thinking what a sweet, sorrowful creature she was.

That very day the visitor of the previous evening and the mournful widow were joined in the bands of matrimony. So much for outward appearances among birds!

Meantime there was a great deal of talk and gossip among the martins of the neighborhood—there had been a fine wedding party, and there always will be talk and gossip among martins on occasions of the kind—it was reported that the clergyman who officiated at the nuptials, received a piece of gold as big as Gen. Lofty's house for his services, and there was no counting the shining tail feathers, diamonds top-knots, silver ladles, &c., bestowed on the bride upon that most interesting occasion.

The widow Martin or Martlet, as she now called herself, had but that spring returned and taken the finest house in the neighborhood, after a year's absence, during which she reported herself as having been travelling in foreign parts, for the completion of her daughter's education. That she went away with a husband, and very poor, and had come back a rich widow, was all that was really known—everybody had their own

thoughts—martins always will have their own thoughts, but it was generally believed that the rich relatives she had met abroad had bestowed upon her much gold—it was variously estimated to be from five thousand quarts to twenty million barrels!

Of course the widow was exceedingly popular, the brightness of the twenty million barrels of gold might perhaps have reflected back upon her—certain it is, her manifold excellencies shone out with greater lustre than formerly.

All the birds said they had always known what a sweet, modest, generous, self-sacrificing creature the widow was, but in some way it had happened that they had never spoken it! She was handsome too, but for her constant mourning for her poor husband who had died on their travels—they all pitied her so, and many of them spent their last sixpence to buy some little delicacy which it was possible she might like.

But who can rightly understand what is in the hearts of martins from the houses they live in, or in fact from what they say? That the bride was beautiful was generally conceded, and that she had done nothing all her life but oil her feathers was plainly to be seen—the great wonder was that she should leave so sweet a mother, and so fine a house for a poor, plain widower—they could account for it in no way, but that there was no accounting for the predilections—moreover it was supposed that she had money enough, and cared not whether or not her husband were rich—as to the little red house, it was evidently taken for the sake of being near the mother, and rich people were likely to be above small pride.

A few of the young ladies thought the widower had been singularly blind to the attractions of certain young ladies they knew, and that to have married a lady he had known a little longer would have been as wise—they did not mean themselves any of them—of course not.

But to return to the tenants of Squire Higgins as they appeared in their own house. No sooner were they gotten there than the wife, who had been hitherto only sulky, found a voice and began to scold. It was a pretty-looking place to bring a bride, and from such an own mother's house as she had come from—why did her husband not tell her what a mean old house he had taken, so at least she might in some sort have prepared her feelings.

"Because you were angry," he replied, "and would not listen to me."

"That is false," says the wife, "I was sick and my feelings were hurt, but you are a cruel, ungrateful husband," and she begins to cry.

"Ungrateful!" he replies, "I did not see any thing to be especially grateful for last night," for he has not forgotten going supperless to bed, and martins are apt to retort upon their wives for wilful neglect.

"What are you to give for the place? at any price it would be dear," said the wife, not heeding the last remark of her husband.

He was by this time in no mood to soften matters, and replied without evasion, "ten thousand songs a month, madam, for the house, and the privilege of the hop-vine, peach tree and bee-hives."

The wife lifted up her wings in astonishment, and having made the exclamation, "I did not think you were quite such a fool!" dropt down in one corner of the room in what seemed to the husband a swoon, for he had never seen a fit of that nature before.

Under the circumstances what could he do but bill and coo a little? When the lady wife recovered sufficiently to speak, she declared that for her part she would never go near the hop-vine nor the peach tree, and that the swarming of the bees would perfectly distract her, and as for the ten thousand songs, she would never open her mouth to sing one of them—her mate might pay the rent the best way he could—she had not been consulted, and she would not be responsible.

Such a din as she made almost deafened the miserable husband, and he was fain to say he had made a bad bargain, and that he would never ask her to swing with him on the peach tree or the hop-vine, and that furthermore he would watch the bees, and when they gave indications of swarming, he would carry her on his back out of hearing.

"And now, my dear," he concluded, "shan't we go forth and pick our meal together?"

But the wife said she did not feel as if she could walk one step—"Not if I take your wing under mine?" asked the husband, fondly.

No, it was quite impossible. "Shall I take you on my back, my dear?" he urged.

No, she did not think she could be moved at all.

So the poor fellow went forth to pick his own meal, and something for his wife into the bargain.

Pretty accurately the little bird could calculate how long her husband would be absent, for she was used to picking, and as soon as he was well out of view, she flew forth and snuffed the sweetness of the hop-vine, took a swing on the peach tree, and alighting by the bee-hives picked up a leg or two of the dead bees in her way, and sweetened her bill with a little of the honeycomb. She was about returning home, when glancing

stealthily about, she espied a handsome young bird on the gable of the old squire's house; and whether she fancied he looked better than her husband, and that a match might have been possible under other circumstances, I don't know, for it is a difficult thing to tell what birds think, sometimes, but certain it is that she perched on the roof of her own house, and twittered one of the merriest and most coquettish songs she had ever sung—and furthermore it is certain that if such evil and unfaithful thoughts did come into her head, she herself had met temptation, and if she had been picking her meal with her husband, as she should have been, the accident would not have happened.

She did not seem to regard it as an unfortunate accident herself; at all events, she appeared better and livelier on her husband's return, and ate the food he brought her with great relish. Of course he was delighted, and they passed the night amicably.

But domestic happiness will not stay among birds unless both shut their wings upon it—one may try ever so hard, but all in vain, and there was little oneness of mind betwixt the birds I write of, I am afraid. Whether it was from seeing the bright bird on the gable, I know not, but the morning afterward the wife thought the plumage of her husband unusually dull, and ventured to hint as much.

"Very true," he replied, "I am neither young nor handsome, but I love you as well as though I were, and perhaps you will spare me a little oil now and then."

"Spare you oil, indeed! a modest request, to be sure; I don't expect to have more oil than I shall want for my own feathers, and if I had, I would not waste it upon your old dull coat—I never saw a dress fade as yours has since we were married."

She did not look beneath the dress, I am afraid, or she would have seen a heart willing to do the best it could, but unfortunately for her, she was a bird whose eyes could not very well see through feathers.

After contemplating his dull coat a few minutes in no very happy mood, as may be supposed, the husband suggested the propriety of setting about nest building.

"I am not well enough to fly out," said the wife, "and if you had my feeling you could see it, unless you are so old you are blind!"

The little husband drew himself up, and replied that he was not quite so blind as he *had* been, and turning his head on one side, he looked at the lady bird as though she were so little and mean he could hardly see her.

"I'll teach you to look at me!" she screamed, and pouncing at him gave him such a pick in the head as brought the blood.

"I wish I had never seen you," he said, in a tone of deadly anger, and putting on his hat he went out of the house without intimating where he was going, or what after.

"I am not going to stay in this dismal old house, and alone and sick, see if I am," said the spirited lady, and concealing her eyes with a veil she set off for her mother's, and there related all her trials and sufferings, crying all the while, as was natural for an injured wife to do. Of course the mother could only see that her daughter was all right, and her daughter's husband all wrong, as was quite natural to a mother under the circumstances; and when she had very judiciously comforted her darling by putting her nicely in bed, and feeding her with all the delicacies of the house, she told her, as was very right and proper, that while *she* lived and had a house for her to come to, she would not see her abused—she would see that her husband treated her as a daughter of hers had a right to be treated, and furthermore, she advised that the wife should not stir one inch till the tyrannical wretch, her husband, came for her, and carried her home on his back—what else was a husband's back for?

And here the two ladies made themselves very funny about the dull, faded coat of the poor husband, and moreover, they had both discovered, much about the same time, that he had monstrous ugly feet and big eyes!

"Now don't you stir one foot toward home," was the parting advice of the mother, as she left the side of her daughter for a few minutes, to attend her household affairs. "And when the ugly fellow comes after you, I'll teach him his duty toward you! There is nothing for a married bird like getting her mother to help her in all little troubles."

Now when Mr. Martin went forth from his house it was without any definite object, and having perched in the farther eave of the barn, and calmly thought the matter all over, he did not see, that, under the circumstances, he could do better than return to the house, make peace with his wife, and build a nest like other people. On returning, as the reader knows, he found his house empty—his wife had gone and made no sign. We can judge but very imperfectly of the feelings of a bird under such circumstances, but the supposition is, they were not happyfying.

At first he dashed himself down as if in despair, and finding, seemingly, no relief, got up again, and with a sort of wild envy set to work

gathering material for a nest. Not thinking of what he was about, it happened that he often picked the wrong article, for neither birds nor men can work with good result while their heart is distracted.

He had soon quite a quantity together, but perhaps his wife would never return to build the nest, so what was the use; and so much did this thought weigh upon him, that he finally abandoned the nest-making. He was constantly annoyed, too, by the dropping in of visitors to inquire how they were getting on, and when it would be agreeable to himself and Mrs. Martlet to drink tea with them.

"They will think it strange," thought he, "to see me at work alone," so he forced spirits and said, "Mrs. Martlet would regret not seeing them—she had just dropt in at her mother's for a moment, and he was *amusing* himself with work in her absence," and in truth I don't see what better a bird could have said, under the circumstances. Nevertheless, he did not satisfy himself nor his visitors—he fancied they would discover his deception in some way, for there is an atmosphere of discomfort in an unhappy bird house that makes itself felt.

So he left working, more and more irritated and pained; and full of curiosity, and a little touched with sympathy, the callers one after another flew home, saying, "poor Mr. Martin!"

Hour after hour went by, and poor Mr. Martin worried them through, doing a little of everything, but nothing effectually. Sometimes he went up to the roof and tried to sing by way of making Squire Higgins' payment, but his throat was out of tune, for a bird can't sing when his wife has run away in anger. He saw night coming, but not his mate—he saw no other way but that he must go in search of her, for birds are afraid of scenes, and will sometimes do things against their inclinations to prevent occasion for it. So having prepared supper and swept out the house, and made all tidy and comfortable as he could, he bent his wing in the direction of his mother-in-law's house.

We leave the scene of his arrival to be imagined. Suffice it that he agreed to the mother bird's requisitions, and it may be supposed they demanded a good deal; and so soon as the shades of night began to deepen, so that he might not be mortified by being seen by any of his friends, flew home with his wife on his back. Now it happened that not a few of the industrious, hard-working martins were out late gathering stuff for nests, so the newly-married pair were seen and recognized in spite of their caution, and the scandal was aggravated by the fact that it was

dark, for it showed that they were ashamed, as they would not have been, if there had been any just cause for the husband to carry his wife.

In vain Mr. Martlet said he did not care, and in vain Mrs. Martlet said she did not care—both did care, and for a few days thereafter jogged along with no outward indication of the quarrels in-doors.

Sometimes they took their meals together, and sometimes apart—Mrs. Martlet threw away half the material brought for the nest, often asserting that she did not care whether she had any nest at all or not, picking her husband when he displeased her, and threatening once an hour to go home to her mother and remain there.

In such infelicity as this a rude nest was completed. Having laid the eggs, the wife said she had done her part and would not sit, upon which the husband agreed to sit one half the time, greatly against his free will, but what else could he do under the circumstances?

During the incubation Mrs. Martlet was unusually sullen and exacting—while her husband kept the nest she flew about swinging on the peach tree and the hop-vine, and visiting the bees now and then; and sometimes it happened that she saw the handsome stranger previously mentioned.

He was really a beautiful bird, and perhaps her glances expressed her admiration, for the young stranger came often that way, and by degrees there grew a friendship up between them. He did not scruple to express high esteem and regard for the lady-bird, and in terms so warm that more was implied than spoken—she looked so like a sister of his—he felt drawn toward her, he said, and now and then he perched on the old gable, and boldly sang a love *ditty* when the lady was out of view, but in hearing. It was not meant for anybody in particular, he said to himself, and songs did not mean anything. The husband, however, did not like the stranger, and by signs which birds know how to interpret, showed him that he had best make his visits a little less frequent.

One day when the lady saw her husband fix his sharp eyes on the bright coat of the stranger as though he would claw it to pieces, she called him to come and sit right down beside her—not another minute would she sit on the nest unless he kept by her side—she had not made one call since she was married without finding the husband close by the nest side—she was so lonesome and so tried, he must stay and talk with her; but subterfuges can't be resorted to long amongst birds without danger of discovery, and the husband soon suspected that it was not his wife's

love that induced her demand; beside, it was absolutely requisite that he should go abroad for meat and drink. It is not improbable that he was glad to escape from her presence, for she scolded and picked him constantly when he was within her reach.

Finding that he would go forth, the wife said he must return by such an hour, or she would positively leave the nest and let the eggs go to ruin.

"I will return, if possible," said the husband, and flew forth—certainly with the intention of being prompt.

He met such little detentions, however, as birds will meet with, and on looking at his watch found that the time was nearly expired: and with a nice titbit in his mouth, flew with all his might toward home. Suddenly his wings dropt—could he believe his eyes, and was that his wife swinging on the peach tree with the bright-coated stranger? Yes, it was true, and she was chirping in her sweetest tone—for a moment he stops, and with ruffled feathers seems to be clutching at his dagger, for he fancies the stranger means himself when he hears him say of some bird, "he is a cross old fellow and don't deserve to have a mate," and such other broken sentences as "gone a whole half hour! I can hardly believe it." And when he adds that "to watch at the nest side of so sweet a bird would be esteemed the most blessed privilege of his life," the widower feels that the sweet bird alluded to is his wife—it may not be, but such is his impression, and when she answers, "believe me, all married birds are tyrants," he can endure it no longer, and pouncing upon the bright-coated intruder, he gives him such a thrust in the side as sends him whizzing to the ground, and seizing his wife by the wing, leads her home in a hurry. High words ensue—the husband denouncing his wife as alike regardless of private virtue and public censure—a pretty story, he says, if she is not to be trusted while he goes out for a meal—he wants and will have no faithless wife. And when she replies that she was simply exchanging compliments with a neighbor, and taking a mouthful of air after a weary sitting for his sake—he replies gravely and loftily that his wife "must not even be suspected!"

He will have obedience; he will have new regulations of some sort—he won't and can't live any longer as he is living.

Mrs. Martlet asseverates that she sat for a whole half minute longer than the time agreed on, and that she will not be imposed on by any bird—much less an old, ugly one—she has a mother's house to go to, and she will go there, and stay there too, if such a fuss is to be made

every time she speaks civilly to a friend—she would as soon be dead at once as have the eyes of a jealous husband on her every moment of her life—she is actually afraid to look out of the window, and she sneeringly advises her husband to arm himself with a revolver and tie himself to her apron-string, lest she should say how do you do? to some man upon some occasion, and he not hear what she said.

But enough that they quarreled till the eggs were addled, seeing which they quarreled about that till it was night and bed-time. Mr. Martlet retired first, and so disposed himself as to leave no room for his wife, who, after having a *good cry*, took her silver spoons beneath her wing, and through the night and alone, made her way to her mother's.

All that was said and done need not be recorded—at the end of a week of estrangement, however, the unhappy parties were brought together—a lawyer was called, and arrangements effected providing a maintenance and separate apartments for the wife, together with some other liberties which she considered essential to her happiness. It was the fashion among French martlets, she said, for husbands and wives to see as little of one another as possible.

So the pair returned to the red house—the husband hiring a coach and six cats for the conveyance of his wife thither, and neither speaking to the other during the drive. It looked well to do, however, and all the birds that saw them said, "how happy they must be!"

How the new regulations succeeded is not known, for one morning, about a week after the quarrel, the old squire might have been heard to say, after shading his eyes long with his hand and gazing at the bird house, "Dorothy, I believe in my heart the French martins are gone—tail and top-knot—deuce take them!"

And sure enough he was right, Gen. Lofty's house was deserted at the same time, and where and why the French martlets were gone, was for a while the wonder of the neighborhood.

Rumors most unfavorable to their characters were, however, soon afloat; for much about the time of their disappearance, an old blind bird came into the neighborhood, who professed to be the husband of the bird who had called herself a widow, and furthermore, he stated, that, while living in a neighborhood not many miles distant, where as he said they had been they last year—and not travelling abroad, as themselves had reported, his wife and daughter had actually picked his eyes out and deserted him in the most cruel manner, after having all his life treated him in the unkindest way that ever in the world a

husband and father was treated. He was taken up for dead, he said, and nursed by a good bird, who had perhaps never been heard of out of her own house, and having recovered contrary to his desire, had resolved to follow his wife and demand some provision for his old age, having heard that she was married to a retired gambler who was rich; but on presenting himself, both wife and daughter disowned and turned him out of doors, upon which he was forced to make his story known to strangers, and solicit charity. "Their flight," he said, "was a sufficient proof of their dishonesty."

Some of those who heard credited the story—among them the *friend* of the young Mrs. Martlet, who had been wont to sing love-songs on the gable of the old squire's house. Indeed he was loudest in his denunciations, and clapt his bright wings in glee over every imputation of her faithlessness and immodesty. The neighborhood ought to publicly rejoice that it was rid of her, and often winking one eye intimated that he might tell most astounding things, were it not that he hated scandal.

Some few old birds professed to recognize the blind one and to verify his story, but the majority believed him an imposter, and would not entertain, or in any way assist or comfort him. In their

opinion the French martlets were the sweetest and most injured people in the world—persecuted out of house and home, indeed, by a miserable old vagabond, and the credulity of a parcel of gossips. So one half the people lamented their departure, while the other half denounced them as the wickedest and most infamous wretches in the world. If it be with birds as with men, I suspect the truth lay between the two extremes.

It is certain that Squire Higgins never received the exorbitant rent he expected, not a tithe of it, and that the red house stood vacant till the next year, when another consultation with Dorothy was held, and it was resolved to put the old place in thorough repair as the likeliest means of securing a good tenant at an early day. They further concluded to ask about what the house was worth, and say nothing of the privileges of the hop-vine, peach tree and bee-hives, and to let it to any respectable applicant, even though he should have a dozen children, or propose to keep boarders.

"The golden rule is the best, after all," said the squire, wiping his spectacles as he looked at the freshly painted house, "but mind, Dorothy," he concluded, "if any French martlets come about, that you treat them just as coolly as that rule will admit of."

ANGEL VISITANTS.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

In the sweet twilight hour when softly sleep
The low South winds, and not a murmuring tone
Comes to the earth-born, and bright spirits keep

Their watch above the weary and the lone—
Are their soft breathings in the low, sweet sigh,
That softly like a music tone comes sweeping by?

Do their sweet voices mingle with the stream
That sings so softly through the sunlit dell,
Or through the quivering leaves of brightest green,
To weary ones soft whisper, "All is well?"
Do their bright forms e'er linger round the flowers
That bloom so sweetly in earth's fairest bowers?

Is it their voices in the moaning wind
That sweeps the snow-robed hills and plains to-day?
Is it a wail that spirits earthward bind
To watch their kindred pinioned in the clay?
Oh! do bright spirits fondly watch us here,
At the glad altar, and the mourning bier?

Are the dim forms that visit us in dreams
Of loved ones, who beneath the clouds are sleeping?
To the soul's inborn depths as fondly real,
As the dull earthly cares that silent weeping,
Come o'er the spirit, and that fain would chill
All brighter thoughts that linger o'er us still?

Do spirits in the stillness of the lone, dark night
E'er whisper to the guilty, burdened heart,
And bring it forms of dazzling, glorious light,
That wake the soul with terror quickly start?
Oh, come to us, some voice from earth-life fled,
And tell us of the brightened paths ye daily tread.

Come to the hearth, grown silent since the voice
Of one fond loved hath died from there away,
And bid the wearied hearts once more rejoice,
As backward in the past through happy days,
When by the hearth-stone now so sadly lone,
They heard the loved one's voice with music in its tone.

Come to the mother, who hath laid her child
Down in its cherub sweetness to a long, long rest,
And raise the wandering thoughts that sadly wild,
Course like an angry flood her wearied breast,
Come whisper in her ear, that "bright in Heaven
Lives the sweet bud that God to her had given."

Flood with your happy words the wide, wide earth,
Lift up the lowly, teach them of a home,
Where streams flow onward in their joyous mirth,
And silver stars shine in a cloudless dome,
Come while bright wreaths for mortal brows ye bring,
And of thy happy homes in Heaven ye sing.

THE CALICO BALL-DRESS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

OUR hero, Mr. Hampton, who was largely engaged in the manufacture of iron, was last winter obliged to discharge many of his hands, and for a time to stop work altogether, as with the slack demand for the article he manufactured, he could not meet his expenses.

The despairing entreaties of some of his best workmen, who had been with him for years, for any kind of employment, led Mr. Hampton to think deeply, and use every exertion to relieve in part the misery he had been compelled by necessity to inflict.

Among those whose welfare he made especially his care, was the family of his foreman, which consisted of a wife and nine children, the eldest of whom a tall and fine-looking girl of sixteen years, was a seamstress, and thankful for work at the usual low rates. But he had not only charged himself with the care of this family, there were at least twenty others belonging to his workmen who looked to him for assistance. It may well be imagined that with so many dependants he was often at a loss, even with the aid of soup societies and church charities, to find wherewithal to feed them, warm them, house them, and keep them clothed.

Among his friends was Mrs. Bellington, the enviable mother of six young daughters; the eldest, Emily, being only seventeen years of age. Emily was very beautiful so far as external beauty goes—tall, very fair, with jet black hair, blue eyes, and a proudly, graceful carriage. She was to “come out” this winter.

Filled with the one subject of his thoughts, Mr. Hampton did not fail to make it the theme of conversation in the motherly presence of Mrs. Bellington, who always took much interest in Mr. Hampton's plans. She made him her almoner, and it was necessary that he should discuss his projects at her house. Emily listened to his tales of poverty with deep attention, and Mr. Hampton learned to expect the warm glance of sympathy from those blue eyes, which whether for the poor or not, looked lovely and genuine.

Mr. Hampton, one evening, was asked, by Mrs. Bellington, to go to a calico ball.

“Combining duty with pleasure! benevolence with self-gratification! The rich must have pleasures, and it is true charity to make them

thus minister to the wants of the poor.” So reasoned Mrs. Bellington.

The receipts from the sale of tickets were to be given to the poor, together with all the dresses worn by ladies and gentlemen on that occasion.

“And then, Mr. Hampton, it will be our sweet Emily's first ball. How touching to have her begin her life in the world, thus sacrificing all the vanities of dress for the sake of the poor.”

Mr. Hampton was persuaded the plan was a good one, and he longed to see Emily at her first ball, so he made arrangements to go. His object being much more charitable than self-sacrificing, he purchased for the occasion a strong, thick suit of clothes, considerably too wide for elegance, but excellent for working in, and looked, when dressed, like a handsome, stalwart carpenter or mason. Quite satisfied with himself, he called according to agreement for Mrs. Bellington and Emily.

The ladies were dressed and muffled in opera cloaks. Emily looked out from her white vapor-like nubie as pretty as a Venus emerging from her natal sea-foam. Mr. Hampton's one glance was enough to bewilder him, and make him feel as they rode along in the dark an exquisite, mysterious sense of the beauty living, breathing so near him.

When the ladies rejoined him before entering the ball-room, Emily—though she had lost with her nubie the little cloud of mystery which had so enhanced her charms—certainly looked like a “perfect beauty” in a proud and happy mood.

Mr. Hampton's eyes rested upon her, taking admiring note of each charming particular—of her dark curls turned back from her delicately tinted young cheek, and showing the bottom of an ear so white as to look like a pearl in the shadow of her hair. Her blue dress was charming in its simplicity, and Mr. Hampton, forgetting its future destination, did not observe that though it was of cotton, it was of a texture so fine, and a color so delicate, that it could hardly be called calico. A garland made of a raw heath, the tiny white bells of which hung in such profusion as almost to conceal the fine feathery foliage, shone above those dark curls, and made an airy crown for her graceful head. It seemed the perfection of a head-dress, and he

never thought that at this charity ball Emily was to be decorated with flowers almost as precious as gems, and which would perish in doing credit to her taste. With a glance that dared not dwell upon the beauty before him, he also perceived the exquisite form and snowy hue of the neck and arms.

In fact, he was bewitched, and unconsciously indulged in a long, wrapt gaze, which Emily's conscious blush and drooped eyelids showed she felt and understood. Mrs. Bellington looked at him meanwhile with eyebrows archly raised, and a smile of satisfaction upon her countenance.

He felt the proudest man that walked the earth as Emily leaned upon his arm in entering the ball-room, while her mother followed with a friend. Yes, *he*, the sensible, not very young philanthropist, was proud of the incarnated folly and vanity which made so beautiful a show—and she of whom he was so proud, was even now blushing with annoyance because he wore so inelegant a coat!

All seemed satisfied with themselves, and in the best of spirits, as if virtue were bringing its own reward. The dancing was never more light-hearted. If a few were disposed to laugh at some of the costumes chosen for the poor, they did not say so to the wearers, and all went on prosperously until the leader of ton arrived, and as the whispers went around all eyes turned to her. Thus many a cheek glowed with disappointment, many a glance fell uneasily upon the wearer's dress, many a person felt self-convicted of silliness. For the beauty, the heiress, the belle of the city wore a stout, high-necked, dark calico dress, and as just self-adornment was not forgotten while charity was remembered, the dress was so becoming as to enhance the beauty both of face and form of the wearer.

After greeting the hostess, Miss Clare cast a glance around, and an irresistible smile stole over her face. That smile Mr. Hampton saw and read. A glance at Emily's finery brought the vivid blush of shame to his cheek. Many times he examined Miss Clare's dress as if to find some incongruity there that would excuse Emily. He could see nothing to cavil at but the perfection of the fit.

"No poor work-woman has such a superb form," he thought. But Miss Clare was above the middle size, and he could not deny that many a work-woman might wear that dress with comfort.

While still ruminating in displeased mood on Emily's want of sense in her dress, he perceived that Miss Clare wished to speak to him, and making his way to her side he bowed, while she said laughingly,

"Do keep me in countenance! My calico is only not ashamed to be seen near your coat."

"Your calico has less cause for shame than many here," Hampton answered, somewhat bitterly.

"But I ought to be most heartily ashamed of my want of tact. Only think of my setting up for a 'Charity,' and making my dark gown a rebuke to the assembly! But you have erred likewise. We must be friends and bear one another out."

"I think we have acted only according to agreement, and to what was the design of the ball. How do you think poor, freezing people will feel in those flimsy half-dresses?"

"Oh, the money from the tickets is the main object, and this calico plan was doubtless to make the ball take the fancy, and to give good folks a charitable reason for indulging in a little pleasure. All the dresses worn to-night which are unsuitable, will perhaps be laid aside and others substituted. I might have done so too, and not made a show of my charity. But now that it is done, I intend to bear it out bravely, and who knows but what we may set the fashion for the next ball?"

Mr. Hampton and Miss Clare, after a long conversation, danced together, and Mrs. Bellington bit her lip as she watched them. She began to fear that in making Emily's personal beauty her chief attraction she had erred, and that perhaps it would have been better to have made some display of the goodness of her heart. While cogitating how to show off Emily in another light her carriage came, and she departed with Emily and Mr. Hampton, whose knowledge of the character of both mother and daughter was considerably increased by their attempts to place Miss Clare's conduct in a ridiculous light, and generally to detract from her character as they rode home.

The next morning a package arrived at his house. It contained the dresses worn by Emily and Mrs. Bellington the previous evening, together with some substantial calico, not made up, and a note requesting him to dispose of them as he thought best.

Mr. Hampton—after mentally dressing up each of his pensioners in the blue, short-sleeved dress, only restrained from laughter by his disappointment in Emily, and his regret at the folly of woman-kind in general—finally thought of one whom he thought the dress might fit, and he immediately sent it to Lucy, his foreman's daughter.

In the evening of the same day he visited her father's house. When he knocked, a little child

hastily opened the door which entered their sitting-room, and he beheld Lucy standing before the glass arrayed in the blue dress, just shaking down her golden hair, and laughing with girlish joy to see how pretty she looked. Mr. Hampton had seen her face in the glass, and caught its expression before she saw him entering the opening door. It gave him a pang of anxiety to see that usually modest, sensible girl so taken up with her finery, that even the presence of a stranger could not distract her dazzled eyes from her unwontedly pretty reflection.

His fears were well grounded. He called one evening about a week afterward and found her mother in tears. She said Lucy had gone with some good-for-nothing beau to a ball, and she was sure ill would come of it. Lucy must show herself off in her fine gown. It was *that* put it into her head to go. She never thought of such a thing before, and she wouldn't have got to go now if her father had not been away. She would take no counsel from *her*. What would be the end of it? With her pretty face and her foolishness, and the wicked who lie in wait at these balls, she would be sure to fall into some snare.

Mr. Hampton comforted the mother, and went away with a heart angry at the folly of both rich and poor. He found on his return home a note awaiting him from Miss Clare. It informed him that his little protegee Lucy had gone with that lady's coachman to a very disreputable ball, and begged him to see her safely home from it, as the coachman would certainly become intoxicated, and be no fit protector for her. A jealous

servant had betrayed him to Miss Clare, and she lost no time in doing what she could to save the young girl from harm or annoyance.

"At least there is one right-minded, warm-hearted woman in the world," said Mr. Hampton, hopefully, after reading the note.

He instantly repaired to the ball-room, and rescued the frightened Lucy from such a scene of tumult and wild license, as to call a blush to her cheek throughout her whole life, when she remembered that she had insisted upon going, and that Mr. Hampton found her there. She took to heart the few kind, but reproving words he addressed to her on their way home, and fortunately her ball-dress ministered to no more vanity, for a glance at it never failed to overwhelm her with shame, until it was remodeled into little frocks for her sisters.

Mr. Hampton called to thank Miss Clare for her womanly interest in Lucy, and in speaking of his plans for this family and others, found a judicious, though not obtrusive adviser.

I need not trouble myself to note the result of such an acquaintance as now sprung up between Miss Clare and Mr. Hampton, for every reader's imagination will suggest it. I cannot yet say "they were married and lived happily all their days," as so short a time has elapsed since the ball, but I can prophecy as much.

As for Emily, it cost her but little to give up Mr. Hampton. She said to her mother, that from the night she saw him at the ball in those shocking clothes, she felt there was something ungentlemanly and coarse about him!

THE SPRING'S RETURN.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

THE balmy Spring has come again,
Sweet with the breath of op'ning flowers;
The peeping v'ilets gem the glen,
And Flora decks the budding bowers.
There's music on the morning air,
And incense on each passing breeze,
Beauty has touched with fingers fair
Each object that the vision sees.
I hear the woodlark's measure wild,
As swift he cuts the dewy air—
Oh, God in mercy must have smiled
Upon a scene so brightly fair.
I hear the "drowsy drone" of bees
That suck the sweets from new-born flowers;
I hear the robin 'mong the trees,
In praise of Spring-time's joyous hours.

But gentle Spring with all her store
Of joy and loveliness, can bring
To my unhappy heart no more
The joy that I am coveting.
The woodlark doth as sweetly sing
As when I was my Willie's bride—
That song for me hath had a sting
Since that sad Spring my Willie died.

Nature was smiling sweetly then,
And earth was fair on every side
As he was laid in yonder glen—
My heart's first love, my heart's first pride.
Now dearer far are Wintry hours,
With piercing winds and freezing snows,
For Spring with birds, and bees and flowers,
Breaks up the fountain of my woes.

OUR DOG.
BEING A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ARTHUR had sat for a long while, an *unreasonably* long while, I thought, at his writing-desk, pretending (what wicked genius made me put *that* in?) that he was writing a letter to his mother; and I had sat, for the same length of time, curled up in my favorite arm-chair and wondering that he could exist so long without looking at me.

Not that I am at all more given to vanity than most brides; but it is only three months since two decidedly foolish-looking people were to be seen, arm-in-arm, gazing at the natural curiosities with which mother earth is so bountifully supplied; and these same people then thought it a mighty pretty thing to whisper to each other, "Whither *thou* goest *I* will go"—*now*, however—

Arthur turned around with a beaming smile, as he said, "I am writing about *you*, now;" and I stopped in the midst of my reflections to wonder if I had not been rather hasty. The same old story of man's deceit and woman's trust; it is half-an-hour, by the clock, since he opened his lips to me before, and the very first sentence has put a stop to my pouting!

But I will be revenged upon him; I have been pondering over the whole affair, from our very first meeting, and wondering how this state of things came about. I feel very much like a person in a dream; and had it not been for a dog—yes, actually a dog—I might still have been roaming in what Amanda Malvina Fitz-Allan calls the dear vale of my childhood.

Arthur smiled at my resolute air, as I seated myself with a quire of foolscap; and after begging me not to turn bluestocking, he pursued his scribbling as calmly as though the small circumstance of my existence had quite escaped his memory.

How did I happen to meet with Arthur? Yes, that was the starting point.

Fan and I had grown up as unrestrained as two wild things, although we were city-born, city-bred, and city-polished; but mamma was always busy with dressing and visiting, and papa was busy with *business*; so the moral education of both of us seemed to fall to me—

which fully accounts for the fact of our being no better.

At the age of eight years, I was quite an independent young lady, and wandered about the neighborhood making visits to an extent that must have alarmed them. On one occasion, a family of considerable distinction, with whom we had no visiting acquaintance, gave a large party to which I determined that we should go. I dressed myself and Fan, who being what country people call "a scary little thing" was marvellously still under the operation; and when mamma was fairly off, we stole down through the front hall.

We made our *entree* with much composure, and attracted considerable attention.

"And who are these little girls?" asked the lady of the house, as she approached us and laid her hand on my sister Fanny's curls.

"We are Judge N——'s daughters," I replied, promptly; "you don't know us," I continued, "but I knew that if you did you would have asked us to the party, so I concluded to come without."

My father's name was well-known and respected; several persons spoke to us; and after a very pleasant evening, we were sent home in triumph.

But my father was extremely angry; he reprimanded us severely, and then sought my mother.

"Cornelia," said he, in a resolute tone, "those children must be attended to."

"Just what I have been telling you," replied my mother, "we must send them to boarding-school."

To boarding-school we were accordingly sent; and there were passed the most weary years of our existence. I bemoaned in vain the party-going propensity which had brought affairs to this crisis; and, determined to excite compassion at any cost, Fan and I began to grow thin and pale with all our mights.

This answered the desired end; papa was frightened, and took home two such shadowy-looking damsels that mamma herself declared that something must be done.

A family council was held upon the matter; we were too young to come out yet—I being but seventeen, and Fan only fifteen—so a summer in a quiet country-place would be the very thing to bring back our roses and dimples. A rural mania suddenly seized the whole family; it would be so pleasant to get a fresh, pure taste of mother earth—to roll among the buttercups and daisies—to rake over the fresh hay—and to do fifty things that city people never *think* of doing when they go into the country.

The place selected was charming—far enough from the road to be cool and romantic—and with a side-gate, at which our boarding-school imaginations had already established a love-smitten young gentleman. But all this was nothing compared to Sirius.

A noble Newfoundland dog of the hugest size was Sirius; one with whom we could roam about the country and feel perfectly protected; the very climax, in short, to our rurality—for who *could* be rural without a large dog? So we called him Sirius, or the dog-star.

What delightful walks Fan and I had, with our great hats à la gypsy, and our shaggy protector, who threw a picturesque air over the group, and who not unfrequently trotted along crowned, like a victor, with a wreath of greens. Our only regret was that there should be no one there to see!

Every one in the house, except mamma, became attached to Sirius; papa looked upon him as a valuable piece of property, and, never having owned a dog before, imagined that it increased his importance—the servants found him useful in carrying baskets—and all had *some* reason for liking him.

Except mamma, as I said before; but between her and Sirius there constantly intervened the phantom of a cherry-pie. A fine, large one, with the cherries all stoned, and everything complete about it; made especially with reference to the palate of some distinguished visitor, who had been duly informed of the compliment; when, just as the cook had placed it on the steps to cool, Sirius, attracted by the savory smell, seized it, dish and all—but pies just out of the oven are apt to be hot, and his dogship threw it hastily upon the ground and made his escape. Both dish and pie were broken to fragments—the visitor was disappointed—and mamma never loved Sirius.

But we were fully disposed to pardon any little peccadillas on the part of our favorite; and thought that Sirius' fancy for cherry-pie was perfectly excusable.

We set forth, one bright, June morning, for a

long day in the woods—Sirius carrying our lunch, and Fan and I provided each with a novel and a very Penelope-ish piece of embroidery, for it never seemed to advance one stitch. We did a great many extravagant things, that day; we took off our Bloomers to fan with, and let down whole waves of dark curls, that floated here and there in the wildest confusion. Fan had a skirmish with a huge bramble-bush that left a great rent in her dress, and I stepped both feet in some treacherous mud-puddle—so that we were about a match for each other.

Rather weary with our day's adventures, we were approaching the bar-fence over which we climbed into a field, Sirius being some distance ahead of us—when we heard a low whistle, and then a call of, "Porter! Porter!" in tones of delight and recognition.

Sirius made a sudden bound; and then stood wagging his tail and rejoicing beside a young gentleman who—well, after all, he didn't look so very different from other men.

"So, old fellow!" said he, "you've been playing truant, have you? I hope you've had a nice time of it?"

To all of which Sirius continued wagging his tail, and we continued standing—feeling quite willing that the gentleman should amuse himself with our dog for a few moments.

The stranger's eye, at length, fell upon us, and his glance expressed both surprise and amusement; while we, remembering our condition, began to feel very much embarrassed. He bowed politely; and, with another whistle and a call of "Porter!" this very free and easy gentleman walked off with Sirius beside him.

In vain we shouted "Sirius! Sirius!"—the sound had ceased to charm him; and we stood there, two disconsolate damsels, seeing nothing in the distance but the tail of a coat and the tail of a dog floating off together.

The whole thing had been so sudden that we could scarcely realize it, and we walked home in a sort of dream.

Papa's rage was almost indescribable.

"It was a mean, shabby trick," he said, "to entice a dog away in that style—and he was determined to have justice, if justice was to be had!"

Mamma said nothing; but I knew that she felt inwardly grateful to the kidnapper of Sirius, whoever he might be.

Fan and I were ensconced in our pleasant window, watching papa's retreating figure, as he strode resolutely down the walk, not having quite decided whether the case was one to be submitted to the governor or the president—

when the gate was opened, and in an easy, composed manner, there approached the very gentleman who had carried off Sirius.

They stood there talking, for a few moments, and, at first, papa looked decidedly cross, while the gentleman continued bland and smiling; but then they turned toward the house and fairly walked in together.

After awhile mamma came up to our room.

"Come down," said she, "as soon as possible—there is young Stoneleigh in the dining-room; his mother owns a beautiful place a few miles off, and your father actually had a notion of capturing him as a dog-stealer! for it seems that troublesome Sirius once belonged to him under another name. I remembered his face, however, and he recognized me—so that matters are all right, now. Come down, Fan—he is anxious to make his peace with you for having deprived you of the dog."

I begged to be excused, for my generally harum-scarum appearance of the day before would not, I was sure, be so soon forgotten; but mamma said, "nonsense!"

Arthur has a pair of the most deceitful eyes that ever fell to the lot of that deceitful animal, man—they are capable both of a soft, beseeching expression, and a glance of consummate impudence; just such a look as greeted me.

I felt dreadfully confused, at first; and then, remembering all the circumstances, I laughed.

"I hope," said he, "that my conduct did not appear rude in depriving you ladies so unceremoniously of your protector—but I was rejoiced to meet an old friend so unexpectedly, and I did not notice that he was with you. You saw how instantly he answered to his name—which, of course, confirms my story."

Mamma politely assured him that his story needed no such confirmation; and papa transferred his anger to the one who had sold him the dog.

"The one who *stole* the dog," said Mr. Stoneleigh, "is the person to be blamed, and I think that, before long, I shall succeed in finding him. I will bring him here as soon as he is captured."

In a day or two, Mr. Stoneleigh returned, accompanied by a boy not more than ten years old. We had all expected to see a hardened villain, and I believe that papa had privately prepared a pair of handcuffs; but there stood a pretty child, with quite a pensive expression of countenance, and the loveliest dark curls.

When questioned as to why he took the dog, all that he would answer was that "Jim Sykes told him to;" but he was so picturesque-looking that I felt an instant desire to reform him. He

would be quite an ornament to my Sunday-school class; and when I asked him if he would like to come, he readily answered, "yes."

"I think," said Mr. Stoneleigh, "that we had better leave him to Miss Julia for punishment," and to Miss Julia he was accordingly left.

I imagined that I was very charitable while caressing my pretty, dark-eyed protégé; and Mr. Stoneleigh seemed to think so, too, for the boy became to us quite a channel of communication. The urchin turned out, in the end, to be an arch hypocrite and deceiver; but mamma did not seem to take it much to heart, and I noticed that she even patted Sirius the next time she saw him.

I learned to roam about the country without a dog, and found that other protectors sometimes answer quite as well.

"I never should have suspected little Johnny Pyne of being a matchmaker," said Arthur, one afternoon in the course of our wanderings.

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather confusedly.

"Why, he must have seen that we two were just suited to each other; and stolen my dog in order to bring it about."

"Upon the principle, I suppose, that love my dog, love *me*?"

"Exactly," replied Arthur, as we both laughed at the recollection of that first meeting.

I walked leisurely through the gate, with my sun-hat hanging to my arm by the strings; when I heard mamma's voice in conversation with some visitor.

"It is quite true," said she, as if in reply to some observation, "that I brought the girls here for quiet—and I certainly had no expectation of anything of the sort; but you remember the story of the young man, in the Arabian Nights, who was put into a cavern to be out of the way of the very prince who killed him? Young Stoneleigh is such an unexceptionable match that I did not dare to refuse—and the poor things are really very much in love, and so—"

Here my mother's eye fell upon me.

"Ah, Julia," said she, "where have you been roving? Not alone, I suppose?"

Mrs. L— asked me if I had been inquiring the price of white satin, and blonde; and I shot up stairs, like a whirlwind, and locked myself in my own room.

Arthur has read it entirely through; and he laughed in much amusement at the ridiculous character which he says I have represented him; so, half out of pique, I resolved to send it to Mr. Peterson.

"NOT A BIT JEALOUS."

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"HORACE, I have something unpleasant to say to you. Will you hear it now?" said Mrs. Clifford, to her husband.

"I see no way of escape," said Horace, looking up from the volume which lay open on the table before him, but which he was *not* reading; for steadily as his eyes had been fixed upon the pages, his thoughts had been far enough away. "What is it?"

"You promise not to be angry."

"I promise no such thing. If you are going to read me one of those hum-drum lectures, that you've got into the way of doing lately, I promise that I *will* be angry. I will not submit to be lectured by any woman, wife or no wife."

"Horace!" There was a shade of reproach in the tone.

"Well. Come, out with it? What is it?"

"I think you are very unkind to speak so about it, and to call it lecturing. I only wish to tell you some things I have heard about Miss Merlin, and to caution you about your intimacy."

"Caution *me*," laughed Horace, looking a little embarrassed nevertheless. "Well, that is a good one. Jealous again, ha? Have you forgotten my pretty cousin, Kate, whom you were foolish enough to think I loved?"

Julia's face crimsoned.

"You are always bringing that up, Horace," she said. "I am sure I think it ungenerous after I acknowledged my error. Miss Merlin is very different. They say she makes it her boast that she can bring any man, married or single, to her feet if she chooses."

"They say"—admirable authority. Of course, everything '*they say*' is true. If you can't find anything better to do when you are down stairs than to listen to the scandal mongers, I advise you to keep in your room. Miss Merlin is a woman of genius; and all their petty gossip will not prevent her from receiving the admiration and attention of those men who have a mind above wax-work and doll-babies."

Tears stood in Julia's eyes, an angry reply trembled on her lips; but controlling herself, she only said,

"Oh, Horace, I wish we *never* had come here. I do so want to go back to Ashlea."

"Very well. Any day you choose. I have no objections."

Julia fairly clapped her hands with joy.

"Are you in earnest, Horace? Can we go back to Ashlea this very week?—to-morrow?"

"You can. I said nothing about myself."

Julia's eyes fell, and the tears, she could no longer repress, rolled down her cheeks.

"Crying is your only argument, I believe. It is thrown away upon me, now that I am so used to it. Come, Julia, I detest scenes."

But Julia only cried the harder; and Horace with a frown shut up his book in no gentle manner; and taking his broad brimmed Panama from the table, went out of the chamber.

It was an August morning—in the height of the season at Saratoga; and Horace feeling no inclination to join the group of loungers on the piazza, sauntered up and down the hall.

The door of a private parlor stood ajar, for the morning was hot and sultry.

"Is that you, Mr. Clifford?" called out a voice from within.

Horace stopped in the door-way.

"I thought you were at the bowling-alley, Miss Merlin."

"My head prevented my going. I wish you would come in and prescribe for it. It aches terribly."

Horace did not refuse the invitation.

He forgot his annoyance in the fascination of Miss Merlin's society, and she—in the excitement of his presence—her "terrible headache."

Julia, alone in her chamber, thought over all the annoyance of the past few weeks. They had come to Saratoga for a change of air on her husband's account; he having applied himself too closely to his pursuits; but the time allotted for their stay had more than expired, and still Horace Clifford lingered; making his excuse the benefit he derived from the waters; while Julia felt but too keenly that it was Miss Merlin's attractions that enchained him.

She had such a long, long crying spell that morning, that she thought herself unfitted to make her appearance at dinner; and when her husband came in to arrange his toilet, she pleaded her headache as an excuse for not accompanying him to the table.

"You can do as you choose," he said, "it is a matter of indifference to me."

She looked up reproachfully; her eyes suffused with tears.

"I know it is a matter of indifference to you, Horace; but you might have spared me the pain of hearing it from your own lips."

"You know well enough what I mean," he answered, sharply. "You thought you were going to punish me by staying up here; and I wish you to understand that I am not to be managed in that way."

"I thought no such thing. Indeed, you do me injustice, Horace. What has changed you so?"

"I am not changed. The change lies in you, if there is any. The truth is, that I do not like to be lectured every time I am introduced to a pretty woman, or every time I chat with a sensible one. They are scarce enough, heaven knows."

"Miss Merlin is very beautiful, and every one says very talented; but oh, Horace, with all her talent and beauty, she could never love you half so well as I do; or if she did, it would be a love that would bring you only shame and wretchedness. If you knew what suffering it was to me, to see you every day growing more and more——"

"Confound your preaching. Julia, I wish to gracious you'd go home. You are no more fit for a watering-place than a baby. If you could have your way, I suppose you would tie me to your apron-string, and have me following you about like a lap-dog. I should have thought that the bride and groom from the country, who were here to dinner the other day, would have been dose enough for one season. Pish!"

Julia's lips quivered, her cheeks were aglow. Looking her husband steadily in the eyes, she said,

"Are you in earnest in desiring me to go home?"

"Well, yes, I would be, if it was not for the looks of the thing," he answered, half laughing; "but I suppose we shall both have to go before long. It is the first of the month I think that you expect your brother over. He will teach you some lessons in 'the usages of society,' or I am mistaken. A five years' residence in Paris will enable him to take sides with me, no doubt; and I sincerely hope that he will make you less of a mope. I never saw a woman so dull in company."

Julia could bear his fault-finding now, for he had taken her hand in his own, and really looked quite like himself once more.

"I do not care how dull others think me, Horace; but I——"

"Well, I do," interrupted her husband. "A man likes to see his wife receive some attention: and you would have plenty, if you did not repel it whenever it is offered. Besides, one does not like to be made a laughing stock; and your devotion to me has frequently been the cause of remark. It has annoyed me not a little, let me tell you."

Julia's face grew crimson. She answered with much restraint of manner,

"It shall not annoy you again."

"Well, don't get angry about it: but profit by what I have said, and while you are in Rome, do as the Romans do."

"Do I understand by that, that you wish to see me flirt as other married ladies, here, are in the habit of doing?" and she looked into her husband's face.

"Exactly so. I would not care a sou how desperately you flirted, so that I could only rid you of the foolish jealousy that you have in your composition."

Julia's face darkened for a moment, then she said,

"And no matter how much attention I receive, nor how much pleasure I manifest in the society of other gentlemen, you are sure that you never would be the least jealous?"

"Never the least."

"Then, Horace Clifford, you do not know what love is. You never have loved me."

"Fudge! Come, don't be so silly if you want me to keep on loving you. Just try to behave a little more like other folks for the remaining two weeks that we shall be here; and to begin with, I advise you to come down to dinner. I never saw you looking better than you do at this moment."

Kissing his hand to her, he left the room.

Julia looked in the glass. Her excitement had indeed bestowed upon her a new charm—the charm of expression. She had aroused herself from the lethargy in which she had so long indulged; and with new resolves busy at her heart, she had prepared herself to follow out her husband's wishes. The light of a steady purpose gleamed from her eyes; and her woman's pride, stung to the quick by some of her husband's words, gave to her carriage a dignity which would have been supposed impossible to one of her usually listless, languid manner. Hitherto she had been careless, almost negligent in her wardrobe. Now, she arrayed herself in one of her most elegant dresses—a costly grenadine sent by her brother from Paris. The delicate blue of the material harmonized well with her fresh, peach blossom complexion; and the string

pearls that encircled her arms and neck were not more lustrous than those her smile disclosed.

Julia was beautiful. She knew it—she felt it as after completing her toilet she surveyed herself in her glass. Conscious of her power, she went down to the parlors, and the first persons upon whom her eyes fell were Miss Merlin and Horace, in an animated *tele-a-tele*. Once, she would have lingered near them, but now she resolutely passed on, nodding carelessly. She joined a group in a far corner of the spacious room, entirely unconscious that her husband's eyes were following her, as were the eyes of many another. More than one noticed and spoke that day of the sudden metamorphosis which Mrs. Clifford had undergone.

Miss Merlin was quick to note the admiration evinced in the husband's eyes; and trembling, lest, after all her toils, her most difficult victim of the season should escape her, she strove with a fresh array of blishments to eclipse the rival which had so unexpectedly appeared in the field.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a ball at one of the most fashionable hotels. Mrs. Clifford commanded any amount of attention—indeed, Miss Merlin and herself were generally conceded to be the belles of the evening.

Miss Merlin's brilliant brunette complexion was softened down by her dress of maize color, profusely trimmed with lace. Her black, satiny hair was ornamented with a wreath of azalias of the creamy hue, skilfully interwoven with glossy green ivy leaves, and sprays of exotic grasses.

Julia with exquisite taste, had arranged a few moss rose-buds in her hair, and her lace tunic was looped up with the same flowers over a blossom colored silk.

She evidently enjoyed the attention that she received; and her husband looked on in amazement to see how thoroughly his advice had been carried out. It annoyed him, however, to see her conversing with Colonel Rooway, who had arrived that day, a man noted for his "affairs of the heart," and one whose principles were said to be none of the best. Miss Merlin exerted herself to the utmost, and she really was very charming; but still Horace's eyes would follow his wife. All through that long, long evening, Col. Rooway was constantly by Julia's side. She even waltzed with him—a privilege which Horace had never expected to see her bestow upon a stranger. At length, he missed them from the crowd. Miss Merlin, cognizant of his absent-minded mood, soon deserted him for a livelier

cavalier; and Horace, scarcely conscious of a motive, wandered out into the grounds.

He threw himself down in a garden chair, and reviewed in his mind Julia's conduct for the past few days. He had never imagined such a literal fulfilment of his expressed wishes. Could it be possible that she was estranged from him? He acknowledged to himself that he could not blame her if she was; for his whole course for the last few weeks had been calculated to induce such a state of feeling. Since their conversation she had treated him with studied coldness; and after the reproofs he had then administered to her for her devotion to him, he felt that it would ill become him to endeavor to bring about the old state of things. He heard approaching footsteps. In the shade of the clump of evergreens he was not discovered.

It was Julia, leaning on Col. Rooway's arm, who approached.

It was her voice that said,

"I am so glad that you come this week. Now I shall have plenty of time to arrange it all, just as I wish to. Do you think my plan a feasible one?"

Horace listened breathlessly for the answer. "They have known each other before," he thought.

"I do, my dear Mrs. Clifford. You may trust to me to execute my part without exciting suspicion; but you—I am afraid you will betray yourself."

They had passed on, and Horace could not catch the answer. There was something about "her husband would not suspect, if her looks did not reveal her emotions."

Horace was puzzled.

That Julia should be on so good an understanding with Col. Rooway was incomprehensible. He did not doubt but that she had arranged some little plan to rouse his jealousy; but that she should so far compromise herself as to confide her intentions to Col. Rooway was very mortifying to him. He could hardly believe it possible, and was ready to discredit his senses, so foreign did it seem to Julia's character.

He resolved that she should not have the satisfaction that she anticipated; and, therefore, although anxious to know when her acquaintance with Col. Rooway had commenced, he did not even mention his name to her; but his dissatisfaction of her conduct showed itself in an increased formality of manner; and a forced politeness that was to Julia extremely amusing.

"Her game is a dangerous one," thought Horace, "with such a man as Col. Rooway, but ten days cannot effect much harm; and as I am

now on my guard, I shall not be surprised into any manifestations of jealousy."

The week passed away. Horace was quite cooled in his admiration of Miss Merlin. He had something else to engross his thoughts now. Julia's intimacy with Col Rooway did not fail of attracting attention; but yet, it was of such a nature, that she escaped censure. They seemed to converse with the freedom of old friends; and not a glance from the eyes of either betraying any hidden feelings, could be detected by the most observant of critics.

Horace was every day more at loss to discover the meaning of the words he had overheard. It was quite evident to him now that she was not attempting to rouse him to be jealous, as he had at first suspected. Sometimes he fancied that they might have referred in some incomprehensible way to Miss Merlin; particularly as he noticed that Col. Rooway daily increased his attentions toward her; but still his perplexity was in no way lessened.

One morning, they were again alone in their chamber.

Julia had been up late the previous night, yet notwithstanding she had arisen early; arrayed herself in one of her most becoming morning dresses, and was evidently on the tip-toe of expectation—now at one window, now at another. Her husband, under his usual pretence of reading, watched her narrowly.

At length a servant brought her up a bouquet, with Col. Rooway's compliments.

Julia, under the pretext of arranging it in a vase of fresh water, turned her back to her husband, and unwinding the slip of paper from around the stem, read the lines that were traced thereon.

It did not escape Horace's notice: not the glow which mantled her cheeks and kindled her lovely eyes as she crushed the paper between her palms, and turned away from the flowers.

Horace coughed.

"Hem. Mrs. Clifford, I suppose you are aware of Col. Rooway's known character, and the injury that it may be to you to receive such marked attention from him as you do."

"Indeed," answered Julia, looking really surprised. "I have never heard anything against him; and I have known of him for many years. Something *'they say'* here, I suppose; but you have already instructed me as to the degree of credence to be placed in such reports; and I am sure you would not have me give up the society of a gentleman of decided talent, for that of the insipid, brainless youths that are so common here."

"You can exercise your own discretion about it," answered Horace, walking to the window, whistling as he walked.

"I intend to," said Julia, smiling roguishly; "and I would rather that you did not read me any lectures; for of course, 'when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do.'"

"Oh, I understand; but you have mistaken your man if you think to make me jealous. I have not a ~~spark~~ in my composition. But take care you do not get caught in your own toils."

Julia said not a word, but she looked embarrassed, and fell to plaiting the broad hem of her pocket-handkerchief.

Horace prepared himself to go down.

"Will you ride this morning?" he said.

"No, thank you," she answered, blushing, "I have an engagement."

"Very well. I will invite Miss Merlin."

Julia turned around to the flowers to conceal a smile. "If this is not jealousy," she thought, "it is something very like."

Horace stooped quickly, and picked up the scrap of crumpled paper which she had dropped. When she turned around he had gone.

As Horace went down stairs he smoothed the paper out and read,

"Too late last night. Everything arranged now—eleven o'clock precisely."

"What can this mean?" he said to himself.

"What folly is under way now? I wish with my whole heart that we were back at Ashlea. Silly child! I should never have dreamed that she could so involve herself. Hang that Col. Rooway—I wish he was at the bottom of the Dead Sea."

The object of his thoughts was nearer to him than he could have imagined. He heard his voice upon the piazza.

At that moment he came in sight. Horace barely had time to notice that the gentleman with whom he was conversing was a very elegant, distinguished-looking individual, when Colonel Rooway advancing, presented him as Mr. Claude Grosvenor.

"You are entitled to a cousin-ship, I believe Mr. Clifford, through marriage. Am I not right Mr. Grosvenor?"

"I never had a cousin that was as dear to me as Julia," answered Mr. Grosvenor, frankly, "and I am happy to have come across her again in my wanderings. It has been some years since we have met."

Horace had heard of this cousin, and he felt vastly relieved by his unexpected appearance. Hoping his presence would have the effect of bringing Julia to her senses, he greeted him

cordially, and plainly manifested the pleasure which he felt at making his acquaintance.

The result was that they were favorably impressed with each other.

At length Horace volunteered to call his wife.

Both Col. Rooway and Mr. Grosvenor objected. They had an engagement.

"It will not detain you a moment," said Horace, "and I know she will be so agreeably surprised." He left the room before either of the gentlemen had opportunity to answer.

"Julia," he said, bursting in upon her, and quite forgetting his lofty, distant manner. "Your cousin, Claude Grosvenor, is down in the parlor waiting to see you a moment. He is in great haste, for he has an engagement."

He was amazed at the effect of his words.

Julia had at first turned pale, then scarlet, and now with her head bowed in her hands, was sobbing like a child.

"Oh, his coming interferes with your plans," thought Horace. Every tear was to him a proof of her indiscretion, if not her guilt. "So they only prove salutary tears, and bring her back to me before it is too late. Who would have thought one little week could have so changed her. Fool that I was to wish her different, with her sweet, winning ways, and her lovely devotion to me. I have no one but myself to blame for my folly."

These were the thoughts that passed rapidly through his mind.

"I do not understand this, Julia," he said, gravely.

"Oh, Horace, I cannot see him now—indeed I cannot. Wait until you come home from your drive. Do let me be alone now."

"Very well," answered Horace; but as he closed the door he mentally resolved that he would solve this new enigma before he left the house, if possible. In no way could he account for her emotion, than by supposing that Julia had foreseen that her cousin's arrival would interfere with her plans, whatever they might be. He repelled the thoughts that crowded fast upon him; but they were not so easily disposed of, and Horace Clifford began to feel himself a much injured man. Upon his return to the parlor, he found that Mr. Grosvenor had gone to fulfil his engagement; and Col. Rooway had remained to apologize for the unavoidable absence of his friend. "It was an engagement made with a lady," he said. "Nothing else would have prevented his availing himself of the opportunity of seeing his cousin."

"And now, Mr. Clifford," continued Col. Rooway, "what say you to a drive? We shall be back before the heat of the day."

Horace declined.

Col. Rooway proposed billiards, the pistol gallery and a walk to the springs, with the same success. He was evidently as anxious to enjoy Horace's society as Horace was to see him take his departure. He must have known this, yet he lingered on, talking of races, speculations, California; and for all together, Horace did not just then care the toss of a copper. It was after twelve when Horace found himself alone and at liberty to go back to his room, as he had all along been desirous of doing. He determined now to demand of his wife an explanation of her conduct; to tell her what he had overheard, and accuse her of having made an appointment with Col. Rooway at eleven that night. He would try to talk calmly and dispassionately with her, and even be generous enough to retract the unpleasant things which he had said. Full of these wise resolutions he went to his room. But Julia was not there. He took a book and waited impatiently for her. One o'clock struck; he walked the chamber, every moment growing more uneasy. It was nearly two, when remembering that Julia was in the habit of spending a portion of her mornings in Mrs. Corydon's parlor, he crossed the hall for the purpose of ascertaining if she were there.

Mrs. Corydon was an invalid, and had been an old friend of Julia's mother. When Horace reached the door he turned back; for what excuse had he to make for disturbing his wife even were she there.

He had gone but a few steps when the door opened, and looking back he saw his wife and her cousin coming out. One glimpse of her radiant, innocent face rebuked him for the suspicions he had been indulging; and made him feel the impossibility of broaching to her the subject of his morning's meditations.

Horace now watched anxiously for the evening. Toward sunset Claude and Julia walked up to the springs together. Horace proposed a stroll in the same direction to Miss Merlin, but she was engaged to drive with Col. Rooway. So Horace was again left to his own cogitations.

The evening found them all in a circle in the drawing-room. Julia had grown quite negligent of Col. Rooway. Her cousin engrossed her whole attention. Miss Merlin, with the same fickleness, had transferred all her smiles to the attractive colonel; and Horace on this occasion really felt himself to be the black sheep of the flock.

At half past ten, Col. Rooway excused himself and took his leave. "Now," thought Horace, "Julia will begin to manifest some uneasiness." His chat with Miss Merlin did not prevent his

keeping an eye upon her; but to his great surprise, eleven o'clock came and went, without claiming the least notice from her of its departure.

CHAPTER III.

THE more that Horace saw Julia and Claude together, the less pleasure did he feel at the renewal of their acquaintance. Her flirtation with Col. Rooway was entirely at an end. He would even gladly have seen it renewed, for no one could have mistaken the state of their feelings toward each other; while now, Horace was compelled to believe that between Julia and her cousin there was more affection hidden than manifested. Their tell-tale eyes often revealed more than either of them were aware. Yet, there was nothing with which he could openly find fault. Claude's manner, although extremely fond, was deferential. He seemed to look upon his cousin with pride, and numberless were the ways in which he showed his attention to her wishes and comforts. The flowers, which every evening adorned her hair, were exotics which he brought her, and never a morning that the vase in her chamber was not replenished with a new bouquet.

Julia received all his kindnesses with such modest sweetness of manner, that Horace was foiled in his attempt to discover a cause for reproof. But recalling her agitation the morning that he told her of his arrival, he felt convinced that there had been some love affair between them in the past, which for a time had slumbered, and now was in danger of being rekindled.

With much relief he welcomed the arrival of the day fixed upon for their return to Ashlea. To his great surprise he found that Claude was to accompany them. Had he received any previous intimation, he would have objected, but it was too late now.

The evening of the same day found them at their own home.

Julia, no longer restrained by the presence of strangers, gave full vent to her feelings. Only one thing was wanting to perfect her happiness—her husband's smile. Fully conscious of the cause of his gloom, and thinking that the lesson she had taught him would be one that he would never forget, she determined upon confessing to him the deception she had practised, without waiting for the proofs of jealousy, which it had been her intention to do.

Horace was out giving some orders to the gardener; and Julia communicated her intention to Claude.

"I am heartily glad of it," said Claude. "Had you not told me that you had some strong motive for desiring the concealment, I should never have consented. Rooway seemed to consider it only a joke; and I did not think it best to deceive him." He put his arm around Julia's waist, and kissed her as he spoke.

As they looked up, their eyes encountered Horace's flashing on them from the doorway.

Claude had the impudence to laugh; but Julia springing up, with mock gravity curtsied, and said, "My brother—Charles Grosvenor Gray."

Horace, puzzled and surprised, advanced a few steps; then finding himself the victim of a hoax, despite the warning he had had, he endeavored to make the best of it; and yielding to the contagion of his brother-in-law's laugh, he joined in it as heartily as a man could, who was laughing at himself.

It all came out now; and Julia's brother for the first time heard of Horace's and Miss Merlin's passing *penchant*; and the conversation it had given rise to, in which Horace had declared that no matter how desperately his wife flirted, he should never think of being jealous.

Horace was obliged to confess that jealousy was not an agreeable "guest of the heart," as he had learned by experience; and he was in turn enlightened as to the connection which Col. Rooway had borne in the hoax. The colonel had come over from Liverpool in the same steamer with Mr. Gray, and had been the first to inform Mrs. Clifford of her brother's arrival, and of the time when he would probably join her. The idea had at once presented itself to her, of introducing him to her husband as one of her southern cousins, of whom he had often heard her speak. This she thought would give her the opportunity of testing the sincerity of what he had said to her. She had requested Col. Rooway's co-operation, and he had consented for the joke of the thing, without suspecting her deeper motive. Mrs. Corydon was also in her confidence. The bulletin which Horace had picked up was simply to inform Julia that her brother had arrived too late the previous night to admit of his meeting her in Mrs. Corydon's room, as it had been arranged; but that at eleven that morning he would be there.

Neither of them would have been able to have disguised their feelings in a first interview; and Horace now saw that his wife's agitation at hearing that her brother was below, had been the natural consequence of feeling the impossibility of conquering her emotions.

"So you really confess to having felt jealous," said Julia.

"Fairly caught," answered Horace.
 "And now when you remind me of 'cousin Kate,' I am to remind you of 'cousin Claude.' Is it not so?"

Horace consented to the compromise; and Julia feeling herself fully reinstated in her husband's heart, was happier than ever. Horace has never been since "A BIT JEALOUS."

YOU AND I.

BY MRS. SARAH A. CORY.

In the pleasant month of roses,
 Just at mellow eve,
 When soft twilight in her mantle,
 Dew-drops 'gan to weave:
 When the fair-faced moon was smiling
 From her throne on high,
 Willing votaries then we wandered,
 Wandered, you and I.

Just the gurgling of the streamlet
 On its peaceful way,
 Just the nodding of the wild flowers,
 Just the light winds play.
 Gave that dreamy, softened beauty,
 Rich in harmony,
 Nature's union with the spirit,
 Linking you and I.

Autumn came; the purple vintage
 Glowed at rosy dawn,
 Side by side rich fruits lie reddening
 With the golden corn.

And the great round moon looked fairer,
 Queen of earth and sky;
 What a harvest for the reaper!
 Happy you and I.

When stern Winter's step was nearing,
 With its frost and chill,
 And the forest hues were fading—
 Moaned the ice-bound rill—
 When the Storm-king burst its fetters,
 And the zephyr's sigh
 Joined farewells with bird and blossom,
 Parted you and I.

Yet came Spring, the beauteous fairy,
 Dancing o'er the plain:
 Nature with a song of welcome
 Ushered in her reign.

Bird and blossom, zephyr, streamlet,
 'Neath the balmy sky,
 Joined the chorus of reunion—
 Never—you and I.

A LESSON.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

THE last red gold of sunset
 Had melted on the sky;
 And with a lonely echo,
 The sobbing winds went by:
 The harvest moon was climbing
 Above the hills afar;
 And shining in the Heavens,
 The first pale, trembling star.

Lonely and sad I wandered
 Out from the busy street:
 Nor paused till in the church-yard
 I stayed my weary feet;
 The holy stars of Heaven
 Looked down with pitying eyes;
 Oh! much of sympathy, I ween,
 Is written in the skies!

I sat down all despairing
 Close by a little stone;
 But seeking in my sorrow
 To weep and be alone;

The cold and solemn moonlight
 Lit up the sculptured name,
 The word was written on my heart,
 Tho' all unknown to fame.

The pine trees on the hill-tops
 In whispers seemed to say,
 Look upward; unto Heaven
 Turn from the world away!
 She is not dead, but sleepeth,
 And when time is no more
 Thy heart will know she was not lost,
 But only "gone before."

There in the church-yard learned I
 To hope and trust for aye;
 To feel when shadows darken,
 God's light was ever nigh;
 Earth cannot be a Heaven,
 Our flowers strew a bier;
 But we may join the angels,
 If Faith but lead us there.

ESQUIRE FAXON AND HIS DEACONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 353

CHAPTER V.

HENRY FAXON stayed a month at Haverhill, preaching a part of each Sabbath, giving pleasant, familiar lectures upon the West, in the evening, now and then; going amongst people with spontaneously winning words and manners, receiving all who came to him, saying good things to every child he came across, to all the aged and poor.

The Faxons could not but be operated upon beneficially, at times, by the constant sight of a life, at once, so exalted and so humble. The prayers and love that he seemed to breathe out upon whatever life came near him, they could not but be touched by at times, and often. But, quite as often they felt pride in him, and overweening delight in the éclat he was bringing upon their house. For their house was thronged with "callers," and invitations came in from the highest quarters.

The Warrens were most assiduous of all. They had such a dinner one week, such a supper the next, and such superior people staying at their house—the whole Callinsford family from New York—that the Faxons must all go up. The deacon and Mrs. Warren called to ask them, spending half the afternoon, "as if they were of the family," as Mrs. Faxon said, after they were gone. And when the hours for the dinner and the supper came, young Warren stepped in on his way home from the depot, to walk up with them.

Everybody, at the Warrens, hung on Henry's words, but in the staid manner, in his serious, albeit very cheerful face, the squire saw it unmistakably, that Henry was not lifted.

I suppose there are no greater things that man can say, than this, that Paul said, out of his great, calm soul—"None of these things move me." I suppose there are few, who, even in the best hours of their life, know all that the simple words mean. But Henry Faxon knew. He knew the understanding of what makes life worthy its Giver, worthy the receiver, makes it indeed life, and not death; by his faculty always doing God's perfect law, and not acting from outward considerations of policy, expediency, and the like paltry references. And now, in all

the world, in christendom, in heathendom; in sickness, in health, in prosperity, so-called, in adversity, so-called, in life, in death, there was no longer anything to "move" him, any cross for him to bear. In the self-same hour, that his need of "cross-bearing" went out of his life, the cross itself slipped unheeded from his shoulders, out of his path. Ah! that there are so few such lives here on this beautiful, beautiful earth, where, with so good and great a Being to help, there might be many!

"Tell me, Henry Faxon," said the squire to him, the next morning, "don't you ever feel it, when you see what a favorite you are?"

"Feel it! Yes, indeed! My heart was very warm with it, last night; very grateful. I doubt if any man has greater pleasure in his friendships than I. But I don't set my heart on them. I have none of the old, foolish pride in them. This, I hope, is past forever."

"Well, I wish mine was," replied the squire, preparing to go out. "But it isn't; and I'm so along in years now, that it's too late to—"

Mrs. Faxon and Cad heard no more; for the brothers were already on their way through the yard. They saw the expression of Henry's face, though, as he turned it toward the squire. In reply to him; and it was a cheery—"There's no such thing as 'too late.'"

CHAPTER VI.

CAD and young Warren were betrothed, when Henry left Haverhill. Henry, by the way, had not returned to his mission. He came this way to find young men who were fit and willing to go to that far field; and had started now, with that purpose, to visit certain divinity schools, and colleges, certain churches in the cities and large towns, of the eastern and middle states.

"Do you know, Cad, darling," said young Warren, on the evening of their betrothal, "mean that you shall never be sorry for this? I would rather cut off my right hand, than you should ever, on any account, be sorry you gave yourself to me."

Cad thought he was a dear, good fellow;

told him so in laughing, but at the same time, in grateful, tearful words.

When she thought of it the next morning, however, she reflected, that, although *he was* a dear, good fellow, a better fellow, ten times, than she deserved, his feeling, after all, was like that of her father and all the rest of the men—except uncle Henry; she didn't believe uncle Henry would have it, the moment one promised oneself to him, that the woman was his; that she had given herself to him; and he, if he loved her ever so well, and promised ever so much, had not given himself to her. She believed without a shade of doubt, that young Warren loved her even more than she, as yet, loved him. Her head was so full of all that had been doing there at Haverhill lately; while, to him, Haverhill life and Haverhill people were old affairs, so that there was nothing to keep him from the absorption in herself, that she saw was complete as she could desire.

She would watch him, she thought. Before she married him, she would be sure of his tendencies as a husband, in these respects. And, if she had reason to believe that he would one day lord it over her, like other men, she wouldn't marry him, if in everything else he was perfect; if he and her parents desired it ever so strenuously. She would be too angry to marry him, she felt. And, moreover, she reasoned that marriage could not be happy for either, if he was disposed to "use authority." Their life would be too often and too violently ruffled. She would, therefore, watch his dispositions.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, Cad! don't go there! don't break the flower!" said young Warren, one day to Cad. She was eagerly climbing a little declivity to reach a hare-bell that "had its blue eye on them," as Mary Harnden said of it. Mary and several others were of the company. They were walking in the large cemetery, where to break a flower was forbidden; and Warren, of course, thought of the prohibition, when he spoke. But Cad did not, when she heard. So the warm blood rushed in an instant over her face; the warm thought came—"Yes, I see! *He* shall see that I do what I please!" Her bonnet concealed her face, turned away as it was to break the flower; and, when that was broken, to hunt for other flowers: not that she really wanted to find others, or to climb farther; but she was willing that her lover should believe that she did. And, besides, she wanted to settle her disturbed features, her disturbed thoughts, before turning to him and the company.

Young Warren, when he saw that she broke the flower, wondered whether she heard him; tried to satisfy himself that she did not; but, upon her rejoining them, something in the half-averted eye, the restricted tone and manner, made him feel that possibly she did. He was several times on the point of saying to her as they walked on, "The flower is a beauty, I hardly dared to have you break it, though, the company and those who own lots, take such pains in cherishing flowers." But he looked in her face each time; and, after that, could not well bring himself to introduce the subject under any form he could devise. He was done trying to introduce it, when his cousin, Harry Callinsford, who, as he knew, overheard what he said to Cad, brought little sprays of myrtle in bloom and box to give to her.

Although no explanations came afterward between the lovers, time, in passing, wiped out the little asperity, and made them as fond and as happy as before. Nearly, and at times, that is. There were traces left that could be found upon looking for them—as there always are traces left of everything that has been.

One day there was a riding party, but as Albert did not come punctually, Cad, a little vexed, went without him.

"But could you not trust, Cad, dear, that I would come for you at the earliest possible moment?" he said, the next morning, gently expostulating, "I had several of the directors in my office on important business. I couldn't possibly get away. But I thought you would all wait patiently. Or that, if the rest didn't, if they started, you would wait; and my swift Upton would soon bring us to the rear."

"Yes; that is what *you* thought," replied Cad, without allowing herself to look up into the manly, persuasive face. "*I* thought, as your cousin did, that something had happened, so that you wouldn't come at all, and that I had better go with him. Harriet had a bad headache and was glad to get out and stay here with ma." She spoke with impatient tones. She rose, and, with impatient steps, went to a table, where she began to hunt for something.

"I didn't mean to censure," said Warren, after a few moments silence. "I didn't once think of blaming you. I only meant to give my reasons for my lack of punctuality; and perhaps," added he, looking up with a good smile, "to let you see that I was disappointed—as I truly was. I had a dull evening of it in my chamber alone."

Cad—in reality as exacting as the most arbitrary husband could, in decency, be—was pleased to hear him say this. She let her smile mingle

with his, therefore; coming back with slow steps to her seat at his side.

"The fact is," pursued Warren, after a little pause, after he had taken Cad's hand to him, "I don't exactly like cousin Harry. I don't like his principles, got in that great city where vice is seen too often to make any of her aspects but her grimmest, very repulsive. Not that Harry is bad, in any respect," disclaimed he, earnestly. "I haven't the least idea that he is; I only find fault with his sentiments. I really wish these were better. My Cad mustn't believe that I am jealous of handsome cousin Harry; and, on this account, ill-natured toward him. I think I am not jealous of him this morning—although I fear I may, last evening, have been."

Cad kissed his hand and called him her darling. She gave him lively accounts of the ride the evening before; of the rich milk and the brown bread and cheese they bought at a farm house, over somewhere; and that they ate, all drawn up into a company under a prodigious great elm; some of them sitting in their carriages, some of them standing or sauntering. This was a little after sunset, Cad said, when it was cool and splendid. Her lover sighed a little at her glowing description of the beauty and all the vivid enjoyment of the thing. But he blamed the regret, in the same moment, inwardly calling it "boyish." He would not allow himself to change the subject, strongly as he was inclined to. She went on, therefore, telling him as intelligibly as she could, for excessive laughter, what fun it was for her and for them all, as they ate their luncheon, to see Harry pick up some green pumpkins that the children had been playing with on the side of the road, and stick them on the long, sharp horns of a pair of oxen, yoked, chewing their cuds in a philosophical way at the great gate near; telling him how the oxen tipped their head slowly, on one side and on the other, as if studying how it was; then looked at Harry (who stood before them enjoying their grave pantomime) as if they said, "Er! you don't use us very politely, you don't. We wouldn't use you in this fashion. We assure you we wouldn't."

After Warren was gone, when Cad thought of what he had said at his first coming in, and of his looks and manner in saying it, she persuaded herself that he did, in his heart, find fault with her for going without him.

This made her very sober, very much out of tune; inasmuch, that, when Mrs. Warren called, as she did soon after, to rest a little after her walk down, and especially to get Cad to go out shopping with her, "to give her the benefit of her young eyes, as well as the pleasure of her

very agreeable company," the polite old lady said, Cad would not go. She made some lame excuses about not feeling exactly well. Nor did she join in the conversation. Only, now and then, as Mrs. Warren and her mother talked, she interposed a remark, or an inquiry, without once smiling brightly though, as she was accustomed to do in her better moods, or once looking up brightly from her book.

"Cad was rather nervous, to-day, I should think," thoughtfully remarked Mrs. Warren, as she gathered up her purchases after having shown them to the family. And Harry Callinsford, who was bending low over his flute, doing something to one of the keys, raised his eyes quickly to send them out in his cousin's direction. Young Warren was standing by his mother, holding the cord that was to tie one of her packages. "She wasn't very well," Mrs. Warren added. "She didn't look very well. No, Albert, don't tie it quite so tight. It—the cord cuts the paper, you see, and will crumple the muslins, I am afraid. There, that is it. That is right. Albert always does things right the second time, if not the first," added she, showing the nicely-folded parcel to Mrs. Callinsford."

"And he is always willing to be told *how* to do a thing right," replied Mrs. Callinsford. "I've always noticed this in him. I wish, Harry, that you were a little more like your cousin in this respect."

"Ah, dear me! I don't. What can be the matter with Cad, this morning, aunty Warren! She was the merriest thing, last evening! merrier than the crickets! I must go down and see her. Come, Albert! Will you go? No? Dinner-time, is it? Oh, no, it isn't, cousin Albert," looking at his watch. "Now, mother, Mrs. Callinsford, remember, after this, that cousin Albert does sometimes tell 'wrong stories.' I don't believe I have ever told a lie yet, that you haven't said this self-same thing, 'your cousin Albert never does so. I never *knew* him tell a wrong story.' *Au revoir*, aunty respected mother, cousin Albert, Harriet, and little Nancy down there," coming back to walk over the beautiful child's head. This made them all laugh; except Albert.

This was in September; the last of the month. Next week the Callinsfords all returned to New York, except Harry. He wouldn't go, though the Warrens did not one of them ask him to stay. But he stayed; and, the evening after his family left, went down with his flute, under the plea of accompanying Cad's piano. He did not play any though. On the contrary, he talked nonsense all the evening, dragging Cad and her parents too, down. After this, it was so, somehow, that he

was always between Cad and Albert; either physically, sitting, standing, or crossing the way between them, and talking in so rattling a manner, or on such poor themes, that Albert had no chance; else psycologically, through the degenerating influences of his conversation and manners, that lingered on and on, after he was gone.

"Cousin Albert will make a first-rate husband; of course he will," he said to Cad, one time. "But you'll find he'll keep you pretty strait. He'll be grimmer than any of the old giants in their castles, if you don't do just as he thinks you ought to. And, what is worse, he'll have his deaconish father and his deaconish mother to help him. Unless you look out, that is, beforehand, to keep a will of your own."

So poor Cad, all her good, high qualities misdirected still and turned only to evil, looked out beforehand to keep the will of her own; her father and mother, jealous of the old suffering from "deaconly restriction"—as the squire called it—helping her. They wanted their daughter to marry Albert Warren. They never doubted that she would, in the end, if she did let him see, now and then, that she would *not* bear fetters of his, or any man's forging. Cad herself wished to marry Albert. He was great and good. She understood it better and better every day that she had chances of contrasting him and his light-brained cousin Harry, *how* great and good he was. If she could marry him, standing by his side then, and at all times, afterward, as his equal, she would love it dearly standing there; love it dearly going forward with him improving herself, finding out, as uncle Henry had done, what there was in life that was worth living for. But she wouldn't bear anything in the shape of control from him, she determined, in the morbid hatred of restraint, begotten of all she had seen her parents suffer, of all she had suffered herself. She had already had enough of this. She had had it all her life-time. So had her parents. Their lives had been made wretched; and their tempers and dispositions—as she began to see—had been spoiled by it.

No! she'd be free to do as she had a mind to, after that; if she lost Albert in letting him see that she would do as she had a mind to; if her heart was broken so that she would die, loving him; seeing him go by, the cheerful husband of another.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOVEMBER had come in with "surlly blasts," with long, loved-sounding storms, as most Novembers do. As the wretched know that they do.

The happy do not mind it so much. Cad minded it this year; and so did all her family, save John; and even John, although lightly heeding the times and seasons, felt that his home was not pleasant. He was out gunning oftener than ever; he had keener pleasure in getting what little fun he could, in catching aunt Molly out and vexing her with his near discharges. The Warrens heard all the heavy sounds of the year that was dying. It was very still within their great house now; for, in the first wintry day, noisy Harry, shaking himself from head to foot, like a tiger, said, "Ugh! I shan't stand this! I'm off!" And in less than an hour, without waiting to say his adieus to his uncle and cousin Albert, he was on his way to Boston. In less than a day, he was in New York, on Broadway, holding a cigar between his fingers, while he boasted to an acquaintance of having "smashed up his cousin Albert's love affairs pretty well," adding with his exquisite head tipped a little closer, "She's a splendid thing! You never *saw* such eyes! or such teeth! or such anything! Only she's—why, she's too much as that old-fashioned dame, Nature, set her up, you know. I *didn't* want 'er. You don't catch me!" And, laughing in a senseless way, on he went, gracefully bringing his cigar up again to his mouth.

It was pleasant that Henry Faxon came back to Haverhill, in that rare November time; pleasant that still he carried himself with an air, as if, with him, rich as his inward life was, "all seasons and their changes, all pleased alike." He looked at one and another, with kindly questioning eyes, and soon they told him all; how, again and again, Albert Warren took offence at something Cad said, or did, until, at last, he was done coming to the house; how the deacon and Mrs. Warren held on for awhile, seemingly desirous of being friends still—although they, the Faxons, that is, doubted if all their soft words were genuine—how, after that, they too were done coming. Were done coming often, that was; and in the familiar way they used to. They still called occasionally. Mrs. Warren called only the day before, and seemed *really* kind; but, as Mrs. Faxon said, "They had had too much of this trying to *seem* kind in deacon's and in deacon's wives, to trust all they saw. So they did not trust Deacon Warren, or Mrs. Deacon Warren. When, the day before Mrs. Deacon Warren urged them to go up, when, with something that *looked* like tears, in her eyes, she said—'I *do* wish you would come up!' She, Mrs. Faxon, that is, had only thanked her coolly and told her that she didn't go out much of late; that Cad didn't."

"Ah! that is too bad!" said Henry, at this stage of her story. "I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Warren feels every word that she says. She is too sincere, too good a woman to say, or look one thing, when she feels another. Whatever young Warren may have done, I don't know why this was not trouble enough. I don't know why you should have this additional pain of breaking with the deacon and his wife. Cad," said he, with brightening looks, "come over here and sit by me in the warmth of this good fire." For Cad sat blue and shivering—as much of her agitation, as of the cold though—at a far-off, north window. "I want to understand how this is. I presume I shall find that it is really nothing at all."

Cad came, brightened up a little and warmed, even on the way, seeing how bright and kind he looked.

"What was it now?" Henry asked, sitting close to Cad, facing her. "What had young Warren said and done, excellent, well-bred fellow as he was, that should bring things to this poor pass?"

Cad told him about the first offence, during their walk in the cemetery; about the second, the morning after she and others rode to West Bradford, leaving him at home; about many other, graver offences, that came oftener and oftener, as, according to her own honest confession, she grew more and more indifferent, *how* much, or how often she did things to displease him; but it was so that all the way, as she recounted his offences, she felt, in spite of herself, half-ashamed; in fact, wholly ashamed of her own part in all she related. Especially when Henry said, as he did many times, speaking with cheerfulest looks and tones—"Ah, *that* was nothing, Cad, I wonder that you should be troubled at that. He no doubt meant——" so, and so, giving such possible interpretation of Albert's words, as to make indifferent, perhaps even manly and right, what before seemed exacting in him and too heavy and aggravating to be borne. While they still talked about it, while the burden, lightened more and more by every good word of Henry's, was fairly slipping away from poor Cad's shoulders, and her parents', as well, the bell rang; and the squire, who answered it, came back, talking in the old, friendly way, with some visitors, Deacon Warren and Albert.

"We heard that you had come!" said the deacon, holding Henry's hand, giving it one little shaking after another. "And I've been thinking about coming in, more than a week. I've been wanting to see you all," turning his best, friendliest face and hand-shaking to Mrs. Faxon, and—

no, not to Cad. He meant to turn them to her, but Cad was out by the door, where she had met Albert when he came. She was clinging with both hands to one of his. Her face was turned up like a suppliant, as she was indeed out of her very soul; and she was saying in touching tones—"I've been a fool, Albert: don't believe there was ever such a fool as I've been!" Then she wept and was mightily abated by her strong contrition. But the good Albert held her in his arm, and with his other hand laid her head against his shoulder, in so tender a way that she knew she was forgiven.

"What a fool I *was* then!" said Cad, with bright eyes, years after. They had been married years. We don't know how many years, but, at any rate, a bright-haired little creature looked up from her doll, and the tiny tears she held, just then, and said, "Mamma!"

"What, dear?"

"Her won't drink. Aren't her naughty?"

"Ah, no, dear. She don't know any better."

"No, her don't. Her dood," speaking in its dearest tones, and closely hugging her doll.

With her persuasive—"She don't know a better, dear," or her—"She couldn't help it, never mind it, darling," or her—"That's a thing. Mamma's precious must try it again," does Cad, out of the welling fountains of love and patience in her own soul, as well as out of her contrite remembrances of the past, turn a love and patience whatever resentment and ill will come to enter the tender heart of their child.

"I was most to be blamed, though, Dea Clapp," said Squire Faxon, sitting close to the deacon, and earnestly facing him. He had come over to Malton, on purpose to see the deacon to tell him, in so many words, that he loved him that he loved him more and more as the years in passing, brought them both nearer and nearer to the grave.

"No you wasn't," replied the deacon, shaking his head. "I was too apt to meddle and find fault. The fact is, I warn't a bit well for years. I had dyspepsia, you know, and I know, now I'm rid of it, that it used to make me cross. That minister warn't so good after all, perhaps, Mr. Faxon, when he gave advice to a parishioner—"Fear the Lord, keep your stomach in order." Both laughed heartily. Both laughed anew, "as the deacon never used to laugh, in the world," said Esq. Faxon, when he was telling his wife about at the squire's recitation of Hood's—

"No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull. And think I'm pious when I'm only bilious."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A WHITE LILY.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

WE purpose, in a series of articles, to teach the readers of "Peterson" how to make paper flowers. We begin with one of the simplest to manufacture—the White Lily.

A Lily has six leaves, six stamens, and one pistil. Cut three leaves together like figure 1;

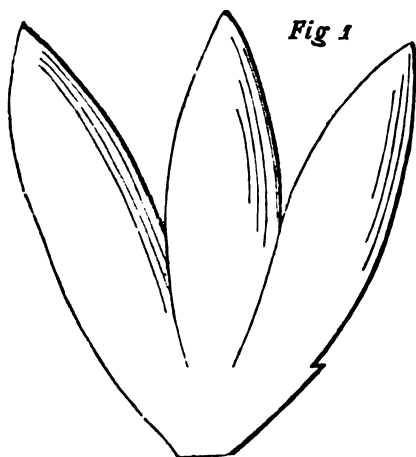


Fig 1

make a deep, double crease down the middle of each leaf; curl the petals slightly with your scissors; and gum up each set of leaves about one inch, taking care to have very stiff gum to work

* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

with. For the heart, first prepare the pistil take a piece of thin wire about three inches long, the end should be formed of a small piece of light green wax pinched up in a triangular form, the wire to be covered with very light green tissue paper; the yellow stamens can be obtained ready made: place the six stamens around the pistil, the latter should extend a little above the former. After the heart is made it should be fastened firmly to a stiff piece of wire to form the stem of the flower. Wrap the stem neatly with green tissue paper, then slip on the first cap of three leaves, taking care first to gum around the heart to keep the cap in its place; then touch the cap slightly with gum and slip on the last cap, being careful to have the last three leaves to fill the intervening space of

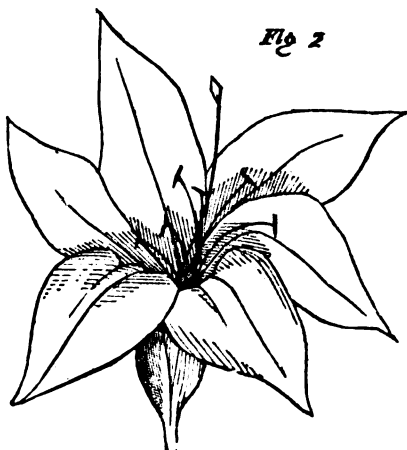


Fig 2

the first three, see figure 2. The leaf of the Lily is long and narrow, and can be had ready stamped and veined.

THE QUOIT-PLAYER.

BEHOLD yon form,

The moment when the balanced ring is sped—
The foot advanced—the expanded chest—the arm,
An instant stretched with open hand—the eye
Following the iron flight, e'en as an archer's
Chases his winged shaft! No nobler shape,

Or freer movement of the form divine,
May charm the artistic sight! So stands to-day
The sculptured Greek in Rome: as if great Jove,
Thrilling with admiration at the scene,
Had turned the man to marble when he threw.

T. B. R.
429

NOVICE.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—NO—

Dramatis Personæ.—CROCKERY-MAN.—SEVERAL OLD LADIES.—SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—A street in Philadelphia. Several doors are supposed to be seen in the distance.

ENTER CROCKERY-MAN, with a basket filled with teapots, basins, plates, and teacups on one arm, and a bundle of old umbrellas, old hats, and left-off clothes on the other. He walks up and down the stage with his hand on one side of his mouth, as if shouting; but, nobody coming, he at last advances to the door, and gives a loud single knock.



Enter SERVANT in answer. On seeing Crockery-Man, she is very angry, and telling him in violent gestures that she has been called down from the top of the house, attempts to slam the door in his face; but Crockery-Man places his foot against it, exhibiting a teapot.

Enter OLD LADY, with four plaid shawls hastily thrown over her shoulders, to see what on earth all the noise is about. Crockery-Man offers her the teapot, but she only shakes her head in answer. He tells her, in tempting pantomime, that he will take her husband's left-off trousers in exchange. She again shakes her head indignantly; and he offers, for an old coat and a hat, to let her have a basin and a jug. Old Lady grows more and more angry, her cap quivering with her passion, and she calls for Policeman, when Crockery-Man withdraws his foot, and she closes the door.

He then tries the other houses, knocking each with a single knock.

Enter three servants in succession. They have all been called down from the top of the house. Despite his compliments, they shake their heads violently and re-enter the houses.

Crockery-Man then walks up and down, shouting his wares. Old Ladies appear, and each he expresses, in energetic action, that he has an old umbrella, and a worn-out bonnet, he now giving a first-rate tea-service. They all three shake their heads. Crockery-Man then flatters them on their charms, and exhibits several plates which he can dispose of quite cheaply.

They still refuse, until Crockery-Man, disgusted with his success, shakes his fist at furious Old Ladies in an impertinent manner, and exits shouting his goods.



ACT II.—VICE.

Dramatis Personæ.—STRICT FATHER.—KIND MOTHER.—THEIR TWO SONS.—YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—SERVANT.

SCENE—Dining-room in the house of Strict Father. Against the wall, a chiffonier.

ENTER STRICT FATHER and KIND MOTHER, in travelling costume, and followed by their Two SONS, and the SERVANT, carrying carpet-bags. Father informs his Children, by pointing to the direction on his luggage, that he is going a long journey, and that he trusts they will behave

themselves whilst he is away. Their Two Sons are affected to tears, and turn their heads aside, whilst Kind Mother kisses and consoles them. Having locked the chiffonier, *exeunt* Strict Father, Kind Mother, and Servant. As soon as they have gone, their Two Sons



burst out laughing, and throwing their caps in the air, dance wildly about the room. Then run to the window, and clap their hands as a signal, when

Enter YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are informed by their juvenile hosts, that they are invited to a feast. One of the Sons draws a key from his pocket, kisses it fondly, and opening the chiffonier, takes out a black bottle labeled "Gin," which he holds up to his visitors. They clap their hands with delight. The other son fetches some pipes and tobacco, which, together with the bottle, he places on the table. The Young Gentlemen are allowed to put the black bottle to



their mouths in succession, and a pipe is handed to each. They smoke. Some of the Young Gentlemen begin to grow noisy and laugh to themselves, whilst others are unable to light their pipes. Their cravats get twisted round, and their hair ruffled. One of the Sons attempts to walk, but shows, by constantly treading on his own toes, how tipsy he is. Suddenly, a loud knock is heard at the door. The whole party let fall their pipes, and turn very pale. The

Young Gentlemen burn brown paper, to remove the smell of the tobacco, and the Sons hurriedly lock up the empty bottle, &c., in the cupboard.

Enter STRICT FATHER and KIND MOTHER,



vexed at having been too late for the train. On entering, Father is astonished at the number of Young Gentlemen, and by sniffing tells that he smells tobacco.

Fond Mother, too, is astonished at finding one of their Sons lying full length on the sofa, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and laughing to himself, whilst his head rolls about his shoulders. She is alarmed, and calls her husband. Their other Son then casts himself at his Father's feet, and confesses all. Father strikes his forehead and desires Servant to fetch the horsewhip.

Young Gentlemen begin weeping. Kind Mother also weeps, and interferes with Strict Father, but in vain. The horsewhip is brought, and he is about to punish Young Gentlemen, when Kind Mother seizes his arm. Father relents, and the whip falls from his hand. Young Gentlemen escape, and Sons kneel for forgiveness.



TABLEAU.

ACT III.—NOVICE.

Dramatis Personæ.—BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.—HER MOTHER.—HER SISTERS.—LADY ABBESS.—NUNS.—GRAND PRIEST.

SCENE—Interior of a chapel. Chairs placed round window—curtains as devotionals round altar. Several candles burning on altar.

ENTER grand procession of NUNS clothed in spotless robes of white sheet, with anti-Macassars thrown over their heads as veils. (*Soft music of piano.*) They arrange themselves round the altar in solemn silence, their hands crossed their bosoms.

Enter **GRAND PRIEST** in chintz bed-curtain cloak, and long beard of wadding, followed by **LADY ABBESS** in gown of white sheet, and veil



over her head. Her eyes are cast down, and she is visibly moved by the touching ceremony.

Enter **BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY** in full dress, with low-necked frock and bare arms. She wears an expression of great joy, and stares wildly about her. **HER MOTHER** supports her, and urges her to go through the severe trial with resignation. **HER SISTERS** are all weeping, and dart disdainful glances at Nuns. (*Soft Music.*)

The Priest blesses the Beautiful Young Lady, and the Lady Abbess kisses her on the forehead. Then drawing a pair of scissors from her girdle, she unfastens Beautiful Young Lady's back hair. With her eyes fixed on the ceiling, she cuts off all the tresses, and casts them on the ground. The sisters faint, and the Nuns bow; whilst the Mother picks up the locks, and swears to have

them set in a locket that she wears. A veil of anti-Macassar is then thrown over the head of



the kneeling Novice. The Priest holding his hands over her, and moving his lips quickly, goes through the ceremony of blessing her. Exit the Priest solemnly.

The Nuns prepare to depart, when the Sisters, rushing forward, cling to the veil of the Beautiful Young Lady. (*Return.*) The Lady Abbess is very angry, and stamping, orders them to retire. They refuse and still embrace their Sister. The Novice is affected to tears, and the Nuns sob.

Re-enter the Priest. He consoles the Sisters, and by his actions depicts the life of joy the Novice will henceforth lead. He bids the Mother remove her children, and she commands them to retire. They faint, and several of the Nuns are overcome by their feelings.

The Priest blesses them.



JUNE.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

LOVELY June, with rosy blushes
Comes in costliest array,
And a flood of sunlight gushes
Forth in many a golden ray;
Flocks upon the hill-sides gather,
With their fleeces white as snow,
Flitting hill-top o'er and valley
Summer shadows come and go.

Swallows lightly skim the streamlets,
Dancing onward to the sea,
Dancing with a gush of music,
With a song of mirth and glee;
All without is fair and lovely,
But my heart is bowed in gloom,
For it seems half dead and buried,
In my sister Angie's tomb!

In the hush of June's soft twilight,
As the light of mem'ry peers,
With a sad and mournful glory,
O'er the tomb of buried years,
Mem'ries sad come o'er me stealing,
And before my vision glide,
Like the thickly coming fancies
Of a dream at eventide.

Mournfully they're o'er me stealing,
And they strike into my soul,
"As the sharp axe of the woodman,
Strikes the dead and sapless bole."
But to mortal pain and sorrow,
Hath our lost-one bid farewell,
And hath passed the golden gateway,
To fair Eden's citadel.

"BROKEN UP."

BY THETA.

"You'll tell me your *nom de plume*, won't you, Till, when the society is broken up?" said one member of an interesting ladies literary society to another, somewhat entreatingly.

"Maybe so," was the only reply vouchsafed by Till, as with a merry laugh she bounded to salute another friend, and for awhile to forget that the world contained any such things as literary societies or *noms de plume*.

"Broken up," sighed I, as I turned sadly and musingly away. Yes, pleasant as are your meetings, sometime or other they will be "broken up." Sooner or later they will end, and, like the councils of the red-men, exist only in memory. Then, however cherished their remembrance, the pleasure will be lost—the joys will be gone—"broken up."

Thus has it been ever in my own life-dreams.

Oh, school-days, school-days, how have ye flown, and how has your gladness been "broken up!" Oh, how I have sat and gazed at the twinkling stars, and the far-off mountains, gleaming with snow in the moonlight. And how I have thought and looked, and looked and thought of their beauty till my heart would swell, and my eyes would swim—though why, I knew not. And then my day-dreams—how I used to picture this wide, wide world, and wonder when I became a man what kind of a great man I should be. Should I be a soldier like Napoleon, or a patriot like Wallace, or an author like Cicero, or should I not stand in the pulpit and preach "just like our minister?"

Ah, childish dreams! "Broken up!"

And you, ye college-days, with your strivings, and your strugglings, with your manly sports, and your frolic-gee, ye, too, have departed—"Broken up."

How often, tired of study, have I rowed my boat up the winding Don and the classic Dee. How often have I stopped my boat under the "brig o' Ballyonnie" and hummed over the weird prophecy, so dreaded, yet so oft repeated, and so oft essayed by the boy George Gordon Byron. And how often, laying down my oars, have I suffered my boat to drift with the stream, while I—I read the last letter from the pen of her—that smart cousin of mine, who now filled all my thoughts.

And my poor classmate, Seymour, so oft companion of these excursions. Born under the sunny sky of the West Indies, how he did yearn for the sympathy our northern hearts so deeply felt, but which we could so ill express.

"Theta," said he to me one day, as our light skiff drifted out to sea, "it was three years, yesterday, since I left home, and I have felt to-day as if some terrible calamity were about to befall. It may be foolish, but to me it seems certain that my fears are true."

And they *were* true. A bridal party, in which were two sisters and a brother, had gone out for pleasure on the glancing waters of the southern sea. They went, but returned no more. A rapid fever soon after swept away poor Seymour. He sleeps in the "auld kirk yard."

How was that household "broken up."

It seems just like a dream to me how there came our last examinations, and our prizes, and our partings. And some went to the army, and some to the pulpit, and some to the bar, and I to my own sweet cousin, but all to have our pictures of life "broken up."

It was a glorious ride, over mountain and moor, and along the coast of the stormy ocean. It was glorious to see the waves dash into foam against the rocks—the very screech of the sea-gull had music in its sound.

And wherefore not? Am I not about to press to my bosom, her who now sways its every thought? Shall I not receive her gentle—oh, how gentle—kiss, and show her, as I display my college laurels, that I am not all unworthy even of such love as hers?

But yonder rises the village church, and there, on the lawn, beyond the church-yard, is the cottage where I have spent my happiest hours. How glad they will be to see me! I leap from the carriage—scale the high wall of the church-yard—but hie!—here comes a funeral procession. Listen to the sepulchral tones of the clergyman,

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and hath but a short time to live. He is full of misery. He cometh up as a flower and is cut down. He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

But who came here? Uncle, aunt, cousins, all weeping, but she is not there. Can it be?

I read the name upon the coffin. Oh, horror—
she is dead.

"Broken up."

And they gave me a letter she had written:
"I am sick, dear cousin, and they tell me I may
die. It would be very hard to die and leave
this bright world, but very, very hard to die
without seeing you. I hope you may return
before I am gone, but I shall not send this till
your session is over. You love me so well, and
it would disturb you. If you do not come, we
shall meet in heaven. Farewell!"

"Broken up."

And I have lived till now, and still I find that

the more we worship them, the more surely are
our earthly idols "broken up."

"'Twas ever thus. From childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree nor flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."

God help thee, Till, and me, when the time
of time have been lost in the vastness of eternity
to gain an entrance into that land where
weary are at rest, and the joys of which
never "BROKEN UP."

BEAUTY'S TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. M. J. RICHARDSON.

I KNOW that thou art beautiful,
I know that thou art fair;
That poets oft have sung in praise
Of lip, and brow, and hair.

But ah, no bard hath ever told,
Of lips that vie with thine;
Or brow whose glorious purity,
Hath seemed so fit a shrine.

Oh, thou art strangely beautiful!
Too beautiful for earth!
With sunny brow, and golden hair,
And bird-like laugh, and mirth.

But, ah, 'tis not at beauty's shrine,
I'm kneeling, dear one, now;
'Tis not at earth's frail heritage,
I'd have this heart to bow.

Ah! no, for to thy keeping,
A nobler gift is given;
A gentle soul whose beauty seems,
An offering fit for Heaven!

And when thy waving hair is blanched,
And writ thereon decay,
And the blue of thy gentle, sinless eye,
Hath silently melted away—

I'll love thee still, though beauty's fled,
As we pass to the wished-for goal,
For though time taketh each thing else,
Still left is the beautiful soul!

Then let us pass together,
Till life from both is riven;
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
We'll meet high up in Heaven!

ODE TO SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

LOVED season of the rosy hours,
Why hast thou flown away from me?
Nor left behind of all thy flowers,
Save those which sere and wither'd be.

How many friends we prized most dear
Have thy bright pinions borne away;
No more to bless our journey here,
Or cheer with love life's weary day.

For thou didst come with golden light,
And sunny hours, and balmy breath;
Yet stole away our heart's delight,
And sealed the speaking eye in death.

Fair Summer, when we meet again,
And all thy roses sweetly bloom;
May every heart be free from pain,
Which now mourns o'er the silent tomb.

And when thy visit next shall close,
And we are called to part once more;
Oh! leave me but a single rose
From out of thine abundant store.

So will I love thee, Summer, fair!
Of all the seasons sweetest, best;
Till I a lasting Summer share,
'Mid blooming bowers of endless rest.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S OWN DRESSES.

MANTELET AND CHEMISE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

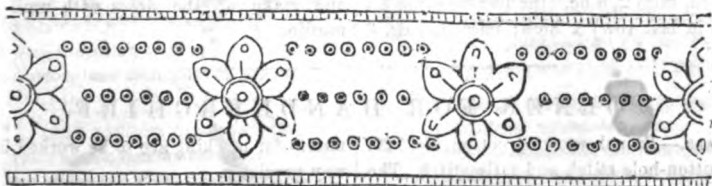
MANTELET.

We give an engraving, in this department, of a mantelet, called the Eugenie Mantelet, after the Empress of the French. It is at once elegant and economical: and what many fair readers may think better still, very fashionable. It has, in addition, the advantage of being so simple, that any lady can make it for herself. The material is of worked muslin, and the shape is the shawl form, descending in a point at the back and in front. The Mantelet is edged by a deep flounce of vandyked needlework, and is confined at the throat by a small bow of pink ribbon, and lower down by a bow of the same ribbon, with flowing ends. A diagram is unnecessary for this mantelet.



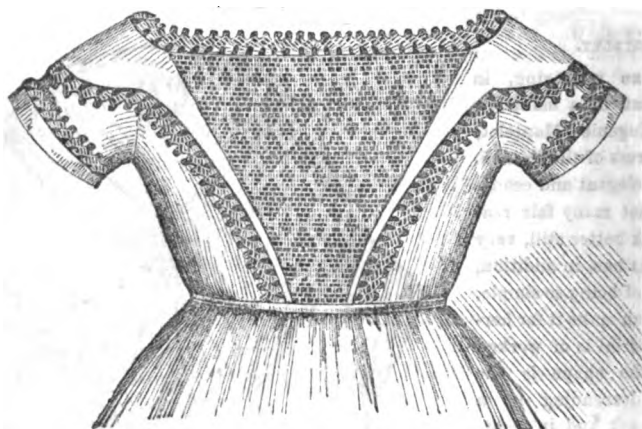
CHEMISE.

We give, in addition, an engraving of a chemise of a most comfortable pattern, and easy to make, so easy indeed that a diagram is not necessary. In order to avoid all unnecessary fulness, it is very much sloped out where the sleeves are to be put in. There are only sufficient gathers about the neck to make it set and wear well. An embroidered band, of which we give the pattern, finishes this article about the neck. The sleeves are worked to correspond. All ladies, who have the time to embroider, will find it much more economical to trim their under garments, with bands and frills of their own working, than to buy the edgings and ruffles usually sold in stores. Every lady, if possible, should make her own undergarments.



INFANT'S DRESS IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



MATERIALS.—Evan's bonn's-head cotton, No. 60. Crochet cotton, No. 22. Stomacher. Make chain of 114 stitches.

1st row.—Do.

2d.—5 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, x 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, x; repeat.

3d.—x 5 dc, (the 3d coming over the 1st dc of last row,) † 3 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, † 3 t, 3 ch; repeat from †.

4th.—7 dc, beginning on the 1st of the last row, * 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, † t, 3 ch, miss 3, 9 dc; repeat from *.

5th.—5 ch, miss 3, x 5 dc, (the 3d must come on the 7th of the last row;) 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 5 dc, 3 ch; repeat from x.

6th.—1 dc, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 5 dc, (the first of these on the 3d of the 5 dc last row,) 3 ch, miss 3, 5 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 dc; repeat from *.

7th.—1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, x 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 9 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 1 ch, x repeat from.)

8th.—3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 5 dc, (the 3 last dc, come over the 3 first of the 9,) x 3 ch, miss 3, 5 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, miss 2, 5 dc; repeat from x.

9th.—3 ch, miss 2, 5 dc, (the last 3 on the 1st 3 of the 5 in last row) x 3 ch; miss 3, 1 dc, 3

ch, miss 3, 5 dc, 8 ch, miss 3, 5 dc, x repeat from.

10th.—4 dc, the last of which comes at centre of the 5; † 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 9 dc; repeat from †.

11th.—2 dc, † 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 8 ch, miss 3, 5 dc; repeat from †.

12th.—3 ch, miss 3, dc on 4th, which should always be the centre one of the 3 ch of the last row. This completes one pattern: the next row be begun at the 3d row; and you will observe that a gradual decrease is necessary to form the stomacher shape of the front.

ENDING.—Same cotton and hook. Chain 20 stitches; form a loop.

1st Row.—5 ch, x miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, x; repeat 5 times, 1 dc.

2d.—9 ch, 1 dc, into the loop, 2 ch, 1 dc, next 2 ch, 1 dc, in the next, 2 ch, 1 dc, in the next, 7 ch, 1 dc, in the last.

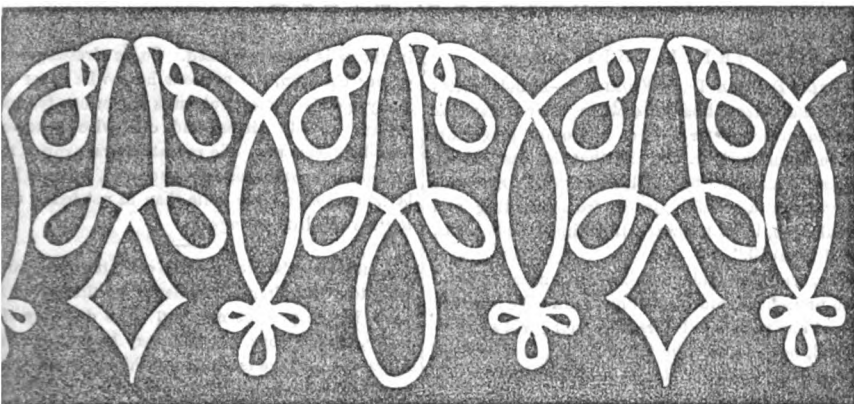
3d.—5 ch, 1 dc, in the large loop, x 1 dc, in the same, x 6 times; 2 ch, 1 dc, in the next loop, 2 ch, 1 dc, in the next. Turn work, and repeat the 2d and 3d rows, until sufficient is done for the neck; then do, in pieces, sufficient for the small capes and make up the dress with mull or muslin.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

MATERIALS.—French working cotton, No. 120. Work in button-hole stitch and satin stitch. The names for marking are to be worked in the way precisely.

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.

BY MRS. PULLAN.



This pattern is both beautiful and easily worked. It may be used in a variety of ways, equally well adapted, by varying the color and material of the braid, for summer or winter garments. It is

EDGINGS, TRIMMINGS, AND COLLAR.

This is to be worked with fine working cotton, over the stems, and the circles in open eyelet-button-hole stitch and satin-stitch, sewing holes.

MEMORIES.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

I sat by the sea-side at nightfall,
In the twilight cold and grey,
And close at my feet the waters
Were washing the sands away.
The voice of a storm came moaning
In from the surging sea—
And the sobbing tones of the storm wind
Were bringing sad memories to me.
For I thought how the waters were laving
Beaches of tropic sands,
And cried, "Oh! what hath befallen
The wanderer in foreign lands?"
And were the billows before me,
And strong and chill was the tide—
Colder the words I had spoken,
And stronger and sterner my pride.
Years ago, had we parted
Down where the white sands sweep—

One of us broken-hearted,
And the other too proud to weep!

He for wearisome wanderings
Afar on the Indian main—
And I—oh, I for the struggle—
The struggle and toil after Fame!

And, in the years that had followed
That hour of passion and pride,
Love's tree had shed all its blossoms,
And white Hope had fluttered and died.

No one had breathed his memory—
No one had spoken his name;
And my heart had grown cold and deadened,
Nor came to it pleasure or pain.

But as I sat in the gloaming,
Down by the desolate sea,
How weary and sad the memories
The storm-winds were bringing to me!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"ONLY FOOLISH LOVE-STORIES."—A lady writes to us, that many husbands, when their wives ask them to subscribe for this, or any other Magazine, excuse themselves on the plea that there is nothing in periodicals but "foolish love-stories." She adds that "many a wistful glance, from pleading and tearful eyes, is cast toward their immovable lords, but of no avail."

Now, really, we did not think that husbands could be so prejudiced, much less ungallant. We are very sure, at any rate, that lovers could not. We say prejudiced, because we take leave to tell these "lords of creation," that the stories in "Peterson," whatever be the character of stories in other Magazines, are not "foolish love-stories;" and of this they can satisfy themselves by reading. In fact, there is scarcely a story published in these pages, which does not directly teach some moral truth, for examples of which we refer, in the present number, to Ellen Ashton's sketch, Alice Gray's story, Miss Cary's satirical tale, "Esquire Faxon and his Deacons," and "Not A Bit Jealous." Clergymen, and others, who read this Magazine, unite in recommending it for its utility in the family, not less than for its literary merits.

But even were the stories in "Peterson" merely designed to amuse, did they never teach any lessons of duty or kindness, husbands would be selfish in refusing the small sum asked for by their wives, when the latter wished to subscribe. The "lord and master," who smokes cigar, chews tobacco, eats oysters, or spends money otherwise in personal gratification, should be the last one to grumble if a wife asks for two dollars to subscribe for a periodical, even if there is nothing but amusement to be had by it. The wife, perhaps, sees even more folly, in the husband's tastes, than he sees in the reading of love-stories. As a helpmate, as the one he has sworn to love, her fancies are surely entitled to some consideration. We may return to this subject again.

SAVING IN LITTLE THINGS.—Are you a housewife? Then remember that true economy consists in saving in little things. "A penny saved," says Franklin, "is a penny earned." It is by small leakages, not by great ones, that wastefulness comes. The assiduous watching, which is necessary to practise economy in this way, is so distasteful, that too many housewives disregard it: and hence the continual complaint, "I don't see where the money goes." A little butter wasted daily, a little sugar, a little tea, or a little meat, soon makes an aggregate that is important. While a housewife should never stint her table, she should never overload it: for what is

in excess is usually wasted. So, in dressing herself or her children, the prudent housewife never needlessly spends money, but knits trimmings for underclothes at odd times, and otherwise practices a lady-like economy. We repeat: extravagance, so far at least as housewives are concerned, consists less in lavishness on a large scale than in not being careful to "save in little things."

ALICE CARY'S STORY.—We call attention particularly to "The French Martlets," by the gifted Alice Cary, in the present number. The delicacy of the satire, in this story, places it very high in American literature. There is many a fashionable wife, many a selfish lady-mother, who would do well to profit by its lessons.

MRS. STEPHENS.—Our coadjutor is compelled to solicit the forbearance of the public again, her health though slowly recovering, not being sufficiently established to enable her to resume "The Bound Girl." In the July number, however, she expects to give several chapters.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Odoherly Papers. By the late William Maginn. L.L.D. Annotated by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 3 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The late Dr. Maginn was one of the wittiest talkers and readiest writers, whom Great Britain has ever produced. Under the sobriquet of Morgan Odoherly, he contributed a series of papers to "Blackwood's Magazine," which, for brilliancy, point and varied information, have never been surpassed of their kind. In these two volumes now before us, these spicy articles have been collected, with numerous and felicitous notes, by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, himself a gentleman of rare powers of mind. It is impossible to read these papers without incessant explosions of mirth. Yet the fun is so scholarly and refined, and the results of Maginn's extensive reading are so admirably woven in among it, that the most fastidious enjoy it. The volumes are handsomely printed, and ornamented with a full-length portrait of Maginn.

Men of Character. By Douglas Jerrold. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—A republication of four of Jerrold's best sketches. Jerrold disputes with Thackeray the realm of modern satire; is even preferred by many to the author of "Pendennis; and and certainly is the better humorist. The volume is illustrated with several illustrations as racy as the text. Bunce & Brother show great tact in their choice of republications, and are fast rising to the position of one of the leading firms in the trade.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These two volumes will be sought after with great avidity. Such was the grace, tact and amiability of Lady Blessington, and so great was the influence she wielded in consequence in literary society in London, that any record of her life however incomplete, or any selection from her correspondence however meagre, will command general attention. We are far from thinking that Dr. Madden has done the best he could; but yet we are free to confess that he has made a most agreeable book. We cannot let the occasion pass nevertheless, without entering our protest against the manner in which the faults of Lady Blessington are slurred over. She had, we grant, many excellencies, which partially palliated her great transgressions; but this, while it calls for charity toward her, does not justify suppression of the truth. The Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, depicted in these volumes, is not the real Marguerite at all; for one phase only of her character is given. The best part of the volumes to us are the notices of the eminent men who met at "Gore House" with the extracts from their correspondence. The volumes are published in a highly creditable style.

The American Debater. By James N. McElliott. L.L.D. 1 vol. New York: Ivison & Phinney.—A work like this has long been demanded by the wants of the public. It is a lucid exposition of the principles and practice of public debate, containing, as the title-page sets forth, an account of the qualifications necessary to a good deliberative orator, the mode of acquiring these qualifications, the rules of order in assemblies for debate, specimens of debates in full and in outline, numerous questions for discussion, the forms of a constitution for literary clubs, and other matters of importance. Among a people so eminently deliberative as we Americans, such a work, if studied properly, will avert many a false issue in debate, and prevent many a controversy from ending in a quarrel. We recommend it, not only to debaters in colleges, but to those more advanced in life and knowledge. The volume is handsomely printed, neatly bound, and adorned with a graphic portrait of Daniel Webster.

Mammon; or, The Hardships of an Heiress. By Mrs. Gore. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—We always read Mrs. Gore's novels with pleasure. She is a keen observer of conventional life, a skillful artist, careful in her style, elaborate in her delineations of character, and always vivacious. The idea of this, her last work, is the deteriorating influence of the love of money. John Woolston is a creation quite equal, in his way, to Abednego, which is conceded to be one of the most forcible characters in modern fiction. The London Athenæum, very high authority, pronounces "Mammon" to be, on the whole, the best of Mrs. Gore's novels. The volume is issued in very neat style.

An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, with a Collection of Astronomical Tables. By Elias Loomis, L.L.D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work will prove almost priceless to amateur observers, practical surveyors, engineers, and young men pursuing a liberal education. It has been compiled, with great care and labor, from the best standard works, among them Pearson's Practical Astronomy, Baily's Astronomical Tables, Delambre's Astronomie, and leading German treatises. Several of the tables have been computed entirely new; while others have been recomputed, extended and modified. Nearly every instrument mentioned is illustrated by a drawing. The very high merits of the work will incontestably make it a text-book. The publishers have issued it in large type, printed it on stout white paper, and bound it substantially.

Visits to European Celebrities. By William B. Sprague, D. D. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A series of graphic sketches, describing the appearance and manners of various eminent men, whom Dr. Sprague met in Europe in 1828 and 1836. Among the celebrities included in the volume are Robert Hall, Edward Irving, Rowland Hill, William Wilberforce, Hannah More, Mrs. Grant, Miss Baillie, Neander, and Dr. J. Pys Smith. There were few individuals, distinguished in either theology or literature, whom Dr. Sprague, who seems to have had a taste for "lion-hunting," did not visit. As every body is curious to know how those, whose writings they are familiar with, looked, talked and acted, this volume will afford, we think, general satisfaction. An autograph is given of each person described.

The Summer-Land. By A Child of the Sun. 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—This is literally what it purports to be, a faithful delineation of Southern life. The sketches of character, manners, customs and scenery are admirable, such indeed as could emanate only from a writer long familiar with the South. The author gives evidence also, on every page, of a refined and cultivated mind. There are many really beautiful passages in the volume. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have published the book in a style of unusual elegance for a novel.

Grace Lee. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This, though inferior to "Nathalie," or even to "Daisy Burns," is still an agreeable book. The principal characters are drawn with great power, and but for the improbability of the incidents, the work would be Miss Kavanagh's best. Her minute painting gives a reality to her fictions, which makes them more interesting than those of most other novelists. The volume is handsomely printed, and bound in cloth.

Harper's Story Books. No. 5. Frank. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of Abbott's entertaining and instructive books for youth, elegantly illustrated. The "philosophy of tricks and mischief" is the text of the story; and right aptly is the task executed.

History of Turkey. By A. De Lamartine. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The thousands, who have been fascinated by Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," will welcome this new work from his pen with positive enthusiasm. The peculiar qualities of his mind render him, perhaps, the most capable man of the age to narrate this brilliant episode in the annals of the Orient. The ordinary dull chronicle, or even the more pretending philosophical history, would be out of place in a theme so romantic, which requires instead an eye quick to seize its salient points and a pen eloquent to delineate them. In Lamartine's hands the story of the Turks possesses intense interest. It has evidently been a labor of love for him to rehearse their martial deeds, to depict their institutions, and to rebut the prejudices which have existed against them in Western Europe. We shall look, with avidity, for the two succeeding volumes, which the Messrs. Appleton promise to the public. The book is printed in an unusually neat style.

Tri-Colored Sketches in Paris, during the years 1851-2-3. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a collection of letters, originally written for a New York journal, and now republished, with the addition of graphic pictorial illustrations. The writer gives a vivid picture of social life in Paris, but his political strictures are less valuable, because his detestation of Louis Napoleon affects his impartiality and destroys his trustworthiness. A certain cynical, bitter tone he has, though, to some degree a reflex of Parisian life, is not pleasant. But with these exceptions, the work is a valuable one, as it is, under all phases, agreeable and piquant. The publishers have issued it in excellent style.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By Jas. F. Johnson. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—In these lucid volumes, Mr. Johnson has explained, to the popular capacity, the chemistry of everything relating to daily life. The bread we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the narcotics we indulge in, and all the thousand things that relate to every day existence, are elucidated, with a sharpness of outline and a felicity of illustration, which leaves nothing else to desire. The work is destined to become standard. It will be of necessity in the library of every person pretending to intelligence. The publishers have issued it in excellent style, crowding its pages with suitable illustrations.

The Practical American Cook-Book. By A. Housekeeper. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The aim of this book is not only to furnish the best receipts that practice has developed, but to supply the scientific knowledge requisite for their full understanding and skilful use. In both objects the author has eminently succeeded. The volume is well printed and prettily bound. We recommend it to all our fair readers, for some knowledge of cookery is indispensable, in our opinion at least, to every truly accomplished woman.

The Life of Sam Houston. Illustrated. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The hero of San Jacinto is a remarkable man in every respect. As his eventful life has heretofore been but little known to his countrymen, we eagerly welcome this volume, which tells, without rhodomontade, its instructive story. Senator Houston is what Carlyle calls "a reality and not a sham," a rare thing in this age of conventionalism. We recommend the book as not only delightful, but as eminently instructive, for it is as full of lessons of patriotism, sincerity and honesty as it is of stirring adventure.

The Slave of the Lamp. A Posthumous Novel. By William North. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—This work of fiction is the last production of Mr. North, having been found, among his papers, subsequent to his suicide. It is evidently autobiographical, at least in part, being full of those morbid views of life, which the author entertained, especially toward the close of his career. The book, however, is powerfully written. Long & Brother publish it in good style, handsomely bound in cloth.

History of a Zoological Temperance Convention, Held in Central Africa in 1847. By Edueard Hibcock, D. D. L.L.D. 1 vol. Boston: N. Noyes, No. 11 Cornhill.—A witty fable, designed to aid the cause of temperance. It will often prove successful, we think, when a didactic treatise might fail. Well illustrated with numerous spirited engravings. Mr. Noyes will send it, free of postage, on receipt of fifty cents by mail; and the hearty laughs it will awaken are worth twice that sum.

Foster's First Principles of Chemistry. Adapted Specially for Classes. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We cannot recommend this book too highly. As a text-book for primary schools it is invaluable. The diagrams and engravings make the subject plain to any capacity; while of the most recently discovered, and most brilliant experiments, are introduced. The volume is handsomely printed and substantially bound.

The Old Inn. By Josiah Barnes, Senior. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A pleasant book, made up of stories supposed to be told at an inn. It has many capital scenes, plainly drawn from real life; "studies from Nature," as a painter would say. We recommend it as admirably calculated to while away a dull hour.

The May Flower; and Miscellaneous Writings. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A collection of fugitive stories and sketches by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The volume is beautifully got up, and illustrated with a portrait of Mrs. Stowe, which represents her as quite a handsome woman.

Adelaide Waldegrave. By J. F. Smith. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—Said to be superior even to "Minnie Gray," the well-known novel of the same author. Published in cheap style for cents.

Kenneth. By the author of "Heartsease." 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We received this novel, at so late a period of the month, as to render it impossible for us yet to peruse it. The reputation of the author, however, is a guarantee of its worth. The publishers have issued it in excellent style.

The Ins and Outs of Paris. By Julia M. Marguerites. 1 vol. Philada: William White Smith, 195 Chestnut Street.—The late hour at which we received this work prevents us, as in the case of "Kenneth," from noticing it on its merits. The volume does credit, in typography and binding, to the publisher.

Adventures Of Captain Priest. By the author of a "Stray Yankee in Texas." 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A work crackling with puns, blazing with jokes, in short brilliant with every variety of wit and humor. There are two capital illustrations also from the pencil of Darley.

The Country Neighborhood. By Miss E. A. Dupuy. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An original American novel, published in cheap style, at fifty cents.

SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS.

THE MINERAL CHAMELEON.—When one part of black oxide of manganese and three parts of nitrate of potass, both reduced to powder, and mixed together, are exposed in a crucible to a strong heat for about an hour, or as long as any gas continues to be disengaged, a compound of highly oxidised manganese and potass, possessed of some very curious properties, is obtained. *Experiment 1.* A few grains of this compound, put into a wineglassful of water, produces a green color; an increase of the quantity changes the color to a blue; more still to a purple; and a yet farther increase produces a beautiful deep purple. *Experiment 2.* Put equal quantities of this substance into two separate wineglasses, and add to the one hot, and to the other cold, water. The hot solution will be of a beautiful green color; the cold one of a deep purple. By using more glasses, and water more or less in quantity, and at different temperatures, a great variety of colors will be produced in this way from the same substance.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Green Pea-Soup Maitre is, in Roman Catholic countries, made thus:—Take a quart of green peas, large, but not too old; boil them in water, with salt, until they are thoroughly tender, then pass the pulp through a sieve; now take a quart of new milk, and beat up in it the yolk of two eggs, and the white of one; put the pulp to this and boil for a quarter of an hour; just before stewing sweeten with white sugar, and add a little grated nutmeg and lemon-peel. This is a very popular and nourishing preparation for the nursery.

Fine Rhubarb Jam.—Let the rhubarb be drawn on a dry day; wipe the stalks clean, but do not wash them; peel off the skin and coarse fibres, and slice the stalks thin. To each pound thus prepared, allow a pound of fine sugar in fine powder; put the fruit in a pan, and stew a quarter of the sugar amongst it and over it; let it stand until the sugar is dissolved, when boil it slowly to a smooth pulp; take it from the fire and stir in the remainder of the sugar by degrees; when it is dissolved, boil the preserve quickly until it becomes very thick, and leaves the bottom of the pan visible when stirred. The time required for preparing this preserve will depend on the kind of rhubarb used, and the time of year in which it is made; it will vary from an hour and a half to two hours and a quarter. The juice should be slowly drawn from it at first.

Essence of Jessamine is obtained in France in the following way:—A layer of the flowers is spread over the bottom of a hair sieve, and upon the flowers is laid a layer of small and detached bits of the finest cotton wool, which have been dipped in oil of Ben—that oil being preferable to any other, as it does not become rancid. Over the cotton is laid another layer of flowers, and so on, alternately cotton and flowers, until the sieve is full. When these have lain twenty-four hours, the flowers are removed and fresh ones introduced, a process repeated until the cotton is quite impregnated with the odor. The oil is then pressed out of the cotton. Add to it some highly-rectified spirits of wine, and keep in closely-stopped bottles. The Jonquil rose, or Heliotrope, may be served in the same way.

Rolled Brimstone for Cramp.—Sufferers will find that when attacked with cramp, whether in the feet, legs, stomach, or any other part, that immediate relief is afforded by holding in the hand a stick of brimstone, when it comes on. At such times the brimstone crackles and emits an offensive odor, which is not the case unless the cramp is present. If at all severe at the time, the brimstone as soon as touched breaks into pieces; after the same piece has been used several times it is less useful in relieving. To lay it in the palm of the hand is sufficient. It does not relieve pain by applying it to the part in pain from cramp. This fails with some persons.

To Take Impressions of Plants.—Burn a common cork, till reduced to powder, and make into a thick paste with olive oil. With this plant the veiny side of a leaf (a sage leaf is a desirable one) with a camel-hair pencil, lay the leaf carefully on clean paper, painted side down, and place it in a book, under pressure. In a quarter of an hour, remove the leaf carefully from the paper, and you will find an exact impression left.

To Bake a Custard.—A custard, if well made, and properly baked, will be quite smooth when cut, without the honey-combed appearance, or any whey in the dish. Both these are occasioned by too hot an oven. Bake it in a very slow oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or more.

White Elder Flower Wine.—Boil eighteen pounds of white powder sugar, with six gallons of water, and the whites of two well-beaten eggs; then skim, and put in a quarter of a peck of elder flowers from the tree; do not keep them on the fire. When nearly cold, stir in six spoonfuls of lemon juice, four or five of good yeast and beat well into the liquor; stir it every day; put six pounds of the best raisins, stoned, into the cask, and tun the wine. Stop it close, and bottle in six months. When well kept, this wine resembles Frontiniae.

To Preserve Pine-Apple.—Cut the fruit in slices about one-fifth of an inch thick; stew powdered sugar an eighth of an inch thick over the bottom of a jar, and put the slices on it; put more sugar on this, and then another layer of slices; and so on, until the jar be full. Place the jar with the fruit up to the neck in boiling water, and keep it there until the sugar is completely dissolved, which may take half an hour; remove the scum as it rises. Lastly, tie a wet bladder over the mouth of the jar or cork, and wax it.

Coldslaw.—Shave as fine as possible a hard head of white cabbage, put it in a salad bowl, and pour over it the usual salad dressing. Another way is, to cut the cabbage head in two, shave it finely, put it in a stew-pan with half a teacupful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a salt-spoonful of pepper; cover the stewpan, and set over a gentle fire for five minutes, shaking it occasionally. When thoroughly heated, serve it as a salad.

Raspberry Biscuits.—Select fine raspberries, and their weight in fine sugar. Reduce the fruit to a pulp by boiling, and then take the fruit off and add the sugar. Stir in until the sugar is dissolved. Pour the paste on tins to dry it. As soon as the surface of the top is dry, cut the paste into cakes of different shapes, and continue to dry them in a slow oven until they are crisp. Put in tin boxes, and keep in a dry place.

Baked Gooseberry Pudding.—Scald the fruit, and when quite tender, rub it through a sieve, and sweeten to taste with brown sugar. Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in some cream, beat the yolks of six and the whites of three eggs, grate a little lemon peel, and mix the whole well together, adding a little ratafia; bake in a dish lined with puff paste.

To Preserve Raspberries Whole.—Make some very strong syrup, and when it is quite thick, put the raspberries in, and boil them five minutes, taking off any scum that may arise; take them off the fire and add a little sifted sugar; then boil again, skimming as before; this process, and the powdering with sugar, must be repeated three or four times.

Light Currant Dumplings.—For each dumpling take three tablespoonfuls of flour, two of finely chopped suet, three of currants, a pinch of salt, and as much milk as will make a thick batter of the ingredients. Tie in well-floured cloths, and boil an hour. Serve with sweet wine sauce.

Rum Shrub.—Oranges and lemons four each, loaf sugar two pounds; rub the sugar on the fruit until the whole of the yellow rind is off, then add one gallon of rum; allow the sugar to dissolve in the spirit; mix, and add one pint of lemon juice, and one pint of orange juice, and two quarts of water that has boiled, and stood to cool. Brandy shrub may be made in the same way, substituting brandy for rum.

To Preserve Cranberries.—In preserving cranberries, for every pound of fruit use two of sugar.

Eel Patties are made by parboiling the eels and baking them in paste with seasoning.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

SEA-WEEDS.—Sea-weeds must all be soaked in large quantities of fresh water, so as to extract the salt before they are laid down to dry. If the collector has not time to examine and lay them down while at the sea-side, nothing more should be done than allowing them to dry moderately in the open air, and tying them up loosely in strong brown paper. They may thus be carried without injury to any distance; and when macerated in fresh water, will expand as fully as before.

The mode of preserving large sea-weeds which will not adhere to paper and require gumming, is thus:—After well cleaning and pressing, brush the coarser kinds of Algae over with spirits of turpentine, in which two or three small lumps of gum-mastic have been dissolved by shaking in a warm place: two-thirds of a small phial is the proper proportion, and this will make the specimens retain a fresh appearance.

TO EXTRACT THE ESSENTIAL OIL FROM ANY FLOWER.—Take any flowers you like, which stratify with common sea-salt in a clean earthen glazed pot. When thus filled to the top, cover it well and carry it to the cellar. Forty days afterward put a cloth over a pan, and empty the whole to strain the essence from the flowers by pressure. Bottle that essence and expose it four or five weeks in the sun, and dew of the evening, to purify. One single drop of that essence is enough to scent a quart of water.

THE MARVELLOUS FOUNTAIN.—Suspend a vessel of water from the arch, and place in the vessel a capillary syphon. The water will at first issue by drops only; but when the wheel is put in motion there will be one continual stream of water; and if the electrification be strong, a number of streams will issue in the form of a cone. The stream will appear quite luminous in the dark.

COMBUSTION UNDER WATER.—Put a small quantity of hyper oximuriate of potass and a bit of phosphorus into a wine-glass; pour on them cold water. Take a glass tube and dip one end into sulphuric acid; press with the finger upon the upper orifice to retain it, convey the end to the bottom of the glass, take away the finger, and the combustion will take place instantly.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF BUFF TISSUE PLAIDED WITH DARK BROWN.—The skirt is trimmed with three broad flounces scalloped, each edged with a wreath of flowers of the color of the plaid, woven in the material. The edge of the flounces are trimmed with a narrow cut fringe. The corsage is made with a basque trimmed like the flounces. Sleeves tight to the elbow, and finished with two bias ruffles, ornamented to correspond with the basque and flounces.

FIG. II.—GENTLEMEN'S WALKING COSTUME of white pantaloons and brown coat. We have been so often solicited to give, occasionally, fashions for gentlemen, that we comply, this month, with the request.

FIG. III.—THE ROSITA MANTILLA is made from a new and beautiful shade of light tan-colored silk, with trimming of the same, made in quite a pretty and novel manner. The back of the mantle resembles somewhat a basque slightly curving to the figure, and finished with two box plaited ruffles, very full, with a neat gauze trimming on the edge of each ruffle. The trimming of silk follows the seams from the arm over the shoulder and down the back. The ends are square, finished with the two ruffles in keeping with the rest of the garment, and the entire effect is novel and beautiful. It is one of the new designs selected by Mr. Bell while in Paris, and we can promise our lady readers that it is really new in style, and they may expect from us a continuance of the most beautiful designs in Mantillas that have ever yet been published.

FIG. IV.—TULLE BONNET.—The foundation consists of blue bouillonne tulle, ornamented with rows of narrow blonde. On one side, a bouquet of white roses, with foliage made of crape. Under-trimming of white blonde, with white and blue crape flowers.

FIG. V.—BONNET OF PINK CRAPE.—The top of the crown is crowned by bands of narrow black lace, and a deep fall of black lace, having a vandyke edge turned back over the front of the bonnet. On one side there is a bouquet of damask roses with foliage of black crape. Under-trimming, a cap of white blonde, with damask rose-buds, and foliage of black velvet.

FIG. VI.—SUMMER MANTELET of spotted muslin, edged with a vandyke trimming. Above the trimming is a puffing through which a green ribbon is to be run. The mantelet is fastened in front by a bow and ends of green ribbon. Any other color which the taste may dictate can be used. This mantelet is very simple and is easily made.

FIG. VII.—RICHELIEU PARDESSUS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—This pardessus is made of white Marseilles or pique, and braided with linen braid. Sleeves with Louis Quatorze cuffs.

FIG. VIII.—EMPEROR COLLAR of guipure, with long points in front, ornamented with ribbons laid on flat. A very beautiful affair.

FIG. IX.—MOUSQUETAIRE COLLAR, of satin-stitch embroidery mixed with Valenciennes.

FIG. X.—BALL HEAD-DRESS.—The back hair is twisted, and turned round at the back part of the head. The front hair is disposed in bows, three of which pass along the upper part of the head, just above the forehead. A beautiful wreath of roses and foliage is intertwined with the hair, and pendent sprays droop at each side of the face.

FIG. XI.—CHEMISSETTE.—Of a pattern entirely new, and intended to be worn under a dress having a low corsage. The chemisette is half-high, and composed of Brussels net. It is trimmed at the top by a fall of scalloped lace, headed by a quilling of very narrow satin ribbon. In front, there are two rosettes of lace, having in the centre loops of satin ribbon, the lower one finished by three long ends. On each shoulder, a bow of satin ribbon with long ends.

FIG. XII.—BERTHE.—It is made on a foundation of very thin white tulle, and is formed of three rows of quilling of pink gauze ribbon, and intervening rows of lace insertion. The sleeves are formed in the same manner. From the berthe rows of pink ribbon descend to the point in front of the waist, where they unite in a rosette and ends.

FIG. XIII.—CHILD'S DRESS.—The material is very fine white cambric muslin, and the skirt has three flounces of rich eyelet-hole work. These flounces are of graduated widths, and the upper one is fastened with the fullness of the skirt to the end of the corsage. The latter has a stomacher front of rich needlework; and a berthe of needlework, corresponding with the flounces, passes over the shoulders and descends in a point to the front of the waist. The short sleeves are trimmed with rows of the same needlework. A sash of light-blue sarsenet ribbon is fastened in a bow and ends in front, and at each side of the waist is fixed a small bow and ends of narrower ribbon. Similar bows on the sleeves.

FIG. XIV.—EVENING BASQUINE.—This is suitable for a small evening party. The foundation is formed of very fine clear sprigged muslin, and the trimming consists of lace and bouillons of Brussels net. This trimming is disposed in the manner of *bretelles* passing from the shoulder to the waist, narrowing to a point in front. The sleeves are formed of two bouillons surmounting two frills of broad lace. The basque consists of two frills of lace, each headed by a bouillon. Bows of blue ribbon on the shoulders, at the throat, and at the point in front of the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Those dresses which are not worn with basques, are usually round at the waist, and have a very slight fullness, which is confined by a belt or sash. They are plain on the shoulder. The open corsage is still much the more fashionable, though some prefer the closed corsage, particularly for the more ordinary dress, or street wear. Braces are more in vogue than ever. Some pass over the shoulders and approach very near together at the waist, where they terminate in bows and ends, and others cross at the waist, and extend down the basque. Fringe and ribbon are both profusely used as trimmings.

The new **BAREGE SHAWLS** are among the best adapted for the summer season. The texture being light, and possessing a slight degree of warmth, renders them available when the atmosphere has become chilled by successive falls of rain. Many of these shawls are long, like the cashmere shawls, and when folded, they form a comfortable covering for the shoulders and chest. They are of various patterns and colors: some are striped, and others are covered with a palm-leaf pattern in tints vying with the most beautiful cashmires. Those having a black ground and a border of palm-leaves so deep as to leave very little of the ground plain, are most *recherche* for negligé costume. Among the most elegant patterns may be mentioned some covered with

stripes, alternately blue, white, and fawn-color, the stripes being sprigged either with small palm-leaves or flowers, or covered with arabesque designs.

The **PARASOLS** are of a medium size this season, and in place of the long ivory or pearl top so fashionable heretofore, those with a ring covered with silk, to which is attached a couple of tassels, are the most in favor. For the more elegant kinds used for the carriage, bows and ends of ribbon supply the place of tassels. The large parasols of chintz muslin with ample bounces of the same are indispensable for the country. Some fashionable ladies carry parasols made of foulard in chintz patterns, and having a border edged with a narrow feather fringe. These are very graceful and truly elegant.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

A NEW VOLUME WITH JULY.—With the next number, we shall begin the twenty-eighth volume of "*Peterson*," which will afford a good opportunity for new subscribers to enrol themselves. Those old subscribers, whose terms expire with the present number, will please not to forget that all names are erased from our books as soon as the period has elapsed for which they have paid. By this rigid adherence to the cash system, no paying subscriber for "*Peterson*" is taxed for those who don't pay, as is the case where a Magazine credits subscribers; for then good subscribers help to pay for bad ones. Moreover, a Magazine conducted on our principle never forces itself on subscribers; for when their time is up they are discontinued as of course. We feel confident that all our old friends will return, and that with them will come thousands of new. During the next volume we shall add greatly to the beauty, interest and usefulness of our Magazine. Our motto is "*improvement, incessant improvement.*" At the request of numerous subscribers we shall hereafter publish a piece of new music monthly. Our patterns in embroidery, knitting, netting, crochet, our fashions, our engravings, and our original stories shall continue to excel. Neither money, time, nor industry shall be spared, not only to keep "*Peterson*" where it is, *ahead of all others*, but to render it **UNAPPROACHABLE.**

GET UP CLUBS.—In many places there is but one copy of "*Peterson*" taken, where there should be dozens. We ask our subscribers to do all they can, by exhibiting their copies, to procure clubs, or induce others to procure them. Where a number is injured by exhibiting, we will supply a duplicate.

DOING MORE THAN WE PROMISE.—We begin, in this number, a series of articles on "*Making Paper Flowers*," of which we had said nothing in our prospectus. But the newspaper press all testify that "*Peterson*" is invariably ahead of his promises.

OUR GALAXY OF CONTRIBUTORS.—It is universally conceded that this Magazine furnishes better reading than any other periodical for ladies. Such a galaxy of writers as Carry Stanley, Alice Cary, Ella Redman, Frank Lee, Clara Moreton, Ellen Ashton, Alice Gray, and the author of "*Susy L——'s Diary*," could not be collected by any cotemporary. If "*Peterson*" had no other claims to popularity, the excellence of its stories, all of which are original, would render it cheap at its subscription price.

"A DOLLAR LOWER."—Recollect that "*Peterson*" is a dollar lower than Magazines of its class. Its clubs of eight it is but \$1.25. Who cannot afford that? The beginning of a new volume makes this the time to subscribe. Back numbers to January can be furnished to those persons preferring to begin then.

OUR FASHION PLATE.—Isn't it beautiful? We wish every lady in America could compare the colored fashion plates, we have given in this volume, with those furnished by other Magazines. There would not be many ladies, afterward, without "*Peterson*."

BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.—This new cosmetic, manufactured by Pettridge & Co., Boston, is already in great demand. We receive so many letters, asking where it may be had, that we state, once for all, "*at the nearest good druggist's.*"

POST-TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE.—In remitting, mention, *at the head of the letter*, the post-town, county and state. When a removal takes place, mention, not only the new direction, but also the old.

SEND US A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



e for Under-
 embroidery, Suitable for the half of a Hand-
 chief Corner, (*Illustrated*,) - - - 200 } Inserting for Shirt Front, (*Illustrated*,) - - 331



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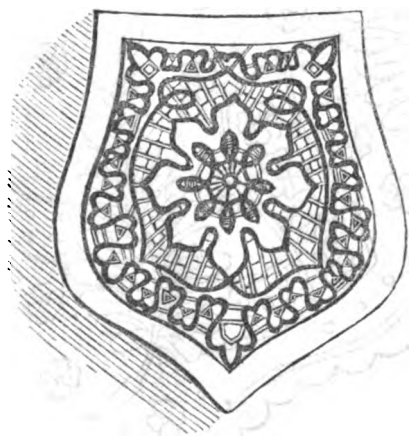
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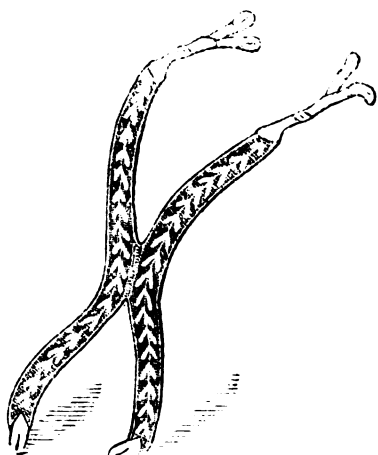
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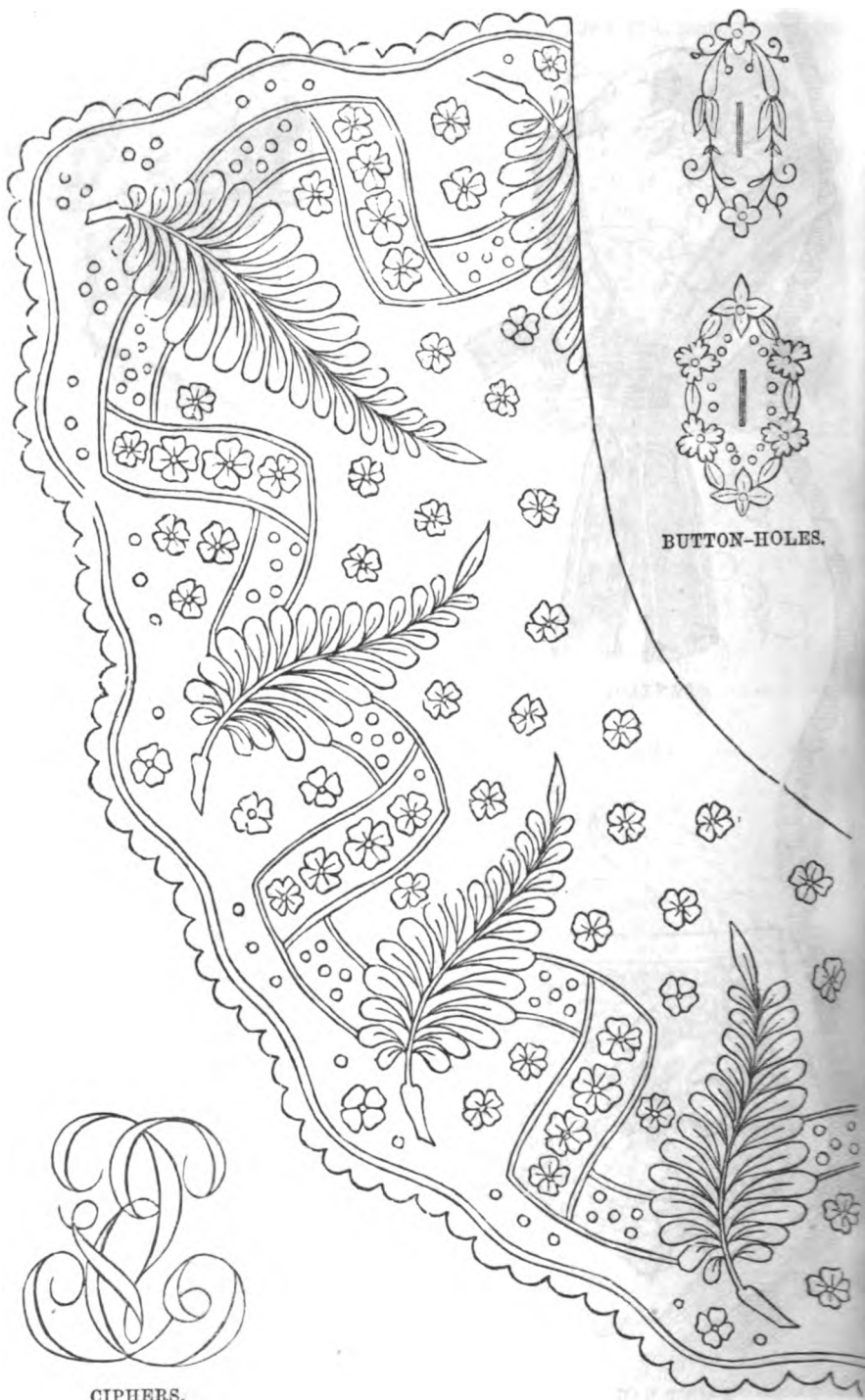
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LACET BAG.



SUSPENDERS.



BUTTON-HOLES.

CIPHERS.

PATTERN FOR COLLAR.

THE CAVALIER.

-nade To tend'rest words he swept the chords, And many a sigh breath'd he! While

o'er and o'er he fond-ly swore Sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet

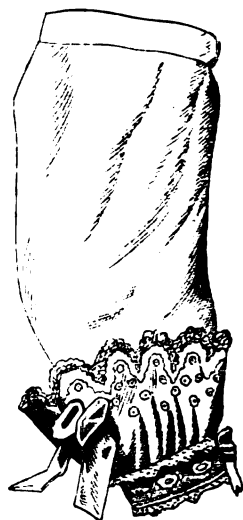
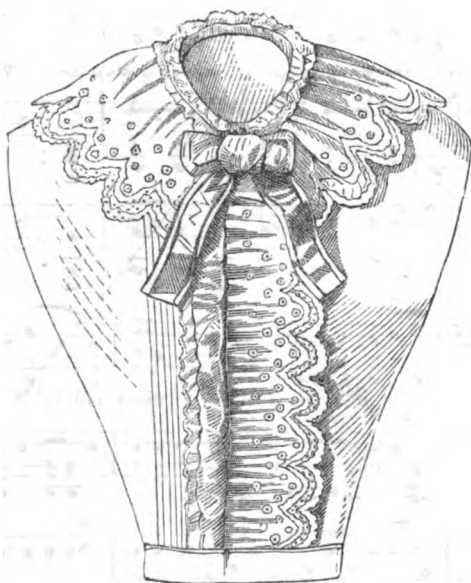
maid! . . . sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet maid! . . . sweet maid I love but

thee.

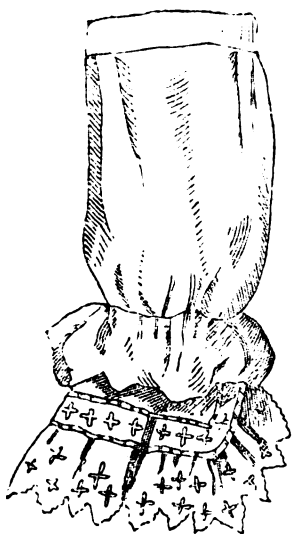
cres.

rais'd his eye to a lattice high,
While he softly breath'd his hopes,
th' amazement, he sees a wing about with the breeze,
All ready, a ladder of ropes!
Up he has gone, the Bird is flown!
What is this on the ground?" quoth he!
't is plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's gloves,
he's off; and its not with me.
these gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd to me.
these gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd to me."

Of course, you'd have thought, he'd have follow'd & fought,
As that was "a duelling age,"
But this gay Cavalier he quite scorn'd the idea
Of putting himself in a rage.
More wise by far, he put up his guitar;
And as homeward he went, sung he,
"When a Lady elopes—down a ladder of ropes—
She may go to Hong Kong for me.
She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong for me.
She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong for me.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.

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No. 1.

A SKETCH "BELOW BLEECKER."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"DIED, on the eight instant, of consumption, Francisco Padrilla, aged sixty, a native of Venice." How often does such a notice meet your careless eye as you run over the list of deaths in the evening paper! The fifth act of another life tragedy has just closed in your midst, and surely there is enough on the surface of this brief announcement to form material for imagining the foregoing scenes. It is worded with all possible conciseness—the last clause might perhaps have been omitted, but in that did not the pen follow the home-turnings of the heart that had just ceased to beat? Had not the gliding gondolas of the "silent city" risen before the dying, and the dip of their oars sounded in his ear like echoing music? For sixty years he had buffeted the storms of life, and at least, amid the roar and the rush of the great city whither his steps had strayed, on the eight instant, he died. The fact you read of so coolly is filling some heart with curdling agony.

I used often to watch him go in and out, the poor foreign artist who never seemed to have any orders for the pictures that succeeded each other on his easel. His black velvet coat grew every day more rusty, his step more spiritless. How lonely he looked amid the jostling crowd in Broadway, and what a lingering, melancholy glance would he cast upon it as he reached his own corner, and turned down into the chill shadow of the lofty hotel! Once I saw him pause by a stand of oranges, in whose golden gleam he caught a look of sunny Italy—three cents was too much—he shook his head and passed on. With the exercise of a little Yankee guessing I soon learned much about the family. There was a boy with a Murillo head, and large, deep eyes, who, as winter advanced, went and came with the packages of law-papers which had been his father's burden. And day by day, in rain and shine, a girl of eighteen wrapped her thin shawl about her, and went to her round of

music lessons. I knew her errand by her well-worn port-folio.

But after awhile the daughter's splendid voice attracted the attention of an "artist Lyrique," and she received an offer for an opera engagement. The terms proposed would fail to pay for the wear and tear of voice and strength in a most laborious occupation, but the eye of the employe had glanced around the bare room, and rested upon the pale, pinched cheek of Filippa. With a coarse jest about rouging for the stage, he took his leave, and now the lamps of a rickety hack glare at midnight upon the bed-room ceilings of the neighbors. Filippa still returned at dusk from her music lessons, however, alone and hurriedly, patiently enduring the street impertinences which assail the "shabby-genteel" more than the laboring and even ragged poor.

But one night, while Filippa was singing at the opera, her father died. Did stupefied misery keep dry the eyes of those lovely Italian orphans as they bent above the silent lips, or busied themselves in vain endeavors to throw around the rough coffin something of the grace and tenderness of their own loved land? Poverty's iron cuts deep into the soul at such a time. There were all the repulsive accompaniments of death, there was the unmarked grave in Potter's-field staring them in the face.

But what is all this to thee, fair dweller in Fourteenth street, stretched on thy velvet lounge, planning a costume for Mrs. T——'s next reception? The remains of poor Francisco Padrilla lie in a low, dreary house far "below Bleeker." It is but a few steps from laughing, glittering Broadway, but your little feet never stumbled over its uneven pavement. There the roar of the near tide of gayety and bustle is a weariness and a mockery, and to you, perhaps, this recital seems the same. What is it all to you? Let me tell you. You were at the opera last night. From your luxurious box you saw and listened

to the impersonation of genius, and lent a laughing ear to presumptuous comments on the "fine points" of the fair girl before you. Did you follow her home in imagination? That voice that thrilled through your being, might it not have caught its pathos from some scene of suffering you may never hear of? that look, the wildness of whose grief was "finely done," you said, was it all acting? It was poor Filippa Padrilla who enchanted you last night. What sight is flashing before the eye she raises to light and splendor and wreathing smiles? the white, cold forehead of her unburied father. What sound is ringing in her ear, low, but having power to drown the orchestra accompaniment? the wail of her little brother, watching alone by the corpse. For the sake of his bread as well as her own, she dare not be absent on a benefit night. And yet the words of mimic grief almost choke her who has its quivering, bleeding reality in her heart. Oh! lift the veil, and the rose-

wreath on her brow will show forth a crown of thorns, and the trinkets, and gauze, and tinsel the mockery and misery they are. And all this so near, so near to you, fair lady; you can even hear her breath that gaspingly comes from the depth of her heroic conflict. A few steps, and she, a maiden like yourself, might stand by your side. But no thought of the *possible* truth disturbs, for a moment, your care of your long gown and ermined mantle, or changes your cold, criticizing gaze. She smiles—she sparkles—you look no farther.

Ah, lady! were the girl to come and tell you her story, I know your eyes would fill. Were to lead you to that death chamber with its lone child-mourner, though you might shudder and shrink, I know you would pity, but the veil not lifted—the barrier is not broken down between Fifth Avenue and the purlieus of Clay street, and so on goes the current of real selfishness. You never think.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

PEARLS nestled in her golden hair
So beautiful and bright,
And diamonds with a thousand hues
Shot forth a dazzling light;
But on her cheek no roses bloomed,
And pale was lip and brow;
Yet in her loveliness she stands
Before me even now.

Sweet music sent a thrill of joy
Through many a gentle heart,
But not a moment's happiness
To her did it impart;

For sorrow was indeed enthroned
Within her youthful breast,
Her spirit sought no pleasure there,
Her heart—it found no rest.

The flowers which graced her diadem
Were not more fair than she,
The rose-bud and the lily pure—
Flow'rs from the almond tree;
But sorrow will not flee away
For music, flower, or gem;
The hearts that cherish hidden griefs,
God cheer and strengthen them!

HUMILITY.

BY W. FLEMING.

THE skylark blithely plumes her wings,
And up, up, up, with joyous bound
Ascendeth, and "at Heaven's gate sings;"
But builds her nest upon the ground.

So, on the wings of faith and love,
Up, up, humility ascends

To the eternal throne above,
While at her Maker's feet she bends.

Then, mark—by God's own finger traced—
Her high and glorious destiny;
"Pride"—said the word—"shall be abased."
But I'LL EXALT HUMILITY!"

THE AWKWARD MISTAKE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

CORA B—was something of a flirt—there is denying it, though I do not like to admit anything to her disadvantage, for she was a great wite of mine.

He was a pretty, little brown thing, with skin that the rich blood mantled freely through, though it came from a warm, generous heart. Ripe lips, often parted to reveal two rows of nearly teeth, as the merry laughter burst fittingly out—figure rather petite, but full and full—a foot and hand of fairy-like symmetry, hair dark, and glossy as satin—such were some of her outward attractions. Add a pretty, coquettish manner, and a temper unspoilably kind, and you will have some idea of Cora B—.

She was only eighteen, but her lovers were fitly so numerous, that, had she cared to count of them, she must have had a notched like Robinson Crusoe, for surely her giddy head could never have remembered them. *What that, or some similar aid.*

Everybody petted, admired and flattered her; to make love to one so loveable, seemed as natural as to inhale the fragrance of a

flower the newest, and consequently the most desired of her admirers, was Horace Henderson, —, who had recently come to Springfield, a native place.

It was being the novelty of the season, he was decidedly clever and agreeable fellow—neat and talented; therefore Cora, without need to make a serious conquest, would have been satisfied at her lack of skill, if she had not been added in so distinguished an *attache* to the list.

Her own effort greater than usual to do better, and even when she had so far come to find him her obedient servant to do as she saw, or fancied she saw, that his services were less the result of love than of admiration.

She was quite content, however, and the interest between them daily increased. Cora flirted with him so much. Horace carried her bouquets more than she did herself—she hardly ever gave one else to fan her after dancing, but he asked her to ride with him, she marks all of high favor.

A beautiful, cool, summer afternoon was selected for the first ride; and Cora, mounted on a gentle but spirited animal, exhilarated by the exercise, and excited by the lively nonsense her companion was talking to her, had never been in better spirits, or looked more lovely.

Their way led them along by the romantic banks of the Connecticut, in the direction of Ames' famous establishment—then, and I suppose now, a favorite ride with the people of Springfield, on account of the excellence of the road, and the beauty of the scenery.

The country was looking most enchantingly. The river gleamed blue and sparkling on their right, and on the left, a very full and complete orchestra of road-side choristers chanted bewitchingly behind their vernal screen. Cora's heart, as well as her ears, was filled with music, and her bright cheeks glowed, and her black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The sun was still high when they turned homeward, and after a lively canter, they slackened their pace, to enjoy the quiet loveliness of nature. Coming to an alluring little side-road, which led into a wood, they were tempted by curiosity, and the earliness of the hour, to leave the main road to explore it.

It was an enchanting little fairy causeway, carpeted with turf, and canopied with green; Cora was wild with delight. Horace seemed either less pleased, or more occupied with other thoughts, for he was unusually silent. Cora, observing his absent mood, laughingly inquired the reason.

Horace rallied himself, and replied with gayety, a little forced,

"Ah, Miss Cora, has not a man in love the sanction of Shakespeare, and all the poets, to be merry or sad—absent or whimsical, at his own capricious will? I claim immunity under the laws enacted by the poets in favor of distressed lovers—for do you know, Miss Cora, you see before you a man very much in love?"

"It is coming!" said Cora to herself. "Well I'm sorry—perhaps I can laugh it off," and she answered aloud, "Indeed! let me take a good look then, for I should like to see the symptoms of a state, come to be regarded now-a-days as problematical."

"Pray be serious, dear Cora, for my sake," replied Horace, in an earnest voice. "I cannot jest on this subject—it is one too deeply involving my happiness. We have not known each other long, Cora, but I am not one of those who believe that the growth of friendship must always be counted by days and weeks. I think I know you well, as if I had been acquainted with you all my life—and I am sure you will not think I claim too much in asking you to listen to me. The love I feel is so deep and earnest that it demands and must have expression. May I speak freely, Cora?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cora, in a tone of distress—for though something of a flirt, as I have admitted, she was incapable of a coquettish pleasure in witnessing her victim's pain, or keeping him in suspense. "Do not tell me any more—I am very, very sorry if I have done wrong, but I do not, and cannot return your affection."

Mr. Henderson looked up in astonishment; he appeared for a moment not to understand her, and then for a few minutes to feel some embarrassment, but he said at last, with a half-smile,

"You have made a very natural mistake, Miss Cora, and one it would, perhaps, be more politic, or at least, polite, to leave uncorrected—but my policy is always a straightforward one, and I will confess it was not to yourself I had allusion just now, but to Miss C——, of Boston. The kind friendship you have shown me, induced me to hope you would allow me the luxury of talking to you of what constantly occupies my thoughts. I trust you will permit me to do so still, will you not?"

Cora's face was scarlet—she had made the awkwardest of feminine mistakes. She dropped her horse's reins, and hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to utter a word.

Horace caught the bridle, and led her horse for her, while he strove by saying the kindest things in the world—by treating the whole thing as a trifling jest, and by skillfully presenting to Cora the only consoling feature in the case—that her reply had been a refusal—to banish her annoyance and mortification.

After a time she was induced to join rather shyly in his laugh, and then followed his promised confession. It consisted simply of a lover's raptures over a fair divinity, whom, notwithstanding his secret adoration, his poverty forbade him to address.

Cora proved a very sympathizing and interested listener; and though she had no advice to offer, Mr. Henderson was charmed with the

absorbed attention she gave his story, and they parted better friends than ever, notwithstanding the blunder she had made.

A few days after this conversation, an opening presented itself to young Henderson, in another city, and he left Springfield to avail himself of it. He was absent for about two years, and having succeeded beyond his utmost hopes in his business, he treated himself, one summer, to the pleasure of returning to Springfield to spend his vacation.

As a matter of course, he renewed his acquaintance with Cora. He found her still unmarried, and unengaged; but quite as pretty, and he thought, far more fascinating than ever before.

The fact is, that having been entirely cured of the youthful fancy he had entertained for Miss C——, by the unexpected marriage of that lady before his circumstances had so far improved as to justify him in declaring his attachment, he met Cora with a heart free, instead of fettered, and he could not but see how very attractive, and loveably sweet she was.

His attentions were renewed, but in a very different spirit from that in which they had been tendered of old.

Cora, however, quite unaware of this change of circumstances and feelings, received them quite on the former friendly footing. Indeed she was far more friendly and secure, than then, for she fancied she knew exactly the state of Horace's affections, and her intimacy with him could not therefore possibly lead to misunderstandings either on his part or her's.

She felt thus quite free and easy to ride, walk, or talk with him without scruple. Sometimes, it is true, she had a feeling that there was something in his manner she did not quite understand—a something more of reserve, and at the same time warmth, than formerly, which puzzled her, but she decided she must be mistaken, and tried to banish such fancies.

One day it chanced that they rode out in the very same direction they had taken on the occasion of their first ride. Coming to the shady lane, they turned aside, as before, to explore its cool recesses, and see if two years had brought any changes to so retired a spot.

As they slowly pursued their way, Horace said smilingly,

"Do you remember, Cora——"

"My awkward mistake?" interrupted she, with a quick blush. "I was just thinking of it; but don't talk about it."

"I was thinking," said Horace, quietly, "that it was *my* mistake, not yours."

"How so?"

"Because I have since found that the confession of love I then made was but a mistake and a falsity—in short, my profession should have been to you, Cora, and I cannot imagine where my wits were not to know it. Dearest Cora, let me correct my error by telling you how dearly—better than I can tell, or you can imagine, I love you."

He looked at her, perhaps for encouragement, but not meeting the responsive glance he doubtless expected, he added in alarm,

"Surely, surely, Cora, you will not repeat the same cruel answer?"

"I can hardly tell," said Cora, hesitatingly. "You take me by surprise—you must give me time to consider. But," she added, with a blush and a shy smile, "I will make a confession. I was thinking just now, that if I had felt toward you *then*, as I do *now*, I might, possibly, have made my blunder still more awkward, by saying yes, instead of no."

FLORA AND POMONA.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

"Come hither, my sister, and rove with me,
Spring's earliest flowers I'll gather for thee,
Roses to twine in a garland fair,
A crown of laurel to deck thy hair;
Dear sister! I pray thee rove with me,
These are my offerings, pure and free."

"Nay! Flora, I must to the vineyard hie,
To watch choice fruits of the richest dye;
To the sunny South with its balmy air,
My darling sister, my mission is there;
My offerings and gifts are more rare than thine,
I gather the fig and sweet grapes from the vine."

"Oh! leave me not, sister, I rove in glee!
Each blossom I tend is a gem to me!
The bride in her beauty I deck with flowers,
And the statesman too, in his studious hours,
As he pores the dusty parchment o'er,
Inhales their fragrance and sighs for more!"

"Oh! the fruits of Autumn in plenty are mine,
I worship not at a flowery shrine!
As fleeting and frail as Beauty's dower,
So bud and bloom and fade in an hour.
Such offerings, my sister, can never be mine,
But fruit from the orchard and sheltered vine!"

"Farewell! then away to the citron groves,
Where thou and the fawns so pleasantly rove,
I'll dwell in pride in my shady bower,
Where the dew-drop sparkles on leaf and flower;
And the rose from the depths of the silent wood
Breathes a passive language pure and good."

"Stay, Flora! awhile with thy flowery band!
Which Nature yields with a liberal hand,
They bloom but a moment, then quickly pass
Like shadows before a vacant glass;
I seek a wreath of immortal fame;
The flower of knowledge for thee I claim."

THIS WORLD.

BY LIBBIE D.

Don't call this world a dreary place,
Whatever you call the people:
And e'en of them some good are found
In sight of every steeple.
It's really not so bad a world
As some would like to make it—
Though much, as one has truly said,
Depends on how we take it!

We here have gleams of happiness,
Though it is hardly bliss;
And, till we reach a better world,
We'll be content with this.

We'll make the best of what is bad,
Enjoy the really good;
Not onward press to meet our woe,
Nor o'er past sorrows brood.

A lovely, pleasant world is this,
In fair sunshiny weather—
And, but for sin's corrupting power,
A good world altogether:
Still, beat here loving human hearts,
And sympathy is ours;
Why grope then, hidden thorns to find,
And thrust aside life's flowers?

COUSIN REESY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER

A BEAUTIFUL place was the Bellevue Farm—with its waving fields, its low meadow lands, its secluded copses, and its antiquated spring-house—the tiles dilapidated, one every now and then having started off from the common brotherhood to go through the world on its own individual responsibility. The farm-house was an old-fashioned, two story stone building, with a porch roof on all sides but one. Against the latter was built a small modern brick kitchen, that looked in the contrast like a martin's nest against a factory chimney. The barn was of the old Swiss style, with a small over-shot, and a thatched roof. There was a large yard in front, in which the cows clustered to talk scandal, probably, or go to sleep under the shadows of the great stacks that flanked the sides. Here there was a little stream that wound as lazily along as a truant school boy, even thinking it irksome to turn the little water-wheel that Jonas, the hired boy, had put up for the amusement of Reesy and I. A trip-hammer, which kept up an incessant clatter, was attached to the wheel. Several cogs were broken off of the smaller one that made it move—and the strokes were, therefore, irregular—sometimes one at a time—then three or four in succession. Often at night, when Reesy and I lay awake telling each other "hatch-up" stories, the little trip-hammer went rap—rap—tap—tap—tap—tap, just for all the world as if it felt itself bound to laugh at anything we said, whether it was witty or not. And the orchard! I had almost forgotten that! with its pippins and red-streaked apples, and juicy pears and delicious peaches! The trees were old and gnarled; a few staid and prim, like prudish aunt Tabitha; others leaning this way and that way, in easy indifference, reminding one of a jolly set of fellows, half seas over, coming home from a fair, surmising how they could best escape a curtain-lecture from their respective Xantippes. The hogs strutted about the premises in all the pride of their peculiar privileges, investing every place that could be invested, and looking imper- tinently through cracks in the fence at spots prohibited them. And then, like many biped animals, more intelligent and greater adepts at dissimulation, they would pretend they were not disappointed by grunting in the most provoking

indifference. Some with their voices pitched to C alt, others at a most excruciatingly horrible bass—their whole *Piginanni* concert putting one in mind of Faus' automaton band when the stopples become disarranged. Then there were ducks in the superlative of their quack and waddle-dom, and superannuated turkeys and geese which if they didn't save Rome, might, for aught I know, have done so had they been there. And chickens—not great, lubberly, overgrown shag-hairs—looking like balls of carpet chain round on stilts—with craws illustrative of a talus cup, impossible to be filled; not such as "institutions" as Burham has written about—decent, respectable, order-loving Jersey Bantams that cackled with pride when they had laid a quota of eggs.

Cousin Reesy—the feature about the feature when I first knew her was a clumsy, awkward-looking nondescript of about twelve summers. Her hair was coarse and flaxen—her face burnt—her lips thick as an Ethiopian's—her arms like the arms of a wind-mill deprived of their sails—and her voice and laugh any- thing but musical. Her eyes were large and gray, only pretty when they sparkled with mischief, but then her fertile imagination was con- stantly brooding some mischief or other, so they have been always pretty. What times we have! What advice was given grandma by aunt Tabitha, and gratuitously received by Reesy! What homilies, instructive as the Hippocrates, were received one moment and forgotten the next! Poor, prim, demure! She might as well have attempted to teach a gooseberry-bush manners, or guage the capacity of a statesman on the same point, that she would a barrel of old October. It was no matter how grandma's brow darkened, Reesy would steal to her side, and looking up into her face with her great eyes, now exorcise the thickening frowns, and make the old dame say, as she com- pletely wiped her spectacles, that Reesy, after all and done, was a very good girl! We hid and seek on the hay-mow—saw miniature barks upon the brooklet—laid our sides ached at the old house dog's round after his tail, which at best was

miserable apology—or tired of watching the yellow grain as it fell before the flashing sickle, and surfeited with the plums that we had thumbled from the pies intended for the reapers, sank into sweet siestas beneath the over-branching trees. Ah! those sweet harvest times! How, as I sit by the window, my dark locks flecked with silver, come to mind the lines of T. B. Read!

“I sigh for the time
When the reapers at morn,
Came down from the hill
At the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake
I follow’d them out,
While they toss’d the light sheaves
With their laughter about.
Through the field, with boy-daring,
Bare-footed I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadow’d
The path of the man;
Now the uplands of life
Lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud
In the withering leaves!”

One pretty morning in June, during a vacation of the academy which I attended, the old lumbering stage from P—— set me down at the Bellevue Farm. I was arrayed in an envious standing collar and dickey, a cloth coat, yes, reader, veritable cloth, and a pair of steel-mixed—oh-we-won’t-say-anything-about-ems—that in their excruciating tightness gave me a mincing gait, which I imagined was the superlative of gracefulness. Reesy was soon found. She had grown somewhat taller and somewhat prettier. But she was Reesy still—wild, romping, unsophisticated Reesy! A ride on horseback was proposed for the evening, and at the appointed time Reesy had two horses waiting at the gate. She clambered into the saddle after her own rural style, while I stood observing a complexity about mine that I could not understand.

After awhile I discovered that she had put on the saddle wrong end foremost.

“Why, Reesy,” said I, “what does this mean?”

“What is the matter, Fred?” she asked, naively.

“Matter? you little minx! Do you not see that you have the saddle wrong end foremost?”

“Oh! is that all?” with the most provoking coolness, and the most unconscious expression conceivable—“*how did I know in which direction we were going to ride?*”

I laughed at the mad-cap, and away we went, Reesy aying in the saddle with the most elastic abandon, and her flaxen hair flying out in the wind; and I bobbing up and down in my city awkwardness and in my huge shirt-collar

like a Chinese mandarin. Rallying me for my stiffness and snail-like progression, she dashed off at full gallop, leaving me to tread at leisure the long, winding lane, with its branching trees and the patches of sunlight lying so sweetly among the relievings of shadow. After I caught up to her, we rode on together, far beyond the old mill, with its shattered water-wheel, dismounted flood-gate and high peaked roof. On the way I lectured Reesy on her romping manners and boisterous air—and then repeated Homer and Virgil to her until my heart swelled with pride in the same ratio that her eyes dilated with astonishment. I imagined myself a Sydney Smith—and told her that Iliad would never have come down to us if Agamemmon had tweaked the nose of Achilles, and that the Æneid would have met a similar fate if any Tyrian autocrat had kicked Æneas in the fourth book! When she asked me if I knew Æneas and Achilles, and whether they lived in the city, I made fun of her and taunted her for her ignorance. But the little vixen had her revenge! Sometimes she would reply,

“Oh, Fred! you do wrong to mock me! I cannot help it that I am ignorant!” and the trembling lips and the low, mournful, reproving tone would make my very heart flutter.

At others she would turn up her large eyes with a deep look of regret and inferiority, and in a voice both despondent and envious, say,

“Oh, Fred! If I only knew as much as you do!”

At such times I would stroke my chin, where I expected a beard in time, by dint of cultivation—put on a ridiculous air of pomposity, straighten out my dickey and give my pantaloons a desperate hitch.

After an absence of three years, I met Reesy again. I was almost thunderstruck. I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses—so beautiful, so peerless, so superb was she in the crowning of her womanhood. Her eyes had become invested with a beauty unknown to them before. They were not cold, calculating, avaricious, grey eyes—but soft, bewitching eyes, “like brown birds flying straightway to the light”—eyes in their beauty set apart for softness and for sighs—such eyes as Moore says may have looked from heaven but were never raised to them before! Her hair had turned to a darker hue, and curtained as fair, as high, and as intellectual a brow as ever I beheld. Her bust had expanded to fulness—her arms were round and beautiful—and all was fascination and gracefulness where all had been awkwardness and ungainliness before.

"I have gazed on many a brighter face,
But on ne'er a one for years,
Where beauty left so soft a trace,
As it had left on her's."

Her cheeks tinged with the carmine of the sunset, were plump, and exquisitely relieved the fine and expressive mouth that once had seemed to me so large. Her features were softened by the refinement of a spirit that felt highly and thought much. Her intellectual powers had been favored with as rapid and captivating a development as her physical. During the interval of my absence she had been to school—and having imbibed a desire for knowledge, and partly because she wished to repay her "tantalizing cousin Fred," she went into the improvement of her intellect with her whole soul. So she stood before me peerless in her beauty—mighty in her educational powers—fascinating in her manners, yet a young, loving, impassionate, impulsive creature still. Her voice seemed daily to grow more rich, more soft and penetrating than any sounds my ear had ever before received. It was so clear, so gentle—the intonations breaking out into rich melody as they were formed—trembling with susceptibility and delicate passion. I learnt to love her ere long, fondly, devotedly, with all the warmth, the ardor and the power of my soul. My looks, my words, my actions, aside from the hundred other betrayals that the keen eye of love alone can detect, revealed the fact to her. But to all my remonstrances, and my pleadings for her to become my wife, she would respond with novel gayety, call up unpleasant reminiscences, and repeat the compliments of days ago about "pug noses," and "carrot hair," and "uncouth physiognomy." She loved me

with all the fervency her fluttering heart was capable of, but was schooling it until she thought I had been sufficiently punished. For six months I was her companion at the Bellevue Farm—and eventually was forced to confess that Reesy did not love me, and that life would then be forever an aching void. At last I concluded that a trip to Europe would be beneficial to my health! With my countenance the very image of hopelessness and despair, and a low, tremulous voice, I took her hand to say farewell—*forever!*

She looked up into my face—and it was all up with cousin Reesy then! Sweet, impulsive girl! The tell-tale blood mounted to her cheeks, suffusing her very temples—her eyes beamed with a love and tenderness that a lifetime could not exhaust—her heart beat wildly, and her soft, white arms fell around me like the wings of an angel, while her sweet lips softly murmured,

"Oh, Fred! I do love you so! Better than anybody in the wide, wide world! You shan't go, Fred!"

And, reader, *Fred didn't go!* In about two weeks afterward—

At this juncture I was called out of the room. When I returned I found that Reesy had been reading over this little episode in my life, and had finished it after her own way by adding the following verses:

"I saw her and I lov'd her,
I sought her and I won;
A dozen pleasant Summers
And more since then have run;
And half as many voices,
Now prattling by my side,
Remind me of the Autumn
When she became my bride."

G O N E.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

I met her in the Spring-time,
When earth was bright and green,
And flowers sprung in beauty
To grace their floral queen;
She wore a smile so holy
I deemed her from on high—
For love was in her countenance,
And Heaven in her eye!

I gazed upon her beauty,
Too sweet, alas! for earth;
And marked the hour holy
That gave to life new birth!

Oh, she was pure and lovely,
As angels ever be!
An Eden flower blooming,
From earthly canker free.

I met her in the Spring-time,
When flowers sweetly rise,
And little warblers fill the air
With floating harmonies;
Alas! the vision faded
Ere hope was fairly born;
With kindred spirits dwelling—
My angel love is gone.

WALTER BENSON'S SCHOOL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"If it were only a boy's school, Ned! I should feel some pleasure in knocking the little rascals about, and getting as much Latin into them as mischief out. I should feel like a carpenter with his own tools in his hands. But with girls, I shall resemble said carpenter, with a dentist's delicate implements. What can I do when I am in a rage at some feminine piece of stupidity? I can't ferule, nor storm, nor threaten—I can't even swear to relieve my feelings!"

"You are in an awful fix, Walter. Can't you get off? Try something else. Anything is better than being surrounded by a set of malignant girls."

"Malignant, eh!"

"Yes, malignant. I maintain it. They will naturally hate you, because you are their school-master, and it will be the delight of their feminine hearts to torment you—as cats do mice."

"I don't apprehend anything of that kind."

"You are sanguine. But can't you get off?"

"No. I answered my uncle's letter, promising to take charge of his school for him, before I knew it was a girl's school, and he has made preparations for a trip to Cuba for his health. So I can't back out. It will put at least one hundred dollars in my pocket, and that consoles me for the anticipated misery."

"Well, let me light my cigar, and good-bye, old fellow. I pity you. Teaching little girls—pah!"

He sauntered away, and left Walter Benson reassuring himself by thinking he should at least have easy work, and a quiet time during his college vacation, with a replenished purse at the end of it. He arrived at his destination, an ambitious village in New York, which boasted its academy; and this academy was to be his charge, with its one hundred maiden pupils, and two lady under-teachers.

School had commenced, and as Walter, accompanied by his uncle, entered, and passed to the principal's desk which faced the pupils, the buzz and stir dropped into deepest silence. Walter glanced over the room, and saw the many-hued assemblage wear but one expression—every eye was fixed on him with eager curiosity, which his gravity, however, supported. Presently his uncle, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and

giving a sonorous—hem—which seemed to render the curiosity breathless, said,

"Young ladies—this, till my return, is your teacher. I trust you will so conduct yourselves, as to give him the same affectionate and respectful regard for you which you have won from me. Some of you have been in my school from your earliest childhood, and I love you as my children; some are new scholars, and have just begun to obtain my good opinion, but in all I feel pride—too much pride and confidence to suppose that everything will not be done during my absence as well as now. I beg of you as a favor to your old teacher, to do credit to my instructions, and let the world see what honor and principle reign here. I shall teach you to-day for the last time for some weeks. But I cannot now say farewell. After school, such as care for me, may come to my desk and shake hands."

Walter was quite touched by the good old man's emotion, and its effect was enhanced, more perhaps than he knew of, by a few low sobs among the scholars.

He sat quietly by his uncle, observing the manner of recitations, &c., and gradually beginning to notice individuals. The first class, he was pleased to see, was composed of girls generally over fifteen years of age, several of them very pretty. They were, moreover, so far advanced in algebra, geometry, Latin, &c., that he hoped to find pleasure in conducting their studies. This class was to be his peculiar charge. To the under-teachers fell the drudgery of beginners.

After school was dismissed, each pupil passed before the desk, and received a few words of farewell from their beloved teacher, till all were gone but the first class, who then clustered around him, and with less restraint talked about the journey to Cuba, gave good wishes and hopes of a return in good health. Mr. Benson admonished some, encouraged others, and then said to all, turning to Walter, who sat gravely silent, "Now, young ladies, respect my young representative, and do your best. Arrange yourselves in class order. Walter this is Sarah Brown, always head of her class. The next is Miss White."

He went thus through the class introducing

each separately, but Walter was not yet old enough to gaze coolly, and with discrimination at each blushing girl as her name was mentioned. On the contrary, he was so embarrassed that though his natural dignity and gravity served him well, he did not know a single young lady's name when it was all over.

The pupils then shook hands with their old teacher, bowed to the new, and departed.

But two had made any impression. The first attracted his gaze by the brilliancy and transparency of her complexion, which fairly flickered with changes. Her bright golden curls, and merry blue eyes, her white, small teeth, never hid by her laughing, rosy lips, and her tall, lithe figure, in incessant, though gentle motion, made a striking picture. His uncle called her by her first name, Caroline.

The other young lady would have remained entirely unnoticed, had it not been that Mr. Benson did not release her timidly given hand; he only transferred it to his left, and so detained her till the others had gone. Then caressingly smoothing her soft, brown hair, he dismissed her also with an affectionate

"Good-bye, Louisa, my dear. I will write to you."

Walter had time to note her well. She was by no means handsome, but her delicate, lady-like features, large, dark eyes, and soft, though not bright complexion, above all her sweet expression and deepening blush, which seemed as if it would never reach its culmination, made her very, very lovely.

"Is she your favorite?" asked Walter.

"She is one of my oldest scholars. Caroline being the only one who came before she did—and she is a good girl. I detained her that you might observe her closely, else you would have been long without discovering her fine qualities. She is so silent, modest, and gentle that others push her aside. Her diffidence makes her answers hesitating, and you might not have had sufficient patience to give her time to rally. Encourage her, Walter, and be gentle in reproof."

"She looks as if she would never need reproof."

"She is a school-girl, and you will soon find out what that means. Keep a steady countenance, Walter, no matter what pranks are played. Above all, you must obtain respect and good-will, or you might as well be delivered over to witches. You can do absolutely nothing with girls unless you have the good opinion of the school. Unruly exceptions are thus quelled, or held in check by the general voice. Ask my daughter to tell you

how that poor Mr. C—— was served last winter, when he took my school for a few weeks. At the end of two he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

"Unlucky dog! I begin to think, uncle, I had better not attempt this. You know I am the hottest tempered fellow alive."

"I think you will do. Here, Ellen," he said, as his daughter joined them, "tell Walter about Mr. C——."

"Oh," she said, "if you set me talking of my school days I shall never be ready to stop. How I miss the fun!"

"But Mr. C——," said Walter,

"Well, Mr. C—— was a tall, middle-aged, very ugly person, besides not being very cleanly. His hands and long nails were really displeasing. He had a quick, nervous way of speaking too, that we did not like. It was too much like impatience and want of self-command, a fault which always excites as much contempt in us girls as dignity does admiration. His nervousness also made him jerk about in a very ungainly fashion. To crown all, he took snuff, and wore his hair parted in the middle."

"Ah, that accounts. No wonder with such a piece of absurdity."

"Yes, but don't be too complacent till you are sure you have no little peculiarity of your own. If you have the smallest, the girls will discover and ridicule it."

"Well, what did the elves do to him?"

"The first day we shyly observed. After school our queen of mischief, Carrie, who was our dictator, went whispering round, making fun of his oddness. But the second day passed tolerably, though Carrie's merry pertness brought her a sharp, injudiciously administered rebuke. There began his troubles, because we all resented it."

"Serves him right!"

"Ha, Walter, you are under the spell of beauty too, eh?" said his uncle. "Well, so is the whole school. That girl holds her power by a good use of her pretty face and manners. Yes, it was amusing to see how every girl considered the affront personal, and burned with indignation at the man who could rebuke such charms. It was an insult to them all, or to their dearest prerogative. Go on, Ellen."

"At the next recitation, when Miss Caroline should have answered, she only giggled. She pretended to be amused at the grave, ominous stare of the teacher, and held her book before her face, and gave a little, low, merry laugh, that began to spread through the class—for we girls laugh easily from sympathy, and often

indeed at nothing. Mr. C—— glanced round, and commanded silence, and you could have heard a pin drop—but it was broken again by a mischievous little ebullition of mirth from Caroline. It was irresistible. The whole school went off again, and every time Mr. C—— thundered 'silence!' there was precisely the same result. So he dismissed the class, and kept us in till dark. We declared him too spiteful for anything.

"The next morning when we came to school, every girl had her hair parted to one side, to show that we wouldn't be like him for anything, even in the slightest way. As Mr. C——'s eye glanced over us all at our desks he changed color, and gave his long hair a nervous push behind his ears.

"The next torment we invented was in ridicule of his dirty paws. We each brought a little towel and a wet sponge, and when he had corrected our sums began to scrub away at our slate-frames and pencils which he had touched. We each had a sum to do on the black-board. Carrie went up first, and he handed her the chalk. We all smothered our laugh as she took it with roguish superciliousness, and when she had done her sum and put down the chalk—held her hand off carefully, and demurely asked permission to wash it. He said nothing, but gave us such hard sums, and kept us in so long to do them, that we hated him more than ever. He got so pettish too, and scolded so severely and interminably that we were worn out for that day.

"But the next morning before school, Caroline busily circulated little hook and eye boxes, on which was written 'open in rhetoric class.' We took a peep beforehand, but when class was assembled, we each slyly opened our box and took a pinch of snuff as Mr. C—— gave the first question. Instead of answering, Sarah Brown kept her eyebrows raised, her eyes half open, threw back her head, and brought it forward suddenly with a loud sneeze. It went round the class and began again—some loud, some smothered, some repeated naturally, some feigned dozens of times. The whole astonished school stared at our class, and we could not help laughing and sneezing, and sneezing and laughing, while Mr. C—— was white and choking with rage."

Walter raised his hands and eyebrows. "What imp!—what shall save me?"

"The next moment we were terrified into utter breathlessness, for Mr. C—— really looked frightfully angry, as he rose and cried in an overwhelming voice, 'Silence! Stop that.'

"It was our turn to grow pale. I never shall

forget how scared I was when I had to give a little sneeze! But just think of that indomitable Caroline! She had started and trembled too when he spoke, but when after an awful silence of a minute, he said, peremptorily,

"'What is the meaning of all this?' She answered meek as a mouse,

"'We have all begun to take snuff, sir. It is the fashion in school now, and not being used to it—acheu!'

"Mr. C—— was at a loss for a minute, but he recovered and said,

"'I shall allow no snuff-taking till I have written to ask each young lady's parents whether they approve of it. Put away your snuff-boxes, young ladies.'

"We were blank with dismay. But when we found out it was only a threat we were as bad as ever. But I can't tell you any more. Our tricks must be kept in reserve for you. Oh, I wish I were at school yet!"

"I am glad there is one mad-cap the less. Heaven preserve me from that Caroline!"

"Caroline! She is the pet and delight of all the teachers. They always favor her. Why, even Mr. C—— liked her so much that when he dismissed school for the last time, he requested her to stay a moment, and then begged her pardon for his harshness to her, and humbly tried to kiss her hand. We were peeping in from the dressing-room, and she knew it, so she gave the motion of a little box on the ear as she snatched away her hand, and then ran laughing out to us."

"The cruel puss. Has she no remorse?"

"Don't expect mercy from her if she gets you into her power, but take the command yourself, Walter, and if you do it well she will submit and like you."

"Thank you, Ellen. Upon my word I have undertaken a rash thing!"

"No, no, Walter, you are young and handsome. Your dark eyes and white teeth will do much for you."

"I am glad I shall have some help beside my own authority."

The next morning saw Walter installed with an appearance of self-reliant dignity that gave no hint of his fears. After opening school, the first class was called up to recite. Sarah Brown, head girl, answered respectfully and promptly. So the next, and the next. Then came Louise. His voice took a gentler tone as he gave her the question, but she could not answer it. In vain she tried to remember. She looked down musingly, then threw a distressed glance around, then an appealing one to him, pressed her finger

to her lip, and her blush grew deeper every instant. Even after a little prompting she could not go on, and Walter was obliged to say reluctantly, "The next!"

Caroline lifted up her bluest of eyes, rested them innocently upon his lips, and unfalteringly began some nonsense, having only enough resemblance to what was in the book to show, either that she had glanced over without comprehending the lesson, or that she was not thinking of what she was saying. Walter looked at her severely, and as she met his frowning glance her color flashed up—she paused—paled—blushed again, and said honestly,

"Please excuse me! I do not know my lesson this morning."

"Had you any good reason for not learning it?"

Again lifting her eyes, she scanned his face to know what reply she might dare to give, and meeting an unrelenting, steady gaze, which showed that even of *her* a reasonable and respectful answer was expected, she looked away abashed and did not reply.

"Miss Caroline will please go to her desk," he said, with displeasure, "and study while the class recites. She may remain after school and do herself justice by a good recitation."

Humbled and astonished, she turned slowly, and taking her seat lay her head upon her arms, and began to cry violently.

Walter was secretly discomposed, so much so that he hardly knew what he was about. He impatiently gave the question to the next, when Louise again faltered, and then blushed at his haste when he saw her pale, humbled face.

When the lesson was over, Louise lingered before his desk.

"What does Miss Louise want?" he asked.

"May I do justice to myself by a good recitation after school?"

"If you wish it," he replied, much pleased.

"Thank you, sir," she said, and retired.

After the other scholars had gone, Caroline, who had recovered her spirits, and Louise, were summoned to the desk. Louise stood first. With a clear, low voice she began the lesson and recited perfectly.

"I commend Miss Louise's perseverance," her teacher said, with a smile and bow. "If she will only have a little more confidence in herself she will do excellently."

As she stood blushing with delight before him, Walter could not help feeling the strangeness of his new position. He, who lately had been an equal of just such girls, chatting and flirting with them, to meet now that reverent glance thankful for his praise!

He dismissed Louise, and turned his admiring gaze from her to calm it into sufficient coldness before he should let it rest upon Caroline.

When he did look at her, he saw her slender form trembling, but a look of mischief in her face that said *she* was not going to be good, and "do excellently."

"Begin, Miss Caroline," he said, relentlessly.

She looked up archly, and said, "I don't know it a bit better than I did in the morning."

"Have you studied it?"

"No sir."

"Why not?" No answer. He felt that she was braving him, and said coldly, "I am ashamed for you, Miss Caroline. You may go."

His tone was so reprehensive, yet so gentlemanly, that she was subdued.

"Do you mean to my desk, to learn it?" she asked, hoping she had a chance to redeem herself.

"No. I mean you may go home. I never try to help those who will not help themselves. I do not wish my own time trespassed upon longer."

Proud and angry, she was gone in a moment. From that day she was refractory. To be sure, she never failed in her lessons—she would not again trespass upon his "own time," but in a thousand ways she annoyed him, by inciting to disobedience, by loud whispering, by answers so contrived as to raise a laugh without giving him occasion to reprove them.

Meanwhile Louise stole gently into his goodwill. She was so confiding, so abashed in the classes, so fond of staying after school to prove to him that she *did* know her lessons. The girls generally called upon each other for assistance in doing difficult sums—she brought them directly to him, and by her strict attention gratified him. It was a refreshment to teach her.

There was inscribed upon one corner of the black-board the words, "The most worthy," and upon the other, "The most unworthy." Under the first of these a name was placed every Monday morning, before school commenced, showing who had been most commendable during the past week. It remained until the next Monday, and was seen by all visitors. No name was ever put under the other words unless there had been some very great delinquency. The first glance of the scholars as they entered on Monday was to see who bore off the highest honor.

Walter, in his extreme annoyance at Caroline's conduct, and in his desire to make some impression on her thoughtless nature, formed a plan that he thought would answer. Accordingly, when on Monday morning, he threw open the

school-room door to admit the pupils, he watched its effect.

It should have been said before, that even among the scholars Caroline lost favor. In a girl's school there is always one exalted above the rest, a unanimously elected queen, whom the others delight to honor, and Louise now stepped into this place, whence Caroline had been deposed. Louise, and admiration of the new teacher succeeded Caroline, rebellion and merry mischief. This change was very marked, and Louise felt her ascendancy with pride and exultation. She became scornful in her treatment of one whom formerly she dared not even try to rival, while Caroline, though grieved to lose her hitherto unconsciously enjoyed popularity, seemed glad Louise had come to be appreciated. She looked upon her not with envy, but with admiration.

As Walter watched, he saw Caroline whisper joyously to Louise, "Oh, Louise, there you are up for most worthy. Ain't you glad?" and her own face showed genuine pleasure.

Louise blushed with delight, but when her glance fell upon the opposite name, that blush only deepened, while a look of triumph stole into her face.

"See, see," she said, maliciously touching Caroline's arm, and pointing out to her, her name in the long, unoccupied place, under the words "most unworthy." Caroline saw, and a look of deepest wounded feeling overwhelmed her joyous countenance. She cast a reproachful glance at Walter, and left the room.

He bit his lip. Disappointment in Louise, and regret at the severity of his punishment of what was only youthful frolic and love of mischief, made him very much disconcerted with himself. He waited anxiously for Caroline's return, and at last sent one of the young ladies for her, who returned saying she had gone home. He was afraid he should not see her again.

He had an absent air all day, and when Louise softly applied for some help in her sums, almost scornfully referred her to Sarah Brown.

It gave him great satisfaction to see Caroline enter the room the next morning. She left on his desk an excuse from her father, for her yesterday's absence, resumed her seat, and readily applied herself to her studies.

When school was about being dismissed, Walter arose and said, "Young ladies, this name was not put here for the week, but only for a single day, that she who bears it may see how her conduct appears to others; how very unworthy of her great gifts and good heart, such trifling and childishness is."

He solemnly erased the name, amid a silence only broken by Caroline's almost inaudible sobs. As he glanced over his class, he thought Louise's face wore a look of disappointment. School was dismissed, but those sunshiny curls were still flung over the desk, while the weeping girl hid her face in her arms.

Walter pitied her, and thinking it would be better now, when her feelings were at last touched and softened, to give her some friendly counsel, he approached, and said, in a low voice,

"Miss Caroline, will you permit me to say a few words to you?" She lifted her head as if to listen, but her face was still buried in her handkerchief. Walter's advice, given very kindly and gently, procured for him an apology for misconduct, sobbed out from the very bottom of her heart, and when he said,

"Now do not distress yourself farther, Miss Caroline, or I shall think myself a cruel tyrant for having so used my power to wound you. Dry your tears, and smile again for my comfort." She turned away, sobbing afresh, murmuring, "But I deserve it all!"

After she had gone, Walter spent his noon hours in self-reproach, and regret. But it was in vain to wish now, that he had had more patience, that he had discriminated better, between good-natured frolic, and smooth goodness, assumed to curry favor. Yet when Louise again stood before him that afternoon, listening with earnest attention to his explanations of the lesson, when her color stole up as he spoke to her, or looked at her, he believed he had only ascribed ill-feeling where it had no place.

Before the school-house, was a mill-pond, frozen over, so as to make excellent sliding or skating. Between morning and afternoon sessions the girls enjoyed the opportunity for the favorite exercise. Walter often gazed from the window upon the gay, flitting forms, laughing and screaming with glee, and longed to be where his dignity forbade him to go. He was boy enough yet to have his heart bound at the sight of the sport, and also to feel disappointment at being merely a spectator. If a very merry laugh reached him, he could not help joining in it, and he held his breath while the girls skimmed in succession down the long slide. If he only had his skates and liberty!

With a sigh he left the window one day, and went down to his dinner, in a wing of the building. He was about to return to the school-room, when he was met by a crowd of scholars, who began to speak all at once, in great excitement. He could only make out—

"Carrie—fainted—slipped on the ice!" and

several of her companions entered, bearing in her slight form. She was not insensible, but mutely enduring the severest pain, which took from her all power of movement. As she was brought to Walter, she gazed imploringly at him, and her pale lips moved to say, "my arm."

It was cold down stairs, and as the place was used only as a lecture room, there was nothing in it but piled up benches. She must go up stairs, therefore, where there was a sofa, and fire, in the dressing-room.

Taking her gently in his arms from her trembling companions, Walter carried her up, her fair head lying on his shoulder, in total unconsciousness of everything but intense pain. He sent instantly for her parents, and a physician, but meanwhile she opened her eyes, and said,

"My arm is broken, sir. Can you straighten it?"

Walter dared only give relief by cutting open the tight, blue, merino sleeve of her dress, and gently bathing the swelling arm in cold water. Every touch hurt her severely, but when he expressed his regret, she smiled sweetly, and reassured him.

"Little heroine!" he said, admiringly, and he was aware that one among the numerous scholars who had been standing around moved away and went to the school-room. Soon he heard the girls whispering among themselves.

"Louise crying! What for?"

"Because Carrie is suffering, I suppose."

"I didn't know she cared so much for her."

Walter felt the words echo in his own heart with the word I in the place of she.

"I will go and comfort her," said the first speaker.

"Is it Louise who cares so much for me?" asked Caroline, faintly.

"We all do," said one of the girls.

"But is poor Louise crying for me? Do tell her I am better, that Mr. Benson has made me much more comfortable. Don't let her cry!" and tears began to flow down her own face.

Her companion who went with her message returned, and a still lower whispering began. Caroline was again suffering acutely from the awakened feeling caused by her tears, and she did not hear it, but Walter caught the words, "She says she's artful and did it on purpose to make Mr. Benson pity her."

"Ridiculous! I always thought that Louise a mean thing," was the reply.

"Yes, she's jealous. That's what she's crying for. I declare I can hardly help telling Mr. Benson. There he is, thinking her the pink of perfection!"

The doctor arrived, and the arm was set without forcing a cry from the patient girl. Her parents had also come in a carriage to take her home. Her father approached to lift her, but she whispered that she wished to thank Mr. Benson. Walter bent over her, and through her tears she sobbed, "I am so sorry I cannot come to school again before you leave. I wanted so much to make you think better of me. I *was* the most unworthy, but if I could only let you see what I can be!" She broke into a smile, and Walter, to whom her tears had been almost irresistibly infectious, found her smile entirely so. As she looked into his beaming face, she for the first time seemed to see that her teacher was almost as young as herself.

"Good-bye, Mr. Benson. Thank you for your kindness to my poor arm," she said, holding out her hand frankly.

He clasped it gently, and longed to dare to kiss it, but with fifty scholars, the doctor, and parents as spectators, he thought best to forego the pleasure. He fancied she understood his wish so bright a blush sprang up.

The remaining weeks of Walter's teaching were dull enough. Louise's sweetness seemed assumed, and her frequent need of assistance was very irksome to him. The happy part of his day was the few minutes he spent in the parlor, when Caroline generally sat reading by her mother's side. He never failed to call to ask how she was, and snatch a few moments gaze at that bright face becoming so very dear to him.

His last day at the academy arrived. Walter was so abstracted he scarce knew what he was doing, and he thought with displeasure of the leave-taking. He made it general, and did not invite any particular adieus after school. Therefore the scholars departed as usual, and Walter was left alone. Even the teachers had gone, and he sat at his desk, thinking how long these weeks had been, and how full of import to him. Raising his eyes, a girlish form stood before him, with head bent and hands clasped, while the deathly pale and downcast features wore an expression of grief.

"Well, Miss Louise?" he said, freezingly.

She started slightly, and placing her clasped hands over her heart, lifted her full, dark eyes, and said beseechingly, "Do you hate me?"

He felt irritated enough to say "Yes," but answered with assumed gravity and sententiousness,

"Deserve regard and you will be sure to obtain it. Good-bye—I wish you well." She did not move

"Will you tell me how I have forfeited your good opinion?" she asked.

"I cannot!" he said, impatiently. "Do not ask me. I am your teacher no longer. My opinion is of no consequence to you now."

"No," she said, her face pale, but her eyes glowing angrily, "for it is only that of an easily deluded, self-important boy!"

Astonished, after enjoying for so long the respect belonging to his late dignity, he found the severity of his look melting in embarrassment, while Louise regarded him fixedly.

"Yes," she said, "we meet now on equal terms, Mr. Benson, and I can reply to you as to any other presumptuous young gentleman who takes too much upon himself. Caroline and I have often laughed at your boyish assumption of authority."

Walter thought of the black-board and changed color. Louise still regarded him with eyes eager in revenge. He did not care to be braved farther, and rose, saying,

"My presumption never went so far as to ask any favor of Miss Louise. If Caroline has laughed at me she shall have an opportunity of explaining herself. Allow me!" and he stepped past her as she stood in his way.

His good heart could not bear her look of disappointment and grief. Turning quickly, and taking her passive hand, he said, "Forget my hasty words. I do not believe you came here to say what would make us part angrily, and I am sorry I did not perceive at once your kindness in thus giving me an opportunity to ask pardon for my frequent impatience. You forgive me?"

She scornfully turned away, and Walter hesitated no longer, but left the room. He was touched, however, as he returned to the ante-room to leave the key, to see her sitting at his desk weeping bitterly.

He was asked to tea that evening by Caroline's parents, and went, accompanied by his cousin Ellen.

Caroline received him laughingly, and they passed a merry evening notwithstanding Walter's occasional preoccupation, and some sudden changes of mood which made Caroline's face like an April day.

Walter watched an opportunity, and while the others clustered around the piano listening to Ellen's singing, he asked, by way of introducing a more intimate and personal conversation than she seemed willing to allow, whether Louise had spoken truly in saying they had laughed together at his boyishness.

Caroline's eyes flew wide open, and she stammered,

"No, never! I mean we never laughed," and unwilling to expose her schoolmate's want of truth, she said no more.

Walter rejoined.

"I am very glad! I would not have you laugh at me. There is a feeling incompatible with ridicule that I hope may——"

Caroline's quick blush and suddenly drooped head betrayed her consciousness. In broken whispered sentences Walter told her how she had won his heart, and though she did not volunteer a similar confession, he guessed too well not to risk asking her father's consent to a long engagement the next day.

It was denied him then, but when after three years he again presented himself, having prospects sufficiently bright to warrant a careful father in consenting.

Caroline pledged him her faith, and so they walked together in the pleasant summer starlight, talking over old school days. Caroline often sighed in the midst of her happiness, and said,

"Poor Louise!"

THE LIBERTY POLE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Up with the tall mast! let it be
Raised by the loyal country, higher
Than old St. Peter's gilded spire,
Crowned with the cap of liberty.

A noble landmark! let it stand
Unstained by the storms of creed;
Unstirred while warring nations bleed—
The sign of freedom in the land.

Up with the banner of the free!
And write in words of burning gold
On every striped and starry fold—
God speed the march of liberty!

A shout comes up from vale and crag,
Brave hosts surround the stately mast;
The ballots of the free we'll cast
While floats aloft our fathers' flag.

penniless, homeless, forsaken by all the world, forgive both my wrongs and yours. Love her, comfort her loneliness, stay her failing strength, heal her broken heart. Tell her I forgave her all, everything."

There was a holy hush. Genevre glided to her mother's side. The calm moonlight fell about her like a glory. Sinking on her knees she threw one arm about her neck, and laid her head upon her bosom.

The woman wept as she had never wept before. The hot tears rained on Genevre's forehead, but she did not wipe them away.

"And you *do* love me?" she asked, stilling her sobs for one brief moment.

"Yes, mother," said Genevre, quietly, and the innocent head nestled so confidently. The golden locks fell all over bosom and arm.

"Genevre you are an angel," with another burst of emotion.

"No, dear mother, only your child that loves you—oh! so dearly. And I shall take such good care of you. I have learned to work, and you shall sit down and rest. Your hair is still beautiful, mother, oh! you are all very beautiful. You shall rest and grow happy, and by-and-bye you will grow young again, and look like that dear picture that I used to hold in my little hands, kiss its cheek and call it, 'pretty mamma.'"

"But your friends—will they not desert you when they know——"

A white hand sealed her lips.

"Hush! my mother. You are everything to me—I will never leave nor forsake you. Your love—my *mother's* love is worth ten thousand friends. How I have longed for this moment!" and she gazed with calm, full delight in that older face already losing half its haggard woe.

Hours passed. Genevre slept. On that bosom that had known so much guilt, passion, remorse, purity trustingly reposed. Long lashes swept a cheek fairer than leaf of rose. The gentle lips unlocked, and showing a line of white beneath their crimson, seemed the very portal of beauty.

Joy for the wearied mother!

Little by little that overburdened heart was confessing. She bent low and pressed a first kiss on the sweet forehead. Genevre murmured in her sleep, "dear mother."

What emotions leaped up in that cast-off heart! A ray from the olden life rifted the clouds of sorrow. The crusted earth of sin was broken. A river of love flashed between its dismal borders. Down over all came that broad, clear sunlight of forgiveness which some have felt; but who, who can express its deep, abiding joy?

The prodigal mother was safe. In her child's love the weeping Magdalene had found a haven. Hands glittering with gems had cast her off; marble portals closed upon her, splendor had mocked her desolation. But beneath the roof she had desecrated, kisses and tears and winding arms and love words welcomed her.

Look to-day, dear reader, in that pleasant cottage. Wheat fields drop their gold on the borders of the little gardens. Sleek kine stand lowing at the gate. Within, a vision of beauty moves about the little room. In her hands every thing seems whiter, purer, more beautiful. By the window—a look of peace given not by the world resting on her fine features—sits a woman much advanced in years. Every little while she answers to the music of a young, sweet voice.

That other is Genevre—the sweet flower of Norwich.

I KNOW, I KNOW THAT THOU ART GONE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I know, I know that thou art gone,
I know that never more
Thy form, beloved, will greet my sight
Upon this earthly shore.
Far, far beyond the wees and joys
Of such frail world as this,
Thine angel feet long since have trod
The azure hills of bliss.

Yes, thou art gone, and from this earth
All bloom, all joy is fled,
All loveliness seems like the shroud
Which wraps the soulless dead;

Yet e'en the simplest thing of thine
How reverently I trace,
And I can bless each stream that e'er
Hath mirrored thy dear face.

But when the everlasting doors,
Beloved, were oped to thee,
Say! didst thou backward look to cast
One pitying glance on me?
Dost love me still, if not, oh! why
Are such blest feelings given,
If earthly love may never pass,
Though pure, the gates of Heaven?

HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE do you spend this evening, Herbert? As usual though, I suppose, with the beautiful Annie Stewart," said Dr. Moleen to his nephew, as they arose from the tea-table. "I had no idea the little creature could charm you so completely. Well she is a very pretty girl, but nothing to compare with one I saw this morning."

"Now, uncle, you know that Miss Stewart is acknowledged to be the most beautiful female in the city."

"Oh yes, and the wealthiest, too; but still I say she will not compare with that splendid-looking girl I saw to-day."

"Do tell me her name, uncle, you have really excited my curiosity to know who she is. I never heard you speak so flatteringly of any female before."

"I suppose that because I am near forty, and not like my worthy nephew, 'a lady's man,' you think me no judge, or admirer of beauty," answered Dr. Moleen, good-humoredly.

"But you have not told me who she is, nor where you saw her, uncle."

"I do not know that I can tell you who she is. She was not born in the station she now occupies, or born to fill it either, I know by her looks, and by her gentle yet dignified manners. But for the cloud of sadness and care upon her fair brow, I could have fancied that she had sat for the noble heroine in your last piece, you have given such an accurate description of her, as your lady—somebody—who was it?" Had the doctor looked at his nephew, he would have discovered something very much like a blush pass rapidly over his countenance, but he did not notice it, as he was lighting his cigar, and without waiting for an answer he continued, "I always imagined that you had a penchant for sparkling, black eyes, raven tresses, and queen-like form, and I am now much surprised to see the little fairy blonde, Annie Stewart, so alter your former tastes. Now, Herbert, my boy, you need not look so disconcerted, I am reading you no lecture, nor am I opposing your choice. Far from it, you have my consent to woo and wed the pretty Annie, and I dare say I shall help to pet and spoil her as much as you or our good old housekeeper, Mrs. Reene."

"Stop, stop, my dear sir, do wait until I have been guilty of love before you hang me with the matrimonial noose."

"Why, Herbert, you do not deny being in love, do you? I am sure I saw decided symptoms sometime ago, and though not so good a judge of that as of other diseases, I really thought you pretty far gone. I suppose you will also deny spending four evenings of every week with her, and deny, too, stealing Mrs. Reene's moss rose-bud, which was a little too bad, Herbert, to take the very first bud, after all the watching and watering the old lady had bestowed upon it."

"Oh no, I deny neither of these charges——"

"And why should you spend so much of your time in her society, unless it is more pleasant to you than any other, and what more expressive gift could a gentleman give a lady than a sweet rose-bud? A confession of love, is it not, in the language of flowers?"

"Why, uncle, you quite surprise me, conversing of maidens fair, and love, and flowers, subjects on which I never heard you descend so eloquently before this evening. But are you not going to tell me where you met this beautiful unknown?"

"As I called at an old, tumble-down-looking house, in — street, to see a sick child, this morning, I saw the lady whose appearance pleased and surprised me, contrasting as it did, with the wretched-looking apartment and its other occupants. They were miserably poor. I never inquire the names of such poor people, as I do not send in my bill to them—but I did ask the name of the lady, after she had left the room. 'Oh that was Miss Helen Loraine,' replied the woman." Here the doctor could but notice the evident uneasiness of Herbert, who arose hastily from his seat, and commenced pacing the room, but he proceeded. "'She lives up stairs,' said the woman, 'and often comes in to sit by little Willie; sometimes she brings him something nice to eat, although I know, poor things, they have little enough to eat themselves. They sit up there day after day, and night after night, stitching away. It makes my heart bleed, to see them growing paler every day. Miss Helen don't look like she did when she came here."

bosom, confessed to none but himself. Oh, had either one but told his feelings, how much suffering they would have escaped. But no—the doctor had so long laughed at Cupid's darts, that now he felt himself a victim, he shrank from the ridicule and jests which he feared an acknowledgment of it would bring upon him—so merry had he always been at his unfortunate companion, so sure he would never be taken captive.

He felt the power of this new passion so plainly, he thought that Herbert must see and know it too, and no love-sick youth of twenty could have felt more embarrassed than did the worthy doctor. He expected to be accused of it every day by his nephew or Mrs. Reene; but days and weeks passed away, and Herbert made no allusion to it. How could he? He saw that his uncle loved from his manners, and he supposed it was with her whom he worshipped at a distance, it is true, and in secret, but nevertheless with an ardent and enduring love. He could not bear the idea of appearing as a rival to his uncle. He felt deep regret that he had not told him at the time of the interest awakened in his heart, but now it was too late! He was nerving himself up to hear that she was to become another's, and that other his nearest relative, his second father, for whom he felt the deepest affection. He was fearful when alone with his uncle, that the mention of her name would send the tell-tale blood to his face, and make known the secret which he now determined to lock within his own breast forever. Thus, as I have said, a restraint grew up between them—and widened, imperceptibly to them, but surely, this first breach between two loving hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH had passed away, and Louise Loraine sat, a convalescent, in the little room alone. Her sister had left her a little while to take some work she had just finished to the shop. Very beautiful was the young girl, as she sat trying to finish some light needlework which she had insisted upon performing, but her delicate hands would sink into her lap every now and then, and her lovely eyes assume a dreamy expression. Suddenly she started and listening to footsteps ascending the stairs, her pale cheek slightly flushed, and her lips parted as though in pleasant anticipation. A well-known rap upon the door, a low "Walk in," and Dr. Moleen entered, holding a beautiful bouquet in his hand. Louise gave him her hand frankly with a smile, and requested him to be seated. He drew a chair near hers, and after inquiring how she felt, and where

Helen was, with some hesitation he handed her the flowers, saying, "I have brought something you will like better than pills and powders, I trust."

"How very, very beautiful," murmured Louise, admiringly.

"Will you not do more than admire them?" asked the doctor, in a low tone.

"I thank the giver very much," said Louise, "and I——"

"I thought you would read them," murmured he—"I thought that they would speak for me—express better than I can the emotions of my soul."

He gazed anxiously at her, but Louise only bent lower over the flowers, almost hiding her blushing face with her beautiful curls. After a few moments silence, he again spoke, "Louise, I have felt a fervent love for you ever since I first saw you, which has, if possible, increased every day. Oh, say, dear Louise, may I hope to call you mine? Can you love me?"

Still Louise spoke not—her head sank lower on her bosom, and the color on her cheek deepened almost to purple.

"Louise?" asked he, suddenly, "I pain you, do I not? What shall I think from your silence? He leaned eagerly forward and looked in her face. "I see," said he, with a sigh, sinking back in his chair, "I have grieved you with this avowal 'twas unexpected to you. Yes, yes, I ought to have remembered the disparity of our ages—and the difference of character, person, and all—forgive me, Louise—it was presumption in me to love you, to think of your returning it. Forgive me, dear Louise," he noticed her tears falling on the flowers, "I will not pain you again by alluding to the subject. Let me at least make your friendship." He arose to leave. "I had your sister coming, you can tell her what has occurred. Farewell, Louise, I will leave you now."

"Oh, no—no—no," cried Louise, starting up, "not till I have told you how happy you have made me. How much I love you."

He caught her to his bosom, and she wept upon it regardless of the entrance of Helen, to whom the doctor related what had passed.

"Oh, doctor," said Helen, tremulously, "you forget our station. I feel that the dear girl is worthy of you, but the difference now existing in our position and yours is too great. It would be felt by both—do not think of it more."

"No, we must not," murmured Louise, as she endeavored to leave his embrace.

"Only say that you love me," said he, holding her fast, and putting back her curls. "Enough."

I proclaim myself your protector, and I defy the world to say who has a better right."

CHAPTER V.

DR. MOLEEN went home that evening, feeling all the importance of being "engaged," and as if he could, without embarrassment, inform his household immediately of his intention of taking unto himself a wife. But when he reached home, and met Mrs. Reene, he began to reflect that telling a respectable woman of forty, who had kept house for him a number of years, that he was going to bring a young mistress home, might not be such very good news after all. He passed on to Herbert's room, thinking he would tell him first, and get him to break it to Mrs. Reene. Not finding Herbert in his room, he sat down to await his coming. He mused on the events of the day—his proposal—his fears lest it might be rejected—his delight on finding it otherwise—and last began to think how he should begin to tell Herbert, and he wondered what he would say—would he be glad or sorry—not many young men would feel any pleasure on being told by a rich uncle, whose heir they had been considered for some ten years, that he was about to marry—still, Herbert was not a common young man—he had raised him better—but still—the doctor mused a good while on it, and when his nephew came in at last, he felt some reluctance in telling him, and spoke in a confused manner. "Herbert, I want to tell you something—will you hear it now—I—I—"

"Yes, uncle," said Herbert, sitting down, his cheek growing paler.

"I am—I wanted you to know it first of all—I—I am engaged to be married." He had got it out at last, and sat staring at Herbert, who felt that he must say something, though it required a great effort to say, "I thought as much, uncle. Is it to the pretty seamstress?"

"Yes, she is a seamstress, and I don't care who knows it. Helen talked about the difference in our station, and told me it would never do, but that is all nonsense, don't you think so?"

Herbert tried to reply, but her name had banished all command of his voice. His uncle looked at him with a surprised air, and then continued, "I thought you would agree with me, Herbert, that it is not wealth or rank that makes a woman lovely or agreeable, and as to this world's goods—why, Herbert, what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost. Are you sick?"

"Yes, uncle, I feel faint. I have not been well to-day. I will lie down on the couch here—

go on with what you were saying. I will feel better in a minute." But the doctor did not go on; a suspicion had entered his mind that this sudden indisposition was caused by disappointment relative to his property. He felt hurt, he had supposed his nephew more noble, more attached to him than to think of such a thing seriously where his happiness was concerned. Oh! had he but known the truth, how much trouble it would have saved him. Yet his trouble of spirit was not to be compared to that of Herbert's.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME two weeks after the conversation narrated, Herbert entered the drawing-room of the wealthy Mr. Stewart. He had been a frequent visitor there. Annie, the beautiful little blonde, was an old schoolmate of his when both families resided in the country, before Annie started to the boarding-school, and Herbert's mother died, leaving him to the care of his uncle, Dr. Moleen. They had met every vacation, and now Annie had graduated, and been at home some six months, and among her many visitors, none were more welcome than her old friend Herbert. He felt a brother's love for the gay young creature, and often spent the evening with her, little dreaming of awaking in her bosom more than a sisterly love.

"Why, Herbert, have you been absent from the city? I have not seen you for more than two weeks," were the words of Annie, as she arose hastily to greet him, a smile of pleasure lighting up her beautiful countenance. "Ah, no—you have been ill—I see you have."

"Yes," said he, sinking into a seat beside her, "I have been rather unwell—yet 'tis not much. I'll soon be well," he added, trying to evade the earnest look with which she regarded him.

"Herbert," said Annie, seriously, "something is the matter with you that you strive to conceal. I have noticed for some time that something weighs upon your spirits. Now why not tell me what it is—perhaps"—she hesitated a moment, then resumed—"it may be that I could be of some little service—at least you might, I think, share your troubles with me. You always help me out of mine, you know. Has your last work been rejected by the publishers?"

"Oh, no—"

"Has your uncle refused to advance you the funds, your think proper for a young gentleman of your style of living?" asked Annie, trying to call a smile to the sad countenance of her companion.

THE YOUNG MISER'S DREAM.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Come, Sam, you really must subscribe. Here are all of us going to give something, and you can afford to give a trifle as well as we."

"I have already told you I had no money to spare."

"Poh! you *must* spare it. How can you refuse? You know poor Jones well: think of his family left destitute by his shocking death—we are all liable to the same fate, and should be charitable. Come, now, sign your name—don't be so selfish and miserly."

"What good will my name do your list without money? and once more I tell you I have none of that to give," and Sam Lee turned angrily from his tormenting companions, and walked quickly down the street.

The subscription to which he was urged to contribute was for the widow and children of a carpenter, who had been crushed to death by the falling of a wall belonging to the house on which he was at work. His associates, feeling deeply for the bereaved and destitute family, interested themselves in their behalf, and all contributed something from their humble means, all except Sam Lee, to whom, as we have seen, they appealed in vain. Disappointed and chagrined by his refusal, the men looked scornfully after him, as with hurried steps he passed from their view.

"What does that stingy fellow do with his money? he earns more than any of us, and never spends anything," was the remark that passed from one to another of the group.

What does he do with his money? That had long been the standing wonder of his associates. Lee was a first-rate mechanic; had always employment and good wages; boarded at a cheap house, had no expensive habits, and yet he never seemed to be in possession of a dollar. His fellow-workmen strove in vain to unravel the mystery. Lively and talkative as he was in general, an allusion to the subject always made him suddenly silent, so that they were forced to content themselves with their own vague speculations, and at last concluded that he must send all his savings home to his people. But was this surmise a correct one?

Seven years previous to this time, Lee had come to the city from his far-off home. He was

one of a large family, for whose support the little farm on which they dwelt but poorly provided; and when he first began his labors as a carpenter, Sam proposed to himself to do all he could toward helping the old folks at home. During the first year he so far adhered to his purpose as to send a small remittance in each of his letters to the homestead, and at Christmas made a brief visit thither, on which occasion he took pains in purchasing for each member of the family what he thought would prove a useful and acceptable present. Very happy did his boyish heart feel in witnessing the delight he was able to confer on those he so well loved, and very firm was his mental determination to repeat his visit and his gifts the next Christmas.

But on the return of the time-hallowed festival his feelings underwent a change, and instead of paying the contemplated visit he sent a letter, pleading the impossibility of his doing so, and inclosing *ten dollars* as a Christmas-gift to the whole family. And five years had passed since then, and not once during that long period had he revisited the home of his childhood. "'Twas too expensive," he would sometimes mutter to himself, as if in answer to some invisible rebuker; so he contented himself with sending a letter of good-wishes, with the same large sum as a Christmas-gift, on each recurrence of the season.

The secret of the matter was Sam had become miserly and grasping to a degree marvellous in one of his age and originally generous disposition. Carefully hoarding his weekly gains, he found no pleasure equal to that of counting over and feasting his eyes on the gradually increasing sum; but then his pleasure was alloyed by the continual dread of losing his treasure. He had deposited it at different institutions, from each one withdrawing it as his tormenting fears prompted, till he finally resolved to get it in his own hands, and trust to his own ingenuity in keeping it safe and unsuspected. This he had done only a few hours before the subscription was set afoot for the poor family of Jones; and wondering at the pertinacity with which he was importuned to subscribe, the more strange as he had ever steadily resisted all attempts they had made on his purse, whether for charity or amusement, Sam came to the conclusion, which none

but a miser's brain could conceive, that his comrades were aware of his secret riches, and were meditating how to gain possession thereof.

With this idea he hastened to his boarding-house, and having carefully secured the door of his chamber, lighted a candle, and drew from the secret repository he had himself designed a small, strong box. He unfastened it with trembling fingers, but the sight of its golden contents reassured him. With dilated eyes, he counted over the bright coins, for he had taken care to put away only hard, genuine gold and silver; he played noiselessly with the glittering heap, turning now and then an apprehensive glance around, as if afraid that from some of the gloomy corners of the dimly-lighted apartment some one would emerge to snatch his prize.

At length he closed the box, and was about returning it to its hiding-place, when he suddenly paused, and his countenance began to work with contending emotions. He thought of the poor widow whose sudden and terrible bereavement had appealed to his native generosity, till the promptings of that covetousness which was fast becoming his ruling passion silenced the whispers of his better nature. He paused irresolute, took a half-eagle from the pile before him, turning it over and over in his hand, debating with himself if he should not appropriate to it the relief of poor Jones's family. But as usual avarice gained the mastery, and returning the half-eagle to the box, he rested his arm on the table by which he sat and fell into a reverie, his eyes still riveted on the precious box beside him. His reflections did not seem to be of a very pleasant nature, and it was with a gesture of vexation that he finally drew a letter from the drawer of the little table, and proceeded to read it carefully through, pausing now and then in apparent perplexity. The letter was from his father, urging him to return to his native place, as the town near which they lived was now thriving and growing fast, and offered inducements to a good, steady carpenter, as the only one at present there was rather indolent and dissipated. Moreover, if Sam had laid by a little sum, as was likely, there was a capital chance for investing it in a good business in the same town, as Mr. B——, the grocer, was anxious to start for California, and would sell his large stock at a bargain, for two or three hundred dollars in cash, and the remainder to be paid to his wife in small sums at stated periods. James Lee, Sam's younger brother, had been employed in the store for several years, so that if Sam could become the purchaser James could carry on the business for

him. Such was the purport of Mr. Lee's letter, and on first receiving it, Sam had almost decided to act upon its suggestions; but unwilling to part with his beloved money, though conscious that it would tend to his ultimate advantage, deferred from day to day his decision.

Now as he read it again, he thought more anxiously on the subject. He knew that his father was correct in surmising that a skilful and industrious mechanic such as he was, could do well in a thriving young town as the one indicated. Then as to the grocery store, he had ample means to close with Mr. B——'s offer, and by taking James into partnership with himself, could at the same time advance the interests of himself, and the whole family, since James lived at the old home, and was regarded as the mainstay of the house. Thus Sam reflected, and began to see the folly of losing two such rare chances.

While he sat thus absorbed in thought, the evening wore away, all grew quiet in the house, and with his head resting on his hand, Sam fell asleep. He was startled by a slight noise at the door of his room, and listening attentively, soon became aware that the door had been cautiously opened, admitting a tall, dark figure, though the light was too dim to enable him to distinguish the features of the intruder, who glanced around, and then, as if observing the little box, advanced quickly to the table. Sam had only waited to feel certain that his instinctive apprehension was correct, and springing forward dealt the robber a blow with his clenched hand on the temple, which prostrated him on the floor. In falling, a faint cry escaped him, and Sam started with dismay, for the voice somehow sounded familiarly on his ear. He trimmed the candle, and kneeling beside the unconscious victim of his blow, put aside with trembling fingers the hair that shrouded the stranger's face, and beheld with horror—his own father.

Agony and terror held him motionless for a time, during which, with harrowing distinctness the truth revealed itself to his mind. His father had several times spoken of his yearning desire to see his long-absent boy; he had at last come the long, dangerous journey, had sought him in his room, and the light not being sufficient to show if he whom he sought was in the room, had advanced to trim it, when the hand of that eagerly-sought son stretched him senseless and bleeding on the floor. As all this darted with lightning speed across his tortured brain, Sam sprang to his feet with a deep groan of anguish and—awoke.

So vividly was the fearful dream impressed

upon his imagination, it was long before he could shake off the terrible feelings it had aroused, and regard it only as the result of his fevered thoughts, and constant solicitude for his treasure, or as a warning against the soul-blighting influence of the passion he was indulging. The latter interpretation Sam chose to give his dream, and he resolved not to harden himself against it. He

gave a *gold eagle* as his contribution to the widow's fund the following day, and very soon after was in his early home, where both his enterprises succeeded to his satisfaction, and he ultimately became a wealthy man; but never again did he yield to the suggestions of avarice, or forget the claims that his kindred and those in distress had upon him.

THE ONE THAT I LOVE.

BY RICHARD CON.

THE one that I love hath golden hair,
And an eye of beauty beyond compare;
She hath pearly teeth and a wee-bit mouth,
And a breath like the balm of the sunny South;
Her voice is like to a poet's dream,
As gentle and soft as a Summer stream;
And well do I know that she loveth me,
For the strength of her love looketh out from her
e'e!

The one that I love hath a heart at ease,
With the sweetest of Nature's harmonies;
She loveth the bees, and she loveth the flowers
That make up the joy of the Summer hours;
She loveth the rain, and she loveth the snow,
And she loveth to soothe another's woe;
But, best of all, she loveth me,
And the strength of her love looketh out from her
e'e!

The one that I love hath a soul of truth,
Unstained from the days of her earliest youth;
And she often whispereth unto me,
"I never loved any before I loved thee!"
And she layeth her delicate head on my breast,
And she hearth the beat of my heart 'neath my vest:
She is all of life's joy that is left unto me,
And the strength of her love looketh out from her
e'e!

The one that I love is a part of my life—
I have made her a blessing—I have made her my
wife;
I will love her forever; I will love her for aye;
I will love her till life shall itself pass away;
In that bright world of peace and of beauty above,
In the realms of the blest, I will seek for my love;
And the angels of glory will kiss her for me,
As the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e!

HAUNTED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WITHIN a time-browned cottage,
Down by the water-side,
A grand-dame and her little child
Oft sat in the eventide,
With shadows creeping 'round them
In the dim and dusky room,
They seemed to hear sweet voices,
And see fair forms in the gloom.

They were gentle, swaying shadows,
Tones that were floating low,
Like the music of many waters
Moving with ceaseless flow;
But never a tone of wailing
Fell on their list'ning ear,
Nor saw they a form of darkness
Filling their hearts with fear.

Now the lake-side cot is lonely,
The grand-dame grim with care,
No longer she smiles on the sunshine
That lit the little one's hair;
The shadowy room so haunted
Will never give back the child,
Who smiled by her side at eventide,
And the weary hours beguiled.

Though she darkens her little chamber,
And watches the shadows that fall,
'Tis never the form of her grandchild
That steals o'er the murky wall.
And ever she sighs in sorrow,
And chatters in grief and pain,
Then smiles that the eve of the morrow
She can watch for the shadow again.

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY JANE WEAVER.

"It seems to me," said Miss Newton, "that people, who marry for love, are never as happy as those who marry without it."

"My dear," said her mother, that's a strange opinion."

The young lady colored.

"Not, mamma, with the experience of some of our friends before us. There's my old school-mate, Julia, who made such a romantic marriage; and who is now miserable."

"I am glad you mentioned her, Emily, for now I know how you fell into your error. For instance, I do not admit that Julia married for love, in the true sense of that term. In other words, she was not in love with Lieut. Carter, but an ideal officer, who was perfection in all things."

"Oh! mamma."

"I am not a bit too severe. Most of the marriages, which school-girls call love-matches, are of this character. Between the young couple there is really no love at all, but each loves an ideal being, which the curls of the lady, and the moustache of the gentleman, have respectively suggested. Of course, when, after marriage, the two become intimately acquainted, the delusion fades. The husband soon discovers that the wife, who comes down to breakfast in curl-papers, who is often out of temper, and who now thinks of her own comfort quite as much as of his, is anything but an angel. On her part, the wife finds that the lover, who was miserable, before marriage, if he could not spend the evening with her, is now frequently *ennuied* when he remains at home, is always selfish, and often capricious. In this way, the scales fall from the eyes of both; and disgust succeeds to infatuation. Nay! by a natural law of the mind, the reaction leads to injustice; and each thinks too little of the other now, because they thought too much before."

"What a picture you have drawn, mamma! Never, never will I marry, if I am to be thus deceived."

The mother smiled.

"But, my dear," she answered, "I have not said that all marriages ended thus. My remarks were confined to those, in which there was no true love on either side, but in its place a

romantic fancy for an impossible bit of perfection. It is only those, who are foolish enough to marry under this delusion, who live unhappily; for they only are disappointed."

"But, mamma," said the daughter, hesitatingly, "how can you call that love, which admits even the possibility of a fault in the one beloved?"

"True love, my dear, loves in spite of faults. Or rather, it is founded on a just appreciation of character, which teaches him or her who loves, that the one beloved, even with her or his faults, is better adapted than any other to render the lover happy."

"What a cold, calculating thing you make love to be!"

"Not at all, my child. Providence wisely gives to most, if not all, an instinct, as it were, by which to know whom to love. This instinct, however, comes into play, not when we are still children, but only when we have grown up: and it is as distinct from the infatuation of the school-girl, or the sophomore, as day is from darkness. We fall into love, even the wisest of us, and do not reason ourselves into it. We cannot analyze why we love, but we feel that such or such a one will make us happy."

"But isn't that what Julia did?"

"No, my dear. The instinct I speak of is one of a matured person, and Julia was a mere child. Indeed some never grow mature, no matter how old they become."

Emily looked puzzled.

"I seem to be too metaphysical for you," said the mother, with a smile. "Let me see if I can make my meaning plain, by the use of an illustration."

The daughter's face cleared off.

"You liked well enough," said the mother, with another smile, "to amuse yourself with your doll, when you were a child, didn't you? You found pleasure in playing with broken bits of china, which you had no difficulty in fancying to be dishes. Yet you could not deceive yourself now in this way! You could not amuse yourself with a doll?"

"No, no," replied Emily.

"And why? I will answer for you. It is because your tastes have altered. Nor do you

stop to reason about it, when I ask you if you could still play with broken china. You feel, instantly, that you could not. Well, in like manner, a matured woman, or a matured man, who has learned to think and to feel, is instinctively drawn toward, or repelled from, persons of the other sex. This magnetism, if I may call it such, often leads, when it is one of attraction, to love."

"Why not always?"

"Because, my dear, matured men, or women, hold their feelings under more or less control; and are not willing to bestow their hearts, unless they can also give their esteem. An acquaintance, formed under these circumstances, ripens into love, only when the sum of the good qualities, in the beloved object, exceeds the sum of the bad ones: and when, besides, the adaptability of character, each to each, becomes more and more apparent. This is real love, Emily, and

nothing else is worthy of the name. When persons marry, with this sort of feeling on both sides, there is no danger of unhappiness, because there is no danger of deception. The husband does not, to his chagrin, discover that he has married quite a different creature to what he imagined he had, nor does the wife, fancying she had secured an Apollo, find out, to her horror, that she has wedded a Pan."

"I see now what you mean," said the daughter, thoughtfully, "and acknowledge that I was foolish. I had not thought enough about the matter, when I said that Julia married for love."

The conversation ceased at this point. We have only to add that it was not lost on Emily, who, two years after, married the man of her choice: not, indeed, such a one as she would have selected, when a school-girl, but one whom she could, through all her life, look up to and love.

LEOLA LEE.

BY LILY MAY.

A BUD just bursting into bloom,
Nurs'd by the fresh'ning dews of May,
A hope that scatters darkest gloom,
A sunbeam glancing o'er life's way;
A bird just fledged and fit for flight,
A leaf loos'd from the parent tree,
A strengthened plant that loves the light;
Like these was young Leola Lee.

She lived a gentle, quiet life,
Few knew what virtues she possess'd,
For words had never roused to strife
The hopes that slumbered in her breast;
And yet, a wild, ambitious dream
Had dared to find an entrance there;
Anon, there came a fitful gleam
Which needed all her gentle care
To fan it to a brilliant flame,
Then feed it ere it fled away,
'Till persevering it became
A light to shine by night and day.

It brightly gleamed where'er she moved,
Though visible to none beside,
It was her brightest hope, and proved
Her guiding star on life's wild tide—
Yet still there rankled in her breast
Thoughts that would ever give her pain;
Until that burden of unrest
Found utterance in this simple strain.

"And must my inner spirit feel
What I with words can ne'er reveal?

Must feeling's fount unchecked still flow,
Unconscious of the hidden woe
That sorely rankles in my breast,
And oft disturbs my nightly rest,
And I be doom'd to another still
The fire that yet consumes at will?

"Father above, to thee alone
I pour my deep and heartfelt moan,
Be my communings e'er so brief
My o'ercharged heart can find relief,
And though I meet, nor praise, nor blame,
From those for whom I've asked the same,
No words from me can ever tell
How long I've loved them, and how well."

Time pass'd, yet never to her heart
Came the full answer to her pray'r,
For she would never claim a part
Save that allotted to her share,
Which carelessly and coldly sent
Found no sweet echo in her soul,
So finely were the fibres blent
'Twas hard to reach that inner goal.

But if those strings should e'er be tried,
They'd wake so deep, so wild a strain,
None but the true and purified
Could fully waft them back again;
May no rude hand attune them o'er
With false pretences all the while,
Better be silent evermore
Than waken'd by a touch of guile.

MRS. BENTLEY'S LESSONS.

A SKETCH OF SUMMER BOARDING.

BY MRS. FROTH.

"WHERE are you going this summer, Anna?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. There's an end put to our pleasant summer tour, now that I have two children, for I am sure I could never travel with such a tribe after me, nurses and all. I found one *enough* goodpess knows. Charles wants to take country board somewhere—near enough for him to come out every night."

"Then you'll go to Rocklandtown, of course."

"I hate Rocklandtown."

"So do I; but you know the old adage, 'beggars mustn't be choosers,' and after all Parker's is really a capital place."

"Parker's! yes, a capital place for gossip and slander—I have always heard that."

"It is no more of a place for gossip than all boarding-houses are. There are always some who *will talk*, and some who *will listen*, and some who *will repeat*, and of course at a large boarding-house like Parker's, you will no doubt come across specimens of each. But that is no reason why you should deprive yourself of the conveniences which that farm-house possess over all of which I have any knowledge."

"The greatest inducement to me would be your society, for of course you go there. You are a regular fixture, are you not?"

"To be sure we have taken rooms. We always do from year to year, but this summer I do not know but that we shall give them up. I have no young children to keep me there, and I have a great fancy for spending the summer at the sea-shore. In fact, I came here to offer you my rooms, for you must know every room in the house has been rented since February. There are plenty who will be glad of them. Mrs. Parker turns scores away every spring. I only want to give you the first choice."

"You are very kind, Nelly—just like your own dear self to think of me with my noisy little troop. Not a very pleasant exchange to the boarders, I fancy, if they were to take the place of your all but grown up children."

"You will find plenty of company—it is a regular nursery; and there could not be a safer place for children than that broad, green lawn, with its graveled walks; and back, the meadow

land with its orchard trees, and the avenue of althea's that affords such a shaded path even at noonday. I tell you what, Anna, you drive out, and look at the rooms, and if you don't like them don't think of going. Emily Turner is very anxious to get board there, but she does not dream of my giving up my rooms, or she would have been after them long ago."

Mrs. Bentley began to think that Parker's must be a very desirable place. That evening the charms with which her friend, Mrs. Haydon, had invested the spot, were pourtrayed to her husband in the same glowing colors, and resulted in a drive out to Rocklandtown the following morning.

The rooms did indeed seem very inferior and small, but the air of cleanliness about them, and the genial good-humor glowing in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Parker attracted Mrs. Bentley; and as she stood on the broad, stone piazza that extended across the back of the house, and looked out through the cloister-like arches upon the charming grounds beyond, she made her decision, and forthwith completed her arrangements.

"So you are going to Parker's to board," said Mrs. Grassdell, the wife of a brother of Mrs. Bentley. "I am glad of it. If you are not taught some lessons there, that you need to learn, then I am mistaken."

"What lessons do you mean, Ellen?"

"Never mind. It is my opinion though, that you will learn something beyond nominative I, possessive my or mine, objective me."

"What do you mean, Ellen? Do you think I am egotistical?"

"Not exactly, but you have lived so exclusively amongst your friends, and they have so flattered, and petted, and spoiled you, that you know no more of the world than a baby."

"I do," answered Mrs. Bentley, the color mounting to her face, "I know enough about the world. It is only because I prefer imputing good motives to persons instead of bad ones, that makes you think me ignorant."

"Now answer me honestly, Anna, who is more frequently in the right in the estimate formed of

our mutual friends—you or I? If I had been deceived as many times as *you* have, I warrant no one would have the opportunity of deceiving me again; but each new face *you* see you put your trust in, and are fool enough to believe every smooth word spoken to you. *If you don't learn some lessons this summer then I am mistaken.* I only hope and pray that your eyes will be opened to see who your true friends are."

"I do not want my eyes opened any wider," said Mrs. Bentley, pettishly. "I see enough that is disagreeable now."

After such a conversation, it would have been singular if Mrs. Bentley had not felt some distrust of the strange faces amongst whom she was soon thrown; but it lasted not long. A slight acquaintance with the 'goodlie companie,' which assembled around the well-filled board, or gathered in the old stone piazza of a morning, or in the large, cool parlor at eventide, convinced her that the grievous lessons her sister-in-law had predicted would be postponed for that season. Never since her removal from her Southern home had she been thrown amidst so charming, and so congenial a set.

First in her admiration stood Mrs. Nolen, a lady whose brilliant conversational powers engrossed her attention. The ease and affability of her manner was tempered by a certain dignity, which while it attracted Mrs. Bentley, prevented her from forming the intimacy toward which she felt so much inclination. A Mrs. Moodie, for whom Mrs. Bentley at first felt an aversion, became at length her great favorite; and indeed her sparkling vivacity, and very many winning ways, made her the life of the household. Another great attraction was her exceeding truthfulness of manner. Mrs. Bentley fully appreciated this truth, for she had often been condemned by her own family for her excessive candor. She loved her friends devotedly, never suffering them to be attacked in her presence without defending them to the best of her ability. She told them pleasant things said of them, because it gave her pleasure to do so. Of persons to whom she was indifferent, she was quite as apt to gossip as are the majority of her sex; and those whom she disliked, she disliked with a hearty fervor, until she discovered some redeeming trait in them, and then not unfrequently did her impressible nature cause her to unsay the unkind things that she felt guilty in having said. Her undeveloped and undisciplined character was the occasion of her being often misunderstood, and only in the hearts of those who had known her well and long could she win a lasting place.

One morning, when Mrs. Bentley was in Mrs. Moodie's room, the conversation turned upon Mrs. Nolen.

"I do not know how I have incurred her displeasure," said Mrs. Moodie, "but she has not been in my room this season, and previous summers we have been very intimate. I am sorry, for I admire her exceedingly."

"Why is she angry with you?" said Mrs. Bentley, curious to know particulars. "I am sure I did not know it. She always speaks of you as though you were on the best terms."

"Oh, we have had no quarrel—some stories that had got about this spring, and that I thought I had traced to her, but after all I believe Miss Somers is at the root of it. I mentioned them to Mrs. Nolen's sister, and that has been the cause of the coolness, I fancy. Mrs. Nolen is one who would take no pains to defend herself if she was falsely accused."

"How unlike she is to me. I could never rest until I had confronted my accuser—but if I had her dignity to fall back upon I should be content. I wish I was like her."

"You need not wish to be. It is all very well in Mrs. Nolen, whose experience of life has been such as to make her so, but I should be sorry to see you so artificial."

"Oh, she is not artificial. It is just as natural to her to be dignified as it is for me to talk and eat in my 'harum scarum' way."

"You have not known her so long as I have. She was wild and wayward enough before that unfortunate affair of hers."

"What unfortunate affair?"

"Is it possible that you have never heard of it? Well, I shall not be the one to enlighten you."

"Now that is really unkind. You know how much curiosity I have, and I shall always be imagining something dreadful until I hear the tale."

"Indeed, I shall not tell you. Miss Somers knows more about it than I do. Ask her if you want the particulars."

The next morning Mrs. Bentley joined Miss Somers as she started for a morning walk. The one subject uppermost in her mind she could hardly help referring to, but Miss Somers was busily recounting the story of her troubles with Mrs. Moodie, who she thought was treating her very cruelly this season.

"I do not think I shall stay here all summer," said Miss Somers, "it makes it so unpleasant for me. I have most cried myself sick about it, for Mrs. Moodie and I have always been so intimate."

"Why don't you tell her that you never said these things? She would surely believe so old and so intimate a friend. She knows that she has been mistaken once in her suppositions, and of course she is as liable to have made another error. I'll tell her for you."

"No, no, that wouldn't do. I don't want her to know that I have said anything about it to you. There is always some fuss here. I advise *you* to be careful. Speaking out what you think, as you do, will very likely be the means of getting you into some scrape before the summer is over."

"Never fear for me. 'I like every one in the house too well to quarrel with them.'"

"There is one lady in this house that a person of your disposition ought to be careful of. I shall not tell you who it is, but I will put you on your guard. She is 'all things to all men,' and if I am not mistaken you have already formed a very incorrect estimate of her character. She is a very dangerous, insincere woman."

"Why, Miss Somers, do you know what you are doing? You are saying that which will by turns make me suspicious of every lady in the house, for I should never find out who it was. Now that you have told me so much you ought to, in justice to me, and to the other ladies, let me know which one it is. I am sure it is very kind in you to take such an interest in me, and I appreciate your kindness. You need not be afraid of my making an improper use of your confidence. Is it that funny-looking lady who came last?—oh, what's her name, she has such restless-looking eyes, and talks so much about her principles? I have not spoken half a dozen words to her."

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean—oh, no. This is the first time I ever saw her, but the lady I refer to I have known for years, and I was as much captivated with her once as you are now."

"Who can it be? not Mrs. Moodie, for she is truth herself, nor those lovely sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, for they are the most religiously conscientious people that I ever came across, nor Mrs. Nolen, who would never stoop to any evil, nor——"

"Stop, stop—you need not go on with the list—Mrs. Nolen is the one, and you can admire her talents and her beauty as much as you choose, but never trust her."

Mrs. Bentley drew a long breath. "How very kind of Miss Somers," thought she. "I never should have distrusted *her*," she said, aloud.

"The ladies in the parlor were speaking of you last evening after you went up stairs,"

continued Mrs. Somers, "and one of them said that she admired your simplicity of manner and your naturalness. 'It is an affected simplicity, I imagine,' said Mrs. Nolen, 'and her naturalness is nothing but art.'"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks all in a glow. "How could she think so meanly of me? I'm sure I have always wished to be different, and tried to be, but it was of no use. Many a lesson my sister, Mrs. Grassedell, has read me about my thoughtless, impulsive ways. Ah, Ellen was not so far from right after all! I think my eyes will be opened this summer, as she said they would be."

"Mind you don't say a word about it to any one—only watch for yourself."

"Very well. Oh, Miss Somers, Mrs. Moodie commenced telling me something about Mrs. Nolen's early life, or rather, she made an allusion to some unpleasant occurrence, which, when she found I had not heard of, she would not continue, but told me that you knew more of the particulars than she did. What was it?"

"That happened long ago, and ought not to be revived, for no one can accuse Mrs. Nolen of the least indiscretion since. Mrs. Moodie, on the contrary, is always committing some imprudent act, and she need not talk about Mrs. Nolen."

"She did *not* talk about her. I want you to understand me. She positively refused to tell me of the circumstance, to which she had accidentally alluded, and sent me to you for information."

"It was only an old love affair, or rather a want of love in an affair she had on hand. Her husband was her first choice, but through the instrumentality of friends she became betrothed to another. Frightened at the near approach of the day fixed upon for the wedding, she retracted her promise, and subsequently married Mr. Nolen. There have been many versions of this affair, but this I know to be the true one."

"Well, she did *just* right," said Mrs. Bentley.

"If I had known her, I would have upheld her through the whole. I think more of her than ever—to have sufficient independence to break off an alliance so near completion, when her heart was with another. Yet, I wish she had not said that of me, and I am so sorry to think her insincere; but perhaps her experience of life may have caused her to appear more so than she really is. I am sure from things I have heard her say, that underneath the cold exterior which she sometimes assumes, she has a warm heart that throbs right nobly. I was reading a poem to her, not long ago, wherein was narrated

some act of heroism, and I saw the tears gather in her eyes, and her lips quiver. Oh, Miss Somers, I am sure you must be wrong."

"You are welcome to think so, if you chose. I am sure it makes no difference to me," replied Miss Somers, plainly showing her pique by her tones.

They had retraced their steps, and were now sauntering slowly through the grounds. Mrs. Moodie came toward them, and Miss Somers fell back.

"I know all now," said Mrs. Bentley. "It was not at all what I expected—but quite romantic, wasn't it? Mrs. Marston ought to hear it—it would furnish her with materials for her next story."

"Yes, they say that *that* Mrs. Marston writes. Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley have taken a great fancy to her. I must say it is more than I have."

"She seems clever enough, but nothing remarkable. When do the Cannings arrive?"

"They are expected next week, I think. Ah, here we have come upon Mrs. Marston, botanizing."

"Not botanizing," said Mrs. Marston, "only gathering a few wild flowers for Willie, who is not well to-day, and he does so dearly love flowers."

"But the Cannings," continued Mrs. Bentley, "do tell me about them. I have heard Mrs. Canning was perfectly beautiful."

"She is very handsome—do you know her, Mrs. Marston?"

"No—yes—that is, I am not acquainted with her, but I have frequently met her, and we have several mutual friends. I am very anxious to know more of her, for I hear she is a lovely, warm-hearted woman, and such a character I should value more than all the beauty in the world. Combined as they are in her, they must make her very attractive."

"You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself; she is a great favorite of Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Bentley."

"Yes, I know that. Isn't Nelly Haydon a lovely creature?"

"Well—yes, I like her very well," was Mrs. Moodie's disjointed answer. "She did not want to come here this summer, but her husband engaged the rooms last year, and Mr. Parker would not let them off. She was in a great way when I saw her last, because she could not get them off from her hands, for she was determined not to spend another summer in the same house with Mrs. Whilton and her unruly boy."

Mrs. Bentley looked amazed. Mrs. Haydon's

apparently disinterested motives dawned upon her in a new light.

"Did you ever see that black lace breakfast-cap, and faded green silk wrapper of hers? I declare they nearly killed me—but what a shame for me to make fun of so dear a friend of yours. If she only had a little more taste in dress, she would be quite endurable. Of course you would never think of repeating what I have said."

"You are right, Mrs. Moodie. I never should think of repeating it, for I would not have Nelly's feelings so hurt for the world."

Mrs. Bentley left Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Marston, and retraced her steps to the house. After that morning's conversation, she did not fraternize quite as well as formerly with Mr. Moodie. Feeling a little distrust both of her, and of Mrs. Nolen, who did not avail herself as frequently as formerly of the opportunities for enjoying their society; but her acquaintance with the two sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, and their friend, Mrs. Marston, increased rapidly. Mrs. Grimeshaw also attached herself to this party, and Mrs. Bentley felt conscience-stricken that she could not bring herself to like better one whose good principles were so frequently brought forward as her guide and rule of conduct.

The summer days, despite the heat, passed pleasantly away. Beneath the shade of some wide-spreading elm or chestnut, the ladies gathered, and while one read aloud some poem of rare beauty—now Mrs. Browning's, and again our own grand Edith May's—the others bent busily over dainty bits of embroidery, or pieces of worsted work, whose brilliant colors contrasted finely with their white morning dresses, and the greensward beneath and the green branches above them.

The evenings, then, what merry times! In lively sallies, in mirthful games, and in bewildering music the hours lost themselves. The Cannings were great favorites, and contributed vastly to the enjoyment of the party. Only poor Mrs. Marston kept aloof. Some unfortunate misunderstanding between herself and Mrs. Canning had effectually alienated them, notwithstanding Mrs. Marston's earnest desire to make her acquaintance. Now and then, through Mrs. Percival's persuasions, she would make her appearance in the drawing-room for an evening, but her own sensitive, rather suspicious nature, caused her not unfrequently to fancy slights, when none were intended, and consequently these evenings were anything but pleasant to her. Finally, she withdrew herself entirely to her own apartment, and as her room was

large and pleasantly furnished, some of the ladies were almost always to be found there during the evening.

Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Grimshaw and Mrs. Bentley met there on one occasion. Some of the boarders were in the parlor, and others watching the gentlemen at their games in the ten-pin alley.

"How sweetly Mrs. Hunter dresses," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Um!" said Mrs. Grimshaw. "It is plain enough to see what she makes so much display of. I advise you to look after your husband, Mrs. Percival."

"Oh, no danger," laughed Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Hunter is an old friend of mine, and of my husband's, too. I could not trust him in her keeping."

"Well, I am opposed to such extravagance in dresses, and principled against it too. Besides, we can't make me believe that she does not flirt. She may be an old friend of the Percivals, but I am sure she never knew Mr. Marston before this summer—eh, Mrs. Marston?"

Mrs. Marston colored slightly. "It never entered my head to ask my husband," she answered, seemingly embarrassed.

"It is my advice to you to interest yourself a little in the matter. Mrs. Hunter is a dangerous woman," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I do not see any occasion for interfering with my husband," answered Mrs. Marston, coolly.

"Others may, if you do not," said Mrs. Grimshaw, with emphatic nods of the head.

Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Percival exchanged glances, and Mrs. Bentley's face was more flushed than Mrs. Marston's. It required the memory of her sister-in-law's precepts to keep her quiet.

"Oh, I see you don't think there is any occasion for anxiety, but I know better than to let my needless fears. It is from a sense of duty that I have used my eyes and my ears, too. I know what is going on," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I must insist upon an explanation," said Mrs. Marston, with dignity. "I do not understand such accusations."

"If I have put you on your guard, that is that is sufficient, for I am no busy-body, but I shall not let my tale go backward and forward for the sake of making mischief. I considered it my duty to say what I have said, but I shall not say anything more."

Mrs. Bentley, fully aroused, answered, "I did not take any notice of reports coming in

such a way, Mrs. Marston. For my part, I never believe those fancy statements. If one can tell me what was said, and who said it, it may be worth while to pay some attention."

"So you mean to convey the idea, Mrs. Bentley, that I have not heard any reports concerning—"

"I mean to convey the idea, that if you had heard any, I should have had a much better opinion of your principles if you had kept them to yourself," interrupted Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks aglow with the indignation which she felt.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Bentley," interrupted Mrs. Marston; "but indeed, I would rather you would not incur Mrs. Grimshaw's displeasure, by—" Mrs. Marston hesitated, and Mrs. Grimshaw finished for her.

"By your interference, I'll give you a piece of advice, Mrs. Bentley, attend to your own affairs, your husband's and your children's, but leave your friends to take care of themselves. You will have quite enough to keep you busy with the first, I imagine, and at any rate, you will never get any thanks from the latter."

Mrs. Bentley thought little of this speech at the time, but she remembered it afterward.

Mrs. Marston had become a great favorite with Mrs. Bentley, since her distrust of Mrs. Nolen, and she now espoused her cause against Mrs. Grimshaw with valor. She discussed the matter with the other ladies, in eager warmth, without realizing that she was thus giving greater publicity to the disagreeable rumor, and consequently increasing Mrs. Marston's annoyance.

Not long after this, Mrs. Moodie came into Mrs. Bentley's room, and closing the door after her with an air of secrecy, said,

"I have come to ask you a question, Mrs. Bentley—not that I believe you have ever said such a thing, but it will be a satisfaction to hear from your own lips that there was no foundation for the story. Miss Somers tells me that you came to her, and told her that I had given you the whole history of Mrs. Nolen's early life, and in that way threw her off her guard, until you had gained your point in ascertaining from her all you wished to know."

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, how can people be so wicked? But this is a falsehood that carries its refutation along with it."

"Of course it does. Miss Somers is too shrewd a person to be taken in that way. It only confirms the opinion I had already formed of her."

Mrs. Bentley felt sick at heart. She recalled what Miss Somers had told her of Mrs. Nolen's

speech about herself, and she was not long in coming to the conclusion that that also was a falsehood. From that day she sought Mrs. Nolen's society with renewed avidity, and the more she saw of her the better was she convinced that she was well worthy of the high esteem in which her friends held her. Mrs. Nolen treated her with exceeding coolness, and both Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Bentley were led to infer that Miss Somers had told her own story to Mrs. Nolen, but the subject was too delicate a one to admit of any explanation to her, and Mrs. Bentley was therefore obliged to let the matter rest, very much regretting that her curiosity had lost her a friendship from which she had promised herself so much pleasure.

But she had not yet learned to be politic, and she treated Miss Somers with all the scorn that in her opinion she merited. Miss Somers revenged herself by insinuations which were not lost by the ears upon which they fell, and gradually Mrs. Bentley found herself avoided by the ladies. Even Mrs. Marston partook of the general feeling that Mrs. Bentley was curious, intermeddling and a gossip. And about this time another of her *mal-apropos* remarks confirmed the unjust opinion in Mrs. Canning's mind.

In conversation with Mrs. Canning, Mrs. Bentley, speaking of the high terms of regard in which she had heard her spoken of by her friends, said, "I believe they were dissatisfied with your marriage, having expected a more advantageous alliance." Mrs. Bentley was quite unaware that Mr. Canning's circumstances had been very inferior previous to his marriage, but had supposed that the friends of Mrs. Canning would not have been satisfied with any "business man," that their ambition demanded some titled foreigner, or some man high in office in our own country, from what she had heard said. But Mrs. Canning construed it differently, and being very spirited, and very devoted as a wife, she resented the affront which she imagined Mrs. Bentley had put upon her husband. Mr. Canning was in reality a great favorite of Mrs. Bentley's, she feeling particularly attracted toward him as he was from the same New England state; but thereafter her attempts at conversation with either of the two were failures, and as she was ignorant of the cause of offence, she was unable to vindicate herself.

Mrs. Bentley began to feel constantly annoyed by the change in the manner of the ladies toward her, and when she recalled her defence of Mr. Marston, and the subsequent coldness of his wife, and the train of circumstances which had caused Mrs. Nolen to repel her advances

toward intimacy, she looked upon herself as an injured woman, and resolved that she would not longer endure the *disagreements* of her situation.

It was no difficult task to persuade her husband that a few weeks at the sea-shore would be a desirable change, and consequently they made their arrangements for departure.

The requisite city shopping fatigued Mrs. Bentley so much as to bring on a severe attack of nervous headache, which deferred their departure for several days; and during this time the kindness of the ladies well nigh obliterated all her unpleasant feelings. Mrs. Percival's small, fair hand seemed to chase away the pain from her head with its magnetic influence. Mrs. Marston reading in her low, dreamy voice would not unfrequently soothe her into slumber when all other means had failed. All volunteered some assistance, and the result was that when at length the Bentleys took their departure, they left with pleasant feelings toward all excepting Miss Somers, whose violation of principle had been too flagrant to entirely overlook; and the good little Mrs. Grimshaw, whose principles in the eyes of Mrs. Bentley stuck out like bars of iron in every direction; and toward whom she still reproached herself for feeling badly.

Upon their arrival at the sea-side they joined the Grassdells and their party at the hotel in which they were boarding. When Mrs. Bentley had last seen her sister-in-law, she had given her a glowing description of the charming society at Parker's, and the delightful summer she was passing there.

Now she felt a little uncomfortable at Mrs. Grassdell's first question, for she detected the lurking smile in her eye.

"Well, how do you like Rocklandtown boarding by this time?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Bentley, resolving that she would not give her the satisfaction of hearing of her unpleasant experience.

But Mrs. Bentley was one who was apt to speak of what was uppermost in her mind, and had no tact at concealment, and the result was that one afternoon, when they were conversing alone and sociably, she gave her sister-in-law a full history of the events of the summer.

"And is this all the trouble you have had?" said Mrs. Grassdell, with an elongated face. "Mere moonshine, why from what I had heard I imagined the whole house to have been in an uproar—everything dreadful going on, and you at the bottom of all the fusses?"

"Where did you hear anything about it?" said Mrs. Bentley, her face expressing the amazement which she felt.

"Oh, a friend of Mrs. Canning's told me. You have made yourself a name this summer, my lady, whether you deserve it or not; and I am not one whit sorry. I warned you that you would learn some lessons this summer."

"Well, now, what lessons have I learned? I am sure I don't know. Not to distrust every one certainly, for with the one exception of Miss Somers, I am sure it was more an unfortunate chain of events that caused the misunderstandings there than anything else."

"Well, begin at the beginning with me, and I will tell you what lessons your experience ought to have taught you, and if you have not learned them now you never will. In the first place you found that Mrs. Haydon's motives were not so purely disinterested as you imagined them to be. Now next time a friend comes to you in great anxiety to do you a kindness, see what motives of her own she has to serve before you are so eager to accept."

"I would rather be deceived by false friends a hundred times than to doubt the kind motives of one real one once. Besides, Nellie Haydon probably thought she was doing me a kindness, as well as accommodating herself," replied Mrs. Bentley.

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," said Mrs. Grassdell, warmly, "and positively you provoke me beyond anything. I suppose Miss Somers was doing you a kindness, in your estimation, in telling these abominable stories."

"No, indeed. I cannot bear Miss Somers, and I was not at all diffident in showing the estimation in which I held her."

"There! another lesson for you! Such things don't answer, Anna. It was no use to increase her ill-will—you must learn policy, and no matter how much you despise a person, so that you don't let them know the opinion in which you hold them. There is two lessons for you to begin with. Now let me see what next. Why, your curiosity to know the past history of people—you must get over that. It is no matter who nor what people were, nor who their grandfathers and grandmothers were, so that they are agreeable and answer your purpose. You only make them suspicious of you if you show any interest in their genealogical tree."

"Well, I am sure I——"

"Don't interrupt me. There's three lessons for you. Now for the fourth. Mrs. Nolen may or she may not have said what Miss Somers told you that she did. Even if she did say it, you have no right to think less of her for it—she thought so, no doubt. You expect people to

think too much of you—but there is more evil than good thought of every one, let me tell you. Then there's that Mrs. Moodie that you think truth itself—I don't if you do. 'Consistency is a jewel.' I suppose it has never entered your head that the first opportunity which she had of ridiculing your peculiarities behind your back she would embrace it. No, I have no faith in her truth; and you were served quite right for interfering between Mrs. Marston and that Mrs. —. What's her name, that woman of *admirable* principles? It is *such* a pity you did not like her. I should place great confidence in a person who brought forward their principles on every occasion," said Mrs. Grassdell, sarcastically.

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean. Well, now, she really did try to act from duty, but it made her very disagreeable nevertheless."

"I would not give a fig for her '*sense of duty*,' nor '*her principles*,' nor for her either. Yes, I would too, for that was a capital piece of advice she gave you. You never do get any thanks for defending your friends. The truth is, it is humiliating to be placed in a position that requires defence. I don't doubt but that Mrs. Hunter has flirted with Mr. Marston, and every other gentleman, married or single, who will give her an opportunity. I have always heard her spoken of as a flirt—a despicable character for a married woman."

"Ah, indeed I don't think she flirts, Ellen. She is attractive, and the gentlemen like to hear her talk—she has such an interesting way."

"*Interesting way!* hum! I just wish she had tried her interesting ways with *your* husband. How did you like Mrs. Canning?"

"I was very much pleased with her at first, but I know she did not like me. What was that you heard from a friend of hers?"

"I could not begin to tell you all. Do you remember asking her if her husband wasn't of low origin?"

"I never did. I never asked such a question in my life. Why, Anna, it seems to me people are crazy to tell such stories."

"Well, now, you certainly did say something of the kind, for she did not dislike you at first."

"Stop. I do remember asking her once if her friends did not object to her marriage with Mr. Canning, but surely that could not have offended her. I intended it as a compliment, for she is beautiful enough to have been a queen."

"Well, you *are* a strange woman. Don't pay people such equivocal compliments, I beg of you. I suppose you left Parker's on bad terms with every one, didn't you?"

"No, indeed, I did not. Only Miss Somers. All the other ladies were so kind those few days that I was sick, and did everything in their power to help me off."

"I don't doubt it," said Mrs. Grassdell, with a low, merry, little laugh.

Mrs. Bentley felt her cheeks burning, but she could not equal her sister-in-law in retorts, and she wisely kept silence.

Mrs. Grassdell, who was very clear-headed, and took an amazingly common sense view of everything, saw at a glance the estimation in which Mrs. Bentley had been held at Parker's, and the apparent cause she had given them for so holding her. She also knew that her sister-in-law was very far from being a wilful mischief maker; but at the same time she saw her faults in so exaggerated a point of view, that it unfitted her to be of as much use as a less prejudiced person would have been. However, what she said had the effect of causing Mrs. Bentley to reflect upon how far she had been instrumental in producing the unpleasant state of things that existed, and she saw that although her errors had been innocent ones, they had been errors none the less. She knew also from tales of past summers which she had heard at Parker's, that it had not been the first time that disagreeable things had happened; and she saw the necessity of great care and watchfulness in a house where so many dissimilar dispositions were congregated. It had been her first experience in boarding, and fortunately it came at a period

of life when she could not fail to be benefited by it. Thereafter she was somewhat more distrustful of those with whom she was thrown, and not quite so apt to fall into her old enthusiasms. Her undeserved reputation as a mischief-maker amongst the set she had met at Parker's she felt able to live down; and the mortification which she experienced at the time, was fully recompensed by hearing afterward that Mrs. Nolen, whose acquaintance she still kept up, and who continued her particular admiration, had said that it was impossible to form a just estimate of a boarding-house acquaintance, and that never had she been more deceived than in the opinion she had been led to form of Mrs. Bentley upon her first acquaintance with her.

I have finished my sketch. It lays no claims to being a story. In fact, I have been giving a faithful narration of actual occurrences. I have had my object in so doing, and if any one has patience sufficient to read it through, and in future summers to profit from Mrs. Bentley's experience, two objects may be served instead of one.

My husband, Mr. Jeremias Froth, says that I might have saved the paper, pen, ink, and time that I have consumed in writing it. Jeremias is a very clever man, but I shall have my own way this time. If he chooses to give a laughable experience of his own in country boarding, as an atonement for my dull, prosaic sketch, I shall not interfere with him.

INVOCATION.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

DREAMS of the Summer-time,
Where have ye flown?
Answer my icy heart,
Send back one tone!
Cheering me, blessing me,
Telling of hope,
Lifting the shadows that
Over me droop.

Flowers of the Summer-time,
Why have ye died,
Leaving no tracery
On the hill-side?
Daisies and violets,
Pets of my own—
Folded their dewy leaves,
Lo! they are gone.

Birds of the Summer-time,
Soft gentle showers,
Meadows and woodlands
Scattered with flowers,
Dreams bright and sunshiny,
Gilded and fair,
All faded and vanished,
Like mists of the air!

Come back, oh, Summer-time,
Bringing thy flowers,
Bringing thy bird-songs,
To murmuring bowers,
Bring all thy sweet voices,
Sweet, fresh, and free,
And oh, bring sweet dreamings
Back freshly to me!

ON PURPOSE, AND ACCIDENTALLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

SOMEBODY wrote to somebody:

"MY DEAR ADDIE—Bandbox your pink muslin bonnet and come to me without delay. *Francis Enderwood is with me*, and this will, I am sure, explain all. *Au revoir*."

"P. S.—Do not forget your drab tissue."

The young lady to whom this was addressed looked first pleased, then embarrassed, and finally contemptuous. The bonnet which Mrs. Brand mentioned in so common-place a manner as "pink muslin," was set down in *her* vocabulary as "rose colored," without any reference to the material; the "drab tissue" was "a faint grey cloud"—a poetical-looking dress for which words were altogether too heavy.

For Miss Addie Coltney, the object of Mrs. Brand's disinterested solicitude, was very much under the power of certain floating visions, almost as undefined as the figures one traces in summer clouds, which visions often led her into performances that were entirely different from what any one else would have done under the circumstances. When she could forget all this, and act out her natural self, she was a laughter-loving girl, whose mirthful spirit was the especial admiration of invalids and persons of a misanthropic turn—indeed, Addie's conquests among bachelors and widowers of this cast were, like the things in newspapers, too numerous to mention.

Her appearance was as variable as her mood; when her dress was becomingly arranged, with her ringlets just the proper length, and not too much of the corkscrew, she was pretty and interesting—at other times she appeared quite ordinary. To do Addie justice, however, she was very apt to be *becomingly* dressed; and her light curls, which she knew well enough to be her chief attraction, were always arranged with peculiar care. When looking her best, she was said to have "a picture-face;" and she seldom failed to interest travelled men and *bookish* men.

Mrs. Brand was a charming acquaintance for everybody, but *particularly* for young ladies. She lived in quite a poetical-looking cottage, which *she* called "little" in spite of its elastic qualities where visitors were concerned, kept carriage-horses and saddle-horses, half-a-dozen servants, entertained company by the score, and flattered herself that, because she had not a stone palace

in the city, she was *economical*. Mr. Brand had heard this so often repeated that he wondered why he did not believe it.

Mrs. Brand was the kind of person to whom people confided troubles, love-scrapes, and all sorts of hopes and disappointments. Too mature to be feared as a rival by the young ladies, and yet young enough to sympathize with the repinings of various discontented young gentlemen, she was constantly supplied with enough information to set up several fortune-tellers; and in return for these proofs of friendship, she employed herself quite unconsciously in endeavoring to bring together the proper halves that are generally wandering through the world at a respectful distance apart. Somehow, people that knew Mrs. Brand always seemed to get married, and she certainly knew very delightful people.

Addie Coltney was a decided favorite; and for some time past she had heard a great deal from her friend of a certain Francis Enderwood, who was always travelling in Italy or somewhere on the continent, and who was very fastidious and very charming, somewhat in the style of Mr. Rochester. The two had been often closeted in Mrs. Brand's comfortable dressing-room, and had sat upon the said Francis and canvassed his various traits until Addie knew him perfectly, and had his whole appearance laid out in her own mind. Mrs. Brand had told her that she was the very person whom Francis Enderwood would admire; he had, she said, the passion of the old painters for light colored tresses, and said so many pretty things upon the subject that Addie blushed and felt quite Sampsonish. Mrs. Brand wondered that he did not return—he had been in Italy for two years; and Addie, too, wondered—particularly as her friend had mentioned her to him in one of her last letters; and thus matters stood until the day in question.

All that morning Addie was busy in arranging bows of ribbon, gathering lace-frills, and doing various little nothings so indispensable to a contemplated journey.

Papa came home to dinner; and when Addie requested leave of absence, he smilingly consented—thereby depriving himself of his house-keeper, and appealing to the tender mercies of the three Irish servants who presided in her

absence. For Addie was the "sole daughter of his house and heart"—a dead wife's legacy—and her wishes were always the first to be attended to.

Well, Addie went to Mrs. Brand's, and found Francis Enderwood comfortably established there. To him the lady had said,

"I am sure that you will like my young friend—you are just cut out for each other—and I hope that you will be everlastingly grateful to me for bringing you together."

"I must say," observed her visitor, laughingly, "that I await with much curiosity the arrival of this paragon. She is a blending of all the delightful characters that I ever heard of."

"I did not intend to convey the idea that she was a *paragon*," replied Mrs. Brand, somewhat perplexed, "*you* may not think her even pretty, for she makes no pretensions to the character of a beauty, but she *interests* people. That vest, which you are so fond of wearing, cannot be called *pretty*, and yet it is universally admired."

"Then I am to infer that Miss Coltney is *grotesque-looking*?" said the gentleman, with a most quizzical air.

"You provoking creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "you really do not deserve that I should interest myself for your benefit."

"I thought it was for *Miss Coltney's* benefit," he remarked, quietly.

"You thought no such thing!" she replied; "for if I did not know that you were free from the least suspicion of puppyism I would not have mentioned you to Addie. To continue what I intended saying when you interrupted me, she is different from others in being *better*—not that she is of a decidedly religious cast—but you will understand what I mean when you see her."

"*Different from others in being better*," repeated Francis Enderwood to himself, "that is saying a great deal."

Mrs. Brand had certainly drawn a character that interested him exceedingly; and he found himself counting the hours until the expected arrival of the new guest.

Poor Addie! She had jumped into the stage in a happy, hopeful frame of mind; but a cross baby, who persisted in wiping a couple of muddy feet upon her neat travelling-dress—an unpleasant neighbor of inexhaustible proportions, who seemed determined to crush her—and a dusty side of an hour in the heat of a warm, summer day, entirely annihilated her equanimity; and when she arrived, she looked cross, disordered, and not over clean.

Francis Enderwood had watched for the clumsy vehicle, and was at the window when she alighted;

but his first impressions were decidedly unfavorable. He felt provoked at Mrs. Brand, and provoked at Addie for being so different from what he had expected; and with very little alacrity he obeyed Mrs. Brand's summons to come forward and be presented.

Addie could scarcely forbear an exclamation of surprise. She had enshrined in her own thoughts a noble-looking individual, with a flashing eye and eloquent mouth, and a cast of face dreamy and refined-looking in the extreme; she saw quite a common-place man in appearance, with no particularly distinguishing traits, and not an inch above the middle height.

She rushed up stairs to change her dress; and when safely closeted with her friend, poor Mrs. Brand was assailed with a torrent of reproaches.

"Oh, Mrs. Brand, how *could* you!" exclaimed Addie, in a state of the greatest excitement. "I could not believe that was Francis Enderwood!"

"What is the matter?" said her puzzled companion, "you do not seem to be pleased with him."

"He is perfectly horrid!" continued our disappointed heroine, "I cannot conceive the possibility of his ever being *endurable*!"

Poor Mrs. Brand was sadly perplexed. Her pet manoeuvre was in the greatest danger of being utterly spoiled; for a telegraphic despatch in Enderwood's expression had already informed her that matters with him were in very much the same state. Still, she could not bear to give it up.

"You do not know him yet," she pleaded, "he appears very different to me. But Addie, dear," she continued, imploringly, "*don't* put on that green dress—green is his favorite aversion; wear this charming pink organdy—he will like that."

"For that very reason," replied Addie, "I shall avoid wearing it. I should despise myself for endeavoring to conform to his taste."

Mrs. Brand sighed, but in vain; the green dress was donned forthwith by her resolute visitor, and the two descended to the parlor.

Addie took particular pains to court the attentions of Master Willie Brand, a young gentleman who had just arrived at the dignity of pantaloon, and Enderwood conversed with Mrs. Brand. Addie did not acquit herself well that evening; her manner was cold and dignified, and seemed to express a perfect contempt for every opinion put forward by her new acquaintance.

Mr. Enderwood spoke of Naples, and the different places he had visited, the different entertainments in which he had figured, and Addie sat and called him names to herself, in

which amusement the epithets "fop" and "egotist" were extremely prominent. Even Mrs. Brand was compelled to admit that Francis Enderwood was less like Francis Enderwood and more like a very conceited, disagreeable person than she had ever supposed it possible for him to be. "If they would only throw off their masks," thought she, "and stop acting!" But as her puppets were obstinate and remained perfectly obtuse to all the signs, explanatory, warning, and beseeching, that were so liberally lowered upon them.

An almost visible yawn, which Addie scarcely met the trouble to suppress, warned Mrs. Brand of immediate action; and her visitor readily quiesced in her proposal of retiring.

"You are fatigued after your journey, are you not?" said Mrs. Brand, anxious to give Mr. Enderwood a more favorable view of her progress's dulness.

"Not particularly with my journey," replied he, with decided emphasis, "but I feel remarkably stupid to-night."

The gentleman rose and bowed very coldly, and the ladies went up stairs together.

"Oh, Addie!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "how wonderfully you do behave! To think of the names of eloquence, sprightliness, and sentiment you have wasted on me, and now, when I bid you to do your best, you are no more reticent than a post!"

"I should consider eloquence and all that you have mentioned," replied Addie, "much more wasted upon that conceited ape down stairs."

"But he never acted so before," remonstrated Mrs. Brand, "and he really is not conceited."

"Then why does he act so now?" inquired Mrs. Brand. "If his natural character is so different," continued, "let him act that, and I shall be only too tolerant of him."

Mrs. Brand wished to give Addie a few hints respecting her own conduct, but she could plainly see that they would not be well received; and in a sigh, she descended to her other subject.

She greeted her entrance with a laugh, and threw himself back upon the sofa in a perfect ecstacy of merriment.

"Mrs. Brand," said he, at length, "you are a wicked woman! That wonderful Addie, of whom you have raved to me for the last six months, has not been forthcoming, and you have laid up the first damsel at hand to pass off on me for your paragon. I could think of nothing, as I looked at her, this evening, but a green grasshopper!"

Addie has a great horror of dressing at gentlemen," replied Mrs. Brand, "and when I

told her that you disliked green, she persisted in wearing that dress."

"Ah?" said Francis Enderwood, "I like that." And he really did.

But the next morning, Addie appeared in yellow, and his tortured feelings could scarcely bear the sight. But Addie was as calmly indifferent to the likes and dislikes of Mr. Francis Enderwood as though such a person had never been in existence. The night before, she had been a quiet listener; but, now, having, as she sagely supposed, studied her man thoroughly, she arrived at the conclusion that he was an egotistical fop, and determined to shake him a little in his own esteem. A few sharp retorts soon convinced the gentleman that he had been entirely mistaken in the very moderate opinion he had formed of her acquirements; and he smiled to think this was the paragon whom Mrs. Brand had described to him as being different from other people in being better.

Mr. Brand furtively studied the couple from over the top of his newspaper, and thought of two people obstinately persisting in sitting *dos-a-dos* when a glance at each other's faces would set all things right.

"I declare, I am almost resolved not to attempt to do anything more for people!" exclaimed the disappointed match-maker, on the third morning, "Addie acts like one beside herself—and Francis Enderwood has taken the most disagreeable parts of all the disagreeable people I have ever seen. I have tried pic-nics, boating-parties, every sort of excursion on which people have been known to fall in love—but Cupid still keeps at a most respectful distance. What shall I do now?"

"Let them alone," was the quiet reply.

At first, Mrs. Brand was disposed to treat the suggestion with contempt; but when she thought the matter over, it had quite a reasonable sound, and she fully resolved to act upon it. The case in question was a perfect anomaly in her line of practice, and, of course, required a new mode of treatment.

Scarcely, however, had she come to this wise determination when Addie received a letter from her father requesting her immediate presence at home. He was ill, but not dangerously so, being quite subject to such attacks: "But I miss your soft hand and gentle footstep, Addie," he wrote, and away went Addie to collect her things; and that very afternoon she was quietly established in her father's sick room.

Francis Enderwood remained with Mrs. Brand. Addie's departure did not shorten his visit in the least; but to all the lady's remonstrances he only

answered with a laugh and a declaration that the whole affair had been a most excellent joke.

"Well," said Mrs. Brand, quite warmly, "I have, at least, *one* comfortable reflection, Mr. Indifferent, whatever you may think of Addie, you cannot possibly think *worse* of her than she does of you."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, as though he should never give the subject a second thought. But he did give it a great many; and felt quite provoked that he had made himself repulsive because Miss Coltney did not happen to suit him.

"This is really something like," remarked the invalid, as Addie flitted lightly about his chair, giving little, magic touches here and there, which soon imparted to the room a peculiar air of comfort, "this is really something like—but I am afraid, Addie, that I have been somewhat selfish in recalling you from the gayeties of Mrs. Brand's house to the dullness of a sick-room, because I *could* have done without you."

"Do not let that trouble you, papa," replied Addie, "for Mrs. Brand's house was unusually dull. I was the only visitor, except a disagreeable sort of man, the loss of whose society is no deprivation whatever."

"Why, I thought that you expected an unusually pleasant time!" exclaimed Mr. Coltney, in surprise.

Addie just then upset two or three vials—whether on purpose or accidentally she never explained—but it diverted her father's attention from the subject, and he quite forgot to expect an answer.

It was a bright autumn day; and the town of N—, which was a sort of unfortunate mistake between city and country, looked particularly dull.

At least, so thought our friend, Addie, as she sauntered indifferently along, arrayed in the latest Paris fashions, which she always took particular pains to procure, notwithstanding her often-uttered assertion that "there was nobody to see." Not that Addie made any undue display, or looked in the least like the fashion-plate of a magazine, her bonnet was a plain straw, with a blue ribbon simply crossed over the top, but it looked as no bonnet except one fresh from the hands of a Frenchwoman *could* look, with a saucy, jaunty little air of its own that communicated itself to the face of the wearer.

Handsome carriages passed through the principal street of N—, belonging to people who owned country-seats on "the outskirts;" and gentlemen with moustaches stared from the car-

riages at Addie, and pronounced her "quite a passable figure for such a Sahara as N—."

Her father had long since recovered—materially aided, he declared, by her skilful nursing—and, since that chapter at Mrs. Brand's, Addie had become quite desponding and resigned; her bright imagings had been rudely shattered, and she had fully made up her mind always to live "a fair maiden in her father's mansion."

Coming events do *not* cast their shadows before, at least, not always; for our heroine walked mechanically on without the least suspicion of an approaching adventure, and could not have been made to believe that her good genius would have appeared in the shape of an old horse.

Yet so it was; she had left the fashionable promenade and turned into one of the by streets that led into the country. The residences here were quite scattered, and scarcely an individual was to be seen except a group of turbulent boys just let loose from school. They were conducting themselves in the outrageous manner peculiar to boys in general, whooping, yelling, and turning somersets with the activity of practised circus-riders. A poor, old horse, released from drudgery on account of age and infirmity, paced leisurely through the street, until, distracted by the noise, it roved wildly about from one side to the other.

Addie was somewhat frightened, and stood behind the shelter of a tree, waiting for the boys and the horse to proceed: but the sight of the worn-out animal inspired them with fresh activity, and they immediately commenced an attack upon it. One or two climbed upon its back, some pommelled its sides, and one hung a by the tail; while the poor, bewildered creature strove in vain to free itself from its persecutors.

Addie remained quiet until she could bear the sight no longer. It made her feel perfectly sick; and walking toward the noisy crowd, she addressed herself to the foremost boy,

"Do you know," said she, "that you are doing a very wicked thing in tormenting this poor, old horse? Do you think that such cruelty will remain unpunished? Let the poor creature go, instead of adding to its sufferings by such unprovoked barbarity."

It was a novel spectacle, a well-dressed young lady haranguing a crowd of turbulent boys, and so they appeared to think, for they stood gazing upon her with open mouth, while the horse took advantage of their astonishment to trot off. The oldest of the urchins concluded that this might prove better sport; and they pressed so closely around our Quixotic dame that she wished herself safely at home, and endeavored to draw

down the black lace veil that hung on the back of her bonnet. But it was obstinate and resisted her efforts; and her situation had become embarrassing in the extreme when a gentleman stepped forward to the rescue.

This was Francis Enderwood; he had seen Addie from a carriage-window, but without recognizing her; he thought her an extremely pretty, stylish-looking girl, and was very much surprised to see the same graceful figure standing in the midst of a group of boys. He advanced nearer, and saw that she was annoyed and bewildered; in a moment, his arm had been offered and accepted, the refractory veil was mastered, and without a very clear notion of her destination, Addie walked on with burning cheeks and downcast eyes.

"I was afraid," said the gentleman, "that you might deem me intrusive—but I could not resist the impulse of coming to your assistance."

Addie started at the sound of that voice, and looked more closely in the face of her escort. She was not mistaken; in spite of the missing moustache, and the Americanized look that had superseded his air of foreign travel, she recognized her particular aversion of the preceding summer, and felt more embarrassed than ever.

But one comfort, he had not recognized *her*; and drawing her veil still more closely over her face, she hastily murmured her thanks, and endeavored to avoid all further conversation.

"I will not trespass upon your politeness any longer," said she, in rather an abrupt manner, "I shall now be quite safe from all annoyance. Good morning."

And she slipped her hand from his arm, bowed distantly and disappeared down the nearest street—leaving Francis Enderwood both disappointed and bewildered.

He was visiting some friends, who were among the great ones of N—, and to them he confided his adventure, with a glowing description of the unknown young lady.

"Haven't the least idea who your inamorata can be," observed Ned Duncan, as he nonchalantly removed his cigar, after listening to what he was very much disposed to pronounce humbug, "unless," he continued, "it is Miss Coltney—*she* is quite a stylish-looking girl."

He remembered the name, but thought nothing of it there were, doubtless, plenty of Coltnays in the world.

"Introduce me, will you?" he exclaimed, "I shall be eternally obliged to you!"

"Well, yes—I suppose I cannot escape it," rejoined his companion, "rather ashamed to go there, though—it's long since I've called."

That very evening, as Addie sat meditating in her own particularly cosy room, "Mr. Duncan and a strange gentleman" were announced; and she descended to the drawing-room to be presented to Francis Enderwood for the second time.

Her face seemed familiar, and yet he could not exactly read it; and it was some time before he had fully identified her as Mrs. Brand's protegee. His astonishment at this discovery was extreme; and he began to think that he must have been very blind during these two or three days.

Annie soon discovered her power and determined to use it. She was not a heartless coquette, but just sufficiently spoiled to make the captivation and refusal of Mr. Francis Enderwood a very pleasant thing. Her face was beaming with intelligence and mirthfulness—a quick sense of the ridiculous gave point to every thing she said—and both gentlemen agreed in pronouncing her a very charming creature.

"*This* really is the Addie Coltney whom Mrs. Brand described," thought Francis Enderwood. "Why did she not show what she really was during that unfortunate visit?"

"*This* is quite like the Francis Enderwood I used to know before I saw him," soliloquized Addie. "Why did he wear so hideous a mask at Mrs. Brand's?"

"That Mr. Enderwood is a very agreeable person," said Mr. Coltney, who had entered the room some time before the gentlemen left, "how did you become acquainted with him, Addie?"

"Mr. Duncan introduced him," she replied, blushing at the thought that, although this was the truth, it was not the *whole* truth.

"Very agreeable, indeed," continued Mr. Coltney, "I hope that he will call again."

"One, two, three," counted Addie, on the slipper she was working; and she seemed to dismiss Francis Enderwood from her thoughts with the next puncture of her needle.

"I hope that you will not consider me too inquisitive, but I should *very* much like to know how you came to be surrounded by all those boys, and why they were annoying you in that strange manner?"

Addie laughed and blushed, and finally she thought it best to tell the whole story.

There was a sparkle in Francis Enderwood's eye that she could not mistake; and she felt provoked at herself that *his* good opinion should have such an effect upon her. He seemed about to say something; but after a few commonplace remarks, he took up his hat and departed.

Addie sat there and pondered and lectured

herself in vain. Francis Enderwood was now a frequent visitor at the house, and in the whole circle of their acquaintance there was not a more polished gentleman, a more entertaining companion, or one who had displayed nobler traits or higher principles. He was what the world calls "a good match"—he was a decided favorite with her father—and she began to ask herself what he was to the daughter? The question rose up constantly, but she had not decided it at his next visit.

A beautiful bouquet, composed entirely of rose-buds and heliotrope, was laid on the table at which Addie sat working.

"How exquisite!" she exclaimed, with a start, "are they really intended for so unworthy a person as myself?"

"If you will accept them," replied Mr. Enderwood, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"The smallest donations thankfully accepted——" but Addie suddenly stopped, for Francis Enderwood had seized her hand, as he exclaimed,

"I shall understand that *literally*, Addie, and expect you to take *me*, too."

Skeins of worsted and floss silk became mingled together in an irretrievable tangle—the bouquet was hopelessly crushed—and papa, who was walking deliberately into the room, as usual, became fairly frightened out, and made a hasty retreat.

"There is *one* thing," said Addie, as she put back her disordered curls, "which I have entirely forgotten."

He leaned eagerly forward, and said,

"What is that?"

"To refuse you," she replied, "I meant to do it out of pique for your conduct at Mrs. Brand's—and I don't know that it is too late, *now*."

"Oh, yes, it is entirely," he rejoined, "I should not believe you now, if you said it—and, beside, you were not Addie Coltney at Mrs. Brand's, but a sort of wayward damsel who chose to assume her name. I should have acted very differently to your own charming self."

Addie was standing at the drawing-room window, pondering over these things, when she was startled by the sudden apparition of Mrs. Brand, very much excited and very much fatigued.

"Shopping as usual!" she exclaimed, sinking into the depths of a huge arm-chair, "and flying through every shop in this ridiculous N—— for things that in any *decent* city would meet you at every turn, and almost cry out to come and buy them. How can *civilized* people live in such a place?"

Addie smiled, for it was one of Mrs. Brand's

chief amusements to abuse N——; and she waited until the tirade was entirely finished.

"But, Addie," continued the lady, "do put me out of suspense, at once, and tell me if that aggravating Francis Enderwood, and that still more aggravating *you* are really going to make a match of it? I heard the news this morning, and, tired as I was, I posted directly up here to have it either contradicted or confirmed.

Addie smiled, blushed, and played with the tassel of the window-curtain.

"Quite a tableau!" exclaimed Mr. Coltney, "upon one face a never-sufficiently-to-be-expressed look of astonishment—upon the other, a decidedly pleased embarrassment. What is the charade, ladies?"

"The charade," replied Mrs. Brand, is this, that I consider myself an extremely injured individual. I brought two charming people together—gave them all sorts of reasonable opportunities to fall in love—and, without the least consideration for *my* feelings, they behaved to each other so outrageously that I wonder they were not enemies for life. They part, as the novels would say. Several months elapse. Addie gets into a street row with a set of little miscreants about an old horse—when, just at the crisis up pops Francis Enderwood, conducts her out of the melee, asks an explanation of her rather singular position, and rewards her heroism by a present of his hand and heart. This is the story as nearly as I can remember it."

Mr. Coltney was very much amused. "What have you to say for yourself, Addie?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Nothing?" repeated her father, "a very prudent young lady! Well, I have considerable to say," he continued, "a gentleman called upon me to-day, with a polite offer to deprive me of my housekeeper—but, as I fortunately discovered that he was the 'disagreeable sort of person' whom you met at Mrs. Brand's, I suppose I was quite right in giving him a most decided 'no!'"

Addie turned around in some alarm; but Francis Enderwood made his appearance with an aspect of such intense satisfaction that she was soon reassured.

"My dear Mrs. Brand," said Mr. Coltney, abandoning the neighborhood of the lovers, "what I can gather from the little comedy that has been enacted is this: take two people entirely suited to each other, and endeavor to lead or drive them into the traces, and they will rebel—let them alone, and they will walk in as naturally as possible. If match-makers could only be convinced that they hinder more than they help!"

FLOWERS WE HAVE CULLED.

BY THE EDITORS.

AN ANGEL IN EVERY HOUSE.

THERE is an *angel* in every house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressing their circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child; or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps toward heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with sinless feet.

We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side wherever she moved she saw only misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience, the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawless and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curb-stone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger when the money that should have bought bread was spent for rum.

And the patience that the angel wrought with, made her young face shine, so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom ready, lay waiting for her young brow.

And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave, he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day, how the memory of her much enduring life, keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands

have held him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child.

Search for the angel's in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

Mrs. Denison.

POOR LONE HANNAH.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:
Grey and wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree—
Faded Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh! her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Lonely Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all a glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her bridal
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

Close beside her,
Through the peach tree bloom, a pigeon coos;
But she shudders,
For the wild South-easter mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
While poor Hannah
Dropped a silent tear upon her shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her pallid cheek bedews;
From New Foundland,

Not a sail returning will she lose.

Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you—have you heard of Ben?"
Half-crazed Hannah!

Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters

Since have bleached the rugged shore she views,

Twenty seasons,

Never one has brought her any news;

Still with dim eyes silently

Every white sail watches she:

Poor lone Hannah!

Sitting at the winding, binding shoes!

Anonymous.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S CHARITIES.

THIS winter so far has been severe upon the poor. Bread is dear, fuel scarce, and the weather unusually cold. For the first time in many years the Seine has been frozen solid, and enough snow is upon the ground for sleighing. During the holidays I was confined to my room by ill-health, not severe enough for the bed, yet shutting me up; and as I looked from my window upon Place St. Sulpice, and saw the white flakes rudely shaken down by the bitter north winds, I said, God help the poor!

A little boy, on the pavement below, is busy trying to sell his few apples, "*Belles pommes, messieurs; belles pommes, mesdames; un sou, seulement un sou,*" comes up through the cold air, thin, tremulous, and incessant. I had watched that lad three days. I cannot tell why, but I had to look at him, fascinated, although my heart ached as I gazed at the suffering little figure. He was young, quite young, yet had an earnest, thoughtful expression, premature in the large eyes; as sadly out of place was the starved look about the thin lips, blue with cold, the sunken cheeks, and slender neck. Poor little fellow! the miserable, thin blouse hung wet about his shivering form, while the old cap had an ugly hole in the top, and, as I looked down, I could see the snow fall and melt. And he never sold an apple—a dozen withered, decayed things, certainly not tempting; yet he never ceased in his earnest efforts. At daylight, I awakened, hearing that appeal; as the freezing winter evening swept down the streets, it was the last cry to cease.

My imagination pictured some sick father, some widowed mother or sister, depending upon this feeble effort for daily bread. I could not look at the little sufferer any more in quiet, and sent Nannette with orders to purchase the entire stock of the little street-merchant. I watched them from the window—the glad light which lit

up his thin, pale face, as she took his apples—the eagerness with which he brought out an old piece of brown paper, and insisted in an attempt to tie them up, are beyond my telling, as I saw them through my tears. On Nannette's return, I asked her if she knew where he lived.

"In this house, madam."

"In this house, Nannette?"

"Oh, yes, madam, I often meet him on the back stairway. His people live quite high up. I never see any but him."

"Well, Nannette, purchase his apples every day; and when you see him passing our kitchen, give him something."

I do not want to write of my few charities, but cannot tell you clearly my little history without. The next day, and the next, my little merchant was at his stand. In the meanwhile, Nannette, with the activity peculiar to her, had made fresh discoveries, and was full of information. The family above consisted of an old man, a very old man, and his two grandchildren—a boy, my little apple-merchant, and his sister, sick in bed. They had lost father and mother, some months since, of the cholera; and the old soldier, for such he was, with great difficulty kept them in bread. Indeed, Nannette said she could not make out where the little did come from.

One afternoon, some days after receiving this intelligence, I happened in the kitchen, as my little friend passed up the stairway. Some ill greater than all the rest was being received, for the big tears were coursing down his hollow cheeks in silence. A strange impulse seized me to follow him. I was framing in my mind some excuse for the intrusion as I followed unnoticed, for he was busy with his sorrows, and a vain attempt to choke down his sobs and tears. Arriving at the topmost landing, I had to pause for strength—and saw him go in at a door partly open, which he left ajar behind him. In a moment I followed. The door was open to aid a poor chimney, and, as it was, I looked through a smoky atmosphere upon the sickness and misery within. The room, a half-garret, with ceiling sloping to the floor, and lit by a skylight of four panes, was almost destitute of furniture, and so dimmed by smoke, it resembled a den. An old table, on which were a few dishes, two broken chairs, and a low cot, made up the sum. Upon the cot I saw, through the gloom, a thin, pale face, the counterpart in death almost of my little apple-boy—an old man, whose snowy head seemed to gather about and increase the light of the apartment. The boy stood with his back to me in silence.

"Well, Maurice, my child, did you see my old general, and will the doctor come?"

It was a minute before the boy replied,

"They drove me from the door—the doctor says he has not time, but will have Marie taken to the hospital."

The old man started, and said, quickly,

"Not there, not there—we have given it enough." Then, after a pause, he added, "Patience, my children, the good father will find us yet."

The little sufferer lifted a skeleton hand, and, placing it on the old man's said,

"I am better now—much better—I will be well soon, grandpa."

I felt myself an intruder on sacred ground, and hastened to offer my services. The embarrassment connected with such tendering of assistance was greatly increased by the pride of the old man. He who did not hesitate to expose his aged head to the blasts of winter, upon a public bridge, and beg for his children, shrunk back proudly when his poor home was entered, and its secret life laid bare. I drew, however, the proffered chair to the other side of the bed, and, taking a fevered hand in mine, soon found a way to the old man's heart and confidence. By degrees, I had their history—was told how he had lost his brave boy—how the wife followed, and how they sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until starvation itself was there. The grandfather had sought work, but was too feeble for any service. The children had striven bravely in many ways, until Marie was taken sick, and then the furniture and ordinary comforts disappeared, until the last sou went, and the poor sufferer sank nearer and nearer to death.

I will not dwell upon this sad picture. I mentioned this instance of distress to my friend, Madam B——, and she, who knows everything woeful, had, among other matters, stored away the cipher which, marked upon a letter addressed to Louis Napoleon, takes it directly to his hands. She wrote to him that an old soldier of the grand army was starving to death at No. — St. Sulpice. She received no answer, and no notice whatever seemed taken of her kind appeal; but soon after, an unknown heart came to the assistance of our poor friend. The furniture was restored, fuel and food came in abundantly, a Sister of Charity took her position by the bedside, and, stranger than all, one of the most eminent physicians in Paris came daily to the garret. I saw the fair donor of all this good—

a stranger to me, although her face, from some cause, seemed familiar. She came in a plain private carriage, remained but a short time, yet was very thoughtful and kind.

Poverty could be driven from the door, but sorrow remained. Earth had no mineral, the fields no herb, science no skill, to bring the fleeting shadow back to life. The physician shook his head sadly, and every day went more slowly from the humble home. But it was all in vain; we felt that she was dying. One afternoon, little Maurice came for me; it was indeed the closing scene. About the bed were gathered the strange lady, the old man, the Sister of Charity, Maurice and myself. The winds, sobbing, rattled the sleet upon the roof, as we bent over that little couch to catch the last faint breath. How slowly the hours wore away! The storm without gradually grew still, as the little breathings came quicker and lower. At last they ceased—the storm and struggle—and suddenly the sun broke through the sky-light, falling in glory upon the little form—falling in glory upon the grey head—falling in glory upon the beautiful face of the fair benefactress, and no earthly coronation can ever make her appear half so beautiful as she was by the little couch of poverty.

These things are done, we are told, for political effect; well, perhaps so—I am only happy in knowing that they are done.

"*Bell Smith Abroad.*"

POETICAL TRIMMING FOR LADIES' BONNETS.

AIR—"The Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

MARCH, march, change and variety,

Fashion than one month should never be older;

March, march, hang all propriety,

All the girl's bonnets hang over the shoulder.

Never rheumatics dread,

More and more bare the head,

The danger is nought but an old woman's story:

Back with your bonnet then,

Spite of satiric pen,

Fight for the bonnets that hang over the shoulder.

Come to the Park where the young bucks are gazing,

Come where the cold winds from all quarters blow;

Come from hot rooms where coal fires are blazing,

Come with your faces and heads in a glow.

Natives astounding,

Slow folk confounding,

It makes the profile come out so much the bolder;

England shall many a day

Talk of the stupid way—

Girls wore their bonnets once over the shoulder.

London Punch.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A ROSE.*

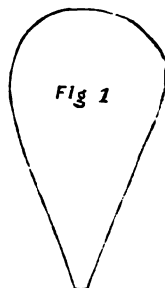
BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Pink, red, yellow, or white tissue paper, medium sized wire, green calyx cups, cotton and gum arabic—a pair of pleyers.

Roses should be cut two or three sizes. For a small rose two sizes are sufficient. Cut a square of tissue paper the size you wish for the largest, then another square a little smaller; fold it in eight parts, and cut it in a circular form like fig. 1, which will form eight petals when opened, take a piece of wire long enough to form the stem, fasten it on to a good-sized bulb of raw cotton, the bulb should be so large that the smallest set of petals will just cover it; the first

one should be gummed down on to the cotton to prevent it from showing; slip on eight of the



* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Orders by mail punctually attended to. A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

smallest size, folding down each petal, then of the next size, being careful to keep the third on until all the sizes are folded down; then open carefully from the heart with the end of the pleyers; curl the outside leaves with your scissors; slip on the green calyx for the back and a green cup; wrap the stem with light green tissue paper. In branching flowers copy from natural roses whenever it is possible.

I CANNOT LOVE AGAIN.

If I had met thee ere I knew
The bitterness of love,
Then might thy gentle eloquence
My wayward fancy move.

It cannot be—oh! cease to plead.
For it must be in vain;
Thou knowest well I once have loved,
And cannot love again.

S. M. T.

FALSEHOOD.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—FALSE—

Dramatis Personæ.—OLD NOBLEMAN.—BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.—ARTIST.

SCENE—Studio of Artist, with the music-stand for easel, and a large arm-chair near the curtains for the sitter.

ENTER ARTIST, who places a sheet of music for canvass on his easel, and prepares his colors from a work-box. (*A loud knock is heard in the passage.*) The Artist rushes to the door, and opening it, commences bowing, when

Enter OLD NOBLEMAN, escorting BEAUTIFUL



YOUNG LADY. He wears a star on his breast, and a large sash over his shoulder. His wig of tobacco is gracefully arranged over the forehead, and his whiskers are of the deepest puce silk. The Beautiful Young Lady is very attentive to him; and as he stands at the door to cough, from the exertion of ascending the stairs, she gently beats his back, to relieve him. He in gratitude takes her hand, and gazes fondly upon her, and chuckles her under the chin.

The Artist prepares the easy-chair for him, and as he places the Old Man in the desired attitude, the Young Lady clasps her hands, as if in admiration.

The Artist commences painting, falling back every now and then to judge of the effect of his picture. Presently he points to his eyes, to tell that he is going to paint that part; and the Old Nobleman, looking at the Beautiful Young Lady,

calls up a loving look. The Artist throws his hands up in admiration of the beautiful expres-



sion, and the Young Lady appears deeply smitten with the Old Man. To look the better upon his love, the Nobleman shifts his position. The Artist rushes to him to re-adjust the "pose," and, putting his hand upon the Old Lord's head to turn it round, knocks off his splendid wig of tobacco. The Beautiful Young Lady screams, and hides her face in her handkerchief; whilst



the Artist clasps his hands in grief. The Old Nobleman, jumping from his seat, picks up his wig, and, shaking his stick at the wretched Artist, walks up and down the room with dignity and anger. Then taking the Young Lady's arm, he drags her from the room.

Exeunt, followed by the wretched Artist, in vain endeavoring to apologize.

ACT II.—HOOD.

Dramatis Personæ.—LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.—THE WOLF.

SCENE 1—*Supposed to be part of a forest.*

ENTER LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, with the red table-cover as a hood. She carries a basket on her arm, labeled "FOR MY GRANDMOTHER." She dances along, only stopping every now and then to pick a flower from the carpet. She points to the writing on the basket, and, imitating the

actions of an old woman, informs the audience, as she laughs, that her Grandmother is a very old lady. Then she dances about again.

Enter THE WOLF, with a tight brown Mackintosh for skin, and a boa for his tail. He advances to Red Ridinghood, and commences

flattering her Little Red Ridinghood sits down on the flowery carpet, and listens to him. She

into the bed, and, covering himself up, pretends to be asleep.



points to the label on the basket and then to the door, to tell him that she is going to see her Grandmother. Then she shows him a large slice of bread, and a pot marked "JAM," which she is carrying to the old lady. The Wolf again compliments her, and, having winked,

Exit Wolf at full speed, followed by Red Ridinghood, dancing.

SCENE 2.—*Bed-room in the house of Poor Grandmother. The sofa against the wall, for a bed.*

ENTER The Wolf, with a large well-filled night-cap, and spectacles on, and a sheet over his shoulders for night-gown. He jumps quickly



Enter Little Red Ridinghood, still dancing. She goes to the bed and shakes the Wolf, holding up the basket to let her supposed Grandmother see the present she has brought her.

The little girl then points to The Wolf's eyes, and expresses great wonder at their extraordinary size. Then she strokes his nose in astonishment at its unusual length. Then touching his mouth, she in action intimates that it is very large, when The Wolf suddenly jumps from the bed, howling.

Exit Red Ridinghood, running, pursued by the Wolf.



ACT III.—FALSEHOOD.

Dramatis Personæ.—OLD GENTLEMAN.—TWO THIEVES.—POOR LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.—POLICEMAN.—BOOKSELLER.

SCENE.—*A street in Philadelphia must be imagined. On one side a table covered with music-books.*

ENTER BOOKSELLER, who goes behind his stall, and, putting his hand on one side of his mouth, pretends to be crying his goods.

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN, in walking costume, and carrying a large umbrella.

Enter TWO THIEVES, in long drab coats, with large sticks under their arms, closely watching the Old Gentleman's actions. They have each of them got a well-burnt-corked black eye.

The Old Gentleman goes to the stall and ex-

amines the books. He takes one, and, pulling from his pocket a well-filled purse, pays for it



The Two Thieves wink to each other, and point to the purse.



Enter POOR LITTLE BOY, who also goes to the stall to look at the books. The Two Thieves advance, and, cautiously lifting up the Old Gentleman's pocket, take away his purse. The Old Gentleman feels them, and turns sharply round. The Two Thieves immediately seize the Poor Little Boy by the collar, and, pointing to him,

declare that it was he, and that they caught him doing it.

Poor Little Boy begins crying, and, in violent pantomime, protesting his innocence. Old Gentleman, waving his umbrella, calls for police.

Enter POLICEMAN, with his staff drawn. The Old Gentleman goes through a descriptive scene

of action to tell the tale; and the two wicked men nod to the constables in corroboration. The *Little Boy* is seized by them and carried off, kicking, and followed by Old Gentleman, shaking his fist at him.

One of the Two Thieves, drawing the purse

from his pocket, holds it up in triumph. He is perceived by the Bookseller, who sees through the falsehood.

Exeunt the Two Thieves, rapidly followed by the Bookseller, with his mouth open, as if shouting for help.



THE BROOK IN THE FOREST.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THE brook in the forest,
The quaint water-mill,
The oak-shaded valley,
Are beautiful still;
Their birds still sing sweetly
Their sun still shines gay;
But a light from the spirit
Hath vanish'd away,

The near ones, the dear ones
Who roam'd with us then;
No more through that valley
Will wander again;
They are dead and departed,
Or scatter'd afar;
And most dear to the soul
Their memories are.

Thy leaves are unfaded,
Thy wavelets leap light,
Oh, oak shaded valley,
Oh, brook, sparkling bright;
But the heart that adored you,
Adores you no more;
With the fervent devotion
It gave you of yore.

On the hills and the glades
The heavy mists fall;
And a feeling of sorrow
Encompasses all;
And the night like a curtain
Descends on the hill;
On the oak shaded valley,
The brook and the mill.

LOVE'S FAIRIES.

BY ANNIE GRAY.

ONE is the child of a Summer,
The brightest that memory tells,
When the skies wept golden blessings,
And Hope rung her magical bells
When the earth was mad with music,
And the very stars were spells.

ONE is a maiden, whose tresses
Were browner than Autumn's sere sheen,
Whose lips gave lightest of kisses,
And the tenderest words between,
Whose eyelids the death-snow presses
Where the mountain reapers glean.

ONE is a friend who had gathered
From the garner of ages dim
Rich lights of the olden poets—
But the angels had whispered him,
And he laid him down in laurels,
And Heaven is home for him.

ONE is the love of a life-time,
The truest and tenderest long,
The light in a world of sunshine,
And the idol in realm of song,
Bright dweller in Love's warm dream-land,
Glad hope of a spirit strong.

CROCHETTING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

At the solicitation of many subscribers, we repeat the directions regarding the terms of and stitches in crochet.

CHAIN STITCH (abbreviated into ch.) is the foundation stitch in crochet. A loop of thread is made on the hook, and through this the thread is drawn, forming the first chain stitch; draw the thread through this one, and a second is formed. Continue the process until you have done the required number.

SLIP STITCH (sl.) is a stitch chiefly used for the veinings of leaves, and similar parts, in imitations of Honiton lace. It serves, also, to carry the thread from one part to another, without either breaking it off or widening the work. Insert the hook in the stitch next to that already on the needle (unless the directions particularly say, *miss* so many,) and draw the thread at once through both stitches. Repeat.

SINGLE CROCHET (sc.)—Insert the hook in the chain, and draw the thread through it; this forms a second loop on the hook. Draw the thread through these two by a single movement, and the stitch will be completed.

DOUBLE CROCHET (dc.)—Raise the thread over the hook, so as to pass it round, before inserting the latter in the chain; draw the thread through, and you will find three loops on the hook; bring the cotton through two, which makes *one* instead of those taken off. Thus two are still on the needle; finish the stitch by drawing the thread through these.

TREBLE CROCHET (tc.) is a stitch precisely similar to the last; but as the thread is passed twice round the hook before the insertion of the latter in the chain, there will be *four* loops on, when the thread is drawn through. Bring the thread three times through two loops to finish the stitch.

LONG TREBLE CROCHET (1 tc.) has the thread

twisted *three* times round the hook, before it is passed through the chain; consequently, it will require the thread to be drawn four times through two loops to finish the stitch.

To work **THROUGH** a stitch, is to draw the thread *under* instead of *in* it. This is stronger than the usual method, but not so neat; it is, therefore, rarely used for anything but very open work.

SQUARE CROCHET is that which is made entirely in small squares, those which form the pattern being closely filled in, and the ground open. Open squares are formed thus: 1 dc. 2 ch., miss 2, repeated. Close squares contain three dc. stitches thus: 1 c., 1 o., would have 4 dc. 2 ch. Every pattern in square crochet requires a foundation chain of stitches which can be divided by three and leave *one* over; as it is obvious that if an open square were the last on the pattern, a dc. stitch would be required to form the square at the end.

Sometimes a very large piece of work may be made in treble square crochet. In this work, a close square of 4 tc. stitches; an open square, 1 tc. 3 ch., miss 3. This style requires the pattern to be divisible by four, with one stitch over.

The stars, daggers, and asterisks used in printing knitting and crochet receipts signify that any stitches given between two similar marks are to be done as many times as directed: thus, x 3 dc. 2 ch. x three times, means 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch.

When one repetition occurs within another italics are used at each end of the part. * 1 p. 2 k. 1 p. 1 k. (a) m. 1, k. 1 (a) 6 times * 8 times, means that one complete pattern being finished, when you have made 1, knitted 1, 6 times, 8 of those patterns, beginning again each time at the first *, will be required for the round or row.

NECKTIE IN TAPIOSSERIE D'AUXERRE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

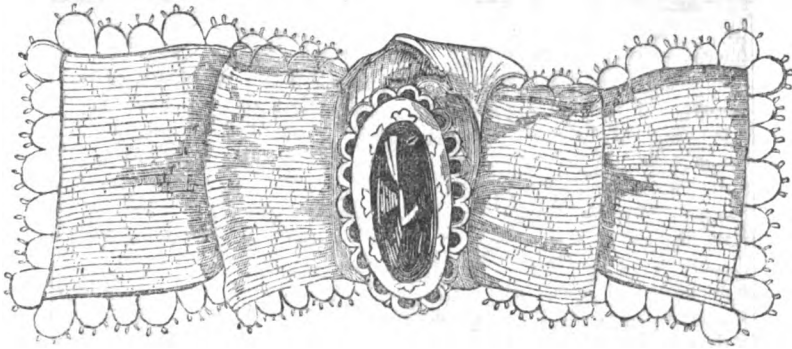
MATERIALS.—Seven skeins of brilliant scarlet chenille, quarter of a yard of black net, one skein of coarse, black sewing silk, steel shuttle, and pearling pin.

Our readers are aware that the term *tapisserie d'auxerre*, is applied to embroidery done by darning on net. The necktie, of which we give an engraving, is not only very comfortable, but

also really very *distingue* in appearance, and particularly suitable for wearing in mourning, with a black gilet and jacket.

Cut the net in half, so that each strip is two

nails wide; one of these will make the knot and ends, and a sufficient length must be taken from the other to go round the neck. Each end is to be one and a half nails long, and the knot will



require two nails. All the pieces are to be darned in the same way, working in the length, the effect being that of parallel zig-zag lines.

1st row.—Pass the needle under 2 threads, and over 2 in the entire length. *Begin every row at the same end.*

2nd.—x slip the needle under the 2 threads on a line with the last 2 raised, *sloping downward*, over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, over 3, x repeat.

3rd.—Pass the needle under 2 on the same sloping line, x over 4, under 2, * all the way.

4th.—Again raise the next 2 threads on the downward line, x over 3, under 2, over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, x repeat.

5th.—Raise [the next 2 threads on the downward slope, x over 2, under 2, x throughout the line.

6th.—Now raise 2 threads, *sloping upward*, x ov 3, und 2, ov 2, und 1, ov 2, und 2, x repeat.

7th.—2 threads upward, x ov 4, und 2, x rept.

8th.—2 threads upward, x over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, over 3, under 2, x repeat.

These eight lines form a pattern to be repeated until there is as much done as would be wide enough for an ordinary ribbon. Five patterns

and a half will do for the ends, and about four for the knot and the piece that goes under the collar.

The ends are edged with tatting, done with the coarse black silk, thus:—

1st loop.—7 double, 1 picot, 4 double, 1 picot, 3 double. (Draw up this, and all the other loops, in the form of a semicircle.)

2d.—3 double, join; x 3 double, 1 picot, x 4 times; 3 double.

3d.—3 double, join; 5 double, 1 picot, x 3 double, 1 picot, x twice, 5 double, 1 picot, 3 double.

4th.—Like 2d.

5th.—3 double, join, x 4 double, 1 picot, x twice, 3 double.

Repeat the four last loops until sufficient is done to trim the ends all round, except at the part which is attached to the knot. The piece for the knot must be twisted into the form of one, and the folds edged also with tatting. The edges of the net are hemmed before the tatting is sewed on; a piece of chenille is sewed at the edge, over the hem, and a loop of chenille is twisted into every loop of tatting.

CARRIAGE BAG.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Opal beads; three shades of Nasturtium wool, and Evans' Mecklenburg thread, No. 7. Penelope canvass.

The entire pattern, which may be worked from the engraving without the slightest difficulty, is

done in opal beads, a tint which forms a better contrast to the Nasturtium wool than any other. As it is desirable that they should be sewn on as strongly as possible, the Mecklenburg thread is especially adapted for that purpose. Each square

in the engraving represents one on the canvass, } of the petals of the flowers must be done in the
and should be covered by a bead. The veinings } darkest wool, but the rest of the grounds filled



with three different shades worked in diagonally. better than any others for carriage-bags; as, though light and gay-looking, they will never get soiled.

Bead patterns will be found to wear greatly

GENTLEMEN'S KNITTED BRACES.

MATERIALS.—Rich, dark blue, or crimson crochet silk; two knitting-needles, No. 14. Cast on 19 stitches.

1st row.—K 2, m 1, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, k 1, p 1, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, k 1, m 1, k 2.

2nd.—P 5, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 5.

3rd.—K 2, m 1, k 1, m 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, p 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2.

4th.—P 6, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 6.

5th.—K 2, m 1, k 3, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, p 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2.

6th.—P 8, k 1, p 8.

7th.—K 2, m 1, k 5, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the slip stitch over, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2.

8th.—Purled.

Repeat this pattern until you have done the length required for one half of the braces. Then cast on, and do another length. When made up, they should be lined with white Petersham ribbon, and finished with white kid trimmings.

CHILD'S BLOUSE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS blouse is made of very fine holland, trimmed with worsted braid. There are two ways of making it; the first is that given in the engraving; the second, is made of the richest crimson velvet with gold braid and buttons.

THE FIRST PATTERN.—Measure the length from the child's knee to the top of the shoulder; and cut out, in holland, a perfect round, exactly double the width of the length you have taken, and two nails over, thus—if it be half-a-yard

THE TURRENE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

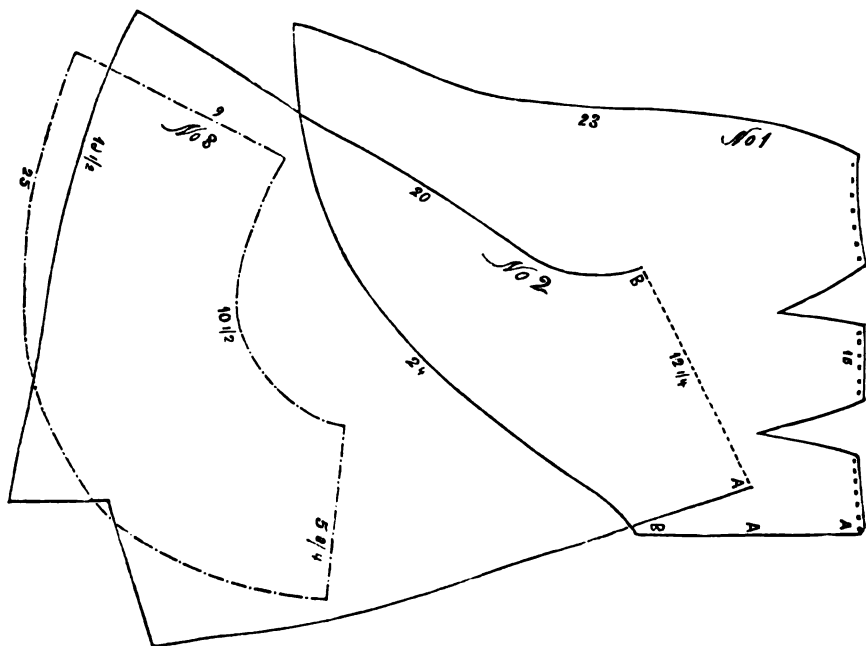


We give, for this month—in our series of “How To Make One’s Own Dress”—the annexed engraving and pattern of the Turrene Mantelet, which has just come out in Paris. The pattern, on the next page, is reduced; but the dimensions of the full-sized pattern are marked, in inches, on every side, so that it is easy, with a tape-measure, to enlarge it. These tape-measures are sold for a trifle, or anybody can make one, by taking a piece of tape, borrowing a carpenter’s foot-rule, and marking the tape with inches.

The Turrene Mantelet is composed of two parts only: the mantelet proper and its cape. We have divided the pattern into three, in order

to give it complete without folding back the corners or reducing the size.

Having cut No. 1 and No. 2, join the parts marked by dots; bringing A to A at the neck, B to B at the arm; then you will have the whole pattern of the mantelet, as it ought to be, all in one piece. No. 3 is the cape, slightly drawn at the neck, which is marked by rings. This cape hangs naturally in small flutes owing to its cut. Its edge is trimmed the same as the bottom of the mantelet, that is, with a plaited ribbon having fringe on each edge, and then a guipure lace with fringe. All the edges of the mantelet in the front, the neck, and the revers, in short,



all round, are ornamented with the same ribbon fringed at the edges. The bottom of the front ends, and the edge behind have the guipure and fringes like the cape. By the use of this pattern, a fashionable mantelet may be made, for half the price it would cost at the shops.

LATEST PARIS STYLES OF SUMMER BONNETS.



MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"So Ellen Hazehurst is to marry Squire Newton's son?"

"Yes!"

"And to do it has jilted George Brown?"

"It is too true."

"Young Newton's fortune, I suppose, is the reason."

"So they say."

"Well, I hope she may be happy."

"Does she deserve it?"

The speakers were two ladies, and the latter, who was the elder, looked up from her knitting and spoke.

"George is an excellent young man, and, though poor, is certain to succeed in his profession at last," was the evasive response. "But then, however prosperous he may be, he'll hardly become as rich as the Newtons. In point of fortune Ellen couldn't do better."

"Fortune is not everything. Even if the two suitors came before her now, for the first time; even if she was not already pledged to George; I should consider her preference of young Newton a great error."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. Young Newton has been brought up to no profession, is extravagant in his habits, is not of the strictest principles, and has no great qualities, either of mind or heart, to render a wife happy. George, on the contrary, is loved by all who know him. Happy, indeed, will be the woman who becomes his."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, you may be right. But I've seen so much of poverty, that I can't blame Ellen. Many's the hard word I've known to pass between husband and wife, which would never have been said if the husband hadn't been tormented for the want of money."

"Such persons, I fear," replied Mrs. Jones, "would have been querulous, even if surrounded with wealth. No station in life is exempt from annoyances and even serious troubles. Things happen even to rich people to try their tempers. Where there is real affection, and common sense to back it, the married have little to fear. But without love, or without forbearance, the wealth of Indies can't secure happiness."

"You think that young Newton will not make her happy?"

"I know he will not. Ellen has a score of excellent qualities, but little patience. She is very sensitive, and he is coarse at heart. Her vanity has led her to sacrifice one eminently fitted for her, one who would have studied her every wish, and soon she will find herself, as a great author has said, a living body tied to a foul corpse. It will be the story of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' over again. God help her!"

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of another visitor, nor did the two ladies meet again, until Ellen had consummated her treachery by marrying young Newton. But one day, Mrs. Powell called on Mrs. Jones, and the late nuptials came up for discussion.

"They say George is almost crazy," was the remark of the visitor. "He and Ellen had been engaged for two years."

"It's a great blow. But he will get over it. What will assist him is the conviction that he has been worshipping an ideal, for Ellen, if she had been what he thought her, would never have broken her engagement."

"She looks unhappy already. I met her, the other night, at Mrs. Warren's, and I thought, more than once, that she actually shuddered when her husband drew near: and no wonder, for he looks like a brute alongside of her. I believe you were right in what you said, when we last talked of Ellen."

"Her husband was carried home, within a week of their marriage, intoxicated. Some of his bachelor friends, who had come up to the wedding, staid for a dinner he gave to them at the hotel: and such behavior, it is said, was never seen in the village before. Poor Ellen!"

The forebodings of Mrs. Jones were even more completely fulfilled with the lapse of years. Young Newton went from bad to worse, became a sot and gambler, outraged his wife in the tenderest point, and finally, after dissipating his entire fortune, perished miserably on the highway, during a snow-storm, and was found, the next day, dead in a drift with an empty jug at his side. But, before this, happily for her, Ellen had broken her heart. Her children, two in number, would have had to go to the Alms-house, had not George Brown, now eminent in his profession, stepped forward and adopted them.

For he never married. Some men recover easily from disappointments of the heart; but there are others who never do. The idol, once shattered, no fresh one can win worship. George Brown belonged to this class. He and a maiden sister lived together, and became, after Ellen's death, parents to the orphan children.

It is not always, reader, that marrying merely

for fortune ends in a tragedy so deep. But it never leads to happiness. Where it does not break the heart, it degrades the character, so that the wife, who might have been a blessing to herself and others, becomes of "the earth earthy," utterly fails of her mission in life, and dies at last having achieved no more than if she had been of "the brutes that perish."

JULY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

It is the glorious Summer-time,
The winds are soft and low,
And o'er the hills, sunlight and shade
Alternate come and go;
The voice of Summer sweet is heard,
Among the leaves and corn,
For winds are full of whisperings
At eve and early morn.

Yes, glorious Summer now is here,
With all her lengthened train,
She sways her golden sceptre o'er
The fields of rip'ning grain;
The flowers along the river's side
Are bending down, as though
They wished to clasp their shadows in
The crystal depths below.

A gladsome voice is stealing from
The distant bourne and brake,
The clouds, that float upon the air,
Are mirror'd in the lake;
And softly trips the purling brook,
On silver feet along,
While from the bushes on its bank,
The birds pour forth their song.

The world seems very fair and bright.
The sunlight sweeps our brow,
But it will be as beautiful
A few short years from now;
With lightesome step July will come,
With cool, refreshing show'rs,
With laughing brooks—with singing birds
With sunshine and with flow'rs.

The streams will glide as gently on,
With music sweet and low,
Upon whose banks at eventide
We roamed so long ago.
The same bright sun will still pursue
His trackless course on high,
And stars as bright and beautiful
Will still gleam in the sky;

Although the earth will be as fair,
The birds sing on each bough,
They will not sing their songs for us
A few short years from now!
For ev'ry living thing on earth,
Must shortly droop and die,
And we shall soon have passed away
Like cloud-tints from the sky.

A RURAL SONG.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Oh, sweet is the lay at early day
Of the birds within the dell;
While the leaves are wet with the dew-drops yet,
And the snail sleeps in his shell.
Oh, sweet is the sound of the streamlet clear
In the rocky mountain born,
But sweeter by far to the ploughman's ear
Is the sound of the dinner horn!
Oh, sweet is the song, as he bounds along,
Of the happy shepherd boy;
With his eye so bright, and his heart so light,
And his smile so full of joy.

Oh, sweet is the sound of the falling rain
On the wings of the West wind borne,
But sweeter by far to the rustic swain,
Is the toot of the dinner horn!

Oh, sweet are the tones to a mother's ear
Of her careless, merry child;
With his golden hair and his face so fair,
And his laugh so clear and wild.

Oh, sweet is the sigh of the Summer wind
As it sweeps through the bending corn:
But sweeter than all, to the ploughman's mind
Is the neontide dinner horn!

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 369, VOL. XXVII.

CHAPTER V.

A YOUNG girl, pale and fragile almost as a shadow, came through the side gate of Bellevue. She hesitated a moment, looked up and down the street, and then turning toward the water moved languidly to an angle of the wharf, and placing a little bundle at her feet, glanced drearily down upon the tide as it tossed in and out against the timbers.

It was near sunset, and the March winds, that blew raw and cold from the river, seemed to chill her through and through, for her sweet, pale features became pinched, while she sat sunk in gloomy thought, and a tinge of purple crept around her mouth, which trembled visibly either from chilliness or coming tears. Her eyes seemed fascinated by the water, so dark and turbid that it appeared to hold some mysterious secret of repose in its depths; and once or twice she murmured, "Why not? why not?" in a voice of the most touching misery. Then she relapsed into silence again, broken only by a shiver when the wind rushed sharply over her.

"Where can I go?" she exclaimed at last, her voice breaking forth in a cry of anguish. "To *his* mother—she will turn me away with insults, as she did before. To my aunt!"—she uttered the name with a shudder, and shrunk down beneath her shawl, as if some blow had been threatened, and relapsed into dreary silence again. At last she arose with an effort, and casting a regretful look back upon the water, as if she longed to sleep beneath it, moved up the street again, her frail figure waving to and fro like the stalk of a flower beneath the light weight of her bundle. Thus she disappeared in one of the cross streets that intersect the Second Avenue.

We find her again, just at night fall, panting with fatigue, before a palace-building in the vicinity of Union Park, and there she stood, grasping the iron fence with her hands, afraid to advance, and physically unable to retreat. It was a pitiful sight, that fair young creature, trembling beneath the weight of her little bundle, and kept only from falling to the earth by the fast hold she had clinched on the cold iron.

The brown front of the building loomed above her with forbidding grandeur. The sculptured lions, crouching on the stone pedestals each side the broad entrance steps, seemed frowning her away. But there she stood, breathless and waving, afraid to let go her hold lest she should fall to the earth.

The gas had just been kindled within the house, and a flood of light came peering through the stained sashes of a bay window, and fell like a gorgeous rain around her, illuminating, as it were, her misery.

Catharine Lacy fell back, and slowly retreated from the glare, clutching at the iron fence at every step.

"Oh! that I could get away!—oh that I had not come! I am sinking—they will find me senseless on the pavement. Oh, my God, give me strength—one moment's strength."

There was strong mental energy in that frail creature, and the desperate cry with which she appealed to God seemed to win down life from heaven. She unclenched her hand from the railing, paused an instant, casting her eyes first to the basement entrance and then to the sunken arch guarded by the lions, and moved on with something of firmness, nay, even of pride in the movement.

"No, not there," she said, passing the basement, and mounting the flight of steps hurriedly, as one who felt her strength giving way, "I am her sister's child, and will enter here."

She rang the bell and waited, struggling bravely against her weakness, and sustained by that moral courage which is the only true bravery of womanhood.

"I have done no wrong," she thought, "why should this terror come over me? If poverty and helplessness were a sin, then I might tremble, but not now—not for this—not because I have left a pauper's bed for her stone palace."

The door opened, and a dainty mulatto boy, with livery buttons, and a white handkerchief visible at a side-pocket, presented himself. "Mrs. Judson couldn't say; better go down to the basement. That's the sort of thing for

serving-people, and folks that come with bundles; couldn't take it upon me to answer a single question here," he said.

Catharine advanced quietly into the hall, and sat down, with the light of a tinted lantern overhead falling directly upon her.

In spite of her little straw-bonnet and plaided blanket-shawl, the boy discovered something in her air, and the pure loveliness of her features, that checked his rising impertinence.

"Go tell your mistress that Miss Lacy—no, that her niece, wishes to speak with her."

The boy paused to take a survey of her person, and went down the hall, smiling till his white teeth shone again.

"Perhaps it's a lie, and perhaps it isn't—who knows," he muttered, threading his way up the flight of stairs set aside for menial footsteps. "But won't she catch it for claiming relationship, true or not?—well, I shouldn't wonder."

The greatest trial that can be inflicted on an ardent nature is that of *waiting*. When the mulatto came back, he found Catharine with a flush in her cheeks, eagerly watching his approach.

"You may go up to Mrs. Judson's room," he said, moodily; and muttering to himself, he added, "and much good it'll do you,"

Catharine was about to mount the richly carpeted steps, that swept down between thin, curving rosewood bannisters, like a sloping bed of moss mottled with forest-flowers, but the mulatto interfered, "This way, Miss, this way, Mrs. Judson ordered me to be particular and bring you up these stairs."

Catharine withdrew her foot from the soft carpet and followed the boy in silence. The warmth of the house affected her feeble form pleasantly, and she longed to lie down and sleep before seeing her aunt. The carpets under her feet were so luxuriously pliant, it seemed impossible for her to move. The air was bland, for as she pressed forward, the breath of flowers from a conservatory swept over her, and it seemed, after the atmosphere of Bellevue, like a gale from paradise. Oh! if she could but remain quietly where she was all night, without seeing any one, with that soft carpet to sleep on, the breath of those flowers floating over her. But no, the mulatto kept turning to be sure that she was close behind; for he seemed rather suspicious of her frequent pauses. At last he threw open a chamber door.

"This is Mrs. Judson's room, Miss," and he made a feint as if going back in great haste, but returned the moment Catharine entered the chamber, gliding along the wall, and peeping through the partially closed door, with all the

craft of his race, determined to ascertain by the first words whether the fair girl with her humble garments was really the niece of his mistress or not.

The room which Catharine entered was a spacious bed-chamber, fitted up in a style of grandeur which contrasted strongly with the mournful look and modest garb of the young girl, who should have freely claimed a welcome there.

A spacious bed stood on one side, the pillows overlaid with a light gilded canopy of grape-leaves and fruit, through which the crimson drapery, that swept to the ground on each side, gleamed like flashes of the sunset through a golden cloud. The same rich crimson broke through the open network of rosewood that formed the foot-board and side-pieces of the bedstead; and to this was contrasted the pure whiteness of richly laced pillows, and a counterpane that seemed of quilted snow. On a crimson lounge, severely magnificent, for all this grandeur had an air of rigid coldness hanging over it, sat a tall lady of fifty, or fifty-five, perhaps, with a slight frown upon her forehead, and her keen, black eyes fixed upon the door.

Catharine saw this, as she paused a moment in the shadow before entering; and she saw also, with a sinking heart, that the frown deepened as she made her appearance; while a quick pressure of the lip added to the displeasure of that haughty face.

Mrs. Judson had evidently been disturbed while completing her evening toilet, for though her purple brocade fell in precise and voluminous richness adown her tall figure, her head-dress of purple velvet and golden acorns hung upon a hook of gilded spray attached to the frame of her toilet-glass, while several diamond ornaments glittered upon the marble underneath, and an undersleeve of Brussels point had evidently fallen from her hand upon the carpet before she assumed her present imposing attitude.

"Well, Catharine," said the lady, with frigid dignity, "you have come again, I see; what is the trouble now?"

"I have no home—I am in want," said the poor girl, in a quiet, sad voice. "You are my mother's sister—sister to an angel in heaven—and in her name I ask you to have pity on me."

"No home? no home? Are you not bound to Madame De Mark, the most fashionable milliner in Broadway. How could I or any one provide for you better? You astonish me, Catharine Lacy, by these complaints!"

"Madame De Mark gave up business almost a year ago," answered Catharine, with a degree

of gentle firmness that imparted dignity even to her tone of supplication, "she had grown very rich with one thing and another."

"Well, but you were bound to her still, she is compelled by law to give you a home."

Catharine smiled a wan smile, but with an expression of some humor in it.

"Madame De Mark's home! Do you know what it is, aunt? A garret-room in the loft of one of her own buildings. The lowest servant in your house would turn from it in disdain; and for food, why, aunt, this rich woman lives absolutely the life of a beggar, and begs refuse scraps of meat in the market for her cat which she devours herself. That was the home and food which Madame De Mark gave to me, after she left off business. Instead of learning a trade, I was compelled to sweep out the offices and scrub the stores for her tenants."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, smoothing the trimming of her sleeve, "Madame De Mark forgot that *I* bound you to her, it seems to me."

"No, madam, she did not forget it; and because you had abandoned me, because of her knowledge that I was friendless, she made me a drudge. I was not strong, the work broke me down. Oh! aunt, I was heart-broken, and ready to fall down on my knees with gratitude for the least breath of kindness, and—and—"

"Well," said the aunt, looking coldly up, as the poor girl paused, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering.

"There was one in the house who *was* kind to me, so kind that I loved him, heart and soul," continued Catharine, in a low voice.

"*Him*," cried the aunt, half starting from her lounge, "him, a man! Shameless girl, how dare you talk of a love like that in my presence?"

"Aunt, I have not another creature to love on earth."

"And who told you—who compelled you to love at all? It is an indecorous word.

"And yet 'God is love,'" answered Catharine, lifting her soft eyes, misty with tearfulness, upward, while her lips unconsciously pronounced the quotation.

"Don't quote Scripture here, in this infamous fashion; don't talk to me of love. What right had you to love any one but Madame De Mark herself? Thank heaven, I never found it necessary to love any one."

"But *I*," answered Catharine, with the most profound humility, "*I* had no other happiness. never knew what it was to love myself, till he told me how dear, how beautiful I was to him."

The aunt arose and stood up. Her dress fell in

rustling folds around her, her black eyes flashed fiercely.

"How dare you—infamous girl, how dare you; leave the house."

"No, aunt, I am not infamous. He loved me, and I, oh! how truly I loved him. We were married, aunt; as honorably married as you and my uncle were. Do not call me infamous thus, for I will not endure it."

The aunt sat down again, wondering at the strange beauty that lighted up that young face, almost touched by the passionate speech, for she could understand all the pride that was in it, though pathos and appeal were lost upon her.

"Speak a little more moderately, if you have anything to say, Catharine; and if you are truly married, tell me how, and when. I'm sure it would give me great pleasure to have you well settled and off my hands. Who is the man you are talking about?"

"George, Madame De Mark's son," answered Catharine, drawing close to her aunt, and speaking in a whisper, "but do not tell of it; he said I might tell you, but no one else."

"But where is he? How came you here at this time of night, and in that dress, too? Madame De Mark is a rich woman, and the young man is her only son. Is this the way he keeps his wife, and my sister's child?"

"He is away. I have not seen him in five months. He does not know how miserable I am. Aunt, dear aunt, have pity on me; I have just come from the hospital—my poor baby is dead and buried."

"Hospital! what hospital? Not Bellevue? not the Alms-house?"

"Yes, the Alms-house, aunt. Where else could I go? *He* was away, and if he wrote, I never got the letter. His mother turned me out of doors, with bitter language and coarse abuse. I was afraid to come here."

"But if you were married, how dare Madame De Mark treat you in this way?"

"She pretended not to believe me—though I am sure he told her of our marriage with his own lips. She was angry because I would not let her keep my certificate, and said it was all made up."

"Where did this marriage take place?" inquired the aunt, quickly.

"In Philadelphia. He went there, when madame was away from home a week. She did not know of it."

"Let me read the certificate," said the aunt, extending her hand. "This young man will be rich; I must see to it. The certificate of marriage, girl. What are you waiting for?"

Catharine began to weep bitterly, and wringing her hands, fell upon her knees before the haughty woman.

"Oh! aunt, aunt, don't ask me—I have lost it—I have lost it."

The aunt drew back, and gathering the folds of her dress around her, as if she feared those quivering little hands might impart shame to her person.

"Oh!" she said, with bitter emphasis, "lost, is it? When—where?"

"I don't know. It was in my bosom when I was taken ill; but after that I know nothing about it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the aunt, and the unpleasant gleam broke fiercely into her eyes, "and as you lost the certificate," she added, "what was the clergyman's name who married you?"

"I don't remember. George told me that the paper was right, and I never troubled myself to read it; but *he* knows, of course."

"Oh! of course, *he* knows," echoed the proud woman, disdainfully. "But the place? In what place was this wonderful marriage performed?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, the street—in what street did this clergyman, with the unforgotten name, live?"

"I never knew," answered the weeping girl; "but oh, aunt, do not doubt me, for as honor is my witness, we were married."

"Oh, yes, the proofs are conclusive," answered the lady, with bitter irony in her tone.

"Aunt, aunt, do believe me!" cried the girl, moving forward on her knees, and holding up her clasped hands. "*He* will tell you how true it is—he will get another certificate. He cannot be away much longer, let me stay with you till he comes."

"When he comes to own you, in my presence, you shall have shelter here. Till then, never enter my door again. Go now, and live, if you can, on this falsehood and its shamelessness."

"Oh, aunt, aunt," cried the wretched girl, "I am his wife—I am his wife! Look at me, do I blush? Does my eye sink? Aunt, I am innocent of wrong as you are, and as truly a wedded wife as you ever were!"

It was painful to see the cold, stern pride which rose and swelled in that woman's bosom, lifting her form haughtily upward, and quenching the color from her lips on which the last cruel words of that interview were forming.

"Leave the room, leave my house forever!" she cried, pointing to the door. "Go hide your infamy, and tell those romances among your proper associates. Compare yourself with me!"

"No," answered Catharine, standing before her aunt, pale and proud as herself; but with a pride that had a relenting dignity in it, that sprang from the womanliness of her nature so fearfully outraged, "no, aunt, I do not compare myself with you, not for a moment. Let that Great Being make the comparison, who looks upon us both as we stand; you, a rich, proud woman, turning your sister's child with insult into the street; I, a poor, friendless girl, feeble from sickness, tortured with anxiety, without shelter, and without a human being to care for me—let God make the comparison between you and me. Let Him judge us two!"

Catharine turned, as she spoke, and walked from the room, leaving her aunt standing like a statue in the clear gas light. The passion of that young creature had paralyzed her. She, so unused to contradiction, so imperial in her household, had she lived to be thus braved! What right had that miserable wanderer to call upon the God that *she* professed to worship! She would not have been more astonished had a pauper knelt beside her on the velvet-clad steps from which she monthly communed, solely to witness the sanctity of her life. Thus astounded and overwhelmed, she stood, till the quick footsteps of her niece were lost upon the stairs; then, with a deep breath, she sat down to compose herself, and even had recourse to an enamelled vinaigrette that lay upon the toilet-table, so much had her nerves been shaken. All this had the desired effect, and in a few moments the lady was arranging the golden acorns over her dark tresses, gathering them in clusters where the silver threads lay thickest, and regarding herself with great complacency in the mirror.

Directly a waiting-woman entered in answer to a touch that she had given to the bell. "Rachel, there was a serving-girl come here just now, did you see her? is she gone?"

"No, madam, she fainted in the front-hall—fell down like a dead creature before any one had time to show her out the other way."

"And where is she now?"

"Lying there yet, as white as snow, and as cold as ice; the girls have been doing their best, but they cannot bring her to."

One gentle impulse did arise in the woman's bosom, as she heard this. She seized the flask that had just soothed her own nerves, and moved a step toward the door; but a cold after-thought drew her back. "The girl might speak, might proclaim her relationship before the household if she were brought to consciousness under that roof. Nay, so little did she seem to be ashamed of the past, might proclaim her residence of

Bellevue, her very pauper condition, before the assembled menials." She laid down the flask and turned to the glass, a little paler than before, but with marvelous self-possession.

"Send for a carriage, and have her carried to the nearest station-house, there should be plenty of doctors there; besides, it is their duty to see to such persons."

"But she is insensible, madam," persisted the waiting-woman, who had some feeling.

"That is nothing," was the reply, "we cannot leave a strange girl lying in the hall."

The woman went out muttering to herself, and with angry moisture in her eyes.

The lady seated herself once more, and began to arrange the lace of her undersleeves with considerable nervousness. Something of human feeling was at work in her bosom, and from

time to time she arose and looked out of the window, always with increasing agitation. At last, a carriage drove up: and grasping the silken curtain hard with her hand, she half dragged it over her, as if afraid to be seen watching. She saw, through the dim light, a group of persons carrying a prostrate form down the steps leading to her own door. The carriage lamps flashed upon a pale face as it was lifted upward. The woman caught one glance, and drew back with a faint thrill of dismay. The face gleamed upward so deathly in its whiteness that she crept from the window, and cowered down in her sofa, tormented with the vague fear that the dead was appealing to heaven against her cruelty. For the moment, that proud woman had the sensation of a murderess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DREAMINGS.

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

In a dimly-lighted chamber, lighted by a single lamp
Throwing wild and shiv'ring glances from the ceiling
low and damp,

Where, if e'er a silver moonbeam entered through
the casement wide,

Tremblingly it fled, the shadows gath'ring closely at
its side;

Where the night wind, straying ever, moaned in
every hidden nook—

Now like surging of the river, now like murmur of
the brook,

Sat the student, idly dreaming, dreaming o'er his
open book.

When the sorrow-laden twilight, panting on the
breast of Eve,

Crimsoned all the air with blushes, he had sat him
down to weave,

In the golden woof of fancy, visions beautiful and
bright,

Such as through the mists of Dream-land burst upon
the vanished sight.

Visions sad, and visions tearful, through the dimness
hurry fast,

Drawn by magic wand of memory from the chambers
of the Past—

While the Future, glad and joyous, gleams with
forms too bright to last.

One from out the thronging numbers gazes sadly on
him now,

As the ghastly lamp-flare flickers o'er his pale and
thoughtful brow;

Dressed in robes of snowy whiteness, such as deck
the angels bright,

Round her head a glist'ning chaplet, wove from rays
of Heavenly light,

Stands she gazing down upon him, while the love-
light in her eye

Sheds a holy radiance o'er him, and the night-wind,
fleeting by,

Bears upon its perfumed pinions, faintly heard, the
ocean's sigh.

Now his curling lip, half-parted, softly whispers,
"Mother dear,"

And from out his eyes' dark fringes gently steals
stern sorrow's tear.

Now her angel form hath vanished, and another
form is there,

With the stars that light the Dream-land shining in
her wavy hair;

Fairer than the fairest flowers that in Eden's bowers
grew—

Brighter than the star of evening, while her eye of
azure hue

Lies beneath its silken curtain like the violet bathed
in dew.

'Tis a sister, loved and cherished in life's dawn, when
hearts beat high,

Ere the clouds of sorrow gather, and the tear-drop
dims the eye!

Now she bends a moment o'er him, and her glances,
rife with love,

O'er a rainbow-bridge of beauty bear his thoughts to
Heaven above.

Like the other she hath vanished; and within that
chamber small

Hymns are sung by angel choirs, while the darkness,
as a pall,

Drops upon the dim light chamber, covering visions,
dreamer—all.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TASTE IN DRESS.—A late writer in the North British Review makes some capital remarks upon this subject. He says, in substance, that every woman owes it to the sense of the beautiful, to dress with taste. He adds that her own happiness, if she is a wife, is involved in it, for her neatness and elegance of attire has much to do with pleasing her husband, and unless he is pleased she cannot be happy. Every right-minded female will acknowledge the truth of these opinions. Men seek the beautiful in woman: it is a natural instinct; and women, generally, by as natural an instinct, aim to be lovely. A tasteful dress, with most of the sex, adds materially to the personal appearance: it is only a few, if any, who can afford to neglect it. By a tasteful dress we do not mean necessarily an expensive one; but a dress suitable in color and style to the wearer. Instead of being a folly, therefore, to seek elegance in dress, as some have contended, it is a positive duty. Of course we do not uphold that extravagant devotion to dress, which is the disgrace of many a weak-minded woman. A careful wife or daughter will study economy in her attire, and will herself make as many of the little elegancies of the toilet as she can. The facilities enjoyed, through the Magazines, and especially through "Peterson's," of obtaining the different fashionable patterns, gives ladies a wide choice, so that no one is excusable for being dressed either out of style, inappropriately, or too extravagantly. Recollect, fair friends, it is taste, not mere expense, that makes a dress beautiful.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.—The author of "Bleak House" is as much the first novelist of this generation as Sir Walter Scott was of the last. We are glad to see, therefore, that T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, has published his complete works in three several styles, at prices unprecedentedly low. One of these editions is in twelve volumes, bound in paper, each volume at fifty cents, or the whole twelve for \$5.00. Another edition, which Mr. P. calls "The Library One," contains the same twelve novels bound in five volumes cloth, at \$7.50 for the sett. These five volumes contain over four thousand large double column pages, which renders them the cheapest sett of books we are acquainted with. Nor is this cheapness obtained by using indifferent paper, poor type, or flimsy binding. A third, and still more elegant edition, profusely illustrated with steel and wood engravings, is in twelve volumes, tastefully bound in cloth, at \$1.50 per volume, or \$18.00 for the sett. This is a most magnificent, yet still cheap, edition. By reference to Mr. P's advertisement, on the cover of

this number, it will be seen that either of these editions will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of an order enclosing the money. Or any one of the novels, either of the paper cover edition, or of the illustrated and elegantly bound edition, will be sent, postage free, on receipt of the proper price. In all these editions the maximum of cheapness and merit has been attained. It would be impossible, we think, for any person to lay out the money for either to better advantage.

ABSURDITY IN SOME FASHIONS.—It is said, by those who saw the Empress Eugenie in London, that the fashionable bonnet, which looks so absurd on most ladies, became her exceedingly. We can readily believe this, for she was the first to wear such a bonnet, because it set off her style of face so happily. Having been adopted by an empress, it immediately became the rage, though not one fair face in ten looks well in it, and though it exposes the complexion and should not therefore be worn except in a carriage. The London Punch wittily says, in allusion to these ridiculous bonnets, that the "summer bonnets have run to ribbons." Fashion is often preposterous in this way. A princess, who had a deformed arm, originated the fashion of leg-of-mutton sleeves, with which our mothers, twenty-five years ago, disfigured themselves. A great lady, who had ugly feet, is said to have introduced the excessively long skirt. The true way to dress is to study what suits the style of the wearer. The French women universally dress in this way; and therefore are always well dressed. It is in the hope of reforming taste in this respect, among our lovely countrywomen, that we give so many patterns that are the *mode*; always half-a-dozen steel-plates every season, besides a score or two of wood engravings of fashions; for in this way ladies can have a selection from which to choose.

OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.—We are forced to complain, though loath to do it, of the manner in which our original stories are appropriated. All over the country, they fill the columns of the newspapers; yet scarcely one out of ten is credited, as it ought to be, to "Peterson." This is not always the fault of those copying a story; for accident, we are convinced, has much to do with it. But as few of the other Magazines publish original tales, and none publish such as we do, wouldn't it be best, editors all, whenever you find a good story unacknowledged, to credit it at once to "Peterson?" Perhaps once, in a score of times, you might make a mistake: but the other nineteen times you would be sure to be correct.

"FLOWERS WE HAVE CULLED."—Under this title we shall occasionally publish extracts from new books, or fugitive poems, as in the present number. What say you, fair friends, to this fashion of a bouquet?

TIGHT LACING.—A witty doctor said that tight lacing was a public benefit, inasmuch as it killed all the foolish girls and left the wise ones to grow to be women.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary and Historical Miscellanies. By George Bancroft. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A collection of essays by Bancroft, the historian, the subjects being chiefly literary or historical. Five of the most interesting are devoted to German literature; a very able one is occupied with the causes of the decline of ancient Rome; another discusses the wars between Russia and Turkey up to 1829; and the last, and perhaps best of all, is the famous address pronounced before the New York Historical Society, on the "necessity, reality and promise of the progress of the human race." The wide research and philosophical vision of Bancroft are exhibited in every one of these admirable essays however; and not alone in those which we have named. The publishers have issued the volume in a style to correspond with the Boston edition of Mr. Bancroft's history.

A Journey Through the Chinese Empire. By M. Hue, author of "Recollections Of A Journey Through Tartary and Thibet." 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who have read Mr. Hue's interesting "Travels in Tartary" will hasten at once to procure this work. To those who have yet that pleasure in store, we would say that this is even a more interesting and instructive book. The author resided in China, for many years, in the capacity of a missionary: is at once a keen observer, a candid narrator, and a graphic writer; and, therefore, has given us, in these volumes, probably the most reliable account, ever offered to Europe or America, of the people, institutions, and customs of the Celestial empire. We were surprised, on reading it, to find how many errors, respecting China, were afloat, not only in merely popular compilations, but in grave gazetteers and encyclopædias.

Bell Smith Abroad. 1 vol. New York: J. G. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A very superior work, describing a winter in Paris. The fair author is witty, observant, graphic and pathetic by turns. We quote, in our "Flowers We Have Culled," a touching incident as a sample of the book. We believe we do not violate secrecy, in stating that "Bell Smith" is the wife of the American Secretary of Legation at the French capital: and we are sure that so spirited an author ought not to remain unknown.

Surgical Reports, and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects. By George Hayward, M. D. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This work will be popular with the public as well as with the medical profession, for it not only avoids merely technical terms, but discusses themes that interest all. Among the subjects are "Wounds Received In Dissection," "Remarks on Burns," "Case of Hydrophobia," "Statistics of Consumption," and "Lecture on some of the Diseases of the Literary Life." The volume is neatly printed and bound.

The Englishwoman in Russia. By A Lady Ten Years Resident in that Country. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this work only left Russia about a year ago, and as she writes with impartiality, her book is probably the most reliable of any lately published on the same subject. We have read it with great interest. The semi-barbarism of the Czar's subjects is fully established in these pages. Several illustrations adorn the volume.

Sanders' Young Ladies' Reader. By Charles W. Sanders, A. M. 1 vol. New York: Ivison & Phinney. Philada: Sower & Barnes, No. 33 North Third street.—This neat duodecimo will be found useful, not only in the higher female seminaries, but in the upper classes of female schools generally. The exercises, whether in prose or in poetry, are selected for their combined literary and moral excellence. We recommend it particularly to the examination of teachers and parents.

History for Boys; or, The Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe. By John G. Edgar. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A really well-executed history for boys, of the different states of Europe, beginning with that of France and terminating with that of Russia. We recommend it as a capital work to serve as an introduction to modern history. The style is simple, and the facts lucidly arranged. Numerous spirited illustrations embellish the volume.

Dickens' New Stories. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This elegant volume contains a complete collection of Dickens' recent shorter stories, comprising "Hard Times," "The Seven Poor Travellers," "Lizzie Leigh," and numerous others. It is in double column, octavo, to correspond with the other volumes of Dickens, as published by T. B. Peterson: this one making the twelfth of the series.

Ironthorpe: The Pioneer Preacher. By Paul Cretton. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We are always glad to see a new work from this author. The present is a story of backwoods' life, intended for juvenile readers; and right pleasantly, as well as instructively, is it told.

Blanche Dearwood. A Tale of Modern Life. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—This is a novel of American life, from the pen of an anonymous author. The editor of the N. Y. Express, who read it before publication, praises it highly. So do we.

The Missing Bride. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel by this popular author would be sure of a large sale, even without the elegant type and paper with which "The Missing Bride" is got up by Mr. P. The present work is full of those scenes of intense passion for which the stories of Mrs. S. have become celebrated. We do not know where to point out, in the whole range of American fiction, a chapter more powerfully descriptive than that entitled "The Body on the Beach." A breathless interest always attends the novels of Mrs. S.: and "The Missing Bride" has this characteristic to even a greater extent than common. We observe an improvement in tone in each successive work, her later ones being free from many blemishes which marred her earlier ones. The volume before us contains over six hundred printed pages, or quite fifty per cent more than is found in ordinary novels.

A commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies, original and selected. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This deeply interesting work arose from a habit Mrs. Jameson has had, for many years, of making a memorandum of any thoughts which came across her, and marking passages in books which excited either sympathetic or antagonistic feelings. Her volumes on Shakespeare's women, as well as those on Sacred and Legendary Art, originated from such notes. The fragments that remained, she says, are now given in this book. The work is divided into two parts, the first on ethics and character, the second on literature and art. We are sure that it will find a hearty welcome from the public. It is just what every lady desires to have on her centre-table, to pick up at odd moments when there is not time for more connected reading. The volume, like all of Appletons' books, is handsomely printed.

The Two Guardians. By the author of "Heart-ease." 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We presume this is one of Miss Yonge's earlier efforts. for though quite a meritorious novel, it is inferior to either "The Heir of Redclyffe" or "Heart-ease." Marion is a finely-drawn character, as is also Lionel, the blind boy. The volume is issued in the neat style, which characterizes all the publications of the Appletons.

Leaves From A Family Journal. By Emile Souvestre. 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—This must not be confounded with ordinary French novels, to which it is as superior as a breezy day is to a miasmatic night. We have not, for a long while, read a more graceful, tender and pleasing fiction. Two elegant illustrations adorn the volume, which is neatly printed and bound.

Sister Rose. In Seven Chapters. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and touching story, by the author of "Bleak House," printed from the advanced sheets. Price twelve and a half cents.

The Watchman. By J. A. M. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—The moral of this engrossing fiction is that eventual success awaits the efforts of all who earnestly strive to do their duty to God and man. The incidents are mainly drawn from real life. Those who were pleased with "The Lamp-lighter" will be delighted with "The Watchman." The volume is handsomely printed.

The Patent Hat. By Philo. New York: Carlen & Phillips.—An eccentric book, in which some hard hits are dealt "to mankind in general and the clergy in particular," as the title-page forewarns the reader. It is in prose and verse. The oddity of the title will probably induce many to procure the volume, who will afterward, we trust, find edification in its perusal.

Virginia; or, Harper's Story Books, No. 7. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brother.—Another of a justly popular juvenile series. The aim of the book is to teach kindness and forbearance to servants and inferiors; and while this moral is always kept prominent, the interest of the story is never allowed to flag.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

MAGIC TABLE. TO FIND A LADY'S AGE.—Let her tell in which column her age is found. Add together the first numbers of those columns, and the sum will be her age.

Suppose, for example, she says that she finds her age in 1st, 2nd, and 5th columns. Then the addition of 1, 2, and 16, (the first numbers of said columns) gives 19 for her age.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	38	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57

53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

THE GARDEN.

COLORÉD GLASS FOR FLOWERS.—Recent discovery has shown that remarkable effects can be produced on plants, by interposing colored glass between them and the sun. Blue glass accelerates growth, and Messrs. Lawson, of Edinburg, have built a stove-house glazed with blue glass, in which they test the value of seeds for sale or export. The practice is to sow a hundred seeds, and to judge of the quality by the number that germinate; the more, of course, the better. Formerly, ten days or a fortnight elapsed while waiting for the germinating of the seeds; but in the blue stove-house two or three days suffice—a saving of time, worth, so say the firm, \$25,00 a year.

This use of color in the growth of plants is not altogether new, but its application to the germination of seeds has not, perhaps, commanded the attention it deserves. By using colored glasses upon the palm plants at the Kew gardens in England, the palms were made to flourish as if in a tropical climate. Varying climates will give varying results, just as solar rays vary. We have no doubt that many of the rich tints of flowers of other climates could be made perfect in this country by properly colored glasses, just as the palms of Kew were made by colored glasses to rival the palms of the tropics. The subject opens a wide field for experiments that would richly remunerate an inquiring and tasteful horticulturist.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A French Physician's Dentrifice.—Fine charcoal, one ounce; red Peruvian bark, one ounce; sugar candy, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce; bole ammoniac, two drachms; dragon's-blood, two drachms; gum mastic, two drachms; roach alum, two drachms; cream of tartar, two drachms; orris-root, two drachms; the whole reduced to an impalpable powder. The charcoal should be used immediately after it is made, pounded while still hot, and at once mixed with the other substances. This powder must be kept in a wide-mouthed bottle with a glass stopper, and a little put for daily use into a small box.

Toasted Cheese.—Cut the cheese into slices of moderate thickness, and put them into a tinned copper saucepan, with a little butter and cream, simmer very gently until quite dissolved, then remove it from the fire, allow it to cool a little, and add some yolk of egg, well beaten; make it into a shape, and brown it before the fire.

Green-gage Marmalade.—Take off the skins, stone, weigh, and boil quickly, without sugar, for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every lot of four pounds add three of good sugar reduced quite to powder; boil the preserve for six or eight minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh, and throw the plums whole into the preserving-pan, boil them to a pulp, pass them through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones when putting the sugar. Orleans plums may be served in the same way.

Rhubarb Wine Equal to Champagne.—To every gallon of soft water add five pounds of ripe rhubarb, cut into thin slices and bruised; let it stand nine days, stirring it three times a-day; let the tub be covered with a cloth; strain it; and to every gallon of liquor add four pounds of white sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one; then to fine it, add one ounce of isinglass to every nine gallons; let it ferment three weeks; add one pint of brandy, and bring it up. Make in July, bottle in October, and to each bottle add one tablespoonful of brandy and one teaspoonful of lump sugar.

How to do up Shirt Bosoms.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

Apple Bread.—A very light pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as in making common bread, and is beaten with flour and warm pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set; it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or twelve hours, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite: none, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

Eau de Cologne.—Oil of bergamot, three-eighths of an ounce; the oil of cedoe, three-sixteenths of an ounce; oil of orange-peel, three do.; oil of lemon-peel, three do.; oil of orange flowers, three do.; oil of rosemary, one thirty-second of an ounce; camphor, two grains. These substances to be added to a quart of spirits of wine, sixty degrees above proof. Let the whole be shaken during a quarter of an hour, suffered to remain without agitation during a fortnight, and then filtered and put into eau de cologne bottles.

To Keep Off Ants.—A circle of lime or chalk laid round any plant will prevent ants from touching it. There is no other remedy against their encroachments.

Syllabub.—Grate off the peel of a lemon with lump sugar, and dissolve the sugar in three-quarters pint of white wine; add the juice of half a lemon, and quarter pint of cream; beat the whole together until of a proper thickness, and then put into glasses. A pint of good milk may be substituted for the cream.

Lavender Water.—To a pint of rectified spirit of wine, put one ounce of the essential oil of lavender, and two drachms of the essence of ambergris. Put the whole into a glass bottle and shake it well. The above, we believe, is the easiest method of making lavender-water.

Perfume for Gloves.—Extract of ambergris, four minims; spirits of wine, two ounces. Rub the gloves inside with a bit of cotton impregnated with this perfume.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of pink grenadine figured in pink and black. The skirt is plain but very full. Corsage (not seen) is plain and high. Sleeves of the pagoda shape trimmed on the top of the arm with a bow of ribbon. Mantelet of white muslin, made square, with the fulness set on a yoke. It is finished around the bottom with a deep flounce. The yoke, front, armholes, and flounce are all finished with a narrow ruffle. White lace bonnet, trimmed with pink flowers.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS of violet colored silk, having two skirts, each of which is edged with a band of pink silk. Corsage high, and trimmed with *bretelles* which are quite full, and much deeper on the top of the arm where they form a cap. These, as is also the ruffle around the waist, are trimmed with pink silk. A large pink bow behind. Sleeves of white lace in three puffs.

FIG. III.—A GENTLEMAN'S DRESS of plaid pantaloons and buff coat.

FIG. IV.—THE CERES BONNET, of white tulle with black spots, edged with a bias of black velvet. The top of the crown is also black velvet. A deep blonde fall turns back on a bunch of field flowers which decorates the front of the bonnet. Inside, blonde and field flowers.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S BONNET, straw, with a double front, ornamented with sky-blue ribbons No. 7. Inside, small bows of ribbons.

FIG. VI.—BASQUINE BODY, of black lace, ornamented with black velvet on the lappets, and on the sleeves are small bows of the same.

FIGS. VII & VIII.—PIERROT COLLAR, of muslin, finely embroidered. Down the front there is an embroidered muslin frill laid flat. This collar may be worn with an open or high bodied dress; if the dress is open, the frill is allowed to project. The sleeves are to match. Under the embroidered wristband there is an elastic band. The trimmings form a revers a la mousquetaire.

FIGS. IX & X.—BROCHE COLLAR, square, embroi-

dered muslin and festoons. Sleeves at the side to match.

FIG. XI.—CANEZOU WITH BRETelles OF RIBBON.—This is a lace canezou, ornamented with ribbon in the style (now so fashionable) called *bretelles*. The *bretelles*, or braces, are formed of a length of ribbon, pinned down to the back of the waist, where it is drawn to a point; is usually finished by a small bow or rosette. The two ends of the ribbon are then brought over the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, where they are fastened in a bow, the ends being allowed to flow loosely over the skirts of the dress. Much of the effect of these *bretelles*, of course, depends on the style of the ribbon employed in making them. The ribbon from which our design was copied was of a beautiful shaded pink, with a white edge. At the throat and on the sleeves of the canezou there are bows of the same ribbon.

FIG. XII.—CAP SUITABLE FOR DINNER OR PLAIN EVENING DRESS.—This cap is made of Brussels lace, and is trimmed with rows of Brussels lace, vandyked at the edge. The ribbon, which is disposed in large loops at one side, is slate-color or blue. Above the loops is a bouquet of blue convolvulus. On the opposite side of the cap are two or three small loops, and one long end of ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—THE GOSSAMER.—A superb black lace mantilla, drawn from the original in the fashionable emporium of Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. This is probably the most remarkable affair of the season. Indeed, Mr. Bell has no equal, in this country, in his line of business, his taste being singularly delicate and his facilities for obtaining new and choice patterns unrivalled.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Lappets for BODIES have not yet lost their vogue, but they appear to have entered on their period of decline. A good many are made with pointed waist and without lappets. The bodies are enriched with an infinity of trimmings, chiefly buttons or ribbons. Ribbons flutter on the skirt, behind, or in front from the waist; ribbons falling from the body are now the very pink of fashion and quite the rage for the time being. The skirts are made very full. Many are gathered in at the waist in large hollow and round plaits. The front of the skirt is neither so long nor so full as the back; and the former must leave the foot visible, and the latter forms a rounded train. We may mention that dresses made with low corsages are much worn with pelarines or canezous of muslin or lace. For dresses composed of barege, muslin, and other light textures of a similar kind, the corsages are now usually made without basques.

Nothing absolute as regards SLEEVES. All liberty is left to choice. We see sleeves of every kind, but the majority are puffed. Black velvet ribbon has lately been employed in a novel and effective manner as a trimming for white under-sleeves. Some of the new under-sleeve of tulle and worked muslin are formed of triple bouillonnées, and the bouillonnées are separated by a row of small bows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Many sleeves open at the ends, and

trimmed with three rows of Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, having between each a double row of loops of black velvet ribbon. These loops slightly raise the row of lace beneath them. In the inside of the arm each row of lace is looped up by a rosette of black velvet ribbon. COLLARS of a style to correspond with these sleeves, and intended to be worn with them, have been introduced. They consist of a ground of lace, trimmed round with three narrow rows of lace, the rows being separated one from the other by loops of black velvet ribbon. The collar is fastened in front by a rosette of black velvet.

The embroidered PETTICOAT has given way to the flounced petticoat. Some have the precaution to put in the hem a row of straw-plait to stiffen it. This is an expedient indispensable to prevent the skirt, so full at top with the bulk of the modern hoop, from falling and lying flat and plain, instead of swelling out gracefully as it ought.

CORSETS follow step by step the transformations of the fashions: and it can scarcely be otherwise. The all-important in stays is for them to be in harmony with the cut of the dress. For instance, it would be absurd to have stays compressing the hips, when the extreme fullness of the skirts requires them to retain their full development. In this case, the corset should be short, and not come over the hips. If the body is pointed, the corset, as a docile servant, should yield to its exigencies. In a word every change of fashion brings a new study for the corset.

MANTILLAS of white embroidered muslin are much worn this summer. They are usually low on the shoulders, in the scarf style, and finished with an embroidered ruffle. Black lace mantillas are also fashionable, the most elegant of which are composed of Maltese lace.

PARASOLS, which always occupy a prominent place among the requirements of the summer season, are this year more than ever varied in color and rich in ornament. Their variety ranges from moire silk of one plain color to the richest figured silk. They are usually lined, and have elaborately ornamented handles. One of the newest parasols is composed of apricot-color moire, and is edged with satin stripes in white and maise-color. At the top it is finished by a large bow of ribbon with flowing ends. The stick is of wrought ivory, and the handle gilt and set with imitation emeralds. A parasol of white moire antique, covered with gulpure lace, is ornamented all over at intervals with small bows of ribbons. One of the most elegant we have seen, consists of plain white silk, sprigged with small rose-buds and leaves, in the natural colors of the flowers. This parasol is lined with white, and edged with white fringe: the stick is ivory, lined with silver. Among the prettiest parasols of the season, may be mentioned some composed of silk of a beautiful sea-green hue, ornamented with a sprigged pattern in the same tint as the ground. These are lined with white, and edged with green fringe.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—It is certain that no other Magazine receives such praise from the press as ours. We may say this, without vanity, for we have striven to deserve it. Neither labor nor money is spared to make "Peterson" the best ladies Magazine in the world. The Janesville (Wis.) Free Press, noticing the May number, admits that we have succeeded in this aim, for it writes:—"This is the best work of the kind in the world." The Dem. (O.) Mirror, acknowledging the receipt of the June issue, says:—"It is the best work of the kind published in the Union." The St. Lawrence (N. Y.) Democrat says:—"It is well worth double the price asked for it." The Handsboro (Miss.) Reformer says:—"Peterson's is not only the cheapest Magazine published, but we think it the best." The Volatic (N. Y.) Times says:—"Every department is conducted in the most able manner, and every page is an index of talent and taste." The Highland (N. Y.) Gazette says:—"Its steel fashion-plates are the most natural and life-like of any we ever seen." We quote these few notices, out of hundreds of similar purport, to show our subscribers that we do not boast, but only state the truth, when we claim to publish the "best and cheapest ladies Magazine." And yet we intend making it even more desirable.

MORE THAN WE PROMISE.—Last month, we began "How To Make Paper Flowers;" and the second of the series appears in this month. In the present number we give a piece of new Music. Neither of these improvements were stipulated in our Prospectus for 1855. But those who know us, know that we are always, in this way, doing more than we promise.

POST-TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE.—In remitting, mention, *at the head of the letter*, the post-town, county and state. When a subscriber removes, she or he must inform us, not only what the direction is, but what the old one was.

GET UP A CLUB.—Who will get up a club? Any subscriber, who will lend this number to get up a club, if she cannot get up one herself, shall have it replaced, by sending us word.

GIFT BOOK OF ART.—We will send, *free of postage*, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings, on receipt of one dollar.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1855.

FIFTY-ONE ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

FORTY-THREE EMBELLISHMENTS.

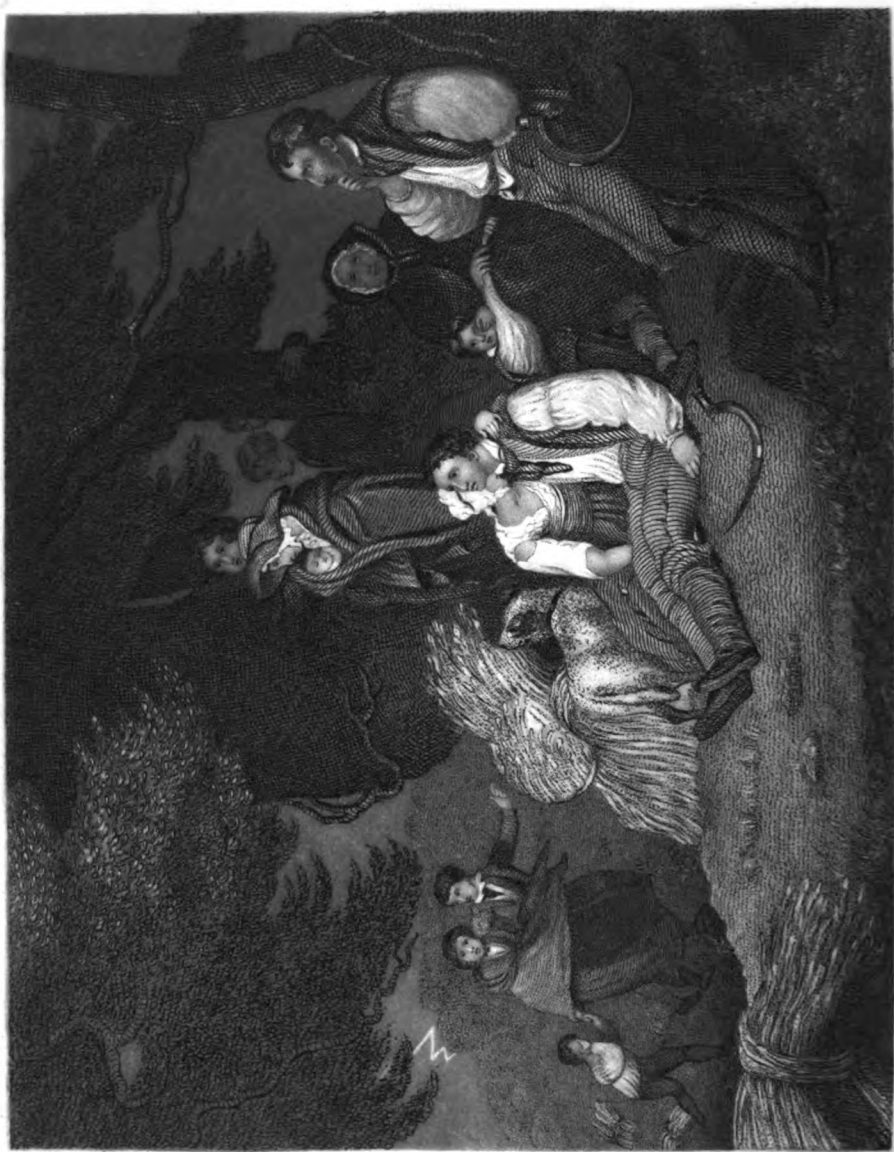
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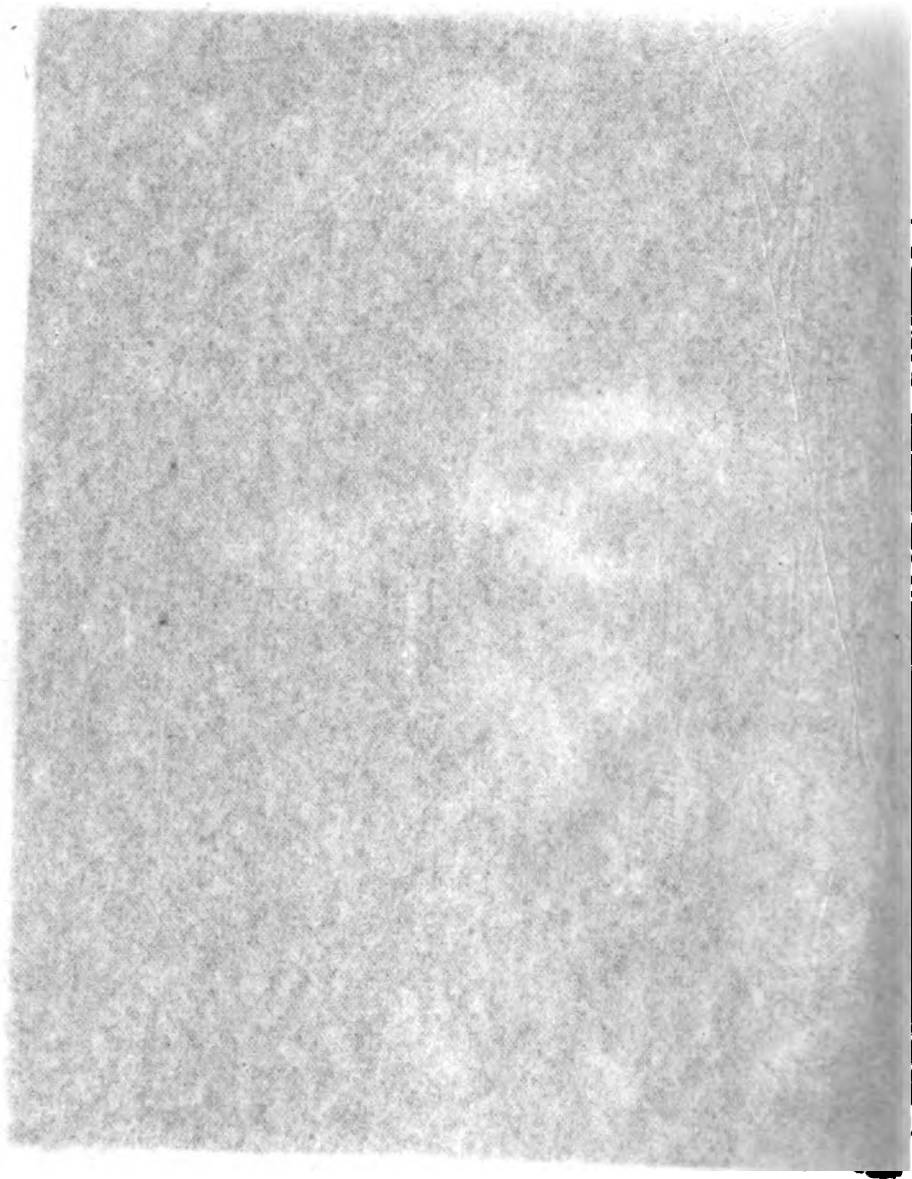
Persons ordering the Magazine from agents or dealers must look to them for the work. The publisher has no agent for whose contracts he is responsible.

Letters directed to "Peterson's Magazine," if requiring an answer, must enclose a return postage.

Back numbers may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.







hope is gently whis- per- ing, Deep with - in my throbbing heart, "Soon a - gain thou'll meet in glad - ness, Nev - er more on earth to part; Soon a -

Rall.

gain thou'll meet in glad - ness, Nev - er more on earth to part."

And from southern climes returning,
Now the swan flies to our shore,
While the radiant smile of spring-time
Kindly beams on me once more;
And sweet hope is gently whis- per- ing,
Deep within my throbbing heart,
"Soon again thou'll meet in gladness,
Nev - er more on earth to part."

2.

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And sweet hope is gently whis- per- ing,
Deep within my throbbing heart,
"Soon again thou'll meet in gladness,
Nev - er more on earth to part."

3.

Now I'll banish all weeping,
And no longer will be sad,
While the celestial hosts are smiling,
Still to bless and make me glad;
For sweet hope is gently whis- per- ing,
Deep within my throbbing heart,
"Soon again thou'll meet in gladness,
Nev - er more on earth to part."



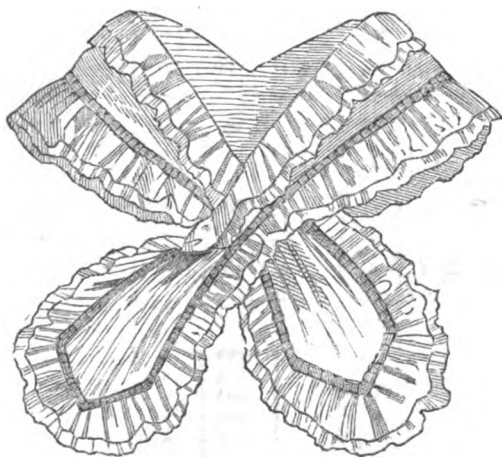
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BONNET.

Emily

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CAP.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1855.

No. 2.

MY UNCLE JOB'S CITY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

AUNT JUDITH bustled about like a woman of consequence, as decidedly she was. First through the kitchen, then the passage way. Finally the old-fashioned parlor had a thorough brushing up. The china dog with a broken head was comfortably adjusted, the Declaration of Independence well dusted, and a flower or two stuck in its wooden frame, uncle Job's chair wheeled about, uncle Job's pipe laid on the mantel, and all things were ready.

Sam stood out by the old brown door, cap in hand, ready to toss it up at sight of the venerable traveller who had been "way off to Bostin." That was a door to speak of, to read of. Of a grey green mosaic, seamed and cracked and battered, it had borne the test of nearly two hundred winters, while the moss itself had turned white on its memorable front.

"There he comes," said aunt Judith, in a tone of subdued delight; and "hurra! here's the old gen'l'man," shouted Sam, tossing his cap in the air, "and I've shelled all the corn in the garret—hurra!"

And now behold uncle Job in his arm-chair, his face displaying a broad grin, his horn cased 'specks fairly laughing as he gazed around with the comfortable idea of being fairly at home.

"Well, home *is* home, ain't it, and the humbler the better, say I," exclaimed the good old man, with a confident nod, ensconcing himself snugly in his chair. Sam fixed his black eyes on me, the rogue.

"I'm sartin sick of the city, and city folks I was e'enamost going to say," continued the old gentleman, "but I won't, for there might be a few right straight down good people there, though I calcolate *they* live a leetle outside, ha, ha. What say you, Sammy, (Sammy was my cousin in training for a farmer) like your place yet?"

"Farmer to the back bone," replied Sam, promptly.

VOL. XXVIII.—6

"Specially when that old flail gits thrashing, eh? Well, I do feel uncommon good-natered this morning, and, to tell you the truth, I got flustered over there sometimes. I thought brother Joe's family was a leetle put back when they first see me, reckon they *was* surprised—maybe, and maybe not; I don't perticerlerly care.

"I thought it was funny to hear brother's fashionable wife say, whenever she introduced me to strangers, (p'raps 'twasn't calkilated for my ear) 'he's husband's brother; very wealthy farmer; owns most the whole of H——.' Then they was always askin' me questions about my beautiful, great farm *here*, and my fine lots there; and how many of my housen was *occupied*. 'Praps they didn't know I laughed in my sleeve, even if 'twas too big for the fashions."

"How are all the folks?" asked aunt Judith.

"Well—pretty well," said uncle Job, in his quiet way, "Heester's grown a beauty, and has mighty high ways with her, mighty high. She's like hot-house fruit, onnateral, and in consequence seems a power more than what she is. Jenny (they call her Miss Jane—but I can't pucker my mouth) is as nateral as life, just what she was last summer when she was out here; but Elly, poor girl, looks pale as a water lily. Fact is, she's too good for 'em, any of 'em;" and uncle Job struck the floor with his staff. "They never'll make *that* girl a fashionable doll. They're all down upon the poor girl because she likes a sensible mechanic—I say I hope she'll have him;" down came the cane again. Aunt Judith handed him his pipe.

"Rich," he muttered, "yes, if a man's only rich, it's all folks cares for. If I hadn't a 'bin 'husband's brother, very wealthy farmer—own almost the whole of H——,' do you think I'd a been noticed in that great showy parlor of brother's. No; I wouldn't a ben noticed no more than a beggar."

Uncle Job puffed a few puffs, and then he turned to my cousin, "Sam," his forefinger wagged accompaniment, "Do you bear this in mind, boy—never measure a man by the length of his purse—no matter if it's a pocket-book. Money's a plaguey sight more apt to make a man mean. It's a sort of cooper; barrels up the soul and then *heads up the barrel*; and then a great hand writes on the top, something about 'riches,' and a camel, and the 'eye of a needle in capital letters. Sammy, it's hard work to be rich and good too.'

"When I got to brother's," said uncle Job, "it was pretty late. Well, I'd been a ridin' for the first time in the cars, and my head swum round like a top. Gracious! how them cars do go, hey? beats all nater, I declare! But, Sammy, I've got a little story for you, my boy—oh! the exceeding sinfulness of human nater," and uncle Job heaved a sigh, puffed six times, and then continued, "after I'd bin in 'em an hour or so, and began to git a little used to the lightning, I saw a pale, miniky-looking little fellow, some younger than you, Sam—yes, I guess he was consid'ably so—sitting all alone by himself. Thinks I 'that poor child is in trouble,' and the old feeling about the heart came over me so strong, that ses I to the conductor, 'tell that little fellow yonder to come here when the cars stop again.'

"So next station I got the boy down to me, and I saw his clothes was torn dreadful, and his hair looked uncombed and neglected like, so I was bound to help him. So said I to him, 'how far are you going, my boy?'

"'To Boston for work,' he answered.

"Now I thought it was proper sperited for so little a chap to be seekin' a living, and I told him so; encouragement is good, you know, Sammy. Then I asked him if he had any parents; and he shook his head sad-like, and

told me that his mother and father had jest died of the cholery, and left him and his two little sisters, both of 'em babies. I began to feel choking like—but I forgot to ask him where his sisters was.

"'Well, my lad,' says I, 'where will you go when you get to Boston? what'll you do?' Shook his head mornful-like, said he didn't know—spos'd he should have to sleep in the streets with his little sisters, for he hadn't a cent of money. Well, that was awful; I begun to edge my hand into my pocket; I took out two dollars and a quarter. I stopped at a place and bought some gingerbread and crackers; he didn't eat as if he was hungry, because he said he wanted to save 'em for his sisters. I put that two dollar bill in his hand, good Boston money, and then," uncle Job buttoned up his coat, "I felt comfortable.

"By'm by I missed him. Says a gentleman to me, ses he, 'did you give that little rascal money, sir?'

"I could have—looked hard at that man. Says I, 'I gave a poor, depressed orphan child, who has lost his parents by the cholera, and is sup-porting—'

"'Stop, sir,' said the gentleman, 'and hear my story. That little thief got out at South Boston, with his father and mother and six sisters and four brothers and two first cousins, and heaven knows how many second cousins, and I haven't seen my pocket-handkerchief nor your cane since.'

"Sam, I felt bad, I did," said uncle Job, reflectively.

After a pause, he gave a deep sigh, held his pipe reversed till the ashes fell out, shook his head, scratched it a little, and in a soft, musing way murmured, "I haven't seen that cane since." But I will tell you more of my uncie Job, perhaps, in a future paper.

COME BACK.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

COME back! I long to clasp thy hand,
And press my lips to thine,
To hear thy voice in tones of love,
Still answer back to mine.

There is a shadow on the flowers
That traces out thy name,
I yearn for love like thine of yore,
Say, art thou still the same?

I hear sweet words around me, words
Of love and kindly cheer,

That stir the fount of gratitude,
But ah! thou art not here!

And I've a joyful heart to sing,
Life is so dear to me;
But over every glorious thing
Are shadows, love, of thee.

And 'mid the dim soft tracery
That pencils o'er life's track—
My spirit fondly calls for thee—
Come back to me, come back!

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER VI.

AND they carried Catharine Lacy to the station-house, still insensible. A doctor was sent for, but it was a long time before he came, and when he did arrive, the poor girl refused all assistance, but lay upon her couch, which was worse than a beggar's, racked with a sense of her utter desolation, till thought caused fever, and fired her whole system with artificial strength.

She spent the night without sleep, and in profound darkness, tortured with visions of her lost child in his pauper grave, and of its father. For the first time she thought of the latter with doubt and bitterness. Had he deserted her? She had read of these things. And her aunt, how cruelly she had taken up the belief of her unworthiness. What had she done to be thus treated by those who should have protected her? Why was she of all human things selected out for wrong and insult?

These were severe questions for a girl not yet sixteen to ask of her own proud spirit, in the degrading darkness of a station-house; and if her soul was filled with bitterness, when it could make no reply, who will wonder.

It is a terrible thing when a warm, young heart learns to distrust humanity, and is thrown into the world without shield or buckler, to contend with that coarse reality which crushes out all the rich poetry of youth and leaves bitterness in its place. No wonder poor young creatures, like Catharine, sometimes become reckless and sinful against that society which begins by being cruel to them. What Catharine might have done, after that night of fearful trial, if left wholly to herself, I cannot say; but God puts no human soul upon this earth to leave it altogether subject to evil influences. When humanity fails, then comes a sweet, low voice from the throne of God, and those who listen grow calm and strong, as flowers brighten beneath the warm dew which visits them in the night-time.

True, Catharine was an orphan, but who knows that the mother who has carried all her

earthly affections to heaven, that they may become purified, is not a better guardian to the soul of her child than she ever could have been on earth. No, no, Catharine Lacy was not alone in all that night. Two spirits hovered around her, and when the waves of bitterness would have rushed over and filled her soul, they were swept half aside, leaving the young girl more tranquil and strong of heart than she had been for months.

The heavenly love of a mother, which had partaken of divinity, and that earthly love which draws us closer to the gates of heaven, had watched over the young girl in her deepest humiliation. Toward morning, she fell asleep, with a fragment of the Lord's Prayer upon her lip. It seemed to her in that half dreamy state, as if her parents were both listening as they had done years ago, and smiled to think that she was asking help of God once more. All day the poor girl slept. Once or twice an officer came in to arouse her, but there was something so child-like and happy in her slumber, that he went out again leaving her undisturbed.

Toward nightfall, Catharine awoke, and after partaking of some coarse food, which the head policeman had ordered for her, she took up her little bundle and prepared to go forth into the streets again.

Her plans were no longer in confusion. She would go to Madame De Mark, and ask the protection denied by her own relative; this was a duty which she owed to George De Mark, before throwing herself upon the wide world. She had little hope of conciliating the eccentric old woman, but resolved for his sake to have the interview. Very slowly, for she was still too feeble for much exertion, Catharine made her way down the city, strengthened by her own steady purpose, and saved from the torturous feelings of suspense by the very hopelessness of her project.

It was nightfall before she reached her destination. The dim stairs, over which she trod, creaked gloomily beneath her light footsteps, adding to the evil foreboding that crept closer

and closer around her heart, as she entered the shadow of that now half-deserted building.

Her pace grew more rapid as she advanced, for the courage of desperation was upon her; and her knock against the half-closed door of Madame De Mark's room was clear and firm.

"Who is wanting me?" inquired a sharp, snappish voice, and the door was partly opened. "Who is it? you Jane Kelly, come in, my pet, come in. Is it good news, or bad, that you bring me? Come in out of the passage. What keeps you hanging back so? Putting on airs, hey? making believe you are in no hurry for the mate to that ear-ring, the sparkle? All fudge and nonsense, just as if I didn't understand it all. Come in with you—there, there, now lift your veil."

The old woman had drawn Catharine through the door with great eagerness, clutching her arm with those claw-like fingers, till the poor child almost called out with pain. She felt that the old woman was trembling with some emotion, which struck her as intense rage, and when her veil was drawn aside it revealed a face so shrunken and pallid with affright, that for a moment the old woman did not recognize it.

"What? what?" she hissed at last, as the certainty of her presence forced itself upon her, "you alive and here. Oh! ha, she shall pay for this!"

As she spoke, the wretch clutched her hand with a more cruel gripe around the young girl's arm, and gave her a fierce shake.

"Alive!—you alive and here," she repeated, "oh! but some one shall pay for this."

"You hurt me," said Catharine, shrinking with pain, "I come to you for help, do not harm me!"

"Help! to me for help—you, you!" cried the old woman, drawing back and pointing her lean finger almost into Catharine's face, "help certainly you shall have. Help to the house of correction. I'll help you there certainly. You can depend on me. But where is the baby, the dear little infant, what have you done with that, hey?"

"It is dead!" answered Catharine, with simple pathos, "I am all alone."

"So the dear little baby is dead, is it? what a pity! There must have been lots of mourners at the funeral. Why didn't you send for me, I'd a come with pleasure."

"Don't," said Catharine, lifting both her hands, and holding their palms out, as if to ward off a blow, "don't, unless you wish to kill me. It was your son's child."

"My son's child, was it? oh! yes, I remember

now. You were married to my son, as you call him, the last time I saw you. Perhaps you will give me another sight of that precious marriage certificate."

"Don't ask me for it?" murmured Catharine.

"And why not? I must look at it again and again, before the fact will make itself clear. Come, come, let us see the paper."

"It is lost!" said Catharine, in a low voice, "there is nothing left but my word to prove that I am really and truly your son's wife!"

"My son! you will call the young man my son, as if he even had a drop of my blood in his veins. I tell you he was De Mark's son by a first wife, and I ——. Well, yes, I am his step-mother, his father's widow, and his guardian till, till ——. But what's the use of talking? You couldn't understand it."

"But I understand this, George is not your own son, thank God for that!"

"No more my son than he is your husband, honey bird, be sure of that," cried the old woman, with a spiteful laugh.

Catharine's eyes sparkled. It was something to know that the old woman had really no claim on her for respect.

"But you have always looked upon George as a son, and you *know* that I am his wife."

"Indeed, *how* do I know that? Let me read over the certificate, and then——"

"He told you that we were married, I am sure of it"

"But his father never told me that he had ever been married, till he brought this boy home. Oh! they are deceivers all; don't put any faith in the blood, my dear; but just go away like a nice girl and hide your shame in the country. I'll give you a trifle for travelling expenses, and then you might make a nice match, where no one ever heard of you before."

"Hush, madam, I will not listen to this, it degrades me and my husband."

"Your husband, ha! A tender, attentive husband isn't he? Don't you wonder when he will come back?"

"Tell me where he is gone. Oh! tell me that, and I will trouble you no more!"

"Why? what would you do?"

"I would follow him to the uttermost ends of the earth, as a true wife should follow the man she loves."

"Would you, my dear? But that it just what my son does not want. He has left you, girl, and I tell you he will never return, never, never, do you hear?"

"I do not believe it. Sooner or later he will

come back to contradict the wicked slander. He is *not* a bad man!"

"Just as you please to think, my dear, only he is a long time in coming!"

Catharine gave a quick motion of the hand, as if to silence the slander, and, turning fiercely upon the old woman, demanded if she would give her shelter and protection?

"No, no, my dear, the thing is just impossible," answered the old creature, with jeering malice in her look and voice, "that would be owing to the world that I gave some faith to your romance about Philadelphia, the clergyman, and all that."

"It is well!" was the reply, and Catharine was conscious that a sensation of unaccountable relief went with her words. "Now I have nothing but God to trust in, all his creatures have forsaken me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the old woman, kissing her crucifix, "what has God, or the mother of God, to do with heretics but to punish their sins? Go away, dear, go away."

"I will," was the sad reply. "You send me out among men like a wild bird into the woods, but God takes care even of them."

"That's a nice girl, you'll go into the country away west or east, where no one will ever hear of you again. Don't come back to disgrace the poor boy, and I'll pay your passage in the emigrant cars just as far as you will go. Only let it be a long way off, and remember, dear, how much it will cost me."

"No," answered Catharine, "I cannot leave the city till he comes back."

"I tell you he never will come back, never! You hear me, never! never!"

Catharine turned very white, and clenched her little hand hard on the back of a chair.

"How do you know this, madam?" she questioned, in a husky voice.

"He told me so himself, dear; depend on it he never will come back, and never can marry you, it would make him a beggar."

"Why?"

"Why, darling? because his father just left it in his will that George should never marry without my consent; and if he did, that all the property should come to me, so, my dear, you understand how it would turn out if you were really married, he would be a beggar, and I rolling in gold—rolling in gold. Oh, if you only had been married, now wouldn't it have been a run of luck for me? But he won't do it—not fool enough for that—never thought of such a thing."

"Do you mean to say that George has practised a deception on me?"

"Oh, a little cheat, nothing else, of course you understand all about it; the certificate that you made so much of, all fudge and nonsense. Just go away, darling, as I tell you, he'll never come back till you do, and never then, I dare say."

Catharine held by the chair still trembling from head to foot. In all her trouble she had possessed one source of consolation and strength, deep faith in her husband's love and integrity. Now her very heart seemed uprooted for a moment, she had no faith in anything. She leaned heavily on the chair, grasping it with both hands, but her limbs trembled and gave way, she sunk slowly downward, and bowing her face, cried out in bitter anguish, "Oh, my God, what have I done that all Thy creatures turn against me? Let me die—let me die!"

Madame De Mark turned away. At the head of her cot was a small hen-coop such as farmers use in transporting poultry to market. Through the bars of this coop two or three lank, hungry fowls were protruding their long necks, and set up a low chuckle as if they joined the old woman in mocking at the poor girl.

"Ha, ha, you understand it, dears," said the crone; "here now, my pets, help yourselves." She went to a platter that stood on her deal table, and dividing a cold potato with her fingers thrust half of it through the bars, and began quietly eating the other half, while she eyed the poor girl with a look of malicious cunning, apparently quite unmindful of the anguish that burst from her lips.

At last Catharine lifted her head and looked steadily at the old woman.

"Madam, if you have deceived me in this, if you saw George." She paused, the name almost suffocated her, and goaded with fresh agony she arose to her feet.

"Woman, woman, as you have dealt with us, so will the God of heaven deal with you on your death-bed!"

The next instant Catharine Lacy passed through the door rapidly as one flees from an impending death blow.

Madame De Mark looked after her with a wild, fierce look; then she snatched up her crucifix and kissed it. "A heretic, a heretic—why should I mind the words of a heretic? What right has she to call on God?"

But her grim features worked with fear long after she ceased speaking, and she repeatedly kissed the crucifix in her hand as if striving to bribe protection from it.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when there was another knock at the door, and Jane Kelly, the hospital nurse, presented herself.



madame, with her glittering eyes turned on her victim; "it isn't me that delays you, walk on I'll follow with all the pleasure in the world; perhaps she's got the mate to this about her!"

"No such thing," exclaimed Jane, with another burst of passion, "you know well enough that I told you it was in my trunk."

"Oh!" ejaculated the officer, with a glance at the old woman, who gave back a significant nod, and cast another jeering glance at the woman.

"Did you tell me that? thank you, dear, it's pleasant to find a person so frank. You hear, sir, she confesses. Kind, isn't it?"

Jane was about to speak, and probably in her wrath might have committed herself still further, but the policeman dragged her forward. She made a little resistance at first, but at last moved on more patiently, though still burning with indignation, which was likely to break forth to her disadvantage the moment she was allowed to speak again.

Madame De Mark seemed to be aware of this, for though she appeared to follow the officer and his charge, every few minutes she would glide up to the side of her victim, and whisper some taunt or jeer that stung the woman's wrath into fresh vigor, and in this state she was placed before the magistrate.

The moment she entered the police-office, Madame De Mark changed her whole manner; the glitter of her eyes was subdued, her demeanor became quiet, and notwithstanding her rags and general untidiness, there was something about her which bespoke a knowledge of good society and its usages. Besides her face bore evidence of a keen intellect, the more remarkable from the squalid poverty of her appearance.

She advanced before the judge, and made her charge in a clear, truthful manner, that left no room for doubt, though the magistrate seemed a good deal astonished by the value of the property stolen; and when madame, with her usual boast, spoke of rolling in gold, an incredulous smile stole across his lips.

Madame De Mark saw the smile, and a little of her natural shrewishness broke forth.

"You don't believe me, you think, perhaps, I stole the things first myself," she said, sharply.

"No, I do not trouble myself to think of any thing that has not taken the form of evidence," said the judge, smiling with an expression that madame liked still less than the first; "to-morrow we will look into the case, if you will appear against the woman."

"But you will lock her up—you will not allow her to go home?" cried the old woman, eagerly, "she will hide my diamonds away, and I shall never see them again!"

The magistrate waved his hand as if to silence further speech, and writing on a slip of paper, handed it to the officer.

"Come," said the officer, touching Jane.

The woman turned sharply upon him.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Into another wing of the Tombs: don't make a disturbance now, but come peaceably."

"Not unless this wretch goes with me," cried the woman, furiously. "I tell you she is ten thousand times worse than a thief, she wanted me to commit murder, to let one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived starve on her sick bed, she tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. I tell you, gentlemen, she is more of a murderer than I am a thief ten thousand times over!"

She was interrupted by a laugh, low and quiet, but which shook madame's meagre form from head to foot.

"Pleasant charges, very," she observed, addressing the magistrate, "perhaps I stole my own jewels."

"I shouldn't wonder," murmured the judge, scarcely above his breath, but madame heard it.

"Yes," she added, "and perhaps I engraved my own name on the back."

She held out the ear-ring, and the judge saw G. De Mark engraved on the antique setting. He had heard the name, and now gazed with great curiosity on its owner, for with all her apparent poverty he knew her to be one of the wealthiest women in New York. He handed back the ear-ring with a bow, and waving his hand, ordered the prisoner to be removed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUGUST.

THE sun is shining bright and clear,
'Tis lovely Summer weather,
Sunlight and shadow gaily dance
Upon the grass together;
While from the fields the reapers' song,
Is borne on ev'ry breeze along.

The harvest-time again is here,
The earth is full of gladness,
And though I hear the sound of mirth,
My heart is full of sadness;
For memory's gates are open wide,
I weep for loved ones who have died. D. M. J.

WHY I DIDN'T MARRY FLORA GOODMAN.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE day I was rummaging among my uncle Joe's papers, and found a rough sketch with this title. Here it is. I was sitting last summer smoking a cigar with my friend, Tom Fairbanks. It was at Rockaway, and we were lounging in our own room, with our feet elevated on the window-bench. Best way in the world of sitting that. Wonder if ladies never try it when no one is near? Guess they do. We had smoked two cigars, and commenced on the third. There's something very strange about a cigar—it makes one cool in hot weather, and warm in cold weather. And there's a great deal in enjoying it with a crony! Tom was a fast friend of mine, and a fine fellow—yes, a real fine fellow—there was something in him. He was fond of society, and a great favorite with the ladies, and now as I looked off over the leaping waves and mused—cigars always promote reflection, they're a real moral institution, and that's why the clergy patronize them, I suppose—as I smoked and mused, I wondered why he had never been caught in any of the nets spread for him. There was a tall, dark-eyed beauty who had made a great impression on his heart. He had danced and flirted through a whole New York season with her, and from the way in which they both denied it, I had really believed them engaged. But Tom had suddenly drawn off, and left the young lady to point her toes and curl her raven ringlets for some one else. I never knew the reason of this, and with my mind full of these thoughts, I suddenly turned on Tom, and asked him why it was that he didn't marry Flora Goodman?

Tom took his cigar from his mouth, looked at me, arched his eyebrows, and then commenced puffing again.

"No, but tell me; you were very much taken in that quarter once."

Tom made no reply but to throw open his collar a little more—Tom and I had mounted Byron collars since we came to Rockaway. There seemed no getting anything out of him.

"Did the lady cut you, Tom?"

I thought this would rouse him. "No," was the emphatic response.

He then knocked off the ashes of his cigar,

saying, "And so you want to know why I didn't marry Miss Goodman."

"Yes, I thought papa had been spoken to, and the bridal dresses ordered."

"No, I never had anything to do with Mr. Goodman farther than to settle myself in his chair when he left the parlor clear for me in the evening. Flora generally sat on an ottoman—long-waisted people look better on ottomans, you know."

"Well, you didn't tire of long waists, did you? I thought you admired everything about Miss Flora."

"So I did, then; that's my reflection now. And she was a very beautiful girl—a very fine one in many respects."

"And she had the 'go' about here too—something very stylish. What's the reason she didn't suit you, Tom?"

"She did, all but one thing."

"You were very long in finding that out then."

"It was something I saw that led me into the secret."

"Well, out with it, or I'll duck you the very next time we go in bathing."

"You shall have the story. You may call me foolish to take notice of such a thing, but I'm a little peculiar sometimes. I was to wait upon Miss Goodman to a party. I had ordered a magnificent bouquet, and talked to my washer-woman an extra five minutes about the 'getting up' of my linen. I had my moustache trimmed, and got a new pair of patent-leathers. I really looked well that night. Though I believe there is no connection save the alliteration between sensibility and scrubbing-brushes, even the housemaid gazed at me with a sort of pathetic admiration as I came down stairs. I never saw Flora more enchanting, and I glanced round Mr. Goodman's richly furnished drawing-rooms, thinking it would be quite comfortable to walk in and hang up my hat there. I handed Miss Flora into the carriage as tenderly as possible. She kept me waiting a long time in the dressing-room, a thing I abominate, but I was enough of a lover then to be as patient as Job.

"I tucked the young lady under my arm, and

we descended to the parlor. Joe, don't you wish the old fashion would come back when the gentleman handed the lady at arm's-length, by the tips of her extended fingers? There was opportunity then for some display of one's bringing up—a slow, graceful curtsy, and a finished bow."

"Well enough for you fellows that are so proud of your figures," said I, "but some of us are glad to get through the ceremony any way, without displaying our awkward shoulders and in-the-way arms—and if I might hint it, some ladies would not make it a very graceful operation."

"Oh! if it were the fashion it would be taught as a science; part of one's course at dancing-school."

"You are not yet to learn, Tom, that there are some limbs, male and female, that never can be made to work easy—the dancing-master cannot impart grace where nature has not properly prepared the material."

"Well, at any rate, we made our entree in style that night. Flora's smile and bend were faultless, and I can make a pretty good bow. The evening passed. Flora's behavior to myself and others hit the lady-like thing to a nicety. Her courtesies were shown so gracefully and so generally as to exhibit no marked preference, and yet there was an air, a slight manner, visible only to myself, in her way of receiving my attentions that was flattering in the extreme. Supper came. Terrapins and champagne make

one feel very complacent; but I was not quite so much exalted as not to notice everything Flora did. She was standing near an old gentleman, quite an aged man, over seventy, I should think, with a kind, benevolent face. He seemed attracted by her beauty, and was talking to her with a pleased expression of interest that made one love as well as reverence the silver hairs upon his temples. But she seemed uneasy. She did not attend to what he was saying. He was no dandified youth who might ask her to ride, or take her to Maillard's, or send her bouquets, and so he was not worth wasting her time on. Suddenly she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence with, 'I beg your pardon, sir,' and turning her back upon him, commenced a conversation with a fellow that walks Broadway with his glove half-off to show his diamond rings. As she took his arm to promenade, she caught the old gentleman's look, surprised, hurt and aggrieved. But no expression of regret came over her countenance. Her head was carried as easily as before, and her glance as bright. It was enough for me. I never forgot Flora Goodman's rudeness to that old man. To say the least, there is nothing more ungraceful in a young girl than any lack of respect or attention to old age, and it shows a want, a great want of something, a radical defect somewhere. The jig was up from that night; and that, my dear fellow, is why I did not marry Flora Goodman."

We smoked another cigar, Tom and I, and then began to dress for the evening's farce.

THE LAKE-SIDE SHORE.

BY B. SIMEON BARRETT.

SUMMER's breath is lightly falling
On the silent waters blue,
And the moonbeams bright are sporting
With the drops of glittering dew;
Hark! away upon the waters
There's a sound of dipping oar,
And a boat-song, lowly chanted,
Echoes down the lake-side shore.

Now the night-bird's song comes floating
Sweetly on the midnight air,
Waking all the depths to listen
To the bird that thus should dare
To break the wierd and solemn stillness,
That had reigned so long before
In the wood, and mead, and valley,
On the silent lake-side shore.

Now the song comes swelling bolder,
And the boatman's chant is heard
Louder o'er the distant waters,
As it would outvie the bird;
But each song at last is finished,
And the bird to rest once more,
Leaves no sound to break the quiet
Of the happy lake-side shore.

Who can say there is no pleasure
Thus to walk the night alone,
List'ning to the night-bird's music,
Or the boatman's solemn tone?
Where is there a spot more lovely
When the veil of night hangs o'er—
Where another place more holy
Than this silent lake-side shore?

HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 33.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two years had passed away since Herbert left America and settled in London, known only to a few friends by his own name, he had under an assumed one become quite popular as a poet and dramatist. One evening, as he was leaving the theatre, after the successful performance of a play he had just published, he heard his name pronounced just behind him, and turning round he perceived Mr. Stewart with a female on his arm that Herbert supposed must be Annie, but oh! how changed from the blooming belle he had last seen her.

"We have been watching you all the evening," said Mr. Stewart, as they shook hands. "Annie discovered and pointed you out soon after we took our seats, but you were so interested in the performance you could not look about you."

"Why, when did you arrive? Where are you staying? Can you answer all my questions at once? But tell me first how you are, Annie."

"Annie's health has been poor for a long while, she is now a little better, she says. It is on her account we are here. The physicians thought travelling would improve her. But we are at —, come round in the morning. I am afraid my pet will not be so well being out so late to-night."

"Oh, yes, papa, I feel better."

"Well, my dear, wrap your shawl closer around you as we go to the carriage—Herbert, be sure to come."

"Most assuredly. Good night."

CHAPTER IX.

"My child's life is in your hands, Herbert. You know not what it has cost me to make this confession, but what weakness will not a father commit who sees his child dying—fading away before him day after day—aye, year after year, for ever since you left us, Herbert, she has been declining"—he paused.

The young man sat with his head bowed on the table near him, motionless and silent.

"I have immense wealth, Herbert—but you can rise without it, you have talents that will bring you fame. I would not speak as though

bribing you, it is the life of my darling I would have you save, if possible—if not, you can at least make her few days pass more happily. You say you are still unengaged, what——"

"Mr. Stewart, I will be frank with you. I have loved—deeply, unchangably—but she whom I loved is——"

"Dead?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert paused.

"She is now the wife of another," said Herbert, with an effort: after a few moments silence he added, "You now know all. I can never blot out the love I have felt for one—the ideal of my youth, but I have ever loved Annie as a brother. It shall be as you say—but will she consent after hearing what I have told you?"

"Why tell her, Herbert? Forgive me—but oh, you cannot know what I have suffered—to see my child, my beautiful, my only one, sinking into the grave that took my wife from me in one short year from our marriage! But I cannot press you more, Herbert—I dare not—forgive me."

"It shall be as you wish, my life shall be devoted to your daughter—perchance I may be of some service in the world yet. I have felt as though every person had something to live for except myself. I seemed to be a useless atom upon the earth's surface. You have given me a part to perform, oh, assist me now in the performance of it." He arose and placed his hand in that of Mr. Stewart, who pressed it fervently, saying,

"How can I ever thank you—but oh, if Annie should only learn how I have humbled myself—yes, and her too in your eyes."

"No, no, my dear sir, you have only opened my eyes. I ought to be glad to know that there are any on the earth that love me. I shall ever strive to be worthy of the confidence and trust you have reposed in me—but you will help me—you know my heart now, you will always understand me, and be near to sustain me?" Mr. Stewart bowed, and pressing Herbert's hand was about leaving the room, but was detained by the latter, who said hesitatingly, "Do not ask me to speak to Annie first on this subject. You can with delicacy and propriety prepare her for——"

"Yes, I will save you that trial; but may I speak as though I had"—there was a flush passed over his face as he spoke it—"received the proposal from you?"

"Certainly, any other proceeding might arouse her suspicions—but I leave it all with you. Believe me, my dear sir, you will always find me willing to do all in my power to promote the happiness of Annie."

CHAPTER X.

THE shades of evening were falling as Louise sat by the couch on which her sister reclined. Pale and wan, yet very beautiful were the features of Helen Lorraine, as she lay with her eyes half closed, and her thin fingers wandering among the pretty curls of little Willie, his sister's babe, that was sleeping by her side. Two years had but perfected the beauty of Louise, which was of a very different style from Helen, her full bust, blooming cheeks, and cheerful elasticity of movement contrasting strongly with the pallor and languor pervading Helen.

"We start to-morrow for France, dear, sunny France," said Louise, with animation. "I know you will be well by the time we reach our native country."

Helen smiled sadly as she replied, "It may be so, Louise, and we will go over all the grounds around the old chateau, and visit each morning our father and mother's grave, and we will plant the sweetest roses by them."

Yes, and visit all our old friends. They will be so rejoiced to see us in possession of our old home again, and we will play hide and seek, Helen, as we used to among the holly bushes. I hear my husband coming—shall I light the lamp?"

"Not if you can do without, I much prefer the moonlight."

"Yes, I can see very well to get his slippers and gown," and placing them by the arm-chair, she hurried to meet him at the door.

"I have heard from Herbert," said the doctor, as soon as he was seated. "A friend of mine has received a letter from Mr. Stewart, who writes that Herbert is in London, and is now his son-in-law, having lately married the young heiress. I always thought he loved her. Strange, very strange," mused he, as if to himself, "I never could hear from him before, if he was in London."

"I am so glad," said his wife, "that you have heard from him. It always troubled you, not knowing what had become of him."

"How do you feel, Helen, any more strength

with which to begin our trip? Ha!" he exclaimed, as he felt her pulse, "something wrong here—nervous, very—why what have you been doing, receiving the farewells of your dear five hundred friends to-day—is that it?"

"Oh, no," said Louise, "she has seen but few to-day, and I thought her much better, and Willie would stay with her, and I expect he has worried her. I will take him away."

CHAPTER XI.

A VERY happy bride was Annie. It seemed as if new life had been given to her. Her step became more buoyant, and a slight tint of the rose again visited her cheek, and her fond father flattered himself that his darling would yet be spared to comfort him in coming years. Herbert was not so deceived, he knew how frail the flower committed to his care, and he watched over it with increasing tenderness and anxiety. The deep love and sweet temper of his young wife could but awaken more interest in his heart, but while thus admiring and loving, and though devotedly loved by her, there was still a void to him that nothing could fill. He was more cheerful than before his marriage, he felt there was some one who loved and cared for him, and he did not brood over his disappointments in loneliness now, but devoted himself to the young being who had loved him for years.

He had wealth now, and many would have been glad to have been his friends, but he cared not for them, but was only intimate with the few that had known and respected him as the poor author. Yet Herbert did not affect to despise wealth, but acknowledged the advantage he derived from it, as he could now give free scope to his mind and pen without the thoughts of remuneration to trouble him and fetter his bold spirit. It often seemed to Herbert that he possessed two lives, or existed in two separate states, both of which had for him pleasure, yet mingled with pain. When with Annie, her sunny smiles and affectionate manner won him from his customary coldness and reserve, and he would smile and converse as of old, though the remembrance of her feeble health, and how frail a tie bound her to earth would cause his heart to sink, and he would press her slight form to his bosom with a silent prayer that God would spare her to him, nor leave him entirely alone again with nothing to live for—thus when with Annie, he seemed to live for her alone. Yet when Herbert sat in his study alone, engaged in writing, there ever appeared a pair of soft, dark eyes looking down upon him very unlike Annie's, and he felt as in

presence of one who knew every emotion of soul, and under whose influence he thought and wrote. He had often tried to free himself from this delusion, but his efforts were all useless, the image of the loved one of his youth med ever by his side in these silent hours seated in his study—he wrote for *Helen*, and when he composed his most brilliant productions, the look of approval in those calm, spirit eyes dearer far to him than the applause with which the world greeted them. Sometimes he thought that it was unjust to Annie to let the hope of another share the heart she believed wholly her own, would intrude and cause him happy hours, though he strove not to reproach himself for that which he could not possibly prevent.

Thus the months passed away, and the young Annie would read and praise with childish enthusiasm each new work of her husband's, unconscious of the connection which Herbert ever maintained between them and his spirit companion. Before their marriage Annie had once spoken to her uncle's wife as a very beautiful woman, and asked him if he had ever seen her, but the evasive reply showed her that it was unsafe to him, and thinking that Herbert had not recovered from the unkind feelings which he entertained toward his uncle, she forebore mentioning his name again, or that of his wife.

CHAPTER XII.

rays of the setting sun lingered about the chateau, as though reluctant to quit its verdant gardens, terraces and fountains. It constituted but a league from Paris, and was again the home of Helen Lorraine and her

The uncle who had robbed them of their inheritance had died suddenly, and his brother, a very different kind of person, on examination of his will found what he had long suspected was the case at its rightful owners were the orphans and had been compelled to leave it three years

He traced them out, and restored to them their rightful inheritance.

In the western piazza, watching the purple laden clouds, stood Helen, her beautiful face touched by a gleam of the setting sun. Only she looked, and her rather pensive

lighted up with a quiet smile, as her eyes looked from the gorgeous heavens to the landscape before her. She was again in her native land, the place of her birth, the

her parents. Many recollections of days were awakened by the familiar objects around her. Her heart swelled with gratitude to God, who had rescued her from a life of

poverty and privation, and had raised her up a friend in a strange land, one who had been a kind brother to her, and an affectionate husband to her sister, and had left his native land to gratify their longings to reside in their loved France.

As Helen thus mused, she reproached herself for not being happier when she had so many blessings. "And why am I not?" she asked her heart—"why am I not happy? I am wealthy—I have many friends—a sweet sister, a kind brother, a pleasant home. Why is there still a longing after something more? Do I still regard one who remembered me not?—do I still worship a phantom? Foolish creature that I am!" She turned hastily as though to fly from her own thoughts, and met Louise, who handed her a small parcel, saying, "Here, take this, you naughty girl. It's your birth-day, and you can take it, but you don't deserve it," and Louise shook her head laughingly at her. Helen undid it and found an elegant handkerchief, delicately embroidered, and trimmed with superb lace. "How very beautiful! and your own work too. Many, many thanks, sister dear—but why did you call me naughty?"

"Why, haven't I been five weeks embroidering that for your wedding handkerchief, and did you not this very afternoon send poor Jules off with a rejection half-crushing——"

"Never mind Jules," said Helen, smiling, "he will get over his disappointments, if he has had any."

"But seriously, Helen, I don't know what you do expect. Jules is handsome, intelligent, and wealthy enough."

"Oh, yes, I don't care for wealth now, you know, I have plenty."

"Well, he is young."

"As to that I do not know but he is too young. What do you say? Let me see—Jules is a good deal younger than your husband, and I am older than you, so I——"

"Now you hush your nonsense about our age. My husband is plenty young for me. But seriously, Helen, I don't know what kind of a man would suit you. Handsome, wealthy, intelligent, and very devoted, what was lacking?"

"Love for him," said Helen, quietly.

"Well, you are a strange girl. I should like to see you in love. But I am afraid such a piece of perfection as you would expect will not be discovered soon. I hope I shall live to see him though."

"I don't think you will see me throw my arms around his neck the first time we meet, if you do."

"Come—come, no more of that, if thou lovest me."

CHAPTER XIII.

ANNIE MOLEEN lay upon her dying bed. Not a fond father's or husband's love, nor the best medical skill London afforded could longer keep the grim foe at bay. The healthful glow that had tinged her cheek the first year of her marriage was gone with the elasticity of her step. For months the tide of life had been ebbing, ebbing, and now it was at its lowest. Young and beautiful, she must leave the world that was now so bright and beautiful, so full of happiness to her. Her father, pale and feeble with the anguish of his heart, bent over one side of her couch, while on the other knelt Herbert, his eyes at times fixed with a despairing glance upon her fading features, but oftener with his face pressed down against the pillows.

She lay with her eyes closed, and an expression of pain on her countenance, her breath coming with difficulty, and the dew of death gathering upon her snowy brow. After a few moments she seemed to breathe freer, and opening her eyes she glanced from father to husband several times, then with an effort she placed her arm around Herbert's neck, and drew his face down close to her's, murmuring as she did so, "Dear, dearest husband, do not grieve so, you have been very kind to me, and oh, how happy I have been with you, it seemed as though a long life-time were too short a time to love you—but I must leave you now."

"Annie, Annie, I cannot give you up!" exclaimed the distressed Herbert.

"Oh, yes, Herbert, you can trust me to God—He will take me to Him—He gave, He takes—His will be done. Dear Herbert, try to be reconciled to whatever He doeth. There have been times when it would not have seemed so hard to me to die, but God knoweth best—He has let me live two years with you, darling, and oh, they have been very, very happy years"—her voice sank, and she seemed to close her eyes from weariness, while a smile lingered over her lips. Soon she resumed, "Do not mourn after I am gone, try to be cheerful, happy. I would not have my memory a shadow darkening your life. Think of me as happy, strive also to be happy. Remember what I say," she turned to her father. "Father, my dear father, I am going, but you will have Herbert with you. He will ever be a son to you, I know. You must love one another and stay together for my sake. Do not feel so troubled, father. Kiss me, dear father. Do not

stay here when I am gone, you and Herbert must travel, you must not remain in this place—farewell, father—Herbert, my dear Herbert"—her voice had gradually grown fainter. Herbert held his ear closer, thinking she was still whispering, but no sound, no breath came from those closed lips, they were still in death!

CHAPTER VX.

MR. STEWART and Herbert left England soon after Annie's death. They visited Italy, and remained there many months. Among its interesting ruins Herbert took more pleasure than he had supposed he ever could take in anything again, and its delightful climate had benefited Mr. Stewart's health, which had failed considerably beneath the shock of his daughter's death.

Other countries too had they visited, and more than a year had passed when they arrived at Paris, intending to remain as long as they could find anything in the city to interest them, and leave for America. Soon after their arrival, a time hung heavy on their hands, they attended the theatre. As the play proceeded, Herbert not finding much attraction in the performance, turned his attention to the audience. As his eyes roved carelessly over the brilliant assembly, he almost started to his feet on beholding not far from him his uncle seated by two ladies, one of which was the long cherished object of his love. How wildly his heart throbbed as he now gazed upon her as the wife of another. She had changed since he had seen her. Her form was more queenly, and was now clad in the richest of velvet robes, which added still more to the dignity of her appearance, but her lovely cheek was pale, and her eyes looked deeper and darker than ever. She smiled when addressed by her companions, but even her smile seemed melancholy. Herbert's eyes rested long and earnestly upon the idol of his dreams, and he could not repress a sigh as a faint, heart-sick feeling crept over him. 'Twas some time ere he recovered himself enough to call Mr. Stewart's attention to the presence of his uncle.

"Ah! I had not seen them. Strange—to meet here! Shall we not speak with them?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I would rather not meet my uncle. You can, if you wish, but do not tell him I am here."

"I will not address him unless you wish to," said Mr. Stewart; "but I think, Herbert, you ought to banish these hard feelings toward your uncle. What caused them I know not, but he sincerely regretted your leaving him, I know. For I often heard him speak of it. But the

performance is about over—if you do not wish to be recognized, we will step into the shade of this column while they pass by.”

They did so, and his uncle's party moved by them, Helen's mantle almost brushing Herbert, who stood scarcely breathing, his eyes riveted upon her form until it passed through the door. As they moved into the light again, Herbert was accosted by a young acquaintance with, “Ah, Moleen, how are you—I was wanting to see you. When do you leave the city?”

“To-morrow—can we not?” he added, turning to Mr. Stewart.

“Just as you say, Herbert—but you have tired very suddenly of Paris, much sooner than I expected.”

“Call at our rooms in the morning early, Harvey, if you wish to see me particularly. I am anxious to leave here to-morrow.” And he turned and confronted his uncle!

“Is not this Herbert?” exclaimed Dr. Moleen, in joyful surprise, as he seized his nephew's hand and shook it warmly. For a moment they stood silently gazing into each other's faces. Then perceiving Mr. Stewart, the doctor grasped his hand also, expressing in honest terms the joy he felt at this unexpected meeting. They were much surprised when he informed them of his residence in France.

“You will go with us to our hotel, will you not? Come, the carriage is waiting. Helen had sent me back for her handkerchief and fan, or I should have missed seeing you. What important events are sometimes brought about by trifles. Come with us, will you not?” urged the doctor.

Herbert hesitated. The cordial manner in which his uncle had greeted him had revived the strong love he had once felt, for him, and he would have accompanied him had he not dreaded so much a meeting with Helen. It seemed as though a dagger pierced his heart as the doctor mentioned her name, and he felt that he could not meet her. He pleaded the lateness of the hour, for failing to comply with his uncle's wish.

“Then you will be around in the morning?”

“We expect to leave Paris to-morrow,” said Dr. Stewart.

“Leave to-morrow! You cannot leave now—it has been so long since we have met. Oh, no, you must go home with us to-morrow and spend month or so.”

“Impossible!” said Herbert.

“Don't say that!” exclaimed the doctor, “there is nothing to prevent your doing so, I am sure. Why you would not go away without seeing my wife and baby, would you?”

An expression of pain passed over Herbert's countenance which the doctor noticed, and attributing it to the remembrance of Annie's loss, he said, with feeling, “I heard of your great loss and deeply sympathized with you, believe me. But you must not think of leaving soon. We will expect you around in the morning at —— hotel: we will not leave for home until afternoon, and then you must go with us.”

Mr. Stewart saw from Herbert's manner that he wished to avoid this meeting, and desirous of saving the feelings of both, he said, “Herbert has an engagement for the morning which may prevent his coming. I will be around—but do not keep your ladies longer in the night air. You will see us before we leave.”

“Well, good night,” said Dr. Moleen, hurrying away.

“He forgot his errand, did he not?” asked Mr. Stewart, as they reached the door. “Step back, Herbert, and see.”

Herbert obeyed, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands took up the fan and handkerchief from the seat on which they were lying, and followed Mr. Stewart. They entered a cab and rode to their hotel. Mr. Stewart spoke of their unexpected meeting with the doctor, and made several other remarks, but received no answer from Herbert. Had it not been so dark he would have seen the agitated countenance of the latter, as he pressed the articles in his hand alternately to his heart and lips, and when they stopped he thrust them hurriedly beneath his seat. As they were parting in the hall for their chambers, Mr. Stewart laying his hand on Herbert's shoulder, said seriously, “I wish you would go with me to see your uncle, Herbert.”

“Ask me anything but that, my dear sir.”

“But what shall I tell him prevented you?”

“Tell him I have preparations to make as we leave in the——”

“Yes, but you have time to call.”

“Then I have an engagement, you know I told Harvey to come around in the morning,” said Herbert, hastily.

“Well, well, Herbert, I am sorry you will not go, but we will say no more about it,” and the kind-hearted old man entered his room, bidding Herbert good night.

CHAPTER XV.

HERBERT entered his room, and after locking the door, he went to a table on which a lamp was burning, and drawing the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he laid them on the table, and seating himself by it, remained long in

painful reverie. The hours fled by, and still he sat there, his pale brow contracted, and a look of such deep, deep woe in his large, dark eyes. His lips were pressed together, yet now and then a convulsive sigh would part them.

Oh! what sad hours did Herbert spend that night! At length he opened the fan, and glancing over its brilliant surface, his eye was attracted by some words carved on one side. Starting up he held it closely to the lamp, and plainly traced the words "Helen Loraine, from W. H. M.," and the date placed beneath it was very recent. "What can it mean?" burst from his lips unconsciously, as a wild hope sprang up in his heart. "Can it be that she is not his wife? Oh, no, no, it cannot be, and these are my uncle's initials and her maiden name. What can it mean? Dated but two months back!" Catching up the handkerchief, he eagerly searched for her name upon it, but was about laying it down in disappointment, when he discovered among the rich embroidery, worked in with the same stitch, and not showing unless carefully scanned, the name Helen Loraine, followed by the same date that the fan bore.

The excited Herbert paced the floor until the morning came. He never once thought of repose so utterly bewildered was his mind. Now hoping, now striving to quench that hope as useless and deceptive, he was summoned to breakfast ere he became aware that the night had passed.

"Was you sick last night, Herbert?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert entered the room. "I thought that I heard you walking about in your room, and I was afraid you were sick."

"Oh, no, I was not at all sick," replied Herbert, in an absent manner, as he seated himself at the table.

"Why, Herbert, you are breaking your eggs into your coffee instead of your egg-cup."

Herbert pushed back his chair impatiently, and rising from the table walked to the window. Mr. Stewart looked at him in surprise, but without speaking, proceeded quietly with his breakfast. Herbert walked across the room several times, when suddenly pausing beside his companion, he abruptly asked, "Did my uncle marry Helen Loraine or her sister Louise?"

Mr. Stewart looked up in astonishment at the agitated countenance of Herbert, who repeated his question in firmer tones, for his voice had trembled when he pronounced the name of Helen, and with an air of great impatience, ere his surprised companion could reply, "Why Louise, the younger one."

"My God!" ejaculated Herbert, as he sank into a seat.

"Did you think it was Helen?" asked Mr. Stewart.

Herbert could only bow.

"And it was Helen Loraine you loved?" Mr. Stewart had advanced to Herbert's side and laid his hand upon his arm, as he asked this earnestly.

"It was," answered Herbert.

"It may be then you may yet gain her hand. She is still unmarried, perhaps unengaged. Cheer up, such love as yours should surely be rewarded. We do not know. But we will hope that happiness may yet be in store for you." Encouraged by the kind words of his friend, Herbert told over the history of his early love and disappointment. Taking the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he showed him what had first caused him to think he might be mistaken as to his uncle's choice. "As my uncle said, 'what important events are sometimes brought about by trifles.'"

"True, very true," said Mr. Stewart, adding, "I will take those along as I am now going to call."

"I will accompany you!" exclaimed Herbert, springing from his chair.

"But, my son, you have preparations to make, as we leave——"

"Not till I know my fate will I leave Paris!"

"But you have an engagement, you know you told Harvey——"

"Spare me, my dear sir, for heaven's sake come on."

CHAPTER XVI.

A MONTH has passed away, and a happy group are seated on the piazza of the chateau, consisting of Mr. Stewart, Dr. Moleen, his fair wife, and little Willie. But where is Helen and Herbert, you ask. Come with me to the library at the far end of the piazza, the mischievous glances of Louise have been directed toward it several times already, and you will find them seated on the sofa. With flushed cheeks, and eyes that fairly sparkle with the intensity of his feelings, Herbert is pouring into Helen's ear the story of his love, but his heart sinks as he draws near its close, and she sits still and statue-like, no tell-tale blushes tint her fair cheeks, the long, dark lashes are not raised to permit one ray of love-light from those lovely eyes to shine upon the anxious lover, whose whole soul is now thrilling with the torture of suspense. Thus she sits with her taper fingers clasped over a book in her lap. He has ceased speaking, and leans earnestly

toward her—still no response, nor does she raise her eyes.

"Helen, dear Helen, will you not answer me?"

"You ask for my love," she answered, in low, quiet tones. "It is not mine to give." Herbert started as though he had been struck, his cheek becoming as pale as hers, while she continued, "Years ago I loved, deeply, fondly, that love still reigns in my heart. What you ask I cannot give you." Herbert could scarcely suppress a groan of anguish, but he strove manfully with the agony of his spirit. "'Twas in America I first met him I loved. I was poor, my sister and

myself toiled for our daily bread," a quiet smile stole over her lips, "his kind smile went like sunshine to my sad heart. Dearer by far than all the gems that wealth can buy has been this little gift from him," she opened the book she held and displayed a moss rose-bud pressed between its leaves.

"His name?" eagerly demanded Herbert, as he strove to fathom the deep meaning in the beautiful eyes now raised, for the first time, to his. There was a blush on her cheek now, as with trembling lips she murmured "Herbert Moleen."

A SUMMER DREAM.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

How sweet to lie upon this mossy bank,
And dream the gentle Summer hours away!
The murmur'ing streamlet, gliding at my feet,
Is breathing to the flowers a sad, sweet song,
That lulls my spirit to a soft repose:
Some melancholy tale of love it seems,
For 'en the rose's lips grow pale with sighs,
And gently aways beneath her lover's kiss,
The wanton breeze, that wafts to me a scent
Of buds and blossoms as it wanders by.
Overhead the white clouds idly float across
The boundless blue, as if they never dreamed
Of storms that oft-times rage amidst their homes,
When the loud thunder shakes the world below.
Softly the shadows lie upon the grass,
While sunbeams sift the whispering leaves above,
And strive to reach my cool retreat, in vain.
Where the red flowers bask in the warm rays,
The honey-lover roves and sips his sweets;

Or butterfly perchance a moment lights,
And spreads his gaudy wings; then idly soars,
And sails upon the dreamy Summer air.

The day wheels slowly to the distant West,
And Nature sinks into a deeper dream,
As if o'ercome with drowsy heat. The birds
Have sought the coolest shade, and whisper vows
Among their leafy homes, and now and then
Burst forth in song—when all again is still.

Here, o'er some poet's "simple, heartfelt lay,"
Whose heart once echoed Summer's music,
I love to linger, far from strife, and din
And bustle of the busy world I would
Forget. Then thoughts of the bright past come back,
And dreamily I wander 'mid the scenes
Of long ago, when life was holiday,
And Summer filled the lightsome heart with song,
That sorrow's mournful wail could never reach!

ISABEL.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

By thy coffin I stood, one Winter night,
When the distant hills were robed in white,
And coldly the pearly moonbeams fell
On thy warm face, sweet Isabel.

Back from the brow so white and fair,
They had folded the waves of silken hair,
On the placid face a faint smile gleamed,
As if the pale sleeper sweetly dreamed.

The hands were crossed o'er the peaceful breast,
And I wished not then to break thy rest.

I bade thee a long, a last farewell,
And we parted forever, sweet Isabel.

To a glorious city now thou art gone,
Where there is no night, of day no dawn;
Oh, there are many mansions there,
And all is bright, and all is fair.

There are shining walls, and the gates of gold,
For the soul that is pure, will wide unfold,
And happy are they who enter in,
They will suffer no more, no more will sin.

IN THE CLOUDS: A RHAPSODY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I HAVE just returned from a gallop on horse-back, and every vein tingles yet with the excitement of the motion. But I have come back also from the clouds. While I sit and write, they are with me as in a dream. The clouds, the wonderful clouds! with their sunny slopes, their ruby mountains, their golden cliffs, their unfathomable abysses of gloom, their Dante-like visions of Paradise, their Miltonic glimpses into gulfs of eternal woe.

It had been raining all day, but toward four o'clock the sun burst forth; and saddling Gipsy, away I went. The mare was as glad as I to be out on the breezy hills, and both were wild as young hawks. Curvetting and snorting, she careered along, her black mane flying out like a storm-cloud; while I, excited as a school-boy on a holiday, could hardly keep from shouting. Stolid, middle-aged couples, jogging along in close-shut carriages, looked back at us curiously through the window, as if they half suspected I was a madman; for why should a sane person, they reasoned, splash through mud and water, at the imminent risk of being caught in a shower, when he might doze in a chariot, behind two sleek, safe-going horses.

Why? Because, if there was no other reason, it was a field-day in the clouds, or rather an actual battle, an Austerlitz at the least: and the heavens were alive with armies. You could not see it, oh! respectable nonentities of flunkeydom, as you winked and blinked on your damask cushions; but I could, and so could Gipsy, for why else than because she heard it afar off, was her "mane clothed with thunder," and her eyes afire with lightnings? When the now dead Czar held his annual review, the vast plain, it is said, fairly blazed with the glory of arms, of uniforms, of banners, of mailed Circassians, and of shining horses; but as the multitudinous armies of the clouds, this afternoon, charged, wheeled, retreated, rallied, and charged again, the spectacle was ten thousand times grander. At times the whole sky became as dark as night. It was when the black battalions, every one with its vow of death, rushed to the conflict. At times, the heavens were crimsoned far and near. It was when the great sun, the Achilles of the fight, drove his chariot headlong through the

ranks of the foe, till its wheels rolled everywhere in blood. The victory at last was won. Sullen and grim, the cloudy hosts fell back, yet facing defiantly; while, as they retired, the conqueror advanced. He came with pennon and banner borne triumphant, with squadrons of gilded cuirassiers thronging and thronging out of sight, with legions on legions arrayed in purple and gold, with priests swinging incense that rose in amber clouds, with myriads of swords glittering as the exultant warriors shook them aloft. I heard the cymbals sounding. Yes! the cymbals, and the trumpets, and the shouts; and you also would have heard them, if you had been there, and seen, as I saw; for even yet the words ring in my ears, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates."

Men have written of mountains, of the forest, and of the sea: but the clouds suggest all of these, and in their most poetical aspects; and so I will write of the clouds. What can be more beautiful than the ever-varying clouds? On the sea or the mountains, at morning or evening, in sunny translucent skies, or after a day of tempest, clouds are ever lovely, and often sublime. Men pay enormous sums for pictures by Claude or Turner, but as I rode home to-day, I saw one finer than either ever painted. Some green woods on the left, sparkling after the rain; above them a cloud, blood-red, in the sunset; and partly in front, and brought out against all a volume of pitchy-black vapor. A bit of sunshine, a few trees, the smoke from a brick-kiln; and lo! a picture, that, on canvass, would have been worth a thousand guineas. Men have made pilgrimages to Italy, and have served art, as Jacob did Laban, for twice seven years, yet brought back nothing equal to this. Why will not artists study clouds? Turner did, and those who know Nature, as revealed in clouds at least, will ever worship him. Most painters make you a cloud so wooden and heavy that it looks as if it would fall and crush the cows in the pastures below: while others, who succeed in giving it an aerial look, fail to catch the atmosphere, or hit off the magic transmutation which direct and reflected lights always bestow on clouds. We repeat it: clouds, well studied, would be better than years abroad. I remember a picture by Crompton,

brilliant noonday over mountains, in which white fleecy clouds, tipped with sunshine, float lazily in a sky of transparent blue. It makes me drowsy to look at, bringing up visions of summer afternoons, till I almost hear the bees humming in the clover.

Clouds at sunset have been described to surfeiting. Yet clouds at sunrise are as magnificent. Turner has a picture, in which a steam-tug is towing a man-of-war out of harbor, under the light of a belated moon; while, in the opposite horizon, the sun is rising through clouds and fog, in that profusion of gorgeous color, which Turner delighted in. There is nothing in the picture but this. The cold blue on the left, the crescent reflected in the steely water, the black tug with the white vapor issuing from the steam-pipe; and on the right the many-hued clouds, as they lie on the horizon, like a city on fire. A thousand times have I seen such contrasts; yet the public and even artists call Turner extravagant: which, take my word for it, they would not do, if they had studied Nature as he did. My memory is a gallery of such pictures, as grand as any Turner ever painted: they rise before me, thank God, continually; and I have no need to go to the British Gallery, or to have the purse of a duke, to enjoy them.

Clouds over the sea are surpassingly beautiful. On a summer day, when the sun is setting, look out eastward, if there are clouds in the sky, and you will see whole fields of amber. Moonlight, with clouds, and the ocean under all, fairly brings back fairy-land. Now the whole wide expanse of water grows dark, except a thread of light, on the sea-board, that seems a white coast with the sun shining on it: now a lake of silver succeeds, far off, as if on a solitary plain; now the black bank of cloud, behind which the planet has been, begins to whiten on its upper edge: and now a bridge of glory is suddenly thrown across the deep to the strand at your very feet, and breathlessly you await, for one moment of rapt delusion, to see the gates of heaven open and angels come and go along that celestial pathway. Clouds, with the moon wading through them, how melancholy they are! As a boy, I used to gaze bewildered on such scenes, wondering if when I died I should unravel the mystery of that still cold planet, and should fly above the clouds. The moon and the clouds, in some inexpressible way, affected me with a sense of mystery; reached depths of my young existence that no other plummet had yet sounded; stirred divinest emotions of love, and adoration, and awe. Thunder-clouds influenced me as powerfully: but they did it in a different manner. I was then,

so to speak, excited out of myself; I cried aha, aha, as when the horse snuffs the battle. I could not comprehend why some people fled in terror from such sights, for to me they had a strange fascination: and I compared them, even then, to armies marching against each other, dark armies of the skies. The old Norse blood in me kindled: I rejoiced in the approaching fight. It is the fashion, in these days, to call such emotions brutal. But I hold, with that excellent Christian, Dr. Arnold, that the man, whose pulse does not quicken at reading of a great battle, has a moral defect somewhere in his character.

Science, when it analyzes the clouds, rises into poetry. It tells us that the vapor, whose gold and purple decks the sunset, came but yesterday from other latitudes, perhaps from other hemispheres. The rain-clouds, that will to-morrow deluge the valley of the Mississippi, were evaporated from the distant waters of the South Pacific. Probably some dusky Tahitian girl but lately arranged the flowers in her hair, by mirroring them in the brook, whose atoms now float in yonder summer cloud, that, all the afternoon, has been wandering about the blue, "like a white lamb astray." The welcome clouds, promising shade and coolness to the wearied warriors in the Crimea, were first distilled from the South Atlantic, and but yesterday kissed the Victoria Regia, in its original haunt, far up the Amazon. Without the ministry of clouds the earth would be scorched up, the grass would not grow, seeds would no longer germinate, trees and plants would cease to blossom, and the whole earth would become one vast Sahara. It is the cloud, fresh from the icebergs of the North, that cools the parched atmosphere when the north wind blows in summer. It is the cloud that mitigates the fierce heat for the traveller in the tropics. The absence of clouds, in central Tartary, has kept alive, age after age, that horde of nomades, who, under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, have twice desolated the world, and may yet again become "the scourge of God" for enervated civilizations. The machinery of the clouds was first set up before the globe was peopled, yet it works to-day as steadily as it did thousands of years ago. Evaporated over vast areas of equatorial ocean, the vapors ascend into the upper atmosphere, are borne by the trade-winds to colder zones, are condensed on the sides of snow-covered mountains, become palpable to the eye in the shape of clouds, and descend in refreshing rains. It is the dissolving cloud that patters gently on the roof, or sings among the grape-leaves of the arbor, on a hushed summer afternoon: and it is

still the cloud which rushes down in torrents, which rattles in hail, which softly whitens the fields with snow, or which blinds the wayfarer in the mountain gorge with a hurricane of wildly intermingled snow and hail and rain. Forever and forever, since the morning stars sang together over the world's creation, the clouds have kept up their circuit. Rising from the great deep, they have girdled the globe, and falling in showers, have flowed in rivers back to the sea, whose currents have then carried them to their original home. Truly did Holy Writ, centuries before science demonstrated this, exclaim, "note the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

I have seen in clouds all things that are great and beautiful. Yesterday, I looked across the hills, and lo! in the west, where the sun shone on gathering storm-clouds, were the Delectable Mountains, the same that Bunyan beheld, when, in holy visions, he followed the pilgrims on their progress. In a little while, the mountains were gone, but in the sunlit crimson clouds, impending over the still waters of the Schuylkill, I recognized the New Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and ruby, and the river flowing quietly beneath into which white angels went down to welcome Christian. At other times I have seen enchanted gardens, such as Alladin walked in; Appenines white with snow; Mount Blanc with its rosy brow; seas of death beating incessant, with black surf, on iron-bound coasts. Or I have watched Homeric battles, or seen the great struggle of the Titans, or beheld the war in which Lucifer was hurled from the battlements of heaven, descending prone for nine full days, falling and falling daily into deeper abysses of darkness and woe. Or I have looked into forests, whose far vistas suggested tales of magic, till I almost expected to behold an Armida emerge from the gloom. Again, and I have seen that ebon river, down which the dead lady of Shalott legend, the poor, enchanted prisoner, floated stilly at midnight. Or smiling mountains, with fair Arcadian slopes in front, where one waits for shepherdesses to appear crowned with flowers, if not to hear the reedy pipe. Have you not seen these things also? Go out, with a soul alive to Nature, and doubt not but they will be revealed to you.

There are no colors like those of the clouds. Titian never rivalled them. He and all the great painters have stood afar off and worshipped, feeling that they could not enter the holy sanctuary. What pencil can catch the sunlight on a cloud? Or imitate the transparency of amber-clouds? Or more than hint at the gorgeous hues

that crowd the sky, when the sun sets after a tempest? Clouds, on mountains, diversify color as in a kaleidoscope. I have seen a field of young wheat at the edge of a precipice, with the golden sunshine glittering green upon it after a shower, projected against a purple-black rain cloud, that moved along the side of a mountain ridge, miles away. Or hills on the horizon, bathed in Tyrian-colored vapor, like the fumes of rarest Burgundy, while all the foreground glowed with effulgence, except where dark woods jutted out into verdant meadows, or blue waters slumbered beneath the hill shadows. Or a populous plain, with farms and villages scattered over it, a river sinuously winding across, and the shadows of clouds moving, in stately procession, like cowed monks, over the green and gold of the landscape. Or the cattle knee-deep in clover, with hills rising just behind, from whose ravines the morning mists, like incense, curled slowly up. Or clouds, on winter evenings, when the night shuts in omens of tempests, that seem like warriors brandishing threatening swords in the sky, or dark-robed priests, warning back with their rods, prophetic of disaster.

The clouds magnetize the spirit, they do not appeal to our sensuous part. I look at the clouds, and grand thoughts arise in me. My reveries are of heroes, who have died for their country; of meek mothers who have sacrificed themselves, during a long life-time, for sick or deformed children; of martyrs who have perished by axe or fire, blessing their enemies, or singing hallelujahs amid the flames. I see Joan of Arc in the market-place at Rouen, the smoke almost hiding her from view, dying with "Jesus" upon her tongue. I behold the gloomy glens, in which the persecuted Covenanters met to pray: and discern suddenly, over the crest of the hill behind, the white vapor, as the troopers, who have surprised them, discharge their carbines. I see St. Catharine borne above the clouds by angels, no traces of her late mortal agony upon her face, but a divine calm instead. When I gaze at sylvan landscapes, I think of happiness here: when I turn my eyes heavenward to the clouds, it is on the ineffable glory of Eternity that I reflect. In the presence of the great clouds little, or mean, thoughts, are impossible. I come back from communion with them strengthened for deeds of self-sacrifice, for dying, if need be, for the right, or, more difficult martyrdom than all, living and suffering for it. When, after a storm, the masses of clouds part, and the sun bursts forth between, it is as if the gates of heaven opened, to let, for one moment, a glimpse of its effulgence out: and he must be wholly "of the

earth earthy," who does not, at the sight, feel more and more indistinct, till darkness swallows the wings of his spirit stir, or whose soul leaps all.
 not up in recognition of the immortal. So, from my mind, vanishes this vision of the
 —But the night comes. The clouds fade, clouds.

THE DEPARTED TRIBES.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

THEY have faded, they have faded
 In solemn gloom away,
 Like mist-clouds from the mountain,
 At dawning of the day;
 Like the falling leaves in Autumn
 They bowed before the blast,
 But alas! the budding Spring-time
 Brings not to them the past.

They have vanished, they have vanished,
 They have left their own bright land—
 Its blue hills, and its waters,
 A spirit broken band.
 They have left these forest shadows,
 The white man bade them "go,"
 And with faltering step passed onward—
 Under their weight of woe.

They are silent, they are silent,
 Their hearths are still and lone,
 We hear no more their voices,
 Cold is their altar-stone.
 Some sleep at last, in quiet
 In a lone, forsaken grave,
 Where comes no sorrowing mother
 To weep for her young brave.

Yet in exile she is dreaming,
 That like a graceful fawn
 He bounds through greenest woodlands
 Which echo with his song;
 That his bark glides o'er the waters
 Of laughing streamlets gay,
 Whose golden sands are gleaming
 In the light of endless day.

So hath passed that race so noble,
 From their homes and hearth away;
 So hath passed the gallant chieftain—
 So hath passed the young and gay.
 Voices along the streamlets,
 On their mossy turf-grown shore
 Still chant a mournful requiem
 For departed tribes. "No more!"

They must wander, they must wander,
 Still must they weep and moan
 O'er joys that are bereft them—
 Weep! for their glory flown.
 And with sorrowing heart press onward,
 For the way is drear and long
 Ere they reach the far-off hunting-ground,
 And hear the greeting song.

SHE GAVE ME A ROSE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SHE gave me a rose, a beautiful rose,
 In the sunny month of June,
 As together we strayed in the forest shade
 By the light of the Summer moon.
 Each cool green leaf in the moonshine lay,
 As our hearts in the light of love:
 And the blue lake slept with its weary waves
 As the eternal sea above.

The roguish zephyrs had ceased their play
 To listen, it seemed to me,
 To the earnest vow I breathed to her
 As we stood 'neath our trysting tree.
 She answered not to the words I spoke,
 But she gave me the rose she wore

In her raven hair, and I knew I was loved,
 I knew I was loved before.

O'er the quiet lake shone the burning stars,
 They'd never shone so bright,
 For love lent brightness to earth and sky
 That beautiful Summer's night.

I whispered again, "Wilt meet me here?"
 She answered in accents low,
 "Again I will be at our trysting tree
 When the sweet June roses blow."

Again in the calm June Summer night
 I stood by that shadowy tree,
 But the spirit of the shrouded dead
 Was 'neath its shade with me.

MINNIE'S RUSE.

BY LIZZIE ELMWOOD.

"HEIGH-HO!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! Particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew——" and as she said this, she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly-looking young man, at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines usually are, but she possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart, and a well cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many and warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who otherwise would have sought a lovelier bride. But to all she had given a kind, but decided negative, until she met with Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good-will of the people, and particularly of the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks, he seemed to be suddenly enamored, and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by this apparent devotion of the "handsome lawyer," yet she had a large share of that rare, but important article, *common sense*; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had, this very day, made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged her's in return: but Minnie had given him this reply, "Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately—I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it." He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal; for he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged her for a shorter probation; but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired, she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising

some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome, she might rest assured that he loved her; and then she could return that love. She revolved many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally, when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father, and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unfreshed and pale. As the breakfast-bell rang, she greeted her father at the foot of the stairway. "What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss. "I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie. Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans, and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had applied to him to sanction his contemplated proposal to Minnie; and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy, talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, *he* should." When she had concluded, Mr. Arlin said,

"Don't be troubled, my daughter. It would be strange if we could not devise *some* means, by which to ascertain *what* this young lawyer is in love with." He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gaiety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment" (as he told her he should call it) had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned, she had replied, "She did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many people began to believe that Esq. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time had expired, she despatched to her lover the following note:—

"MR. ROBY—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening,

MINNIE ARLIN."

Walter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain their truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he felt that he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do, when he received Minnie's note; but immediately sallied forth, determined to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor, if possible. Stepping into the office of a physician, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments conversation, "What is it, doctor, about this affair of Esq. Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought at first there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so *industrious*, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and not make some effort to assist him. So I presume there is foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without her property—if she has not so pretty a face as some."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true; but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the *heart*," and he laughed, "though," added he, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing-desk, and wrote, sealed, and despatched the following note:—

"MY DEAR MISS ARLIN—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you last, my feelings have become somewhat changed—or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was somewhat premature in my proposal; though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposal led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant, WALTER ROBY."

Minnie shed some tears, when she received this cool epistle; for she had hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance, and *not* found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father, and handed the note to him, saying, "Ah, father, you've lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He don't think your homely, *poor* Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influences of Nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy, golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing lights and shadows in every greenwood path. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades, save the sighing, plaintive wind-harps, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie.

In her musings, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dream-land, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig started her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying, "Why, Herbert, how you started me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied, "I am sorry I occasioned you a fright—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude, that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Esq. Arlin, and therefore he compelled himself to "worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Esq. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might *now* be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her, if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings told Minnie of his own love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing

to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her; and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again; and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say him nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Esq. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room, like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Esq. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply, "Do you wish to make *poor* Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a *dowerless* wife?"

"Oh! yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love, had she still been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her; but I am glad, for your sake and her's, that I am not so *poor* that she will be a *portionless* bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie *did* tell him the story, and Herbert was almost aghast at the idea that *he* had won the hand of the heiress of Esq. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover and won her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer. But poor, and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but now he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he so had long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Esq. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's bridal.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's *ruse* had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for some other field of labor.

THE SOLITARY WORSHIPPER.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I KNELT upon the everlasting hills,
O'ershadowed deep by skies of bending blue;
And far below me lay the sunny rills,
From many a leafy thicket peering through;
I gazed afar upon the distant woods
That swelled and swayed before the zephyr's breath,
But here, amid the mountain solitudes,
Brooded a funeral hush like that of death.

I knelt and prayed to that Invisible Power,
Whose hand, unseen, sustains this vast domain,
When man, content with Heaven's unrivalled dower,
His Eden birth-right might again regain;
My soul went up in adoration deep,
Piercing the shadow that hovered o'er my way,
Hedged no more this earth's unreal sleep,
But looking forward to eternal day.

I thanked Him for that boundless realm of blue,
This verdant earth in Summer beauty drest;
For every flower that sparkles in the dew,
And every leaf by zephyr's wings caressed.

The voice of Nature, in my wayward heart,
Stilled the wild passion-waves that wandered free,
And bade the shadows of distrust depart—
The darkling clouds of stern Despair to flee.

A still, small voice then answered unto mine,
Thrilling my spirit with its solemn tone—
"Mortal, the joys and hopes of earth resign,
And place thy thoughts on Heavenly things alone;
Despair not, though the way be dark and drear,
For darkness flies before the light of morn;
Each passing hour but brings the moments near,
When in new radiance shall thy soul be born!"

That solemn voice, with inspiration rife,
Pierced the deep recess of my wayward soul,
Lighting the ocean of my inner life,
Whose restless waters moved without control:
I turned away forgetful of the woe
That haunts the pleasures of this transient earth,
For Hope was singing in a cadence low,
Of joys that waken with the Heavenly birth.

"FORGIVE, AS YE WOULD BE FORGIVEN."

BY LILLIE LILBERNE.

"I CAN work, mother, I know I can; I can work for somebody, can do something now that you are so much better, and can spare me. And, mother, if I can only earn a little, you will not have to go to work so soon as you did before. Oh, mother, I can; I know, I know that I can." And over the quivering lip of the noble boy a glad smile broke, and in the deep, earnest eye was a higher and a holier light, and the sweet voice was more wildly winning in its sudden joyousness, in its pleading truthfulness, as he added, "And I can study evenings, mother, some, when I do not have to help you; and I will not care if I do not go to school any more, if—"

"But what can you do, my son?" And the voice of the invalid mother was faint and feeble.

"Oh, mother," and the dark eye of the boy flashed with light, "I can do a great many things. I can pick apples and husk corn, and—and I can learn to do a great many things, I know I can. I am older than they think me; I am almost fifteen. You said this morning, mother, that you wished for some apples, and I have been thinking and thinking, ever so long; and, dear mother, may I not go to Mr. Vernon's, now, and work this afternoon? He will, I know, give me some apples for you."

A faint smile trembles over the faded lip of the young mother as she gazes on her beautiful boy, and Ernest knows that he may go; and kissing that white brow bounds hopefully, eagerly from the room.

And that poor, widowed one is left alone. Closely she clasps her pale and wasted hands over her suffering heart, and a low moan breaks startlingly on the deep stillness there. And through the crushed tear-drops that steal to the soft, sad eyes, she looks around the narrow apartment, so dark, so cold, so comfortless, and wildly, as if some bitter agony was wringing the tired heart, she murmurs,

"And all, all is gone. But a single piece of bread is left, and—and soon our rent will be due. They say that Mr. Vernon is a hard and cruel man. Will he wait, or—"

And a shudder moves the feeble frame, and she bows the faint and aching head upon the low couch. But rest is not there.

And the twilight hour has come; and still the suffering mother moves not. She is watching, she is waiting for her only one. How long the hours have seemed. She hears his footstep, not light and free and joyous, but quick, low and impatient.

He has entered the apartment. He has passed to her side. His face is flushed crimson, his manner deeply agitated, and his words fall wildly, incoherently on the heart that listens.

"Oh, mother, mother, I have not brought you any apples—not one, mother."

"No matter, my son, I will do very well without them." And the words are spoken soothingly, yet the slight voice trembles.

"Oh, mother, and I had worked so hard all the afternoon, with the workmen at Mr. Vernon's; and then, when we came back from the field, I went up to him, in little Ella's flower garden, and asked for a few apples to carry home to mother. He frowned upon me, and said, if my mother wanted apples she must buy them. One of the men told him I had been at work; and then he only muttered something about its keeping me out of idleness. Oh, mother, how disappointed I was. But I did not reply, I did not cry, not then; but, was it wrong? I felt that I would like to see him poor and distressed and oppressed, and suffering as you do now, without home or friends, and—and, mother, I could not help it, but I could curse—"

Mrs. Gray started. A wild cry trembled through her heart. The wound had struck to its depths. No hand on earth could heal it.

Oh, the agony of that one moment, when she found that dark and deadly passion in the soul of her beautiful boy had been awakened. Wildly she winds her frail arms around him, and presses his white lips close, close to her aching heart, to hush there the fearful words that are gathering over them. With an earnestness, startling in its deep intensity, she says,

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, what have you said? what would you say? Heavier, darker, colder than death is this one sentence on my soul. How could *you, my son*, indulge for one moment in such feelings? Oh, God, and have I indeed lived to see this day."

"Mother, mother," and the hidden face is

lifted to her gaze. "Oh, oh, mother, forgive me; forgive me that I have so wounded your feelings, that I have added another sorrow to your suffering soul. *It shall never be again.* I—I am more guilty than he was." And the humbled boy lay sobbing in her arms.

Closer she pressed him to her weary heart. One kiss upon those trembling, pleading lips, one look of love from those darkened eyes, one low whispered word—the still small voice from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven"—and then all is silent amid the deepening darkness there.

And from that crushed heart a voiceless prayer was wrung, was struggling up to the home of love and mercy, to Him who answereth the spirit whisperings that find no utterance. And then and there, in that one hallowed hour, was his heart consecrated for a high and holy work in life. The spirit of the highest, the breathings of the Infinite, the still small voice of All-seeing would be there a power and a presence forever. It was human to hate—it was divine to forgive.

And the child still slept. His high heart was humbled, his proud soul subdued and sanctified; and amid his troubled dreams he whispers, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." And like some broken outcry seems the trembling tone, yet it fell in mournful music on that mother's watching heart. Exhausted by toil, excitement, anger, disappointment and sorrow, the wearied child still slept.

The twilight hour has come. The evening shadows, deep and dark, tremble over that pale face, wet and warm with the crushed tear-drops that still linger there. The latch of the door is gently lifted. A slight figure passes into the room. A low, sweet voice echoes through the lone chamber,

"I have brought you some apples, Mrs. Gray." And ere the latter could speak, Ella Vernon had laid her treasures on the rude table and fled.

Ernest moved and moaned in his sleep, as that low, thrilling tone broke upon the stillness there, and slept again, slept till the first faint flush of morning light trembled through the broken shutters and half-drawn curtains. And the first sun rays, like light upon the morning flowers, touched his shaded brow, and awoke him from that long night slumber. The white, yet still lovely face of his mother was bent close to his, as if she had been watching, had been counting his every breath. Slowly the past, like a deepening pain, stole over his heart.

"Mother," and his eye fell upon the gift of Ella; and then all unconsciously he placed his hand on his brow in thought. "Oh, mother, it

was a dream then that Mr. Vernon refused you the apple, and spoke so harshly to me, and—and——"

"But *that* was no dream," she added, "no, no. But a still, small voice I heard in my sleep; and I knew it was for me. I knew it came from heaven. I knew my Father spoke, 'Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.'"

Days passed on. Mrs. Gray still continued ill. Until now she had supported herself and her son by her needle. It was but little that Ernest could earn, and that was spent for bread, and yet often, often there would be none in the house. And then, tired and faint and hungry, he would sink on his mother's couch, and hiding his pale face on his heart would whisper in agony,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Some weeks had elapsed since the quarter's rent was due, and several times Mr. Vernon had called for it. The dying widow was unable to meet the demand. She told him so, and hoped the time would come when she would be able to cancel the debt.

But no. Mr. Vernon would rent the cottage to others, and—the widow and her son were turned from it.

A low, dilapidated hovel received them.

But this last blow was too much. Long had that young mother struggled with poverty, sorrow and sickness; and now, this added affliction, the exertion necessary to be called into action, and which she was wholly unequal to, anxiety, disappointment, despondency, all aided in prostrating the poor and friendless woman.

In less than a week in that cold, dark hut, alone, alone—save the angel presence of her only son, whose gentle ministries were holy in their simple earnestness, in their beautiful truthfulness, their purity, mournful yet angel-like, a hope and a blessing in that one darkened hour—she breathed her last.

One dying kiss is pressed upon the lips so often bent to her's, and one mild whisper is there—the last of earth,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

And the desolate orphan boy is alone. His beautiful mother is dead.

How dark with death seems life.

And there, at that midnight hour, in that dark, cold room, so comfortless, so desolate, kneels the lone, forsaken orphan, kneels there beside that low, uncovered coffin; kneels there alone, alone, and wild moans break on the fearful stillness, trembling up from the wounded heart.

The cold breathings of the darkened night steals through the broken casement, and moves the damp tresses from the faded forehead. And

autumn's first leaves, stirred by the morning breeze, have gathered slowly and silently around him, are mingling with the waning shadows, are trembling with the hot tear-drops that fell from the aching eyes, are stealing in still sadness over the dark coffin. And still there comes up the murmur, and still is heard the moan, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

It seems as if that is all that is left to him of earth. His beautiful mother is dead. There, at the edge of yonder forest, is the grave.

There, among the withered blossoms, among the fading flowers, among the twining wild vines, amid the deepening shadows of the dark, old wood is that one hallowed spot, that holy, forgotten place, where memory will ever come to worship and to pray.

And the lone and friendless boy still lingers there, the only mourner, and consecrates the place by prayers and tears.

And then bursts forth, bewilderingly and in bitter agony, on the trembling twilight air, wild words that are wrung from the helpless heart, wild words, that seem, amid the startling stillness, like some deep prophecy of the far-off future,

"Father, Father, oh, grant me power to return good for evil a hundred fold. Give me strength or this, the strength that is not of earth, to—
to our enemies, to bless them that hate, to
to pay for them that persecute. Be this life's
to be holy lesson, learned and remembered. Be
to be life's deep destiny. Be this a power and a
to be retribution forever."

And this is the orphan's prayer, the prayer of
to be forsaken, that steals out, like strange music
to be among the forest shadows and the evening
to be peace.

And as he planted the wild willow and the
to be weeping cypress there, still, still came up the
to be whisper, as if it were a lesson that must
to be remembered, as if it were a line of life upon
to be heart amid the deepening darkness there,
to be Father in Heaven, grant me power to return
to be good for evil forever."

And then came back the echo, one thrilling
to be whisper, and he knew it was for him; he
to be knew it was his own heart's answer; he knew it
to be came from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be
to be forgiven."

And was that broken spirit prayer heard?
to be was that one wild wish of the wronged
to be answered, answered from above, those
to be words breathed out in bitter agony?

He passed. Mr. Vernon, the haughty land-
to be lord, had become the millionaire merchant.
to be The morrow had whispered that the large estates

long since transferred to him by the death of a distant relative, others could and would lay claim to; and in this, his honor, his honesty, his integrity was implicated.

Two children only had been left to him. The son, a young man of much promise, whose high attainments, cultivated powers and classical knowledge were rarely equalled for one of his age, he wished to prepare for the bar.

And he wrote to one, still young in his profession, and yet whose lofty name was a high household word; one whose proud success had won him a noble fame, one already honored and distinguished and trusted, to ask if he would receive him into his office. It was long after Mr. Ashton had received the letter from the hand of his servant ere he opened it. He had flung it carelessly on the cold marble of the table on which he bent his aching brow. And still and statue-like he sat there, in all the proud majesty of sculptured grandeur and pictured gracefulness. What thoughts swept through his heart, as he still sat there, none might know.

Perhaps the darkness of a past might be gathering there. Perhaps the silent sadness of the present might fling a warping weight over all thought and feeling. Perchance hope and heart had gone forth to meet the far-off future, with a promise of its holy loveliness ever a presence there, a guide and a guardian, a dream, like the deep, thrilling mystery of unseen years. It matters not. But as he lifts his face it is pale and sad, and his softened, subduing eye falls on the neglected letter.

One low sigh, as if awaking to the dull realities of life, and the note is opened. It is read.

And slowly and silently the rich crimson stains his lofty brow. Then that face, beautiful in its proud intellectuality, majestic in its classic grace, and loveliness, so winning, so changeful, is deadly white, and the dark flash of the large, searching eyes are again fixed intently upon the page. And again each line, each word is read. And the proud look is half-hidden, and the haughty lip slightly moves, and the dark, damp hair is pushed back more wildly from the pale temple. And again he bends the proud face upon the cold table, in thought, perhaps in prayer. And then he is himself again.

And yet, over those lofty features steals a strange, sad calmness, and from those dark eyes breaks a deeper, a more fascinating light. And the hand trembles not that writes the answer back. It is wholly in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Vernon.

And the young man has come. Mr. Ashton gazes upon him steadily, almost sternly, till he

shrinks back half-abashed and embarrassed from the searching, earnest glance of those large, bewildering eyes, that seem to read his very soul; and then a slight smile moves the rich lip of the lawyer, and he warmly, kindly, affectionately greets him.

And weeks went on. Never before had Francis Vernon met with such an able and efficient instructor, and yet one so kind, so generous, so indulgent. From the lofty treasure-home of that mighty mind he was gathering up classical knowledge, high legal attainments, noble sentiments and god-like thoughts, and a beautiful science that was a power and not a passion. And while the young man learned and loved, there was a deep, almost painful feeling of reverence for his distinguished preceptor. It is but the high heart-homage the world unconsciously ever offers to genius, heaven-given, heaven-guarded, whose breathings here on the earth are the eternal ministrations of a holier home than this.

A suit of law was instituted against Mr. Vernon, in which his property was endangered, his honor implicated. In the ever-successful hands of Mr. Ashton he wished to leave his cause. He repaired to that gentleman's home. All was stated; the papers were placed before the lawyer, and a bank-note of value was laid with them as a retaining fee.

A shadow came up over the face of Mr. Ashton. His proud lip slightly curled, and he answered half-haughtily,

"No, sir."

And then he faintly smiled, and his voice was low and sad as he said,

"When this affair is decided, favorably, I trust, sir, there will then be sufficient time to meet all obligations incurred."

Mr. Vernon looked fixedly into the face of his lofty companion. He read there that that forbade him to press the subject further. And he gazed for a moment in awe and admiration on that proud one, and left the office. The son, too, had heard all this, but dare not question him who still sat there silent and statue-like, gazing half-wildly upon the papers.

The documents were all examined; and there was sufficient time for a full and complete investigation; time to bring all his lofty legal knowledge to bear upon the case so confidently and hopefully committed to his care and keeping by one who trusted that all would be well.

And yet there was a sad misgiving of heart that he would not succeed. He knew not why. It was the first time he had felt this fear. And hours, and days, and nights he spent in prepara-

tion for this one event, on which hung the fortunes, the honor, the hopes, the happiness of a family. And still, still proud and mighty as he was, he shrank back from the trial. For some days the family of Mr. Vernon had been in town. But not once had the earnest entreaties of Frank, the repeated and pressing invitations of the father prevailed upon him to call at their hotel. He always politely yet proudly declined.

The day came for the trial. Thousands had assembled to witness it. And as the renowned Mr. Ashton made his appearance in the crowded court-room, the mass inadvertently, as if in homage, as if in reverence, swayed back to let him pass. Slightly, almost involuntarily, he bowed his acknowledgments; and the proud, firm step faltered, that smote upon the floor, for the first time.

A shadow, like death, has darkened over his soul. A weight, heavy and cold and oppressive, hangs upon his shrinking heart, whose pulses beat low and slow beneath it. He cannot help it.

And when, as counsel for the defendant, he arose to speak, there was a nervous movement, a shrinking diffidence, a trembling timidity, a faint, low, broken tone, as if it were a first effort, a first attempt; and with every spoken word, a change came over his lofty features, over lip and brow, as if he were painfully conscious of his own embarrassment, of his own failure. How strange all this.

He whose gifted soul had never bent to fear; whose thoughts had grown strong and stately in the exercise of its infinite faculties; whose mighty mind swayed the world with a power unseen, yet felt irresistibly; whose stern spirit, like a proud and powerful presence, beld in awe, elicited admiration, the homage of each and every one.

And now that vast concourse gaze upon him in silent wonder. His friends watch him with a painful shuddering they cannot resist. His opponents, who have come up to the encounter in fear, knowing with whom they have to contend, feel a momentary relief. And a smile of scorn, of exultation, of triumph is seen on each haughty lip, that cannot be mistaken.

Ashton pauses a moment. He is gazing around unconsciously over all that vast assembly. But he sees only a shadowy forest of human forms and faces. The weight, the darkness on his heart gathers deeper.

And there he stands, a proud, lofty, majestic being, still silent, motionless, while his quick and painful breathings only tremble on the crowded air. But a low, sweet voice, so lone, so thrilling, so bewildering, from the deep depths of

an unforgettén past, whispers words that have once won him from darkness. He heard them then, and bowed to their holy teachings; he hears them now, in this one trying hour, and bends to their deep power, bends his strong soul and listens.

The charm is over; the spell is broken; the darkness has fled. A still small voice in his heart is heard, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

He starts from his bewildering reverie. The white lip crimson; the half-hidden temple flushes; the pale, cold forehead is warmed by an unseen breath, and a flush of almost fearful light springs to the deep, dark, beautiful eye. And then, in a voice whose tone is like the wild, winning music of some immortal harp, swept by trembling and impassioned fingers, that awakens echoes that die not away on earth, he speaks.

And upon the gathering, the deepening stillness there, breaks the proud, powerful, startling strains that charm with their fearless fascination. Over the hearers' hearts sweep, in wild majesty that Omnipotent eloquence that is ever so irrefutable, irresistible.

There is a lofty gracefulness in the bewildering language there breathed, there is a startling sublimity in the careless composing of sentences and sentiments. Those words of argument, drawn from the deep depths of profound logic, of practised reasoning, of urgent conclusions, are overwhelming in their proud strength, are all unanswerable, unapproachable.

And still thrilled that resistless eloquence through the hearts of the hearers; still rung his deep words among all that listening crowd; still trembled with wild vibrations that voice that ever had power to convince and subdue, that tone so low, and yet so deep and bewildering. And still as ever was Mr. Ashton successful in his cause.

Business had detained him in the court-room, on the last day of the trial, until night. Then, wearied and dispirited, he gained the street. Francis Vernon took his arm, and mechanically he latter walked by his side. The young men turned and ascended a flight of steps. The next moment they stood in the broad entrance hall of lofty mansion. Francis Vernon spoke,

"My father wished us to call here. He would see you to-night."

Mr. Ashton started. He thought he had reached his own place of abode. It was too late now to retreat, as the parlor doors were ung open and Mr. Vernon came forward with leased surprise, with a warm welcome to meet him, his preserver.

Yet he dare not express all this to the high and haughty, yet kind and generous one whom he felt had saved him. And yet his gratitude was most fervent. After a moment's silence, Mr. Vernon invited his guest to accompany him to his own apartment. With a proud bow he obeyed.

A beautiful girl rose as they entered. She sprang to her father's side. She had not noticed the stranger's entrance. She supposed her father was alone. She had not seen him since his cause was decided.

And now she wildly clings to him, and low, trembling words break from the quivering lip.

"Thank God, my father, you are saved your fortune, your honor, your all."

The father presses her closely to him, and bends his lip to her brow, and said, in a voice scarcely audible, and he stepped aside,

"And, my Ella, the one who has saved us is here."

Ella looks up. The stranger advances, a sad smile moves his lip as he extends his hand to the fair daughter of his client.

Involuntarily she places her's within it, and there it remains cold and passive, for the mild glance of her earnest eye is wandering over his stately person, is fixed upon that pale, proud face.

His voice falls upon her ear, upon her heart as he speaks words to her.

The quick crimson has faded from her brow, has fled from the trembling lip over which breaks the one wild cry,

"Ernest Gray."

And then she hides her face upon her clasped hands from his view.

And the voice is slightly tremulous that says,

"Then I am not forgotten, Ella?" And with deep agitation that softened his rich voice, he resumes, "Neither have I forgotten that angel one that brought that one holy gift, at the twilight hour, to a dying mother. Oh, *that* will ever be remembered."

Mr. Vernon stood gazing on the two in astonishment. All, all come back like a darkened thunderbolt to his heart. He read all now, and a low groan was wrung from his guilty soul.

Unable to stand beneath the withering consciousness of his own conduct, he sank upon a seat, and bent his blanched brow upon the table. What dark throes of agony wrung his awakened heart none but God knew.

Ella gazed on the loved form of her father. A wild look of distress broke over her pale features as she said,

"And you, sir, have done all this for us, when, when——"

"Speak not of it then, I entreat you." And the words were spoken with painful incoherency. "I have but done a duty. I have but practised what I early learned. I have but lived out the one life-lesson my dying mother breathed upon my childish lip, even when the dark curse of oppression gathered, lingered there. My mother has saved me. On all the past she has written for me, 'Forgive, as you would be forgiven.' This have I learned and loved. On this I have leaned my life. It has been a memory and a hope and a blessing. It has been a presence ever around me. It has been a promise on the covenant cloud. Like heaven this has come up to me, for my mother's spirit has breathed it, and the deep curse that darkened my young life fled from thence forever. And it ever seems that my mother's spirit is still watching over me and around me, is ever here to guard and to save, is ever whispering over holy words for me to live and practice. That angel presence is all, every thing to me."

Mr. Vernon lifted his face so pale, so haggard, so stamped with agony. Ella sprang to her father's side.

"Father, dear father," she cried.

But what words of consolation had she for him then?

"Leave me, Ella, leave me alone," he said, and the tone was hoarse and hollow. One moment she gazed upon him and then obeyed.

For long, long hours was the conference between the two; and when Mr. Ashton sought his room that night it was with a perturbed step, with deep agitation in every movement, with a soul that had been stirred to its very depths.

And what thoughts still swept through his tired heart, as hour after hour passed by, with his throbbing temples on his clasped hands, none might ever know. And as he arose and paced his spacious chamber, one low sentence was said,

"No, no. It was but the wild and earnest enthusiasm of gratitude. Only that for me, only that and fame, cold, hollow and mocking."

And a low, mournful sigh succeeded, that told to the midnight silence there what would not have been breathed to another, told of the deep wants of the heart, of its yearnings and its longings, of the holy passion and sublime love that was ever its birth-right, though all might be forever hidden from the world by a resemblance of pride and coldness, by life's shadows ever deepening, by the fame that was to him a destiny.

A few more days did Mr. Vernon spend in town—not again had Mr. Ashton called upon them. He pleaded business and declined. And

yet ever in those hours of weariness and study there was a sweet, sad face looking into his. There were tearful eyes lifted timidly to his own. There was an angel one bearing a holy gift to a dying mother. Ever in his midnight hours that gentle vision of the past came up. Ever in his morning dreams that pure picture of the present was near. Ever in the evening hour of prayer it was there. A beautiful being, whose form was one of graceful elegance, whose face was one of pleading loveliness, knelt to him to thank him for a mercy deed. And only came up that vestal vision so enchantingly, so mockingly.

Was not his heart too high, too haughty, too proud to love? Had not the world said this? Had not the many, wearied in their ineffectual efforts to win his worship, echoed it?

"I must go home for a few weeks, Mr. Ashton, my sister is dying," said Francis Vernon.

Mr. Ashton started. The announcement was new. The warm flush fled from his shaded forehead of almost feminine fairness; and white and tremulous was the lip that answered,

"Go then, immediately."

The words were spoken with one breath. The next moment he was in his own apartment.

"Ella Vernon dying!"

The words were not spoken, were not whispered, were not breathed; but he felt that all of life was fading from his vision, was dying in his heart as this one fearful thought thrilled wildly through it.

That long, long day, that long night was passed in anguish, in the agony of dying hope, of darkened happiness. And then, calm and proud and stately, he pursued his usual routine of wearying avocations.

And yet with what nervous impatience did he expect a letter from his friend. None came. And heavily the hours wore on; and days and weeks, and still was the young man abroad, and still he had not heard from him. But in the public prints he read of the continued illness of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Vernon.

And now it was with a shudder that he took up a public journal. He feared to find a different announcement. And yet with a restless movement, with a searching glance that took in every word, he glanced over published paragraph and page.

A note is placed in the hands of Mr. Ashton. It is from Francis Vernon. With a convulsive effort he breaks the seal. With the calmness of despair he read the contents:

"MR. ASHTON—My dear friend, much as you have done for us, ever sensible of the obliga-

tions we have incurred, still under the deep and abiding sense of the injuries you have received, I have yet another, still another favor to ask of you. I would commit to your trust the delicacy of a dying sister. With your honor it will be as safe as with heaven. I fear not. The secret will be held sacred. Ella loves you. And yet even this confession I have not wrung from her heart. But in her troubled dreams, at the midnight hour, she has told it all. She has prayed that she might see you but once, once more. Will you grant this unspoken request of one that is dying for you? your own feelings must answer this.

Yours, F. VERNON.

In an elegant apartment, close by the open window, on the dark cushions of a sofa, half supported by pillows, reclined the still beautiful Ella Vernon. Through the careless folds of the rich curtains, through the pale passion flower blossoms that drape the proud pillars of the portico, through the clematis that clings to the costly casement, through the trembling wild vine-leaves, whose heavy fragrance seems well nigh oppressive, the warm sunlight still struggled, and its softened rays pressed the faded forehead of the sleeping girl, and mingled with the ungathered tresses of damp hair that lay darkly on the muslin folds of her snowy robe. And pale flower leaves, wafted in by the evening breeze, lay, light-like, upon the helpless form, among the masses of fair hair, as if scattered there by the white wing of hope.

Ella sleeps. Francis Vernon, in that one hour, is the only watcher there, there where the loved one is dying.

Slowly the door is opened, and Mr. Ashton enters unannounced.

The brother starts from his seat. Wildly he wrings the hand of his friend, but does not speak, and, fearing to betray too much emotion, leaves the apartment.

Mr. Ashton is there alone. Long he gazes on the beautiful and slumbering form before him. Long he gazes on the face so white, so lovely still. The foot of death is not there yet. Long he remains kneeling there beside that unconscious one, counting the slight respiration that scarcely moved the cold folds of finest muslin that drape the faded form. Long he remains there counting the faint pulses that are struggling low and irregularly at the transparent wrist. And long he gazes as he would on a piece of still and beautiful sculpture.

And was death watching there too?

The thought flashes fearfully through his heart. With a trembling hand he pushes back

the damp, heavy tresses from that white brow. It has disturbed the deep slumber.

She moved and moaned, and murmured the name of him whose listening heart had heard the whispered, broken words.

"I am here, dearest," was breathed low on a dying music strain.

Slowly those large, soft eyes were opened. Slowly a slight flush stole to the faded, shaded temple. Slowly she clasped her wasted hands together, and a faint whisper trembled over the white lip,

"Father, I thank Thee."

But the effort was too much. A change came over the fair features, and she sank back powerless upon the damp pillows.

Was this death?

Mr. Ashton wildly summoned assistance. But she had only fainted, and with ready restoratives was soon restored.

A few hours later, and he still stands there by that sick one's couch. The man of God too is there. The consecrating marriage rite is there performed, so strangely startling in its deep power, so holy in its trustfulness, so beautiful in its earnest truthfulness, so pure in its solemn sacredness.

The hallowed ceremony is over, and the dying girl is a bride, the bride of one loved from early childhood. And then, and there, in that one shadowy hour, the evening hour of prayer, can you not see that angels are registering there, to be held holy, to be remembered forever?

Mr. Vernon had been humbled to the very dust, and from thence he arose a changed being, a better man, a worshipper of his God. And in low and broken accents he said to him to whom all was due,

"You have saved to me my inheritance, you have saved to me my honor, you have saved to me my child, and—the eternal blessings of a holy God will ever be with you: you nobly forgave as you would be forgiven. And may, oh, may my heavenly Father too pardon me for all the dark wrongs I have wrought."

And was not the poor, lone, desolate orphan boy's prayer heard, heard and answered, answered from above?

He had returned good for evil. He had lived out his mother's lessons, had given them to the world, a free-will offering. And from his high heart there rose the one eternal anthem of gratitude, of love, of worship for this.

But—the world will tell you that this is not true to nature, yet it is true to heaven. The mighty mountain, the wild-wood land, the far-off forest, the valley plain; the ocean's roar and

the river's rush, and the lakelet lone and the bounding brook. And then the morning sun and the evening twilight, and the midnight shadows, and the wild-bird's song and its hymns of praise and thanksgiving to its Maker, God. And then the wildly clinging vines, and the forest flowers, and the prairie blossoms, and light and shadow; and zephyrs' breathings, and the wind-god's voice, and the thunder's tone, and, and——

This is nature, all nature.

The poet sees it thus; the painter pictures it all; the mind and heart receive it. It is nature, all nature. And the painter and the poet too will tell you of a higher and holier one. They will point you to the past, when Jesus lived and labored and taught, and suffered, and died. They will point you to the cross and to Calvary. The poet will picture to your imagination with the pen of inspiration, that one holy, god-like came to earth, that humbled Himself thus to come among the works of His own hand; to be here, here; to be despised, insulted, persecuted and slain for a lost, lost world, that he came to save, to forgive, to win to heaven by His words and His works. Is he less a painter or a poet that tells you this than Him who spreads out to your view, all alluringly, the scenery of nature?

Nay, but few fine minds, but few lofty souls, but few unworldly hearts, even alive to the high and the holy, ever awake to the true and the great, ever conscious of an innate, almost infinite power, whose gaze is above and beyond earth, who has felt in his heart the breathings of heaven, who has felt upon the soul the rod of consecration—can do this.

His pictures are wrought from his own soul. His pictures are wrought from his own spirit imaginings. His poetry is limned from the light of a lofty heart, that soars upward and onward in the strength of God, listening, ever listening to that voice that is eternal, that guides, directs and counsels, ever listening to these whisperings none else may hear, and yet here, on the earth, lowly and lone as was the son of God.

How often are such painters and such pictures set aside. They are not true to nature. But yet they are true to Heaven, and heaven is within the heart. No marvel that its emanations, its creations, its conceptions are the very spirit of inspiration—the very words that Jesus taught, the very life that he lived, our Saviour here on the earth.

It is nature—the village gathering, the village gossip. The pen has traced it out for the world to see. It is true. But are there no higher scenes for the painter's pencil, no holier themes for the poet's pen, no mightier mental developments;

no loftier life to live? Yes, yes. And yet the picture is set aside. The world cannot understand it. The world cannot appreciate it. It is too high, too holy, it is too much like heaven. It cannot be true.

It is true. True to the lives of a few whose hearts may be, have been trial-tried, have been sanctified by suffering, have thus been fitted for this one high immortal work, that earth will trample upon, whose beautiful workmanship it cannot behold.

Yet is he less a painter and a poet? The picture is one of purity, perfection, of the past, of truth. The holy heart-heroism the world knows not of; it is too noble, too spiritual. Yet it is felt within the soul. It lives there forever. God sees it, acknowledges it, owns it; the light is from above, the light is love, love hallowed and eternal.

Oh, world, spurn not the spirit of nature. Turn not away from the teachings of truth, though that truth is the still small voice of Heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this to that son of thine. Tell it over to his childish mind. Breathe it over to his proud heart. Live it in thy life. Is it too pure a precept to tell to that wayward boy? Is it too holy a lesson to learn the world? Nay, nay, it is the doctrine that Jesus taught. It is the precept that He practised. It is the life that He lived, lived on the earth. This, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

They are the words the Redeemer would have the world hear, the world believe and practice. And there are yet hearts left that will believe it, that will receive it. There are yet hearts left that have learned the heavenly lesson, that will live it.

It is true to the lives and the hearts of many who have struggled long beneath the weight of woe and wrong, that is there, still deepening and darkening, and who can say, in the strength of heaven can say, "I forgive, as I would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this lesson to thy wayward boy to that child of thine; breathe it to his heart, whisper it to his spirit, live it ever in thy heart and pray God to add His blessing. Believe, and it will be given.

Mother, listen. The future of that child warmly cherished, so earnestly worshipped, so with thee. Mould that mind aright. Guide that struggling soul into all of truth. Bend the spirit to the teachings of heaven. Breathe to that young and yearning heart the holy lessons of Jesus. Whisper still the beautiful words "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

NIGHTGOWN.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—NIGHT—

Dramatis Personæ.—POOR MAN.—LITTLE BOYS.—COFFEE MAN.—POLICEMAN.—
DANDY.—FIGHTING MAN.

SCENE—An imaginary Street by night.

ENTER POLICEMAN with japan table-cover over his shoulders for a cape, and holding in his hand a lantern. He tries all the doors round to see if they are fast. A rattle is heard in the distance, when exit the Policeman hurriedly.

Enter LITTLE BOYS shivering. They point to their mouths and shake their heads to say they have had no food all day, and then huddle together against the door, and go to sleep.

Enter COFFEE MAN dragging the music stand with the kettle and tray of tea-things on it. He puts his hand on one side of his mouth as if shouting, when



Enter POOR MEN who collect round stall and drink, whilst others warm themselves at the fire under his kettle.

Enter Policeman, who discovers the Little boys sleeping against the door. He draws his

staff and orders them to move on. Little Boys begin crying, when Policeman drives them away.



Enter FIGHTING MAN with a shooting jacket and jackboots on. His hair is cut short, and over his eye is a black patch. He is protecting DANDIES who have been making a night of it. It is with great difficulty they can walk. Their cravats are twisted round, and their coats thrown wide open, to show the dreadful condition they are in.

Poor Men gather round DANDIES and petition to be treated to something to drink. Fighting Man orders them off, threatening to knock them down, but they still ask for drink. DANDIES at last give money to Fighting Man, who goes off with Policeman, and soon returns, bearing several bottles of champagne and a pewter pot. They drink.



The DANDIES then, to pass the time, order their Fighting Man to stand up and square at policeman. They fight.

Policeman is knocked down. DANDIES in their

delight give him money. At last they grow so boisterous that, being unable to walk, they are carried out by the Mob, headed by Policeman and Fighting man. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.—GOWN.

Dramatis Personæ.—A GENTLEMAN.—HIS WIFE.—DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

SCENE 1—As much like Chesnut Street as possible. To the right a splendid Gown is seen hanging in an imaginary Draper's window, and labeled "VERY CHEAP, FOUR DOLLARS."

ENTER GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE in walking costume. The Gentleman observing the gown in draper's window, starts with fear, and endeavors

to drag His Wife on. But she is riveted to the spot with admiration, and refuses to stir. The Gentleman clasps his hands in horror, when

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, who in an engaging manner invites the Lady to enter. He points



to the gown and then to the shop, until at last the Lady is persuaded and enters, rapidly followed by the Gentleman, who thumps his hat on his head, and buttons his coat to show his dreadful state of mind.

SCENE 2—*Interior of Draper's shop. On one side is planted a table as counter. Chairs, &c.*

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT ushering in a GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE, to whom with pleasing smiles he offers chairs, and begs them to be seated. He takes down the gown and holds it before the Lady, who is enchanted with it. She

is, however, greatly surprised at the highness of the price, and with a fascinating expression holds up three fingers as an offer. The Draper's



Assistant, in a most gentlemanly manner, instantly refuses it, and to tempt the Lady holds the dress up before her. The gown looks so lovely that the bargain is instantly struck, and the Gentleman called upon to pay the four dollars. With many sighs he gives the money, his eyes being all the time fixed on the ceiling in a look of anguish. The Draper's Assistant, placing his hands on the table and leaning over, pretends to ask whether he can do anything else that evening, when exit the Gentleman hurriedly, dragging His Wife after him.



ACT III.—NIGHTGOWN.

Dramatis Personæ.—OLD GENTLEMAN.—CHAMBERMAID.—BOOTS.

SCENE—*Bedroom at an Hotel. Against the wall a sofa as bedstead. Chairs, &c.*

ENTER OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just arrived by the train, wrapped in a heavy cloak with the collar turned up and a comforter round it. He carries a wet umbrella, and his trousers are splashed with mud. He is followed by the BOOTS, carrying a night candlestick and a large portmanteau.



Old Gentleman informs the Boots that he is wet through, by wringing his coat-tails and shivering. Boots is affected, and recommends a glass of something hot, which greatly pleases the Old Gentleman. Exit Boots.

Old Gentleman then throws off his cloak, and placing his portmanteau on a chair, endeavors to unlock it. But his key will not turn, and growing impatient he forces the lock with his umbrella. As soon as he has lifted up the lid

he falls back in horror, and presses his forehead. He intimates that it is not his trunk, and lifting



up a lady's nightgown, dashes it fiercely from him. Rushing to the bell-rope, he pulls it violently. But nobody comes, and being wet through, he determines on going to bed.

He slips on the nightgown, and taking out a well-frilled nightcap, he puts it on, and jumps into sofa for bedstead.



Enter Boots with a tumbler of hot water for grog. On seeing the Old Gentleman dressed as

a lady he is surprised, and, fancying he has mistaken the room, apologizes, and is about to retreat, when Old Gentleman beckons him to advance. Boots blushes deeply, refuses, and flies from the room.

Enter CHAMBERMAID, bowing to Old Gentleman, who is boiling over with passion. She

seeks to console him for the unintentional insult. He explains to her the dreadful state he is in, and shows her his whiskers. She screams and rushes from the room.

Old Gentleman nearly driven mad, leaps from bed, and, with the white sheet over him, hurries away in search of her. *(Soft music.)*



THE BLIND CHILD TRYING TO GRASP A SUNBEAM.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

I CANNOT catch the sunshine,
Dear mother, tell me why
A gentle, little sunbeam
Should be so strangely shy?
I feel it touch my forehead,
And softly kiss my cheek,
But when my hand would grasp it
Its place in vain I seek.

I hope it does not fear me,
Like that dear little bird
That sang to me so sweetly,
But flew soon as I stirred—
I would not long confine it,
Do, mother, tell it so!
I cannot, cannot find it,
Where did the sunbeam go?

It must be very lovely,
Pray has it silken wings?
Or petals like the flow'ret
That in the meadow springs?
I wonder if it has a voice,
Do tell me, mother, dear!
And will you in our morning walks
Lead me where I may hear?

But, mother, you are weeping,
I hear a choking sigh—
Please, mamma, let me kiss you,
And do not, do not cry.
I will be very patient,
Nor for the sunlight pine;
But tell me if in Heaven
I shall not see it shine.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL GLEN, LOVE.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

THERE'S a beautiful glen, love,
With sweet odors freighted,
And many a gem, love,
By fancy created.

Where music comes sweet, love,
From cup, leaf, and flower,
And strange fairies meet, love,
To dance in each bower.

Through this exquisite grove, love,
Flows a beautiful river,
And garlands gem-wove, love,
Droop over it ever.

Would that I were now, love,
Down this river gliding
With you at the prow, love,
And Faith our skiff guiding.

With the breeze on our brow, love,
With the sun ever shining,
With vigil and vow, love,
Our true hearts entwining.

The name of this glen, love,
Is Hope, and the river
With its ripple and gem, love,
Is Love and Forever.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

ONE evening as I mounted the stairs with the rapidity usual to me, after a long absence, I heard Clara's clear ringing laugh, mingled with the gentle tones of my dear Marcelle; both heard, and hastened to meet me.

I took them in my arms, and my kisses descended from the brow of the mother to that of the child.

"Well, thank God," I cried, gayly, "this is a happy home!"

"Do you not know the news then?" Marcelle interrupted, her whole face glowing with pleasure.

"No, what is it?"

"The child can speak?"

"No, can she really?"

"Listen!"

And addressing the little girl in her most caressing tone, she entreated her to repeat the syllables which she had uttered before. Clara replied at first only with those confused but charming murmurs belonging to early infancy; but suddenly, seeming to think better of it, she distinctly called "Papa," and held out her little hands to me.

Overjoyed, I clasped her in my arms. This first word lisped forth with difficulty, seemed to me as a second birth. The child had quitted the phalanx of mutes, where until now she had been confounded with the creatures of instinct, to enter that endowed with speech, reserved for the sons of Adam only. She had begun to claim her right to the sovereignty of creation; until now she had been but a living image, henceforth another soul was added to our life.

As might be expected, Marcelle's affection for Clara was redoubled, and she became her sole thought and care. To material wants was now added solicitude about her moral training. She must watch the awakening mind, protect it from unfavorable influences, and surround it, like Montaigne's cradle, with harmonious sounds and lovely visions! And thus the chain became every day more heavy, each fresh improvement of Clara's, by creating a fresh obligation, added another link; and I beheld it increasing with her growth until it filled the house, and drove me from it.

Marcelle felt it, and as an inevitable conse-

quence suffered; but her maternal instinct, added to her exaggerated ideas of duty, made her struggle against these very natural feelings: and these differences of opinion gave rise, too often, to mutual irritation and annoyance.

One summer's evening I returned home, worn and mentally wearied with a hard day's work. A refreshing breeze was just beginning to rise, after the overpowering heat of the day, and whispered among the leaves, as it bore along the perfume of a thousand flowers; whilst the last rays of the setting sun bathed the white houses in the suburbs with a glittering flood of light. My heart was swelling from the long day's oppression, and feeling as though my feet had wings, I hurried home.

Formerly, Marcelle was on the watch for my return, and hastened to meet me; but since Clara had engrossed her whole time, I had been forced to renounce this sweet custom. I cannot tell why I so particularly regretted its loss this evening, but I longed to see her, and take her out with me, to enjoy the delicious freshness of the evening.

I entered quickly, and asked for her immediately; she was in her own sitting-room, which had for some time been devoted to the child's use; there I found her, her head buried in her hands, whilst Clara, surrounded by her playthings, was seated on the floor at some little distance, pouting and with tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

I saw at the first glance how matters stood: there had been another of the child's outbreaks, which were becoming every day more frequent.

I had returned happy and comforted; but the sight of the two countenances before me was sufficient to dispel all my joy; it came like a cloud to shroud the sunshine of my heart. However, I conquered my first impulse, which had been to turn away, and approaching Marcelle, I begged, with a smile, to be informed of the cause of this grand quarrel; but the mother was indignant at my treating the matter so lightly, and began an enumeration of her troubles.

They were the thousand anxieties of an over-watchful mind. Attentive to the child's smallest actions, and from them deducting the most serious consequences, as if it were the peculiar

privilege of infancy to be ever influenced by the profoundest reason, which no man constantly obeys, she gave a meaning to every word and every motion, and imagined an intention to exist in the mere caprice of a moment. I had very often endeavored to warn her against her dangerous habit of drawing inferences, to persuade her to let the seed germinate by itself, always taking care to supply it with water and sunshine, without prejudging the ear which is to result from it; but all my efforts had been unavailing, and they were not more fortunate this time. I was again obliged to listen to what I had so often heard before. Clara was selfish and obstinate; her affection was interested; she was submissive, or disobedient, according to fancy!

And then came, heaven knows, what consequences and fears for the far-distant future! I listened with ill-restrained impatience, for time was flying, and the rays of the setting sun were rapidly dying away one by one. I took advantage of the first pause made by Marcelle, to try to soothe her, and, as she was about to reply, I rose and took her hand.

"Time enough to be serious to-morrow!" I said, gayly; "I want you to go with me to the nursery-grounds. My father expects us, and if we do not hasten, the nightingale will have finished her song."

"Go out!" exclaimed Marcelle, "and the child?"

"We will take her with us," I replied.

"Is it not too far?"

"I will carry her, if necessary."

She went to the window and looked out.

"Good heavens!" she said, "but it is—I am fearful of the evening air, my dear: see, the mist is already beginning to rise; it will not do for Clara to encounter it."

"Well then?" I exclaimed, in the restless manner of a man who stands in need of air and exercise, "we will leave her in Jeanne's care."

"Leave Clara here! impossible," Marcelle hastily replied: "every time I absent myself I feel the grievous consequences of my neglect; and now, more than ever, am I anxious to keep her with me, and constantly watch over her."

"Now listen to me, Marcelle," I answered, quickly; "there is, notwithstanding, a limit to all things, and it is not right that our two whole existences should be devoted to this child; she was given us by God to be our consolation, I should think, rather than a jailer."

"Oh, pray!" interrupted Marcelle, her eyes filling with tears, "do not bring up that subject

again; do you not believe that it pains me to refuse you?"

"But why attempt to accomplish an impossible task?" I cried, out of all patience. "The child must learn some day or other to walk alone, then why accustom her to be always supported? Does woman's sole duty on earth consist in rearing her offspring? Can it be a law of nature, that over each imperfect creature in the cradle, another completed being should stand guard, flaming sword in hand, to ward off the spirit of evil? What necessity can there be for this constant external guardian, when God has planted one in the heart of each of us? Conscience awakes of itself, but requires exercise to strengthen it!"

"I am perfectly aware that our opinions differ on this point," replied Marcelle, in a trembling voice; "but—if I am mistaken, why not be more lenient?"

"Because the error into which you have fallen is dangerous to all three; because Clara's little arms entwined around our necks, ought to bring us closer, rather than separate us; but you place her between us as a wall, you make her a trouble, a restraint; and you hazard in this game, not only our more social pleasures, but the true appreciation of our duties! Are you sure that the child you now make an obstacle will not become less dear? that her faults will not sooner exhaust our patience, and that you will not convert an intended joy into a burden?"

"At least I can answer for myself," said Marcelle, whom the severity of my tone had offended, and who was passing gradually from sorrow to bitterness.

"Then you would insinuate," said I, wounded in my turn, "that I alone am capable of forgetting my duty?"

"Was it I who expressed that fear?"

"At least you exculpated yourself at my expense. But no matter, this thirst for martyrdom is a necessary attribute of your sex; you like to feel the crown of thorns; and if God in His mercy lays it lightly on your brows, you press it down with both your hands: every one of you has more or less of the passion for self-immolation?"

Marcelle started, and the blood rushed to her face. It was the first time, in all our disagreements, that a bitter word had passed my lips; she gave me one sorrowful look, then drawing herself up, said coldly,

"So be it, but what need then of this discussion? The wise do not argue with fools."

And taking Clara by the hand, she passed into the salon.

I made a motion to detain her and offer some excuse, but my pride prevented me; perhaps also I yet felt somewhat aggrieved. I had come home my heart swelling with happy hopes, and I could not yet forgive her for having so suddenly dissipated them.

My feelings were not improved by a burst of laughter from the child, evidently elicited by her mother's efforts to amuse her. Presently I heard the piano; Marcelle was playing her noisiest quadrilles, to the evident great delight of Clara, who shouting with joy, endeavored to keep time with her feet to the music. I forgot that this was mere show to conceal her sorrow; and that this forced gayety was assumed to prevent the ready tears from flowing: I took the gay mask as a defiance, and answered with a bravado.

I sought in the drawers of the bureau for a forgotten cigar, the last vestige of my past extravagances, and having found one, began with the greatest effrontery to fill her little boudoir with clouds of smoke! Marcelle continued to play her giddiest dances, I whistled my liveliest airs, each doing his best to vex the other, as much from regret as spite.

We were surprised by aunt Roubert in this agreeable occupation; she made her appearance at the door of the little room, just as I finished my cigar.

"Eh! eh! you seem very merry here," she said; "my dear boy, you sing like a lark."

"It's the only way to drown the noise of the piano," said I, throwing a glance of ill-humor toward the salon.

"Ah! the piano tries your nerves, poor thing," said aunt, gayly, as she opened the window to get rid of the acrid odor of the tobacco.

Marcelle, hearing Madame Roubert's voice, had hastened into the room, and now remarked that my tastes must have suddenly and strangely altered, as it was only a few days ago that I had passed an entire evening in listening to this very music which now seemed so much to annoy me.

"Well, very likely! why are you surprised?" asked aunt Roubert, as, already established in the easy-chair, she was beginning to knit; "do you not know that we weary at last, even of that we like best? there should be moderation in all things, my dear."

I darted a sharp glance at Marcelle, who felt, rather than saw it, and colored slightly.

"Doubtless, dear aunt, when it concerns our pleasures, and——"

"And even when our duties are concerned," peremptorily added Madame Roubert.

"Hear, hear," said I, almost involuntarily: Marcelle bit her lip.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that on the latter point, negligence is more general than an excess of ardor."

"But not the less to be feared," replied her aunt; "and I have reason to say so, as I have experienced it."

"You?" I cried, "where and how?"

"Ah! it is an odd story, my child," said she, with a sigh. "You would hardly believe it of me now; but I was once young like the rest of you! Your uncle was the husband of my choice, and I was never happy unless knitting, or working at his elbow; so, when business was over, he used to come and seat himself on the low chair at my feet, and tell me all he had done during the day; enter into all his difficulties, and though I sometimes understood very little about it, I wished for no greater happiness than to listen to him."

She stopped, hesitated, and looked up at me.

"You are laughing at the old woman, are you not?" she said, with a timid embarrassment not belonging to her age, and of which I should not have suspected her.

I warmly protested against such an idea, and Marcelle with a kiss entreated her to continue. The old lady shook her head—"Oh, but 'tis the usual way, we cannot believe we shall ever grow old, nor forget that we *have been* young! But no matter—I was saying then, that I had become accustomed to your uncle's society, I had made it, so to say, my daily bread, and prayed that I might never be deprived of it. Unfortunately, I had not taken into consideration M. Roubert's zealous activity in the discharge of his business.

"One fine day, he took into his head to think that the work left to the junior clerks, would be better done by himself, that there was need of reform in the office, and that it concerned his honor to look to it. Immediately there was a grand rummaging of papers, looking over of dusty files, and yellow deeds. Every evening he returned loaded with papers; which he remained till past midnight arranging. It was impossible to find out whether he were too hot or too cold, what dish he would prefer, or to inquire if there was any news in the paper; from the moment he seated himself at the writing-table, he became a nonentity, and I might as well have been alone!"

"On Saturday, at least, I tried to tear him from his work, to take a walk with me along the river, or through the fields; but it was all of no use; there was always some document to look over, or some calculation to prove. First I pouted, then I cried; and last of all I got angry in good earnest. I felt that if matters went on much longer in this manner, he at his pen, and

I at my needle, we were in a fair way to become strangers to each other; so one day, grown bold by the sorrow I felt, I said to myself—this state of things has lasted long enough, and must be put an end to. Never shall I forget that day! It was an afternoon in Whitsuntide, about the middle of the delightful month of May. The sun shone brightly on the tops of the houses, the sparrows chirped in the gutters till they were hoarse, and the bells rang out merrily. I watched my neighbors, in their new clothes, double-locking their doors, and preparing to go a Maying; and as I looked my heart grew sad within me, till at last I made up my mind. I went straight to your uncle, who had seated himself at his writing-table and was mending a pen, laid my hand upon his arm, and resolutely said,

“To-day is a holiday; we have worked hard all the week, and ought to rest to-day; come, and take a saunter in the fields.”

“Impossible, dearest,” he said, gently: “I have these accounts to look over, and, ‘duty first, and pleasure after,’ you know.”

“But,” I interrupted, “there is no duty which has any right to monopolize a man’s entire life, or to exempt him from all other obligations. You promised me your love and society: do you already regret that promise?”

“I!” he said. “Is it possible you can think such a thing, Jeanne?”

“Then prove the contrary by giving me your society during the hours that I have a right to it.”

“He still endeavored to raise his conscientious scruples as reasons for denying them, but I interrupted him. I told him there was far more pride than conscientiousness in these pretensions to doing better than the rest of the world; and that if he desired to be just, he must divide his time and attention between his various duties: and as he still resisted, I made a sudden dash at his papers, and seized them in my arms.

“What are you about?” he cried.

“Rescuing my husband from his business,” I boldly replied, whilst cramming the papers into my linen-chest, the key of which I turned and put in my pocket.”

“And what did M. Roubert do?” I exclaimed.

“He started up angrily enough,” she replied, “turned red, and then pale; but I brought him his hat, took his arm and said, come! so sweetly, that he was obliged to smile in spite of himself, and there was peace between us.”

“But since?”

“Afterward,” she said, “he moderated his zeal, and never again forgot that he was not merely a business man.”

My eyes and Marcelle’s met, but only for a moment; she turned away abruptly, and rose to put the child, who had begun to fret, to bed.

I then remembered that my father was expecting me. I had letters of business to consult him upon; and, begging Madame Roubert to excuse me, I set off for his lodgings.

I was in that state of mind when one looks upon the dark side of everything, and all around me seemed to add to my melancholy feelings; during my whole walk I met nobody but beggars, or drunken people quarreling. Even my father, generally so calm and serene, was that evening quite overcome. He had just heard of the total ruin of a friend of his youth, who had been suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, at an age when the mind finds it difficult to change one set of ideas for another.

He proposed that we should walk, as was his custom when he felt the need of motion to calm his mind. We went down to the nursery-ground, and wandered by moonlight through its alleys. The flowering acacias perfumed the air; the sky glittered with innumerable stars, and the sound of our footsteps was lost on the freshly-made paths. In this manner we made the round of the grounds, exchanging only, at long intervals, a few words; whilst the sole sounds which in the still evening met our ears, were the distant rumbling of the market wagons, and the barking of a dog on a neighboring farm. At last, the church clock struck eleven: my father remembered that I had others expecting me, and bid me good night.

I returned slowly home. This walk under the clear sky of night, had soothed the irregular and quickened pulses of my heart; my head was clear, and I felt a longing for that peace and love which constitutes the charm of home. I was no longer angry with Marcelle; I no longer blamed her; but anxious on my side for a reconciliation, I feared to find her less disposed for it; I doubted what reception I should meet with, whilst a foolish pride counselled me not to be the first to make advances.

I very leisurely mounted the stairs, divided between my desire for a reconciliation and this false and foolish pride. I quietly opened the door; the lamp was extinguished, and all was dark and silent. A sharp pang shot through my heart.

She has not heard me, I thought, and is asleep most likely.

I softly made my way to her room, through the unclosed windows of which the stars sent a feeble light.

On finding myself there again, surrounded by

objects, to each of which belonged some sweet remembrance; and as the scent of "vetiver," Marcelle's favorite perfume, saluted me on entering, the flood of bitterness which had again risen in my heart subsided, and I drew near to Clara's cradle, in which I heard her breathing softly. A moonbeam, penetrating the light drape, fell round her head in an aureole of glory.

As I stood gazing upon that fair and rosy face, as yet untouched by care, my heart swelled with emotion. The innocent happiness of childhood seems to draw us nearer to God! I deeply regretted that this dear child should have been made the cause of dispute and recrimination between Marcelle and myself; and I felt I had been guilty of injustice toward this darling little creature. With some remorse I bent over the child, and pressed my lips upon her chestnut

curls. As I did so, a hand seized mine, and from behind the white curtains rose Marcelle's sweet face.

"Ah, then! you do not hate her for having separated us!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Not if you are happy in that separation," I said, with an earnest look.

She laid her hand upon the cradle.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I am not, I cannot: let us rather endeavor to consider each other's happiness, and in doing so we shall make our own. Aunt Roubert has enlightened me, and I have understood, and will profit by her lesson."

At these words her hand crept up to my shoulder, her head bent with mine over her child, and she drew us both together in the same embrace.

SUMMER DAY DREAMS.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

THE hours of the Summer day
Pass with its cloudless light away,
And from my chamber window high,
I see upon the clear blue sky
My country's banner gaily stream,
And stars and stripes in sunlight gleam,
And every breeze that spreads it wide
Thrills to my soul with earnest pride,
Its upward flight now seems to me
Meet emblem of our liberty.

My native land thy skies are fair,
For Southern softness warms the air,
And luscious fruits and brightest flowers,
And greenest verdure deck thy bowers;
Light labor and thy fertile fields,
The golden promise richly yields;
And streamlets bathe thy mountain side,
And noble rivers proudly glide,
With thundering torrent foaming flood,
Wild waste and savage solitude.

But thought and hope and fancy stray,
Far from its smiling shores away—
And oft in reveries I sigh
For ruder breeze and darker sky;
O'er mountain crag and cliff to roam,
With but a visioned dream of home,
To mark the eddying mists that blow
Round purpled hills enwreathed with snow,
Or watch the rippling currents break
Upon Loch Lomond's silver lake.

And view the varied charms that lie
To lure the dreamer's thoughtful eye;

Where upland pass and shadowed glen
Lead from the toll-worn steps of men;
Where Nature's high untrammelled mien
Stamps living grandeur on the scene;
Where poet's pen and history's page,
Traditions stored from age to age,
Bids from the past pale spectres glide
Above the spot where heroes died.

It needs no minstrel's kindly hand
To bind me to my Fatherland,
For from my childhood's earliest hour
I've felt and owned its nameless power:
At Scotland's name my heart pulse thrills,
And Scottish blood my bosom fills;
'Mid dear and old familiar things,
Her song remembrance fondly brings—
I hear once more her ballads sung
Half sadly by a Northern tongue.

On heather hills, by lonely tarn,
By silent glen, or mountain cairn,
The cowering brownie wanders o'er,
Or pauses near the peasant's door;
And elfin sprites enchantments weave
At midnight hour or haunted eve;
'Mid withered ring in meadow green,
Triumphant sits the fairy queen,
To lure in shape of lady gay
Some truant knight from earth away.

Like music's softly dying note,
Around my heart such visions float—
Near to my soul they warmly lie,
The earliest dreams of infancy;

Until with riper years I sought
To know how well earned field was fought,
With eager haste I conned them o'er,
Rich in a world of ancient lore,
Rejoiced with Bruce in triumphant pride,
Paled at Culloden's blood-stained tide.

And oh! this bright, fair Summer day,
How much I long to be away,
By bonnie Ayr's fair winding stream;
To lose myself in rapturous dream,
To muse in dry but sacred gloom,
And bend o'er one immortal tomb.
Or mark the passing shades that lurk
Round Alloway's auld haunted kirk;
Or through the mouldering halls to glide
Where Mary lived and Rizzio died.

I cannot tell how dear to me
Each chosen spot of earth would be;

How thought and feeling's magic sway,
And every impulse points the way
To that rude shore, where foams the sea
In surging breakers, wild and free—
Where castled wall and cloister grey,
Gleam through the misty Northern day,
Where Pictish tower and Druid stone
Reveal the flight of ages gone.

Fate's mystic volume that unfolds
My future life, the truth withholds,
But if my fancy rightly spells,
The best decree her page foretells,
It whispers my strong wish shall be;
The power to waft me o'er the sea,
And spread before my longing eye
The land of thought and poetry,
Until each living picture seems
More brilliant than my brightest dreams.

CHRISTIANS-FIELD.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THE Christian's field, a lovely name,
In far-off lands it lies;
A picture, in a broad green frame,
To all its children's eyes.

There classic towers are richly filled
With lore of other lands;
There dark brown soil is deftly tilled
By honest laboring hands.

From out the mist-robed Baltic isles
The hardy yeoman comes
To thee, oh, Christians-field! and smiles
To see thy joy-filled homes.

Proud Art, and Science, rear their tent
Beside thy thick stone walls,
Where rough-reared youths, on learning bent,
For them leave sleds and balls.

Each little child is taught to pray,
To love the Saviour's word;
And kindness draws it, day by day,
Still closer to the Lord.

'Tis this that makes a Christian's field
Of that wide royal manor,
Where prince and peasant homage yield
Beneath the gospel banner.

GONE BEFORE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Once there was a peerless being
Walking ever by my side,
Like a sunbeam in the day-time,
And a star at eventide.

And she floated thro' my dreamings,
Through the long and still night,
Like an angel floating downward,
From the sinless realms of light.

Pure and beautiful I thought her,
As the glowing midnight star,
Hanging in its own deep azure,
In the Heavenly world afar.

But one eve there came an angel
Gathering gems on Time's dull shore,
With the angel went the maiden,
Out from earth to come no more.

Soon the angel will be coming
Back again at her command,
And he'll lead me to my lost one,
To her home—the Better Land.

And I mourn not we were parted,
For I knew that joy replete
'Waits the patient, weary-hearted,
In yon Heaven where we shall meet.

"THE NEW DOCTOR."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Good, old Dr. Lutenwell was dead.

For twenty years had he faithfully ministered to the ailments of young and old in the quiet little village of W——; no rival, whether homoeopathic, hydropathic, or "young physic," had poached on his domain. He had reigned with undisputed, and somewhat despotic sway, and at his death he regally appointed a successor, as great monarchs are wont to do.

The advent of the "New Doctor," or the "Doctor's Heir," as some called him, was an event of immense interest to the villagers. There was a delay of several weeks before he could possibly arrive, and meanwhile the whole village, men, women, and children, wondered, and guessed, and conjectured, and surmised, as only villagers can.

The good, old doctor had spoken in the very highest terms of his successor—had declared him to possess every requisite qualification—talents, industry, good character, and a kind heart, as well as some years' experience, no trifling advantage.

At length there was a report that the doctor had come—or at least Mrs. Patterson's girl's sister, had been told by the cousin of the young man who pounded drugs in the doctor's office, that he was as good as come, for he was certainly on the road.

Then came rumors of a new plate on the poor, old doctor's door, (how shocking;) then the *certainty* that the new doctor had actually arrived, had been seen and spoken to by several persons.

Unhappy Dr. Wissenall! had he but known how busy people were with him, and his concerns—how everybody was peeping and peering and prying about him, in search of some flaw or imperfection, it would surely have troubled his dreams, if not his conscience.

As was but natural, when nearly all was conjecture, scarcely two opinions about him coincided, and the most contradictory statements were made concerning him.

The "New Doctor" was not yet a worn-out theme, when, about two weeks after his arrival, a bevy of young girls were assembled round Mrs. Mayland's pleasant tea-table; they, of course, discussed him too.

The hostess' lovely daughter Ella, a bright,

charming girl of seventeen, very sweet and innocent, listened with an amused smile to the conversation, and at last broke into a merry laugh.

"I never heard so many contradictions in my life!" she exclaimed. "Why no two of you agree on a single point. I have heard him called old and young, handsome and ugly, agreeable and rude, German and French, and I don't know how many other impossible opposites within five minutes. I begin to be curious to see this Appolo-Appolyon."

"Begin to be curious!" cried lively little Anna Jay. "I've been dying of curiosity these two weeks. I go round five squares every day, in going to school, just in hopes of seeing, or finding out something as I pass the house. But the only success I have had as yet, was to see the girl shaking the door-mat one day. Curiosity! I'm all curiosity—and what do you think Lizzy Morris did? She was so curious that she shammed sick, pretended to have a dreadful headache, or something, and sent for the new doctor just so as to see him, and talk with him—so horrid of Lizzy Morris!"

"Well, but how did she like him?" inquired a half-a-dozen eager voices.

"She didn't like him at all. She thought him dreadfully rude, for instead of being flattered when she allowed him to surmise her reason for sending for him, he left her very abruptly, telling her in a rude, blunt kind of way, that there was nothing the matter with her but want of common sense."

"How mortified Lizzy must have been!" said Ella, blushing for her friend. "And as for him, I abhor him. How could he hurt the poor girl's feelings so?"

"Lizzy's feelings!" laughed Anna Jay, incredulously, "she hasn't any, that I could ever find out."

"No, indeed," said one of the other girls. "she is a coquette 'au naturel;' she can think of nothing but flirting, and she was served just right; it's my opinion, that she determined from the first, to make a conquest, if not a catch, and I, for one, am glad she is foiled."

"Never fear, she'll try again," said another. and hereupon followed a complete dissection of

poor Lizzy's character, but being conscientiously opposed to gossip I shall not retail all that was said.

Not more than a week after this conversation, Ella Mayland rose with a sore throat and headache, and other symptoms of a severe cold, or some impending illness.

Her parents spoke of sending for the doctor, but Ella so strenuously opposed the idea that they said no more about it till the next day; when, finding she was decidedly worse, instead of better, as they had hoped, Mrs. Mayland spoke more decidedly of the necessity of calling in medical aid; but Ella still would not hear of it. She was thinking of Lizzy Morris' reproof, and dreading the idea of incurring a similar one from the stern "New Doctor," should he fancy himself summoned on false pretences.

Mr. Mayland said little, perceiving that Ella was feverishly excited at the very mention of the doctor's name, but not choosing longer to defer what he considered a necessary step, he stopped at Dr. Wissenall's office as he went down the street, and requested him to call on his daughter.

Meanwhile, Ella, overcome by her increasing illness, and her uncomfortable feelings, struggled no longer for appearances, but submitted passively to her mother's infallible remedy for a sore throat—permitted her neck to be well rubbed with goose-grease, and tied up in flannel. Afterward, her mother having left her to attend to an important commission down street, she wrapped herself in an old shawl, laid down on the lounge in the sitting room, and dropped asleep.

After a time she woke from a heavy, troubled slumber, to become slowly conscious that a grave, middle-aged man was sitting at the foot of the sofa reading. The stranger had a foreign air, and his long, black hair fell about his neck in rather a wild fashion. Ella, confused by recent dreams, and approaching delirium, looked at him with great, bewildered eyes, puzzled to know whether the being before her was a reality or a creature of her imagination. Suddenly a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes with a peculiarly keen, earnest expression, were turned full upon her, with a look of inquiry.

"It's the new doctor!" Ella said to herself, as her heart gave a frightened leap, and weak and nervous as she was, she felt for a moment absolutely faint with terror.

The stranger drew his chair nearer, and said, in a finely-toned bass voice, with a slightly foreign accent,

"Are you long ill?"

"Oh, no, not ill at all!" said Ella, hastily,

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with a frightened voice. "I assure you I did not ask father to trouble you. Indeed I am not ill——"

"I will be the judge of that," said the doctor, gravely. He was feeling her pulse as he spoke, "Will you let me see your tongue?"

Ella sat upright, with nervous haste, and opened her mouth as wide as if it had been her object to swallow her interrogator.

"So wide was not necessary," said the doctor, quietly smiling; "but I have had the advantage to see your throat as well. Why have you not told me your throat was sore?"

"It is nothing to signify," said Ella.

"It must be very painful," said the doctor. "You have also a high fever. When your mother returns home, say to her she shall put you to bed. Lie down again, now."

So saying, the doctor arranged the pillow under the weary, throbbing head, which was glad to sink into it, and then, looking round the room, he spied an old shawl of Mrs. Mayland's, which he made an awkward, manish attempt to fold into a squarish shape.

Ella with languid, half-closing eyes, wondered what in the world he was going to do with it, and wondered still more, when he came and spread it over her feet, saying, with a kind smile,

"I must not have you take cold."

"Thank you," murmured Ella, drowsily, and she thought, as she caught another kindly glance from the doctor's splendid, brown eyes, as he was leaving the room, "He is not such a terrible creature after all!" That was her last conscious thought for many long weeks.

Ella's illness proved to be an attack of that most unpopular and dreaded disease, the varioloid.

Though not an unusually severe case, the very name was enough to drive every servant from the house. Therefore the whole care of nursing Ella, as well as many other duties, fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Mayland; and as the health of the latter was but delicate, she was almost overwhelmed by her exertions.

In this emergency the doctor came to their aid; he added the duties of nurse to those of physician, and many a long night-hour he stole from the rest he absolutely needed, after his day of anxious and fatiguing cares, to sit beside the unconscious girl, ministering to her wants as tenderly as any woman.

The disease was at length conquered, and Ella's health began steadily to improve. She was very weak, but consciousness had returned, and she began to take note of what was passing around her.

She heard, with grateful surprise, from her father and mother, of the disinterested and devoted kindness the doctor had shown her—of his unwearied and fearless attendance.

She felt it her duty to thank him personally and specially for his services, but she had not yet overcome the timidity with which he had at first inspired her, and from day to day she delayed the task which she lacked courage to perform.

The doctor's daily visit was generally quite long, and every one made Ella like him better. She became soon so well acquainted that not a vestige of terror remained; she had learned on the contrary to regard Dr. Wissenall as a man possessing the most kindly and genial nature, as well as a noble and upright character.

It was no longer with an effort that she one day said to him,

"Dr. Wissenall, I have never yet thanked you, as I should have done, for the great kindness my parents tell me you showed me during my illness; but pray do not think me ungrateful; indeed, in my inmost heart I have felt, and thanked you for your generous goodness."

"I did nothing," said the doctor, briefly.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing—because I would gladly have done so much more."

Ella smiled gratefully at his warmth and earnestness, and inspired with confidence by his cordial manner, proceeded, with some hesitation, to speak of a matter which had greatly occupied her thoughts.

"There is one thing which troubles me, doctor; I see mother has removed my mirror, and I have not had courage to ask—but tell me—am I much disfigured?"

"No—the contrary!" said the doctor, emphatically. "It is most certainly true that your appearance is positively improved." Then seeing Ella's look of incredulity, he took a little pocket mirror from his coat pocket, saying,

"See for yourself."

"Ella saw for herself. And though she was really, owing to Dr. Wissenall's skilful management, but slightly disfigured, she was so much disappointed after what had been said, that she burst into tears.

The poor doctor looked perfectly aghast at such an outburst.

"I know not what is the matter," he said, in a puzzled tone, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I know not what you cry for—have I not told you true?"

Ella burst into a fit of laughter as sudden as her tears.

"I cannot help laughing," she said, apologetically, when she had recovered herself, "to think what must be the reason you fancy me improved. You retain, I perceive, a vivid and unfortunate recollection of that first visit you made me. When the stupid girl showed you up to the sitting-room, where I lay in a torpid sleep on the sofa, wrapped in flannel and old shawls."

Ella laughed again, but the doctor said in a tone of earnestness and feeling,

"You always were, and always will be, beautiful to me, Miss Ella."

Ella looked up hastily, surprised by the doctor's words and manner. Perhaps the suspicion of a conquest flashed into her silly little head; but if so, she read no confirmation of the idea in the doctor's sedate face as he sat composedly writing a prescription.

Still, the thought which had suggested itself, though speedily banished, left the door open for all sorts of mischief, as the reader will see.

In the first place, the simple relation of the patient and doctor had been disturbed. Ella perceived the possibility of regarding Dr. Wissenall otherwise than as merely a medical adviser. This possibility admitted, she looked on him with new eyes, and the consequence was that the new eyes saw wonderful things.

Instead of a good, kind, elderly person, to whom almost filial homage might be paid, she saw a noble-looking man in the prime of life, with a broad, splendid brow, bearing the stamp of intellect—a mouth where decision and tenderness seemed equally blended in the expression, and eyes, glorious with the light of enthusiasm and feeling.

Ella took one long look, as though to study to understand that noble countenance; and ~~now~~ afterward was she able to confound the impressions with which the investigation inspired her, with the reverential homage we pay to venerable age.

The doctor's daily visits continued, for Ella experienced a serious relapse and did not speedily rally. Those visits had now come to be the most precious time in the day to her; and often after the doctor had gone she would sit for hours as if in a dream. Do not laugh—oh, most sensible reader, if I tell you she was recalling each word he had uttered—trying to remember the exact expression of his brown eyes, as he said so and so—and remembering especially his beautiful dreamy smile at such and such a time. Ella was treading the enchanted ground, which woman's foot never touches but once—because she can but once truly love.

Though still almost a child in years, Ella

nature was too vehement and passionate to allow her to mistake her own feelings; she knew but too well that she loved, and felt but too keenly that never, either by word or look, had the doctor ever indicated any special preference for her. Kinder, more thoughtful he could not be, but vainly she sought for more.

Her agitation and anxiety on this subject were so great as to retard her recovery, but at length she was so far improved as to receive Dr. Wissenall's permission to go down stairs. He proposed coming himself to see how she bore the exertion, as she was still very weak.

One sunny afternoon, therefore, Ella sat waiting for him in her pleasant chamber.

She was dressed with unusual care, in a pretty white wrapper, with a simple cap with blue ribbons, which set off, by contrast, the faint pink which was beginning to return to her cheeks. Scarcely a trace remained of the effects of her late illness, and she really *was* now more truly beautiful than she had ever been in her life; for there was a new expression—a deeper sentiment in her clear blue eyes than had ever gleamed there before.

Dr. Wissenall soon came in, in high spirits—he congratulated his patient gaily on her appearance, and himself assisted her down stairs, followed by Mrs. Mayland.

The doctor was invited to stay to tea, in honor of the occasion, and having obtained his assent, Mrs. Mayland, after seeing her daughter established in an easy-chair, went to attend to some domestic matters.

Her departure was followed by a long silence. So long and so oppressive did Ella find it, that she felt, in her nervous state, as though she must scream aloud to break it, since she could think of no word to say.

At last Dr. Wissenall spoke; but his words only agitated her the more.

"I wish to consult you, Miss Ella," he said, and I beg you to speak to me freely and truly. Do you think it possible that a man so old, and so unattractive in every way as myself, could ever win the first and best love of a young, beautiful, and most attractive girl?"

Ella was silent—her fast beating heart prevented speech.

Dr. Wissenall looked at her and proceeded, in truth, Miss Ella, I deeply love such a person as I have named; but I fear to presume, to fear such a one could never love a plain old man like myself. I do not think that, as she has any idea of my folly, my presumption—I fear to do harm and not good by pleading my *hopeless suit*. You are yourself young and

lovely—advise me—aid me—tell me, do you think such a thing could be?"

A jealous suspicion had darted into Ella's mind. What if she was mistaken in what she fancied might be his meaning? What if he *really* loved some one else? Was it not a possible, a probable thing?

In a scarcely audible voice she said hurriedly, "I cannot advise till I know the person——"

The doctor paused as if to consider.

"If I should name your friend, Miss Lizzie Morris, should you think I might hope?"

The shock and revulsion of feeling these words occasioned, were too much for Ella in her feeble state of health. After a desperate effort to command herself, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, which she could neither control nor restrain.

Yet no words can express the mortification this unfortunate display of emotion caused her. What was she doing but betraying a secret she would have guarded with her life, to him, who, most of all others, her pride told her should never guess it. Something she felt she must do or say, to give coloring to this humiliating self-betrayal; when, therefore, the doctor bending over her, asked softly why she wept so—she answered hastily,

"Because I am so sorry for poor Lizzie."

Dr. Wissenall turned abruptly away, and walked three or four times up and down the room. In the increasing darkness Ella could not see his face, but his firm, deep voice sounded broken and tremulous, when pausing before her he said,

"I understand you, Miss Ella. You have felt truly that Miss Morris' name was but a fictitious one, to represent a being as far above her as the stars are above the earth. Not less kindly than decidedly is your refusal given. I must try to meet my doom manfully—but oh, Ella," here his voice faltered a little, "I pampered my heart with such a beautiful dream about you. I should have known better——"

He turned away as if unable to control his emotion, he was about to leave the room.

Ella recalled him by faintly pronouncing his name. "Tell me again," she said, with a great effort—"you are cruel—you torture me—I am so weak and faint I cannot understand—who is it, tell me—tell me?"

Dr. Wissenall's look was answer enough.

Ella replied to it by holding out both hands to him, murmuring as her head sunk on his shoulder,

"Surely you knew it was for myself I wept. Yes, for sorrow then, and now for too much joy."

"SHE'S ONLY A DEPENDANT."

BY LILLA LAWSON.

CHAPTER I.

ADALINE REYNOLDS sat alone in one of the many rooms of her uncle's splendid city mansion. Yet the brilliantly lighted parlors were thronged with a gay assemblage. Why was she the only one sad?

It was her cousin Clara's birth-night, and when Clara had been asked who Adaline was, the cruel answer was "only a dependant, a distant relation of father's." Adaline had heard the contemptuous reply, and hence she was alone and weeping.

Adaline sat, her sad eyes riveted on the silvery moon, which was shedding its light full upon her upturned face. That face was one of the most beautiful imaginable. The gentle sephyr that came in at the open window played among raven tresses, which flowed around a neck of marble whiteness. There was deep thought written on the ivory brow; but the mouth was the most expressive feature, the ruby lips, though full and pouting, denoted firmness. Tears were gathering in the large, soul-lit eyes, and one fell upon the small white hand.

Adaline, at this, started up as if an adder had stung her, and brushed the tear-drops from her eyes, saying, while her cheeks flushed to crimson, "Back, back to your fountains. Although I am only a dependant, I will win a name, and they shall yet be proud of their poor cousin."

Slowly Adaline dropped upon her knees, asking God to guide her in the step she was going to take. When she arose, the guests were departing, for she could hear the carriages as they rolled away. Yet she did not retire until the dawn of day. But she sat not idle there. Her slender fingers were flying over the paper on which she was writing. They must have been thoughts that were heavenly, for her features were lit up with divine inspiration. When she slept at last, angels must have visited her in her dreams, for her mouth was wreathed in smiles. Smile on, sweet Adaline! God has heard thy prayer. A glorious gift is thine, the gift of poetry. Thy voice of fame will bow many souls before thee, thy proud cousins among the number.

The morning sun was shining bright and beautiful. Mr. Howard sat alone in his library. He

was thinking of the past. Once more the grey-haired old man was a child again, seated around his father's fire-side, with his brothers and sisters, listening to his kind sire's advice, or looking to catch his mother's love-lit smile. Then a cloud came between him and his life of sunshine. The death angel claimed his fondly loved mother: another and another passed away until all was gone, but his idolized sister Ada. Her he saw just verging into womanhood. Another vision passed before him, his now proud, aristocratic wife. She whom he once thought almost too good for this earth, was now only a gay devotee of the world. She had deceived him, it mattered not how: it was too late now for remedy. His daughters, three in number, had grown up to womanhood: and inherited all their mother's foolish pride. He had heard Clara, the eldest, but the evening before, say that Adaline was only a dependant. The words had sunk deep into his heart. Was not Adaline his sister's child? Again, and Ada passed before him, arrayed in her bridal robes, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, a young minister from the glorious West. He heard her farewell words, and felt her farewell kiss. She was gone to her western home. A few short years passed by, when one dark day a letter came, telling him of his sister's death, then of her husband's, and asking him to rear her child as his own. Had he not done so? Did he not love that child as his own? Yes, nobly hast thou done thy duty to thy dead sister's child. But alas! thy words were the only kind ones Adaline received.

While he sat thus, recalling the past, two soft arms stole around his neck, and a sweet voice said, "Uncle, what are you thinking about?" "Must I tell you that it was of my little pet? Oh! how lonely I will be when she is gone." "Gone where, uncle?" "Why to Mrs. Westbrook's. Did I not promise to send you next month?" "Yes, uncle, but I thought you had forgotten it. I am so happy now at the thought of going back to dear Walnut Hill once more; not at leaving you, uncle." And tears came into her eyes as she kissed him, and bounded out of the room to give vent to her feelings. She was happy at the thought of once more seeing kind Mrs. Westbrook, her much loved teacher; but

she could not keep from shedding tears when she thought of her dear old uncle, who cared more for her happiness than for his own. Again she murmured the words of the night before. "I will win a name for his sake. Hope shall be my motto now and forever." And in a few moments she was walking down the street toward the post-office, bearing in her hand the treasured thoughts that she had penned when hope was almost dead in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said Clara Howard, "did you know father is going to send Adaline back to school again?" "Yes, I knew it—and I have told him that she will repay him with ungratefulness." Just then Emma came in with a newspaper, saying, "There is such a beautiful piece of poetry written in the Gazette. It is called 'Thoughts of Heaven;' and the editor has complimented the authoress, whose name is Lena." Clara read it, and poured forth her praises on the writer.

Adaline was in the next room, and her heart bounded with joy and hope, as she recognized her own poem.

Two weeks passed rapidly. We will pass over the farewell, and Adaline's sadness at leaving her kind old uncle. The "poor dependant" is again Mrs. Westbrook's favorite pupil. The kind teacher appreciates her lofty, intellectual mind, and eagerly peruses the pieces coming from Adaline's pen, for Adaline tells her secret to her kind preceptress.

The name of Lena soon found its way out in the literary world. No one suspected, however, that Lena, the gifted poetess, was Adaline Reynolds. Not one of Mr. Howard's household, when admiring the gifted Lena, thought of the poor dependant cousin. Once a suspicion of the truth came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Howard, but he dismissed it with a smile, saying, "I wish it was so."

Three years passed. Adaline was still with Mrs. Westbrook, for although she had long since graduated with the highest honors, she preferred remaining with her kind friend, and assisting her in her duties of labor and love. She feared the word dependant too much to go back to the city. She often, however, heard from the only one who cared for her there, and his letters were full of affection and kindness.

A new light had dawned upon her also. She loved with a true woman's heart: and was beloved in return, by one who was nobleness itself. Yet he knew not that he loved the poetess Lena.

The world was ringing with her praise; and he too had admired the heaven born talent of Lena; but he little dreamed who she was.

Adaline, on her part, knew not yet that Mr. Edward Stanley was sometimes called the Hon. Edward Stanley, and was the Congressman from A——. She had met him as Mrs. Westbrook's cousin, during a visit he had made to her preceptress: and they had loved instinctively. She had promised to become forever his the ensuing spring. He had left her, but with a promise to return as soon as his duties would permit.

She was seated, in a pleasant reverie, when she was interrupted by the servant girl, telling her that an old gentleman wished to see her. He was none other than her uncle. In a few moments she was clasped in his arms. Mr. Howard thought Adaline more beautiful than ever; and when Mrs. Westbrook told him Adaline was Lena, tears of joy rolled down his aged cheeks. "Ah! uncle," she said, "who would Lena have to love her, if you were gone?" "Even now, darling," answered her uncle, "I have just given my consent to the Hon. Edward Stanley; and when you are the Congressman's bride, you may forget your uncle." Adaline could not speak, for a moment, for surprise. Then she said, "Never, never, will I forget your kindness to the poor orphan. I would not have been what I am now, if it had not been for your generosity. In my helpless childhood, you watched over, clothed and fed me. Now in my days of prosperity I would be ungrateful indeed to forget you. But why," she continued, blushing, "did you call Edward Stanley a Congressman?" "Because he really is. Did you not know that?" "Never until this moment, as I live and breathe." Just then Mrs. Westbrook entered. Mr. Howard told her why Adaline looked so bewildered. "I intended telling her myself, and ask pardon for the deception I practised upon both of them," said Mrs. Westbrook. "I told Edward this evening our Lena's history just before he left."

When Mr. Howard returned to the city, Adaline accompanied him, but she did not go to his mansion. She stopped with an old schoolmate. It was soon noised about that the gifted and beautiful Lena was in the city; and her true name came out at a grand ball, where her cousins, and all their aristocratic friends were present. Adaline was attended by her betrothed husband, Edward Stanley. She was arrayed in a robe of white satin embroidered with silver. A silver cord coiled around her waist, and then descended till its heavy tassels almost touched her feet. Her raven curls were confined by a band of the richest pearls, whilst a necklace of

the same encircled her snowy neck. Her cheeks were flushed, for she was listening to her lover's voice. But when the Misses Howards' arrival was announced, proudly, almost haughtily, did she meet them, with a calm dignity, befitting a queen receiving her subjects. Her genius, and the brilliant match she was about to make, rendered her victory complete. Invitation after invitation followed. She was the ruling star of the season.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed. Mr. Howard lay on his death-bed, prostrated by a sudden and mortal disease. Adaline had flown to nurse him, for Clara had eloped with a worthless adventurer. Edward Stanley was also there.

"Uncle, for so I will call you," he said, "I am sorry to see you so ill." "You have just come in time," said the old man, "to receive my blessing before I die. I have no right to ask the favor of you, yet I will. Protect my wife and children." "I will be to them all you wish," solemnly said Edward Stanley, "for your kindness to her who is dearer to me than my life." The sufferer smiled faintly. "Oh, God, I thank thee," he cried, "I can now die contented." Emma and Annie, the haughty ball-room belles, were awed by that scene of death; and solemnly vowed that they would live differently, as they pressed a kiss upon their dying father's lips, and saw their mother borne lifeless from the room. Clara, the disobedient child, was not forgotten. "Give her my blessing," said the old man, "and tell her I freely forgive her."

A few months, and he was joined by his repentant wife, who died blessing Adaline with her latest breath, and leaving her two daughters, now almost penniless, to the poor cousin's care.

It was a bright and beautiful morn in the early spring, when Lena, the gifted and beautiful, stood before the altar, to become the wife of the distinguished Edward Stanley. There too were Emma and Annie, looking happily on; while Mrs. Westbrook smiled her congratulations. It was in a country church that they were married. Mrs. Westbrook would have it so. But there were many there from the gay city to witness the ceremony. Little children strewed bright flowers in the pathway of the bride as she returned to her carriage.

Edward Stanley not only took his wife, but her now dependant cousins. Adaline did not look upon them as such, however, but treated them as sisters.

But where was Clara all this time? For three years she was not heard from. But one dark winter's day, a pale woman, in tattered garments, might be seen wending her way down to the Hon. Edward Stanley's beautiful residence. Feebly she knocked for admittance. The servant stared at her wonderingly, when she asked if Mrs. Stanley was at home. "Tell her yes," said Adaline, who always listened to the voice of distress. The pale suppliant entered, and cast her eyes on her two sisters, who knew her in a moment: and at once Adaline received the wanderer to her heart.

Clara had come home to Adaline's to die, a deserted, heart-broken wife. All that could be done, was done to restore her, but in vain. Adaline's voice soothed her in her wildest words of delirium: and it was Adaline's voice that convinced her she could yet be saved. Clara died a true Christian, with the words, "Father: mother! I come." Thus the proud, contemptuous beauty owed her last comforts, nay! even her escape from a pauper's grave, to the "poor dependant" she had scorned.

THE PROUDE LADYE.

BY DI VERNON.

SHE will not own she loves him,
Though aching is her breast
With all its weight of sadness,
Its "burden of unrest."

SHE will not own she loves him,
Though drooping 'neath his gaze,
And trembling in his presence,
Or glowing 'neath his praise.

SHE will not own she loves him,
'Tis hidden in her heart—

The deep, abiding secret,
And will not thence depart.

SHE will not own she loves him,
And he doth sue in vain—
Still deeming her cold-hearted,
Not knowing of her pain.

SHE will not own she loves him—
But hush! he hears her sighs;
He sees it in thy blush, ladye,
He reads it in thine eyes.

TO MAKE A CARNATION PINK.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Carmine paper, feather hearts, calyx, buds, light green tissue paper, cake of green wax, gum arabic. Cut six sets of petals

petal with your scissors, one side in, the other out; take a small piece of green wax, fasten it on to the heart or stamin. Just below the feather, to keep the leaves from slipping off, slip on the first set of petals, press it close around the stamin to keep the wax from being seen. Then slip on the rest of the leaves, pressing each set around the lower part—as the first one, only not quite so close. When all the petals are on, fasten a small piece of wax on the wire to keep the leaves in their place. Then cut the wire off short, gum the inside of the calyx, and press the flower into it with your piers: if the gum is strong it will hold without any difficulty. Straight grass will answer for pink leaves, or they may be out of green glazed paper.

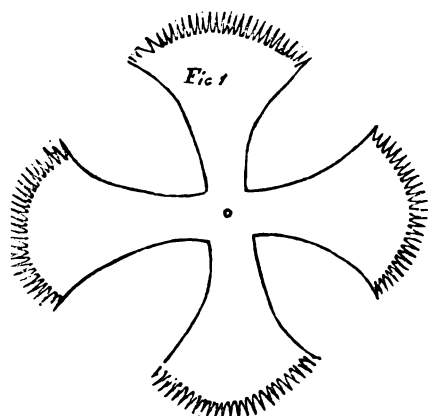


fig. 1 of carmine paper, curl each petal in toward the centre; then curl the edge of the

NOTE.—In selecting flowers for a bouquet or basket, choose those which represent the most fragrant and beautiful in nature, such as roses of all kinds, pinks, lilies, honeysuckle, daisies, heliotrope, laurestena, orange blossoms, pansies, cowslip, verbenas, all colors, wild flowers, forget-me-nots, &c. &c.

DEEDS OF LOVE.

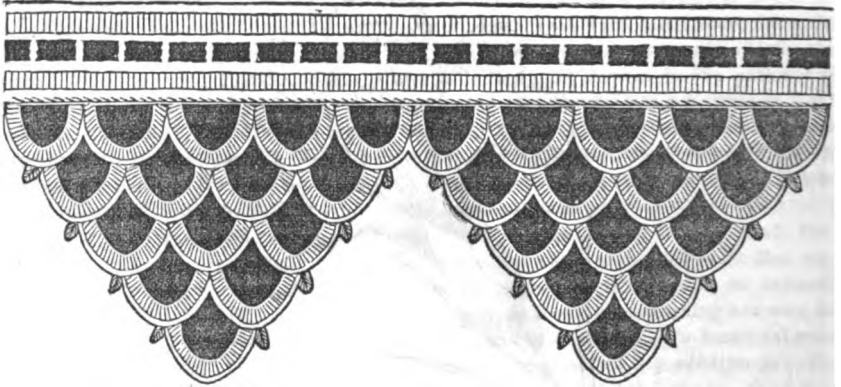
THE flow'rs that in the meadow bloom,
The stars that gem the blue,
The wind, the wave, the calm, the storm,
God's work forever do.

Then up and labor for the right,
The more, as deeds of love
Become white angels after death
To welcome us above.

C. A.

CROCHET EDGING.

BY M^{RS}. DEFOUR.

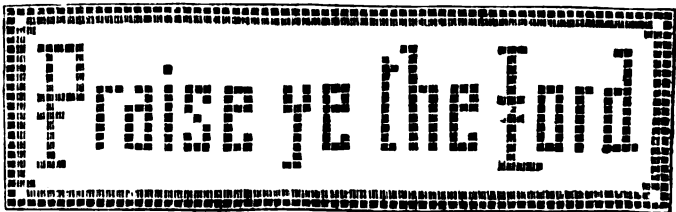


MATERIALS.—For petticoats, Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s boar's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 10; for children's drawers and other similar articles, No. 16 or 20 of the same cotton.

Make a chain of the required length, taking care that it is not tight in any part; and work on it one row of d c. 2nd, open square crochet. 3rd, double crochet. 4th, x 3 s c on ch, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 c s, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 s c, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 s c, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 s c, 9 ch, miss 3, x, repeat between the crosses to the end of the length. 5th, x s c on 2nd and 3 s c, 10 s c under every one of four chains of 9, 6 s c under the 5th, turn, 9 ch, 2 s c on the next loop, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, which is the 1st of the pattern; turn; 2 ch, slip on the

1st of these, and on one of the last 2 s c, 10 s c under each of three loops, and *half the 4th*; turn; make three loops, over the 4, as you did 4 on 5; turn 2 ch, slip on 1st and on s c, 10 s c under ch, 10 s c under next, 6 s c under next; turn; make 2 loops over 3; turn, 2 ch, slip on 1st and on s c, 10 s c, under ch, 6 s c under next; turn, one loop of 9 ch over 2; turn; 2 ch, slip on one, and on s c; 10 s c under ch, slip on one, and on the last of 10 s c, 5 s c under the half remaining of next loop, 2 ch, form into a dot as before: work down the side of the point, with a dot at each row of loops, to correspond with the other side. Repeat this fifth row for every set of five loops, which indeed form one pattern.

BOOK-MARKER.



VERY pretty perforated cards, with fancy borders, for making book-markers, to be worked in silk or beads, can now be procured anywhere. Berlin patterns of large size are certainly hand-

somer in beads than anything, but care must be taken in selecting the shades. Seed beads are proper for this work, and can be procured in as perfect shades as wools, with the additional

advantage of never fading, as silks and wools certainly do. To work the design in beads, and ground it in white beads has the richest possible

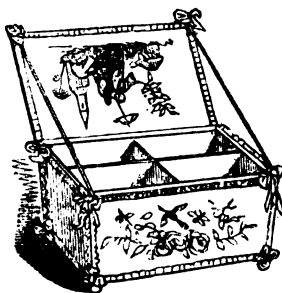
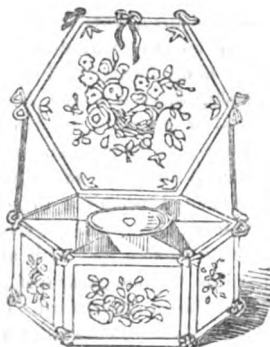
effect. The back should be lined with sarsenet ribbon, of which an end, long enough for the book, must also be left.

ORNAMENTAL GLASS BOXES.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

The first of these is a box for holding sewing-cotton, hexagonal in shape, and made entirely of glass, all the outer parts being decorated in Potichomanie. The small pieces of glass may readily be made with a diamond-cutter; and

are then sewed together at the different points and neatly quilled ruches of ribbon, may be put up the joinings, or merely bows to conceal the joints. The inner divisions are not ornamented, but are bound round, and in the centre a velvet pincushion fills up the space.

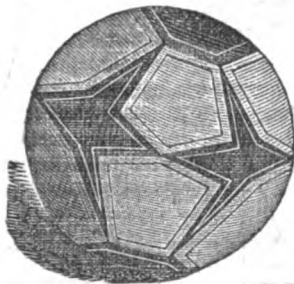


after being suitably ornamented, are bound with narrow ribbon, in the edges of which, a needleful of silk is run, which being drawn up at all the corners, amply suffices for binding. These

The second is designed to hold pins, hair-pins, &c., is quadrangular in shape, made of glass like the other. It will be improved by a ruche of narrow satin ribbon. Any lady of taste may easily make these boxes.

HARLEQUIN PIN-CUSHION.

This pretty pin-cushion is in patchwork, made of velvet, silk, and satin, in as many bright and



varied colors as possible. The principal pieces, of which there are twelve, are pentagons, or five-sided figures. Five are sewed round one for each

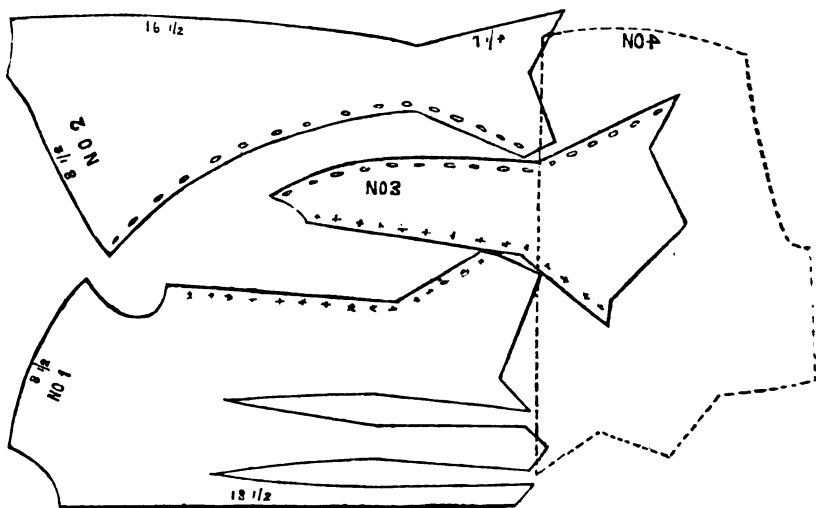
half; the points of every two meet, and are sewes together, and the space between is filled in four pointed and one square piece, all also of different colors. Care should be taken that these colors blend well together. The top should be black, or some other tint that will harmonize with everything, whilst each one should be arranged with reference to those on each side of it. Green, amber, rich blue, claret, and violet will go well together in the order in which we give them; or the claret and amber might change places. But put the violet in the place of the amber and the effect is destroyed; as though it harmonizes with green it does not with blue. When finished it should be stuffed with ends of wool, and the joinings stuck with minikin pins. We know no prettier pin-cushion than this.

THE ATLANTIC BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is an elegant and convenient affair, suitable for the Springs or the sea-shore. We have just received it from Paris, so that our fair subscribers may rely on its being the very latest style for summer wear. It is made of white Marseilles, or any other white material, but the Marseilles is the most *distingue*. The pattern below will enable any lady to cut one for herself. First enlarge the pattern to the size indicated by the inches, and then, from the paper pattern thus made cut out the various parts of the basque. No. 1 is the front, No. 2 the back, No. 3 the side body, and No. 4 the sleeve. The sides marked O O O are to be joined, as are those marked * * *. We have already seen one of these beautiful basques made up, and the admiration it excited promises to render this new style affair all the rage. It certainly has the advantage of looking well with almost any complexion. The trimmings are of gimp and buttons, arranged as in the pattern. It is called here the Atlantic Basque, because it will be the most fashionable basque that will be worn at the Atlantic sea-coast, this summer, by the fair visitors. It has the merit of combining economy, convenience and elegance, a rare and valuable characteristic.



MORNING COLLAR.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Fine jaconet muslin, royal embroidery cotton, No. 80, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby; and boar's-head sewing cotton, No. 50, of the same firm.

We have great pleasure in introducing to our readers a style of collar now extremely fashionable among Parisian belles; and which commends itself especially for the neatness of its appearance, and the rapidity with which it can be worked. All the dresses worn during the morning toilet in Paris are quite high, and closed up to the throat. The habit-shirt is, therefore, of plain muslin, and the collar is the only part embroidered. This collar is worked in the style given in the engraving. The pattern being marked on one piece of muslin, another is laid under it, and the two are run together on the

wrong side, and the edges cut evenly. Then turn on the right side, and, with the boar's-head cotton, stitch the line forming the hem. Tuck the collar thus double on a piece of *toile ciré*, trace the fruit and leaf, and work the outlines in button-hole stitch. Then work the spots seen in the centre of the melon, and over the collar, by taking a stitch four or five times at least in the same place. Cut away the under-muslin of the leaf, scroll, and outer sides of the melon, leaving all the rest of the collar double. The sleeves worn with these collars are all in the Mousquetaire style, that is, turning back from the wrist, over a bishop's sleeve, not made very full. The sleeves and collars should always exactly correspond.

EDGE FOR UNDER-SLEEVES, ETC.

MATERIALS.—Swiss muslin, fine embroidery cotton, and Marsland's sewing cotton, No. 40.

Trace the pattern upon the muslin with a quill pen, and a liquid prepared by mixing blue with gum-water. Work the centre of each leaf in raised satin-stitch, as also the outer edge; and the line between is sewed closely over, as also the stems. The small circles are open eyelet-holes made with a stiletto. Previous to sewing over trace round a few times with the cotton, to fill in the space between the lines and give the work a raised appearance. Cut out the spaces in the centre of the large circles, and sew over the edge, first making a few tracings. Make the wheels as follows. With sewing cotton attach

the thread to the edge; make a second stitch, a little way apart from the first, leaving the thread loose, so as to reach to the centre of the circle; twist the needle several times in this thread, and fasten it, making a stitch or two in the edge; repeat thus three more times; in making the last bar, bring the needle to the centre, draw it out and work over the thread in the centre, so as to form a circle; bring it up to the edge and fasten off. Work the hole in button-hole stitch, first lacing closely the space between the lines, and cut away the superfluous muslin from the edge. Bottom for petticoat worked the same as sleeve, only on thicker material.

INSERTINGS.

WORKED ON muslin, with fine working cotton, stems, and circles in open eyelet-holes. Letters a button-hole and satin stitch, sewing over the and names worked similarly.

A FRAGMENT.

Now blooms the lilac, sweetening all the air,
And by the brook the alder, and the rose,

{ Propt at the cottage door by careful hands,
Bursts its green bud and looks abroad for May.

T. B. R.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SEA-BATHING. ATLANTIC CITY.—Philadelphia is eminent, beyond all American cities, for its contiguity to first-rate resorts for sea-bathing. Long Branch and Cape May, which together are capable of accommodating ten thousand persons, have long been famous. But both are destined to be eclipsed, if we do not err, by Atlantic City, located on Absecon Beach, nearly due east from our great metropolis. In facility of access, this new watering-place has already no rival, the cars making the run between it and Philadelphia in about two hours. The strand is wide and hard, affording a drive twelve miles long, one of the best in the world. The surf is just what it ought to be, perfectly safe yet exhilarating, less rough than at Long Branch but not so tame as at Newport. The fishing and sailing are capital, as is also the gunning at the proper season; while the oysters are among the most delicious to be found anywhere.

Those of our Southern, Western, or even Northern friends, who contemplate a visit to the sea-shore, we recommend to try Atlantic city. There are several capital hotels there, but the best is the "United States," which, standing in the midst of a grove of trees, combines shade below with a magnificent view of the ocean from its upper stories. This unrivalled house is built in the best style, and is nearly a century ahead of the hotels usually found at the sea-shore. The chambers are spacious, well ventilated, and with high ceilings: the drawing-room, the reception-rooms and dining-room are all superior; and the location is altogether the best on the island. The table is really a miracle of profusion and taste, being under the charge of A. T. Garrett, a Philadelphia caterer of long established reputation. A band of music is retained exclusively for this one hotel. Already it has become the centre of fashion and health. A fortnight at the sea-shore, if we may speak from our own experience, does more to recuperate a person, than a whole summer spent elsewhere.

E. L. WALKER'S MUSIC.—We give, in this number, another piece of new music, selected expressly for "Peterson," by E. L. Walker, who is altogether the most competent person in that line in Philadelphia, or probably in the United States. Mr. Walker has just opened a new music and piano ware-room, in Howell's elegant sand-stone block of stores, at No. 142 Chesnut street, a few doors above Sixth. His establishment presents a *coup d'œil* which is not approached by any other of the kind in Philadelphia. Mr. Walker proposes to publish and sell music at this new and superb establishment, while he will continue to deal extensively in Chickering pianos.

Such of our fair subscribers as wish for new music cannot do better than to call at Mr. W.'s, or, if they reside elsewhere, to send their orders by mail, when their wishes will be promptly attended to. Mr. Walker is continually publishing new music, besides keeping on hand a stock of standard and fashionable music. It is his practice, when the price of a piece of music is remitted by mail, to forward the piece ordered *free of postage*.

GOOD-HUMOR AND BEAUTY.—"Good-humor is one of the best of cosmetics," says an old writer; and he spoke wisely. There is nothing which brings on wrinkles so soon as giving way to ill-temper. A cheerful disposition, on the contrary, preserves good looks. The beauty of amiability, moreover, is the highest kind of female loveliness; for it is the beauty of the soul, which is always more winning than mere physical loveliness, especially in the estimation of those most worthy to be won. As ill-health is frequently provocative of ill-temper, and as women often owe their ill-health to a neglect of out-of-door exercise, the connection between amiability and habits of exercise is as direct as between mere physical beauty and the same habits. Don't mope away life in a close room, if you would be lovely and happy. Woman was never designed for a hot-house plant. Cultivate health and good-humor; and you will grow to be beautiful, whether you are so now or not.

AN EXQUISITE POEM.—What a gem of a poem is the following, by Walter Savage Landor, the octogenarian, on his wife, daughter and grandchild! He calls it "The Three Roses."

When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, "*Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.*"
Many Summers have gone by
Since a Second Rose and I
(Rose from that same stem) have told
This and other tales of old.
She, upon her wedding-day,
Carried home my tenderest lay;
From her lap I now have heard,
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte. By John S. C. Abbott. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is rarely that the critic is called on to notice a work so elegant as this. Containing over twelve hundred octavo pages, printed in large and beautiful type, and profusely illustrated with the finest woodcuts, it is a treasure, merely in a mechanical point of view, even in a well-assorted library. The absorbing character of the text, however, will be its surest claim to popularity. It would be impossible to write the story of Napoleon without making it interesting; but no man heretofore has succeeded in rendering it so much so as Abbott. From the first chapter to the last, he holds the reader breathlessly enchained. In spite of a style occasionally slipshod, in spite of a worship of his hero that sometimes rises to absurdity, Abbott so lays hold of the imagination, that no man, who has the least enthusiasm, can peruse these pages without kindling as he goes, without almost deifying Napoleon for the time. There is a living reality about the narrative, the result of the author's earnestness, which will always make it a popular authority on Napoleon, let fault-finders say what they may. To be just to Mr. Abbott, he gives a fairer estimate of Napoleon than any writer who has yet discussed the great hero. We have read, we believe, nearly everything that has been written about the emperor; and have long been convinced that Americans generally entertained false views respecting him; though this did not surprise us, for we knew that only British biographies of him, the tales of Scott, Alison and others, had been republished here. England, however, has lately recanted her former opinion, and now acknowledges Napoleon's civil as well as military abilities. The great emperor was undoubtedly the vastest intellect that has lived since Cæsar; and far less selfish than is usually supposed. Abbott is right in saying that Napoleon really desired to make peace with England, but that this the British oligarchy would not allow. Sometimes, indeed, the hero-worshipping author carries him too far; but readers of judgment will easily detect these aberrations: and, on the whole, the work is at once the most absorbing, the most comprehensive life of Napoleon, that has ever been offered to the public.

The English Orphans; or, A Home in the New World. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A former fiction, by this author, "Tempest and Sunshine, or, Life in Kentucky," had much success. We think that Mrs. H. has gained a reputation, instead of losing it, by this new effort. The novel is a very suitable one to read at the sea-shore, in the country, or elsewhere on summer afternoons.

Matience Herbert. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel of power, and inculcating an excellent moral. It is published in cheap style, price thirty-seven and a cents.

The Diamond Cross; or, Tight Times and other Tales. By Clara Moreton. 1 vol. Philada: W. P. Hazard.—It is needless, in these pages, to extol this writer; for she has long been one of our most popular contributors. Always natural, graceful, and eminently feminine; full of sentiment without being in the least sentimental; dealing with the every-day actualities of life rather than with romantic impossibilities; and yet keeping constantly in mind that, in modern fiction, it is the heart and its struggles which constitute the proper burden of a story, as in the Greek drama it was destiny, she interests the reader, without violating reality, and writes of love without becoming absurd. The volume is very handsomely printed. It is just the thing for a lady's centre-table.

Cornell's Intermediate Geography. Part Second. By S. S. Cornell. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A few months ago we noticed the first part of this excellent work. The present part is written and published in a similar meritorious manner, and is designed for pupils who have completed a Primary or Elementary Course of Instruction in Geography. The colored maps are eminently good. Mr. Cornell's system affords a great saving of time, as the pupil sees immediately, not only what he has to learn, but how to learn it.

Le Cœur Manqué; or, Social and Religious Customs of France. By E. De Courcillon. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under the guise of a story, M. de Courcillon has graphically delineated life in the French provinces, and thereby conferred a real service on literature; for while the world has been surfeited with books on Parisian life, this is the first of its kind we remember to have seen; and Paris is not France, the popular saying to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mother and Step-Mother. In Twelve Chapters. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Some persons attribute this to Dickens. Mr. P. does not issue it, however, as by that author, though as the story originally appeared in "Household Words," it has received Dickens' sanction, and may contain, as we think it does, bits of his writing. It is certainly a powerful tale, and is published in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents.

Cone Cut Corners. By Benaully. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers.—A Maine-Law story, full of bitter, scathing satire, and exhibiting considerable ability in hitting off character, but too sketchy, and degenerating often into an imitation of Dickens. Yet, on the whole, it is a superior fiction. The author has really too much merit to permit him to remain unknown. Who is he?

Star Papers. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—A collection of articles on art and nature, originally contributed to a religious paper over the signature of a star. They abound in eloquent thoughts, and exhibit a hearty love for the beautiful, whether in nature or in art. It is a delightful book.

The Winkles. By the author of "Wild Western Scenes." 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—As the author of "Wild Western Scenes," this writer enjoys an enviable reputation. The present work will do no discredit to his fame, but, in some respects, add materially to it. The Appletons have published it in excellent style.

Notes on Duels and Duelling. By Lorenzo Sabine. 1 vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—An odd book, full of curious information respecting the origin of duels, the code governing them, and the most remarkable duels that have been fought.

The Story of the Campaign. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A reprint, from Blackwood's Magazine, containing a trustworthy narrative of the war in the Crimea.

AMUSING GAMES.

GAME OF CROSS—PURPOSES.—Request a gentleman to write down the following list:

- Set down a lady's name.
 - Set down some time past.
 - Write the name of a place.
 - Write either yes or no.
 - Yes or no again.
 - A lady's name.
 - Some time to come.
 - Yes or no.
 - Yes or no again.
 - Some color.
 - Some number between 4 and 10.
 - Some color.
 - Yes or no.
 - Some number between 15 and 100.
 - A lady's name.
 - A gentleman's name.
 - Name of a clergyman.
 - A sum of money.
 - Name of a place.
 - Any number at all.
- Then request the gentleman to read off the list he has written in answer to the following questions:
- Who did you first offer to marry?
 - When?
 - In what place?
 - Did she love you?
 - Did you love her?
 - Whom will you marry?
 - How soon?
 - Does she love you?
 - Do you love her?
 - What is the color of her hair?
 - What is her height?
 - What is the color of her eyes?
 - Is she pretty?
 - What is her age?
 - Who is to be bridesmaid?
 - Who is to be groomsman?
 - What clergyman is to marry you?
 - How much is she worth?

Where will you reside?

How many servants will you keep?

For the gentlemen to retort upon the ladies: change of the sexes at the proper places in the above, will make the game agreeable.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Preserve a Bouquet.—A florist of many years' experience gives the following receipt for preserving bouquets for an indefinite period:—"When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water. Then put it into a vessel containing some soap-suds; this will nutrify the roots and keep the flowers bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways (the sock entering first) into clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but attention to the fair, but frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or all will perish."

Orange Marmalade.—Take the same weight of Seville oranges as of loaf sugar. Grate one half of the rind (choosing the roughest part) of each orange and pour boiling water over the grating. Then cut the oranges across and strain them through a sieve. Boil the ungrated parts of the skins tender and wipe them in the insides with a clean cloth. Cut these into very thin chips and let them boil in the sugar, which should be previously clarified, until they are transparent. Then put in the orange juice and the water strained from the gratings, and let all boil together until it becomes a jelly, which may be known by cooling a little of it in a saucer.

Kisses, or Cream Cake.—The whites of three eggs, one drop of essence of lemon, as much powdered sugar as will thicken the eggs. Whisk the whites to a dry froth, then add the powdered sugar a teaspoonful at a time, till the egg is as thick as very thick batter. Wet a sheet of white paper, place it on a tin, and drop the egg and sugar on it in lumps about the shape and size of a walnut. Set them in a cool oven, and as soon as the sugar is hardened, take them out; with a broad-bladed knife, take them off the paper, place the flat parts of two together, put them on a sieve in a very cool oven to dry.

Jaunemange.—Take two ounces isinglass, dissolve in one pint of boiling water, add to it one pint of sherry wine, the juice of three lemons, and rind of one; sweeten this to your taste, then add the yolks of three eggs well beaten—put it on the fire, let it simmer, but not boil—strain it into your mould. N. B. The best way to dissolve isinglass is to put it into a basin, and just cover it with water, and place it in a saucepan of water over the fire—there is then no fear of its sticking or burning.

Apple Bread.—A very light, pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as making common bread, and is beat with flour and rum pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set: it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or nine hours, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite; none, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

Polka Pudding.—Mix four tablespoonsful of sweet-root in a pint of cold milk. Beat four eggs, add them, three ounces fresh butter, cut them in small bits; a dessert-spoonful of rose-water; a few drops of essence of lemon, or ratafia, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Boil two pints of milk in a saucepan; a boiling stir in the other ingredients, without taking the pan off the fire, let it boil till thick, then turn it into a mould to cool. Turn it out and serve it cold.

Cement for Broken Glass.—A cement which is colorless and transparent, will be the best for repairing broken glass. Try the following method:—Take a little isinglass in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire. When mixed, by thoroughly stirring, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite broken glass so firmly and nicely that the joint will scarcely be perceptible.

Preserve Eggs.—It appears from experiments made some years ago, by an egg dealer of Paris, that eggs may be preserved for a considerable time, by placing them in a vessel and covering them with a saturated with lime and a little salt. A large number of eggs thus stored were locked up for several months, and on opening the vessel, they were said to be found, without one exception, in excellent condition.

My Lind's Pudding.—Grate the crumb of half a pound of butter a dish well and lay in a thick layer of crumbs; pare ten or twelve apples, cut them in small pieces and put a layer of them and sugar; then repeat alternately, until the dish is full, put a bit of butter on the top, and bake it in an oven, or in a slow fire, until done. It can be despatched. An excellent and economical pudding for this season.

Boil a Leg of Lamb, so as to make it look white. It should be boiled in a cloth to make it white. Slice into steaks, dip them in egg, strew them with crumbs of bread, fry them a nice brown, serve them round the dish. Garnish with dried parsley. Spinach should be served to eat with it.

Custards.—Mix together the milk, cream, and sugar. Stir the wine into it, and pour the mixture into your custard-cups. Set them in a warm water bath, till they become a firm curd. Bake them in a very cold place. Grate nutmeg over them.

Tea.—Very strong coffee without sugar or milk, frequently, much alleviates it.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—A MORNING DRESS of pink cashmere, with a deep border woven in wreaths. The undersleeves and front of the corsage have a bordering in the same style, but narrower. A cambric habit-shirt and collar. Cap of Valenciennes lace, trimmed with pink ribbon.

FIG. II.—AN INDOOR DRESS of plaided grenadine. The skirt is made plain, but full. Corsage high and plain. A black silk jacket can be worn over this dress at pleasure.

FIG. III.—THE POMONA is made of black moire antique and puffings of Brussels net, in points, outlined with a double plaited trimming, with a pretty satin ribbon in the centre and a fringed edge. The puffings of net giving a full, light and pretty effect, is still more increased by being dotted with a pretty little button to match that on the plaited trimming, the whole being finished with a row of deep guipure lace fringed. It is one of the most unique and stylish mantillas we ever saw, and was fabricated by Mr. Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York, for a distinguished lady in New York city, and has only been copied in a few rare instances. It is a new feature in this rapidly increasing business, that at this establishment a lady can have a garment designed for her especial use, for any and every occasion, by simply sending an order, with a description of the person and occasion it is needed for. Remember this ladies.

FIG. IV.—ANTOINETTE FICHU, formed of guipure insertion, tulle puffings and full rows of guipure lace. The fichu is crossed in front, and the rounded ends, which are edged with lace, descend over the skirt of the dress. Within the tulle bouillonnes are runnings of gold-colored ribbon.

FIG. V.—EVENING HEAD-DRESS.—The front hair is turned back from the forehead, and disposed in rather full rouleaux on the temples, with a small, flat curl at each side of the face. The whole of the back hair is confined under a net formed of pink silk and pearls, like the ancient owl.

FIG. VI.—BREAKFAST CAP.—The cap is made of very clear muslin, beautifully worked. The head-piece is broad, and the crown small. The latter is encircled by a frill of worked muslin; and two ends, also worked, flow loosely at the back of the cap. The border or front trimming consists of two frills of worked muslin, the one turned downward and the other upward. Between these frills there is a quilling of blue gauze ribbon.

FIG. VII.—BONNET.—A plain frame covered with white-figured silk of the new kind lately introduced, which presents a perfect resemblance to French chip. The bonnet is edged with rows of narrow white lace, and across the upper part there is a *fanchon*, or piece of lace, of the half-handkerchief form, gathered in on the left side, and fastened by a large rosette of white gauze ribbon edged with pink. To this rosette are attached long flowing ends. On the other side of the bonnet, and just above the curtain, there is a small bow of the same ribbon. Under-

trimming of pink and white roses. The strings are of very broad ribbon of the same kind as that employed in trimming the outside.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The combination of black and white in costume, is becoming one of the favorite fashions of the day, and is no longer considered as typical of mourning. Even for ball-dresses, black and white have been placed in juxtaposition, when these dresses have not been intended for mourning. A ball-dress, just completed, is composed of white tulle, and trimmed with flounces edged with four rows of narrow black velvet. The corsage has a berthe, forming a *cœur* both in front and behind, and the berthe and short sleeves are covered with frills edged with velvet in a manner corresponding with the flounces. In the centre of the corsage, and on each shoulder, is placed a spray of pink acacia. Long sprays of the same flower ornament the hair, and droop over the back of the neck.

One of the most beautiful DINNER DRESSES which we have seen, for a watering-place, is composed of white muslin. It is trimmed with three richly-worked flounces, each surmounted by a puffing of plain muslin, edged above and below by narrow Valenciennes lace. Within this puffing a blue ribbon is run. Up each side of the front of the skirt, there are three bows of blue ribbon with flowing ends, these bows being placed on the puffings which head the flounces. The corsage, of worked muslin, has a basque, formed entirely of puffings over blue ribbons. A *revers* of worked muslin descends from the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, and passes round the back in the form of a berthe. The short sleeves are trimmed with three frills and three bows of blue ribbon.

There is no change in the make of dresses. The basque, as we have before observed, is in general

confined to dresses composed of silk. Those of barege, muslin, and other light fabrics, have full corsages, open in front, and are usually worn with a ribbon ceinture.

Then there is the SWISS BASQUINE of Swiss muslin, ornamented before and behind with a kind of *plastron* made of a mixture of Valenciennes insertions and satin-stitch embroidery. This *plastron*, which begins at the neck and reaches almost to the bottom of the basquine, gets narrower at the waist. The front is ornamented with small butterfly bows all along the body. This very pretty fancy garment is terminated by three insertions of satin-stitch and Valenciennes bordered by a meehlin insertion. The sleeves, ornamented after the same design, terminate in a large bouillonne, to which succeed two insertions also bordered with meehlin. Just in the bend of the arm is a bow of ribbon corresponding with those on the body.

Dresses of plain BAREGE are also flounced, and the flounces are frequently edged with a *ruche* of silk, pinked. To sustain the flounces, they are sometimes lined with silk. The corsages of these dresses are full, in general partially open in front, and trimmed with a puffing surmounted by a row of lace, the bouillonne descending to the waist in front. The sleeves are plain at top; at the lower part they are trimmed with two frills, placed one above the other, and each headed by a puffing.

We have still one more charming article to notice: namely, braces intended to be worn with a full dress toilet. Just imagine three embroidered insertions separated by narrow ribbon *ruches*, and hanging down in rounded ends in front. At the edge, a narrow Valenciennes slightly drawn. In the middle, on the breast, two transversal insertions also bordered with ribbon *ruches*.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

CONCEDED SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of this Magazine, as a periodical for ladies, is almost universally conceded. Everybody, who tries it for one year, acknowledges its unrivalled merit. The July number has been received with unanimous approbation, by both subscribers and the press. The New York Pathfinder says:—"We advise all who wish to secure the best Ladies' Magazine in the country to lose no time in subscribing for this. Our wonder is how the proprietor can afford so much for the small sum of \$2 per year." The Circleville (Ohio) Herald says:—"We think this is the cheapest of the American Magazines, as it certainly is the best for ladies." The Litchfield (Ct.) Republican says:—"It has the best Fashion Plates and Diagrams of any Magazine that we receive." The York (Pa.) Republican says:—"Those of our readers who wish to subscribe for a Magazine that publishes the best original stories we advise to take 'Peterson.' Here

is unbiased testimony that this periodical excels equally in cheapness, in fashions and in its reading matter.

WHEN TO BEGIN.—New subscribers will be particular to mention with *what number they wish to begin*. Also their post-office, county and state.

REMOVALS.—In case of a removal, inform us not only to what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

GIFT BOOK OF ART.—For one dollar, we will send, postage pre-paid, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

glade;
our moment he stopp'd, A
pocket he dropp'd, Then, off like an arrow he flew.
And the Cavalier found there was left on the ground a small

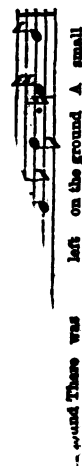
case with a small
cres.

The note
It was d
Short and
There w
A youth
And

A small case with a small ball - case.



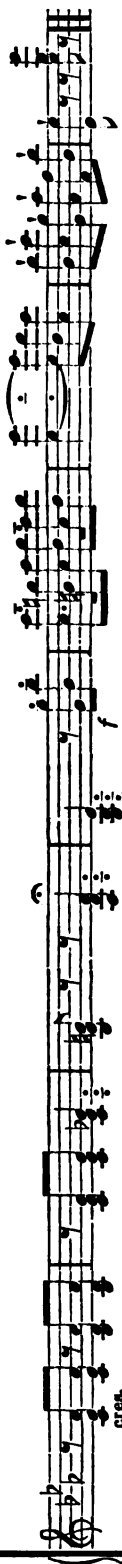
glad; One moment he stopp'd, A pocket he dropp'd, Then,



And There was left on the ground A small



case with a small billet....doux— A small case with a small billet...doux.



cres.



2.

The note was not long,
It was dated "Hong Kong,"
Short and sweet as a letter should be,
There was sketch'd in the middle,
A youth with a fiddle,
And under them "fiddle-de-dee."
He turn'd it about,
"Meant for me, I've no doubt—
Some contemptible rival—that's plain;
If I knew who it was,
I would outbid him—poor!
He should not be so pleasant again—
He should not be so pleasant again."

3.

He read on—thus it ran:
"Much misguided young man,
To suppose that for night after night,
"Merely twanging guitars
Tink a tink to the stars,
A lady thy love would requite;
Still it's hard to be told,
When you've sung in the cold,
That you're not to have any reward:
So—this billet I've pen'd,
And, along with it, send,
Just a trifle to show my regard—
Just a trifle to show my regard."

4.

Joy, conceit, and surprise,
Flash'd at once from his eyes,
As he read out aloud as above;
"Tut, la la," carol'd he,
"I half thought so—it's she!"
It's a hint to return to my love,
He twick'd his cravat,
Gave a tap on his hat,
Then sank on the grass in a swoon!
For on opening the case,
He beheld his own face,
Looking wotfully long, in a spoon!—
Looking wotfully long, in a spoon!



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

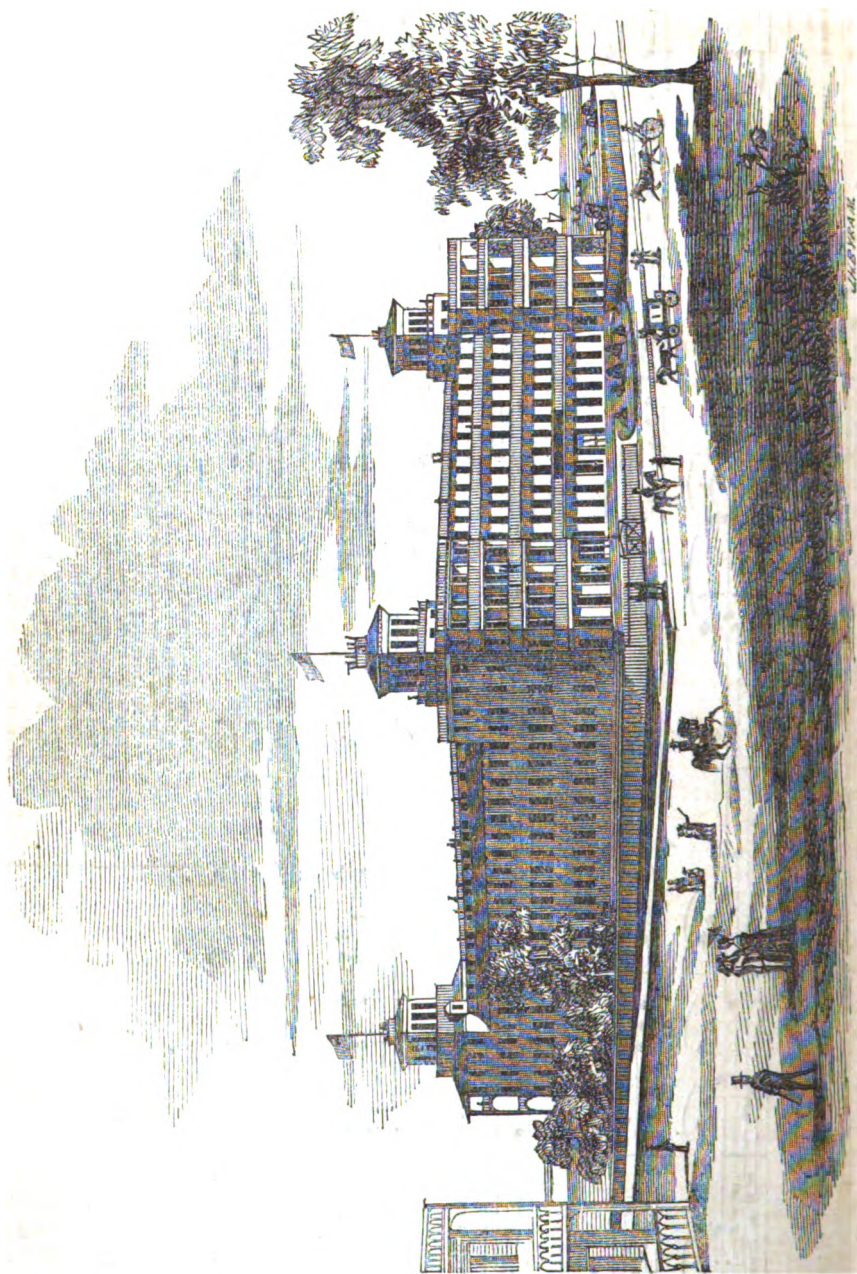
glad; One moment he stopp'd, A packet he dropp'd, Then, off like an arrow he flew. And the Cavalier found There was left on the ground A small

case with a small bullet----doux-- A small case with a small bullet--doux.

4.
Joy, conceit, and surprise,
Flash'd at once from his eyes,
As he read on aloud before;
"I'm the best of the sort!"
"I'll be the best of the sort!"
It's a hint to return to my love.
He twich'd his crest,
Gave a tap on his hat,
Then sank on the grass in a swoon!
For on op'ning the case,
He beheld his own face,
Looking wofully long, in a spoon!—
Looking wofully long, in a spoon!

3.
He read on--thus it ran:
"Kitch misguid'd young man,
To suppose that for night after night,
Merely twanging guitars
Think a tink to the stars,
Alas! thy love would requite;
Still it's hard to be told,
When you're wronging in the cold,
That you're wronging in the cold,
So, phillips, I've said,
And, along with it, read,
Just a trifle to show my regard—
Just a trifle to show my regard."

2.
The note was not long,
It was dated "Hong Kong."
Short and sweet as a letter should be,
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And under them "Fiddle-de-dee."
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If I knew who it was,
I would cudgel him--poor!
He should not be so pleasant again—
He should not be so pleasant again."



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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

"HOW I WENT ANGLING AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"I do wish, Bob, you would get married!" cried my mother, impatiently, one day after she had endured my company a whole long summer morning.

The suggestion was by no means a new one, for I was five and thirty, and it had been iterated and reiterated, by all my family ever since I was twenty-five. I therefore regarded my mother's remark as the beginning of a kind of family ritual, and responded as usual,

"Why so, ma'am?"

"Because," she answered, shortly, deviating somewhat from the beaten track, "it's high time."

"Granted," said I.

"Yes," pursued my mother, "you're old enough, and you're rich enough, and you're clever enough; and why you don't get married I can't see. You would be much happier than you are idling about here, with nothing better to do than to follow an old woman about from cellar to pantry, putting your hands to every bit of mischief which 'Satan sends for idle hands to do'—and all for want of some sensible employment."

"Would petting a foolish wife be a sensible employment?" I asked, laughing.

"She need not be foolish."

"But the wise virgin will not have *me*, and I will not have a foolish one, and there is just my trouble."

"You are too modest by half," returned my mother, as she was leaving the room.

I pondered that last remark of my mother's. I thought it showed discernment and judgment, and wondered more people were not of her way of thinking. The melancholy general reflection that modest worth is almost sure to be underrated, threw me into a pensive and sentimental mood, and snatching up my hat and fishing tackle, I sauntered out for a reverie under cover of my favorite sport.

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The subject of my late conversation continued to occupy my thoughts. The truth is, my mother was not more anxious to see me married than I was to be so. I had always regarded the married state as the happiest; my heart glowed as much as any man's ever did, at the picture my fancy drew of a loving family and happy home. But the mischief of it was, I could not find any one to please me. I did not consider myself, nor mean to be, over fastidious, but among all the flat, fluttering, furbelowed fine ladies I met in society, I found so little nature, so little goodness, so little heart, that I *could* not fall in love with them let me try as I would.

It was truly a lamentable case. Here was I, a really clever enough fellow—well to do in the world—considered, as I knew well enough, something of a catch—willing and anxious to be caught, and nobody skillful enough to do it. It was almost a parallel case with that of the poor pig in the nursery rhyme, which ran about the streets ready roasted, with a fork stuck in his side, crying, "Who'll eat me?—who'll eat me?"

Pondering this gloomy thought, I wandered on and on, quite beyond my usual bounds, and at last, rather tired, I clambered up a steep rock which overhung the brook I had been following, and sat down to rest.

It was a true summer scene—quiet and warm and bright—nicely shaded, however, where I lay, and the cool sound of the rippling water added just the only charm possible, where all was so charming.

I listened with delight; but in doing so became sensible that besides the regular monotonous babbling of the brooklet, there mingled other sounds of splashing water, which occurred at irregular intervals, and which seemed to proceed from below the rock on which I reclined. My curiosity led me to explore the mystery. I clambered quite to the top of the rock and looked down over its furthest edge.

Cupid! god of love! how was I rewarded! The rock on the side over which I looked descended sheer some fifteen or twenty feet, when a projecting ledge formed a kind of natural seat, below which the water rippled. The spot was quite hung over and shaded by trees and thick shrubs. It was a complete sylvan grotto, and within it, as seemed most meet and fitting, was its nymph.

A young girl, apparently about sixteen, sat on the rocky ledge bathing her feet. Her attitude and occupation reminded me strongly of the pretty picture we have all seen in old-fashioned annuals of Dorothea—except that my little beauty was evidently gay and fresh and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

I could not make up my mind for a time to disturb so charming a scene, and therefore continued to gaze in silence from my lurking-place.

Ah! those dainty little white feet, with their pink tipped toes, which gleamed so fair through the clear water—or flashed for a moment above its surface flinging about the bright glittering drops, and then plunging again beneath the cool blue—never shall I forget them! The gracefully bent head with its bright golden curls and braids, against which now and then the sun glinted from a chink in the leafy screen—the lovely neck and arm—the cheek delicately tinted with pink, of which I now and then caught a glimpse, formed a picture more enchanting than anything I had ever imagined. More than all, the perfect innocence and modesty which accompanied all the movements of this second Susanna, (an unfortunate allusion by the way, but I scorn the idea that any one could connect me in thought with those rascally, peeping, sneaking elders) however as I was going to say, when I interrupted myself, the modesty of my sweet Diana charmed me even more than her beauty.

My heart of ice suddenly burst into a flame. "Heavens!" cried I to myself, as I felt it thumping against my side—"what is this new sensation? Bob B— your hour is come. You're in love!"

At the moment I came to this conclusion, the float on my fishing line dropped at the feet of my charmer, and immediately—well I'm not going to lay before my confidential public an account of all my delicate and skilful manœuvring—enough, that within a half an hour I was seated socially by my water-fairy's side, trying to look as much like Neptune or Massaniello, or any other water-hero, I did not care which, as I could. I gave a sly tweek or two to my shirt-collar to make it lie down, sailor fashion; turned back my wristbands, and kept my hat carefully

on, so that that one little spot on my crown which was growing thin, might not be observed, flattered myself I should do pretty well on my new role.

Nora, I soon discovered her sweet name, was most charmingly gay and chatty. No prudery, or thoughts of evil ruffled the current of her child-like, innocent thoughts. She was a careless child at play, glad of a playfellow.

I would have joyfully lingered for hours in that enchanted grotto; but ere long Nora rose, and sauntered forth. I followed; endeavoring to beguile the flowery way she led me as agreeably for her as the wolf did for Little Red Riding Hood; and while schemes, as deep laid and appropriate, though less blood-thirsty toward my innocent companion, formed themselves in my mind.

I was never in such spirits—I was charmed with myself in the novel character of wooer. The railroad rapidity with which my drama progressed excited me. In one short hour, I, the impregnable, the flinty-hearted, had not only fallen head over heels in love myself, but also, I flattered myself—but mum—of all things I hate a boaster.

However, as I have said I was in high spirits and excited, and among other nonsense ventured at last to say, laughingly,

"Do you know, sweet Nora, that I have been haunted by a singular presentiment ever since the moment I first caught a glimpse of you?"

"What is it?" asked she, smiling.

"That you will one day be my wife!" I exclaimed, with the bold emphasis of conviction and determination.

Nora burst into the merriest of laughs, and at the same moment turned into a little path which led down from the door of a rose-wreathed cottage. A young and handsome gentleman advanced hastily to meet us, and Nora with the demurest of mischievous smiles courtesied low, as she presented "her husband!" I saw the look of mingled coquetry, mischief, curiosity, which she stole at me from under her downcast lashes; I saw the difficulty she had to repress her merriment—I saw what a fool I had been making of myself, and I turned precipitately to fly. Nora's pent up laughter now burst forth; peal after peal rung on the air, and I heard my tormentor call after me,

"Pray, pray, sir angler, return, and I will show you my baby!"

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it's twenty years from that day to this; but I'm a bachelor yet, I suppose I always shall be; for I am as far off as ever from finding my ideal.

I cannot say the adventure I have narrated had any very deep or lasting effect upon me—and yet it had though; for since that same summer afternoon I have never gone angling, and if ever I chance to see a silly girl paddling her feet in water, I run as if ten thousand were after me.

ADALUSA'S LAY.

BY O. H. CRISWELL.

<p>I AM away from thee, my love, thy voice I do not hear, Thine eyes of light shine not on me—ah, no! thou art not near. Though other forms are round me now, and thine I do not see, My thoughts are still with thee, my love, my thoughts are still with thee. Bright gleam the light on ev'ry face amid the festive throng, And music sounds for dancing feet that swiftly glide along: Although I join with them the dance, my heart feels lone and drear, For, oh! thou art not here, my love, oh, no, thou art not here— Though many strive to win my heart—they cannot, for 'tis thine, And yet, and yet I often fear thou never wilt be mine:</p>	<p>Thou lovest me, they say, dear one, but still it may not be— I worship none but thee, my love, I worship none but thee. They know not that I love thee thus, for silently I hide The secret buried in my breast—yes, even thou'rt denied The knowledge that my lonely heart in vain for thee doth beat— And yet its throbs are sweet, my love, and yet its throbs are sweet. The festive scene is over now—again I am alone— And dearer still in solitude art thou to me, mine own! In fancy I behold thee near, but no, it cannot be— I am away from thee, my love, oh, very far from thee.</p>
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SEPTEMBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

<p>SEPTEMBER days once more have come, In all their glad array, And in the azure space above The cloudlets are at play. With precious loads of golden fruit, The trees are bending down, And hills and vales extending wide, Are clothed in russet-brown. The seed, that was in Spring-time sown, Hath brought a golden spoil, And stacks and ricks of grain repay, The husbandman for toil. Once more, once more I'm roaming by Contocook's gliding stream, Where I once loved in days ago, To wander and to dream. Once more I view the olden haunts Of childhood's happy hours,</p>	<p>When earth seemed very beautiful, My pathway strewn with flowers. A train of mournful memories My mind comes thronging o'er, As once again I turn to view The hallowed scenes of yore. Out, from their lone sepulchral halls, A thousand fancies start, Then back to shades of former years, The fleeting dreams depart. The Spring brings back its warbling birds, Its sunshine and its flowers, The Summer-time returns again Its cool refreshing showers. But change is stamped on everything, And "written on the tide," For I have mournful memories Of loved ones, who have died.</p>
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THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

ONE might have travelled through all England without seeing a prettier, more home-like cottage than that in which dwelt the prosperous house-carpenter, George Mason, with his family, consisting of his blooming wife Fanny, and their two noble little boys of five and seven years. The snowy walls gleaming out here and there through clustering masses of foliage, the garden with its tiny beds and narrow walks always in trim order, the neat appearance alike of the family and their dwelling, all gave evidence of the young wife's taste and activity; as the plenty and comfort they enjoyed bore testimony to the husband's steady and industrious habits. Harmony and contentment reigned within that cheerful cottage, to which George had conducted his fair bride on the wedding day, and to which his feet were ever joyfully turned after his day's willing toil as the dearest spot on earth to his heart. Eight years had thus passed when trouble came suddenly upon the happy family.

George fell from the top of a building on which he was at work, and his injuries were so serious as to confine him for several months to the house; and when, on recovering, he eagerly sought for his customary employment the search was useless; times were changed, work was slack, money scarce, provisions dear, and George Mason was almost driven to despair; for not only had the money which close economy had enabled him gradually to lay by been spent during his long illness, but several small debts had unavoidably been contracted, so that in every way his situation was gloomy and harassing. He was grieved, too, by the change in his family. Care and secret anxiety had worn away much of Fanny's first bloom; the little ones missed the gaiety which had characterized their parents, and lost a portion of the buoyancy that belongs to happy childhood.

One morning George left home immediately after breakfast, to seek his friend Alfred Lowe, from whom he was sure he could borrow a small sum, which on getting employment would be speedily repaid. It cost him a struggle to make the request, which to his astonishment was refused.

"The fact is, George," said his friend, "there is no use in staying in England, we seem to be

going behind-hand every year. I have made up my mind to emigrate."

"To emigrate!" repeated George, in surprise.

"Yes; we are going to Australia in the next ship. I intended to call at your house to-night, and urge you to go too. Now don't be so hasty," seeing that George shook his head, "think about it; talk it over with your wife, and you will soon agree, as we did, that it is the best thing to be done. Sell out and get ready for the voyage, and if you are short of funds I will cheerfully assist you, for I know that once in Australia we will all do well."

With a sadder heart than ever, George Mason turned his steps homeward, and detailed to his wife the result of his application to Lowe. Her pale cheek grew whiter at the mention of Australia, but he quickly reassured her by declaring that he had no idea of emigrating.

"No," he continued, "it must grow worse with us before we think of that. It is hard enough to have to remove to some of the neighboring towns, but I fear that we will have to do so. Winter will soon be here, and there seems no hope of a change for the better. And yet I cannot bear the thought of leaving our little place. Do you think you can leave it, Fanny?"

His mournful tone and look went to the wife's heart, and it was only by a strong effort that she could say with a tolerably composed voice,

"Any place would be home to me, George, with you and the little ones."

The husband was not deceived by her forced cheerfulness, and he sighed deeply as his eyes fell upon the children.

"Poor things!" he said, sadly, "they too will miss their home; they have been so happy and healthy hitherto they will feel a change all the more."

This allusion to the little ones overcame the mother's composure, but still struggling to keep back the rising tears, she smiled upon them as they came to her side with ready sympathy, bidding them go and play.

"Yes, run out and amuse yourselves, boys; the road is warm and sunny now," added the father, cheerfully, but the gloom again settled on his brow as he turned away, saying but half aloud, "Make the best of your time, for Geo-

only knows what sort of a home you will soon find yourselves in."

The children left the room reluctantly, but once out on the road-side, in the warm sun and mellow air of autumn, the shadow passed from each buoyant spirit, and seeing near by some oyster-shells and pebbles, they were soon busy with their favorite amusement of making houses and grottoes.

"Robbie," said the eldest, suddenly, "don't you know the old pictures in the garret? wouldn't they make our house look pretty?"

"Oh, yes," replied little Robbie, eagerly, "but mamma wouldn't let us have them, would she?"

"Maybe she would. I'll run in and ask her, and do you take care of all the things."

Harry bounded into the house to make his request to his mother, who, with work-basket in hand, was about sitting down near the front window, whence she could cast an observing glance at the boys.

"You must be very careful of them, if I let you take them, Harry," she said, her momentary hesitation yielding to the child's eagerness, "for I have had the pictures a long time, and should be very sorry if anything would happen to them."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I will take such good care of them, and Robbie will be careful, too. Mayn't I get them, mamma?"

With a smile and caress she assented, and in a moment Harry was on his way to the garret, whence he soon returned with two old, unframed pictures. The mother watched him as he proceeded in triumph to his brother, who clapped his hands with delight at the sight of the coveted treasures; and in the midst of her trials it cheered her to have the power of giving them so much innocent happiness.

"Now, Robbie, we must be very, *very* careful, for mamma says she will be sorry if anything happens to these pictures," said Harry, as demolishing their previous work, they began anew their architectural efforts.

An hour passed. Fanny, as she was leaving the sitting-room to prepare the noontide meal, looked out with the intention of calling the children, but seeing them so intent on their play she concluded to give them a little while longer. After a time, a shrewd-looking Jew came up the road. Stopping at a convenient distance he surveyed the old paintings attentively, then apparently satisfied, approached nearer, and bending low began to praise the children's pretty work, finally offering them each a shilling for the pictures.

"We can't give them to you; they are not ours," replied Harry.

"Whose are they, then?"

"Mamma's, and she gave them to us to play with."

"But she does not care about them, or she would not give them to you for playthings. Where does she keep them?"

"In the garret among other old things," said the child.

"Then, of course, she has no use of them, and would rather you should take the money. See here!" and he drew from an old purse two crowns, "wouldn't you rather have this pretty money than the old pictures?"

Little Robert looked admiringly at the bright coins, but Harry stoutly resisted the temptation. "Mamma told me to take good care of the pictures, and so I will—nobody shall have them;" and he placed a tiny hand guardingly on each picture, while he looked anxiously toward his home.

"Is that your mother's house?" asked the old man, pointing to the cottage, and being answered that it was, he proceeded thither. His rap was answered by Fanny, to whom he stated that he had seen the pictures with which her children were playing, and as he had a fancy for old pictures, and such things, he would give a guinea for the two, if she would part with them. Mrs. Mason was about accepting his offer when something in his manner caused her to hesitate. Under the guise of indifference she thought he concealed a real anxiety to make the purchase, and her suspicions were confirmed when he at length raised his offer to thirty shillings, declaring at the same time that the pictures were not in themselves worth a shilling, but a desire of having his collection of old curiosities as large as possible led him to offer a large sum for any addition to it.

Fanny replied, that as the pictures had been given to her by a friend, and she had had them a long time, she would not like to part with them, but that perhaps she would make up her mind to sell them after consulting her husband, and if he thought it worth while he could call again. Without replying to this suggestion, the Jew finally departed. Fanny then called in the children, and her husband soon after coming to dinner, she related the circumstance.

"It seems to me you have rejected a good offer, Fanny," was his reply. "For my part, I think the two crowns he offered the boys a great price for the old daubs, though as I am no judge of the fine arts my opinion is worth nothing," he added, with a smile.

"I should certainly have taken him at his word, if it had not occurred to me that we might dispose of them to more advantage."

"I doubt it very much. However, he will probably call again, and then you will know better how to act. Perhaps you can strike a better bargain; though unless you have a particular desire to keep them, I should advise you to let him have them at whatever price he offers. But where did you get them, Fanny? I have no remembrance of ever having seen them before."

"I had them long before I first saw you, George," replied his wife. "It is a long story, but if you want to know how they came into my possession, you must have patience."

"In my childhood, as you already know, I was a frequent visitor at the parsonage of my uncle, the vicar of A—. On one occasion, I had strolled out with my cousins, and two or three other little girls, and we walked along a road leading to a noble mansion in the vicinity, until being very tired and warm we sat down to rest and regale ourselves with the cakes my thoughtful aunt had supplied us with. While we were enjoying ourselves to the utmost of our desires, I chanced to look up the road toward a little hill at some distance, and saw a feeble old man toiling up the slight elevation, who seemed scarcely able to move even with the support of his stout walking-stick. I don't know what put the idea into my head, but remembering that a little spring of the coldest, clearest water gushed up on one side of the hill, I proposed to take our tin-cup and go bring a drink to one of my cousins who was complaining of the heat. She was very glad of my offer, so taking the cup I started off, my head filled with vague feelings of pity for the feeble wayfarer, and desire to have a nearer view of him.

"I passed him, and going to the spring began to look about me as I filled my tin-cup, and at last turned my eyes, as if by chance, toward the object of my childish curiosity. Imagine my surprise when I found that the supposed old man, was one in the prime of life, with jetty locks and whiskers, and features of noble beauty and prepossessing expression, although sorrow and sickness seemed to have made him prematurely enfeebled. He reached the spring, and sat down upon the grass to rest. I took courage, as I was passing with my cup of water, to ask if he would like a drink. He took it with a sweet smile, thanking me in a tone so musical and at the same time so melancholy that it brought tears to my eyes. I saw that he was sick, and fancied he must be also in trouble. I filled my cup again, and took it to my cousin.

As I was going again to the spring, I saw that the stranger, as I thought he must be, had bent his head upon his knees as if faint and exhausted; I went back, and getting our little basket which still contained a good many nice cakes offered them to him with no slight embarrassment. He was not offended, however, but accepted them readily, and as he ate he told me he had eaten nothing since the previous day. I was much distressed by this, and asked if he would not come with me to my uncle's, as dinner would be ready by the time we could get there, or if he would not, might I not bring him something, as aunt always cooked such nice things that a person could eat them no matter how sick they were, I added, fearing he would be offended at my offer.

"No, my dear little girl," he answered, a bright light coming to his large, black eyes, "no. I cannot accept either of your kind proposals. I have told you what I would die rather than tell another, and from no one but yourself would I accept what I have; but you are a tender-hearted child, and I love you as I have not loved any one for years."

"He spoke more to himself than to me, but I understood him and whispered that he would love my uncle and aunt too, if he would only go with me to see them, but he only shook his head mournfully as I continued my entreaties, and I ceased. But a bright thought occurred to me, and pausing only to ask if he would remain there much longer, to which he replied that he would not leave so pleasant a spot till toward sunset. I bade him good-bye, and rejoined my companions who were wondering at my long delay. After dinner, I told my uncle and aunt of my morning adventure, and requested the latter to give me the shillings and sixpences, (my carefully hoarded spending-money) which I had placed in her hands for safe keeping, until the time arrived for buying something to take home as a present to my mother. I knew that she would prefer my giving the money to the sick man, and I was sure that he would not refuse it from me.

"My good uncle smiled at my request, and would have added a crown to my little store, but I refused it, as I wished to be able to say the money was all my own. On reaching the spring, I found the invalid had fallen into a light slumber, so I seated myself noiselessly near to await his waking. Very soon he awoke, and smiled cheerfully when he perceived me at his side, and he chatted with me so long and kindly that I grew more at ease with him every moment. When I thought it was almost time to leave the

spring I offered him my little gift. He was going to refuse it, but I put my arm coaxingly around his neck, and I felt his tears on my cheek as he kissed and blessed me.

"We left the spring together, and I accompanied him to his lodging, an upper room in an old, uncomfortable lodging-house. There was very little furniture, and that of the shabbiest kind I had ever seen. It grieved me to think of his living in such a place. I thought of our farm-house, humble and poor though it was, yet comfortable and cheerful, and wished he was there, but I did not like to tell him so; nor to remain long with him, for he seemed completely exhausted by walking, though it was not a great distance; so I took leave, promising to return the next day.

"I went accordingly the next day, and spent several hours with my new friend, who, I now learned, was an artist. There was something indescribably winning in his manners, and I listened to his every word with wrapt attention, and loved him as if he were an old and dear friend."

"Stop, stop, Fanny," interrupted her husband. "Do you know you are making me horribly jealous? And I always fancied that I was your first love, too."

"Don't jest, George; these reminiscences are very sad to me, and I am trying to give you a faithful description of my childish feelings for this gifted and unfortunate being. Let me go on in my own way. On this occasion I took courage to tell him what had been my thoughts the evening previous about his going to my own dear home. He smiled kindly as if gratified by my childish ardor, but would not accept my invitation. He told me how pleased he should be to be able to see my parents, how he felt sure he would love them if only on my account, but that he could not travel even that short distance; he had been a great traveller, but now he had only one more journey to make—that long journey which all must take once, to return no more. I looked at him in vague alarm; but he went on talking of his death as being very near, and I rept at the thought as if about losing one I had always known and loved. He caressed and soothed me tenderly, and when I had ceased weeping told me that he wished to paint my portrait, so that I could take it to my mother as a gift from him. He had not been able to paint anything for a long time, but he thought he could execute this, if I could come every day, and remain some time. I was overjoyed at the proposal, knowing what delight it would give mother, and feeling also that it would be a ratification to himself. However he was too

unnerved by our previous conversation to commence the likeness, and though the next day, and the next, and every day to the one preceding his death, he made the effort with all the strength that an ardent desire could impart to his sinking frame, he could not succeed, and the work was never fairly begun. He was much grieved at his inability to accomplish the one thing which he had set his heart upon doing; and I was grieved too, though more for his disappointment than my own, and still more for his daily increasing languor, which, child as I was, I could not help noticing. That walk from the little spring on the first day of our acquaintance was his last walk, in this world. I took him various dainties that my aunt was skilled in preparing for the sick, and he received them gratefully, partaking of them with apparent relish, though more, I believe, to gratify me than for the care he had for them.

"One day on making my accustomed visit I found him worse than usual, and unable to rise from his miserable bed. He received me with his usual affection, though only able to utter a few words at long intervals. I sat beside the bed the whole afternoon giving him a spoonful of some refreshing drink occasionally: and I knew by the way he held my hand, and sometimes gently stroked back my hair, that my presence was a comfort to him. When at length I was obliged to go as it was getting late, he pointed to two old paintings which I had often observed, and in a feeble voice said he gave them to me—it was all he had to give, and he would perhaps be able to tell me something about them at another time. He asked me also to come early the next day, and to tell my uncle he would be pleased to see him at the same time. I was very glad to hear this, for at my uncle's request I had several times intimated to the sick man that he would be pleased to visit him if agreeable, but he had hitherto refrained from giving a decided answer.

"Early the next day we went, but alas! In the silence of night, in the gloomy solitude of that wretched room the artist had breathed his last. I wept bitterly over the cold remains, and uncle wiped away his starting tears as he looked on the calm face that still bore traces of lofty beauty, marred though it was by sorrow and disease. He reproached himself also for not having waived all ceremony and visited the dying man; but then he had not thought him so near his end, and knowing, from what he heard, that he did not wish his retirement intruded on, he had deemed it best to wait until his visits would be desired.

"We learned from the keeper of the lodging house that the artist had hired the room nearly three months before, and that he had given his name as Clifford. An assured name uncle thought, but nothing farther could be ascertained, so uncle buried him in the village graveyard, and had accounts of him published in various papers; but nothing relating to his history was ever known.

"The succeeding week I returned home, carrying my legacy, the two old paintings. No one ever admired them, but though pronounced on all hands dirty, and shabby, and worthless, I always preserved them as mementos of the unfortunate dead. After we came here to live, in unpacking the things I brought with me from home, I brought to light the pictures which I had thought of getting framed for the sitting-room; but you ridiculed the idea, and I began to think that as you said they would prove but shabby adornments, so I put them away in the garret, where they remained in safety undisturbed till the children thought of them to-day, and wanted them for their play-house, and as we all seem to have little pleasure these times I could not deny their request. Now you have the whole history of my poor pictures, which you thought scarce worthy of a glance when I spoke to you of them years ago."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Fan, I don't think them worth a second glance now, so far as their beauty goes, for they are poor, dingy-looking

things. Owing to association, however, they doubtless look better in your eyes."

"I have an idea, however, that they may be valuable in themselves, and perhaps that was what the poor artist intended to tell me," said the sanguine Fanny. "At any rate it can do no harm to inquire. There is our doctor, very likely he may be able to tell something about their merits—suppose you go to his office this afternoon, George, and ask him about them."

"Well, yes, I will go, for as you say he is probably a judge of such things; if he is not, I know of no one else about here that is."

Accordingly Mason took the pictures to Dr. Lambert, who was a man of cultivated taste, and after a very slight inspection gave it as his opinion that they were of value. He advised George, however, to go to London with them, which he did the next day, bearing a letter from the doctor to a gentleman in that city, who pronounced the paintings works of one of the old masters, and offered to give fourteen hundred pounds for the pair. George, bewildered as he was by such good fortune, gladly accepted the offer, and turned homeward with a joyful heart, though still puzzled as to the great value of the shabby, old pictures! The rapturous joy of the whole family as he related the wonderful news who cannot imagine? But in the midst of his rejoicing and pious gratitude, the gentle Fanny shed tears to the memory of the unknown artist.

A WISH.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

As softly steals the rosy blush
O'er floating clouds at even,
As swiftly course along clear streams
Beneath a smiling Heaven—

As lovely flowers begemmed with dew
A fragrance sweet are breathing,
Where roses with the hawthorn fair
A chaplet bright are wreathing—

So be thy journey o'er life's way;
As warm, still sunlight shining,
Reflected from soft flowing streams,
Or clouds with silver lining.

As pure as dew-drops on the flowers
Along the way-side growing,
Or music from a brighter sphere
In golden measure flowing.

Such ever be thy journey here;
And joyous be its ending,
The good, the pure, the bright, the fair,
In love immortal, blending.

The flower, the rose, the cloud, the thorn
All earthly ones are sharing;
But though the shades predominate
Still trusting—ne'er despairing—

A fadeless crown is their reward,
In realms of light immortal;
Then strive to win, and enter in
That fair and golden portal.

Where angels pure in robes of white
Will welcome thee rejoicing,
And seraph in rare harmony
Sweet praises will be voicing.

ISABEL MONTCLAIR'S FAULT.

BY LALLA ELMWOOD.

EARLY one bright and beautiful May morning, when the dew-drops still lingered on the flowers, Isabel Montclair stood at the altar, and tremblingly pronounced the solemn marriage vow which linked her destiny with that of Edward Howard's. Beautiful indeed she was, with her raven tresses floating around her snow white shoulders. But her cheeks, which a few weeks since rivalled the rose in their hue, now as pale as parian marble. The warm congratulations of her friends were unheeded by her. For the first time, she thought of the fatal step she had taken. She felt as if she had committed a sin in vowing to love and honor him who stood beside her, when her heart and affections were irrecoverably another's, though *he* deserved them not.

"Here is a bouquet my friend requested me to present to the bride," said a light-haired youth. He bent his curly head toward Isabel, whispered something, and was gone. A crimson flush stole over Isabel's pale, sad face for a moment, but it quickly fled, leaving her paler than ever.

When alone she examined the flowers, and a note dropped to the floor from among them. She hastily picked it up and read—

"Farewell to hope, love, and life, but not to thee. I leave forever my native land for Italy. May you always be as happy as you are now is the prayer of your heart-broken VERNON."

Alas! he did not know the heart he had won, nor that an enemy had whispered a few words of fearful import to the credulous Isabel. She believed them, and one evening, when the high-ouled artist was standing in the door of his studio looking up at the silvery moon above him, and thinking only of love and Isabel, a servant handed him a package containing his letters and miniature, with the request that he must never see her again. At first he deemed it but a stratagem to try his love; and sought an explanation. But in vain, for none was given. Then sorrow came that she was about to be married. On that day, which crushed his hopes of happiness forever, he sent her a bouquet of sweet-scented flowers, which told her she was still beloved by him.

Five years passed. Isabel had learned to love Edward for his kindness to her, yet she felt she could not appreciate him justly, until she saw the light go out from his dark eyes and his cheek grow paler, and noticed that he met the king of terrors with the resignation of a true Christian. Then when she listened to his sad farewell, and felt for the last time his kiss upon her brow, she realized how desolate she would be without him. Her father had been called home a few weeks before, and she was alone in the world.

The crimson sunlight, with its golden beams came stealing into the boudoir where Isabel was seated. She held a withered bouquet in her hands, and tears were in her deep blue eyes. That morning she had learned that Claude was innocent. Yes, Grace Gordon had confessed on her dying bed her only falsehood, and asked forgiveness. It was readily granted, for Isabel could not but pity her, when she said, "I loved him, I knew you were credulous; and that was the stratagem I took to separate you, for I thought I could win his love. Since then I have never known one happy moment."

It had been a glorious Indian summer day, with its bland air, and hazy light, falling so peacefully on the heart, when Isabel Howard and her husband's niece, Fanny, drove up to Mr. Leon's mansion in Italy, where they were warmly welcomed by the family.

Fanny thought they stared at aunt Bell rather singularly as she introduced her to her husband's relatives. Perhaps it was because they were struck with so much beauty. She declared aunt was more beautiful than ever. But she did not know why the bloom of health was coming again to Isabel's cheek. Fanny's curiosity was gratified, when her little cousin Ida came in, and threw her arms around her cousin Bell's neck, and said, "I know I'll love you, for you are so much like Mr. Vernon's beautiful portrait he has hanging in his studio. Father do not you think so?" "Yes, Ida, dear, and to satisfy you, and to make an apology to your cousin for staring at her so rudely, we will go into Vernon's little studio." Strange emotions sprang up in the bosom of Isabel, as she gazed at the portrait.

Her heart told her the owner must be the one she had wronged so long in thought; and now perchance she might see him and all would be forgiven.

It was a glorious night, such as is seen only beneath an Italian sky. The moon shone with its soft mellow light, peculiar to the clime. Isabel was gazing at the beautiful heavens above her, her mind wandering far back over the past. Another too was gazing with his midnight eyes at the same scene. He also was thinking of the past, his first and only grief. "It was on such a night as this," he murmured, "she pledged her love to me, and on such a night as this my hopes were crushed." Isabel heard the murmured words of the stranger. She heaved a deep sigh, and when he looked at the apparition before him, he stretched his arms forward to clasp her to his heart. Simultaneously she sprang forward with the words, "Forgive, oh, forgive me, Claude, I have always loved you."

His heart was still true to its first love, and when explanations were given, he clasped her again to his heart, and whispered, "Bell, you will yet be mine, the past will be forgotten in the bright future." "And you," she replied, "you will forgive me, Claude, and will love me as of old?" "Yes, willingly." "Ah! I am so happy," she murmured. She need not have said so, he knew it from the expression of her low-lit eyes.

"Look, look cousin Fanny at Mr. Vernon. He is gazing as earnestly at cousin Bell as he used to at that portrait in his studio." "I wonder who introduced them," said Fanny. The mystery was soon solved, and when Isabel Howard returned to her native land, her artist lover accompanied her. Once more she stood at the altar, and pronounced the solemn marriage vow, and it was unfalteringly this time. She was cured forever of the fault of being "too credulous."

Y E ' V E C O M E A G A I N M Y L I T T L E B I R D .

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

Ye've come again, my little bird,
Ye've come from Southern land and sea,
To greet with song the pretty flowers
That gaily bloom o'er vale and lea;
Oh, softly floats thy happy song
On winds that gently waft along.

Oft in the glowing Heavens I've seen
Gay birdlings dressed in plumage fine;
And heard their richest, happiest strains,
But none so clearly rich as thine;
Oh, softly floats thy dulcet song
On winds that gently waft along.

'Mid flowery fields and meadows green,
Thy home shall gay and pleasant be;
And o'er the hills thy silv'ry notes
Shall roll in sweetest melody;
How softly floats thy tender song
On winds that gently waft along.

Oh, ne'er again, my pretty bird,
Go to the Southern land or sea,
But rest thee here through Winter chill,
I'll make a happy home for thee;
Oh, softly floats thy lovely song
On winds that gently waft along.

N I A G A R A .

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I stood beside the torrent as it rushed
In wondrous strength along,
And my heart murmured not of strange, wild beauty,
Nor wove its thoughts in song.
Silent I stood and watched the foaming current
All wreathed in misty spray,
Dash onward in the proud exulting splendor
Of haughty boundless sway.

Back from the slippery rocks my steps retracing,
With one long earnest sigh
I turned and placed for life—God's noblest picture
Framed in my memory.
Time, chance, or change can never more erase it,
The tameless, ceaseless roar
Of that untrammelled world of glorious water
Will haunt me evermore.

"TOO LATE."

BY H. L. SPENCER.

I.

"OPEN the window, mother, and raise me up, that I may see the sun set once more before I die."

So whispered a little girl of eight or ten summers, the hectic glow on her cheek and the wild light in her eye betokening the near approach of the king of terrors.

Long and earnestly she gazed upon the sun as it sunk among the gorgeous colored clouds that skirted the western horizon—then with a smile of sweet satisfaction, sank back upon her pillow and slept.

II.

"CAN you pay me a part of the money that is due my husband for last week's work?"

"There is nothing *due* your husband for last week's work till pay-day, which comes the twentieth of the month, as you well know."

"But Janie is sick, and we wish to get some medicine for her, and the druggist will not let us have it without the money."

"Fudge! the same old story that rings in my ears from morning till night, from one month to another."

"But what I say is true; Janie is very, very sick," and the tears started in the mother's eyes,

"and if medicine cannot be procured, we know not how long she will be spared to us."

"Well, that will do; call on pay-day, and then all that is due you shall be promptly paid."

The proprietor resumed his cigar and paper, and the heart-broken mother turned sadly away.

III.

THERE is a sound of weeping in the laborer's cottage, for Janie is no more. Pale and cold she lies in the little pine coffin. In her transparent fingers is a bunch of violets, freshly gathered, and a wreath of the same sweet flowers is on her head.

Under the maple by the road-side is a little grave where Janie will soon be laid to rest. The birds will sing over her, the flowers will bloom around her, in the valley the brook will murmur softly by day and night, but she will gaze upon their beauty and listen to their melody no more.

IV.

"AND how is your daughter, Janie?"

"She is dead."

"Dead! had I known her illness was so serious I would have paid you your husband's wages the other day."

"IT IS TOO LATE."

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY MRS. JAMES MATTOON.

The song of the bird and hum of the bee,
Are passing away in their fitful glee,
The opening bud and expanded flower
Will charm us no more at the twilight hour.

The robin hath roamed with his mate away;
No longer the whip-poor-will chants his lay;
And the moonbeams gleam on the voiceless air!
Fought with the spirit of love and prayer.

No more can I twine for thy flowing hair,
No white rose-wreath in its beauty rare!
No pluck for the vase the richest dye,
Which the rainbow-tints in beauty vie.

No more can I gather the little wild weed,
Whose fragrance all other sweet flowers exceed;
When this humble flower, which graces the plain,
Can mitigate sorrow, and soften even pain.

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The humming-bird too with its bright crimson breast,
He too with the flowers is seeking for rest;
In vain did I offer protection and care,
From Autumn's rude blast and the keen Winter air.

Not one of the dear little warblers would stay
In my vine-covered trellis, 'mid mosses as gay
As the plumage which Nature so lavishly spread,
Oh, they could not stay, as the flowers were all dead.

For Flora had beckoned them on to a clime,
Where flowers ever flourish and suns ever shine,
And the sweet Summer zephyr is wafting perfume
Where the orange and myrtle are ever in bloom.

Then cannot we glean from these lessons of love,
Some impulse divine, some light from above?
Some Flora to guide us to Heavenly bowers?
Where blossom unceasing perennial flowers.

little taper, for augury, afloat on a great and dark flood. I hope for nothing better than its speedy extinction, and the falling back upon me of the clouds of solitude and folly. Yet let it go.

"A YOUNG LADY, handsome, healthy, wealthy, accomplished and sensible, desires to make the acquaintance of a young GENTLEMAN. Persons answering that description may, if they choose, answer this advertisement.

KALADORA ANDROS."

The letter appeared as above mentioned. The next number of the Journal in due season also appeared. Miss Meriam opened its damp leaves with a queer sensation of embarrassment, as if somebody must of course have answered her epistle; neither could she relieve herself from a sort of mortification, arising from an involuntary conviction that her presumed unknown correspondent had by some secret means become possessed of the truth as to her own name and place. In such a frame of mind she hesitated before seeking the reply, and was partly relieved, but in truth more disappointed at not finding any. She had not really expected, but yet had wished an answer. She waited another week, actually worried that her letter should attract no notice. Yet she was ashamed and angry at her worrying too. But it seemed as if she must positively have *some* termination for her adventure. It was no matter at all, of course, about any particular individual. To the actual appearance of a real "young gentleman," Miss Flora was supremely indifferent. But having condescended to enter into such an undertaking, it would be most inglorious to prove unable to evoke an answer from anybody, either in earnest or in joke.

But at the end of the next week an answer came. It was as follows:

"MISS ANDROS—I do not know whether you are really a young lady, or a veil for the epistolary talent of either of the editors of the Journal. In either event, I answer, not your personality, but your sentiments.

"The trouble you are in, viz., the superabundance of the foolish, and the inaccessibility of the wise, is merely an individual instance under a general rule. For the general rule is that wealthy women will be sought by despicable young men for their money, and avoided, that is, as wives, by honorable young men, lest they be thought to seek their money. If you are what you say, God pity you, for your horoscope must almost surely be a dark one.

"For suppose that A. You marry a fool.

Then he spends your money, neglects you, and ruins both you and himself, for himself he knows no better than to ruin—so far as he can be said to be ruined—with the indulgences which money can give him, and which he knows too little to resist; and you he ruins, if not positively, yet comparatively, because he is such a fatal burden to you. For if you would rise in intellect or soul, you must do it under the discouraging weight of a senseless thing that knows not nor cares for your aspirations, and drags you ever downward by mere inertia of its own, by the saddening consciousness that you might perhaps have had a friend and sympathiser instead, and by the terrible clog of sorrow.

"Or B. You remain an old maid. If irreligious, you are a seared and soured old stick, sapless, sorrowful, without a tendril of love or affection clasped from your own heart to another's, or from another's to yours; with every offer of warm love either suicidally counteracted by some unexpressed fault of your own, or pitilessly jammed back upon you, as the diabolical sheriff in the old story jammed back the tortured victim's tongue into his miserable mouth with a stick.

"There is, to be sure, a third supposition, viz., that you find one worthy of you, and marry him. But of that the chances are so infinitesimally few, that I shall not discuss the prospect or the results.

"But, it may be said that all this is not germane to the matter. An agreeable acquaintance was sought, and here I have sent a Jeremiah instead.

"Out of sorrow cometh joy. I might, nevertheless, be a pleasant acquaintance. I think I answer the description in the advertisement. Therefore, if you wish to see me, you can see me. UNSTRADDLED."

A short editorial afterpiece read as follows:

"The above answer, the only one of any significance, out of a dozen which we have received, contains a sealed note, addressed to Kaladora Andros. This, upon an intimation from that incognita, we will forward, in all secrecy, to her order."

All this Flora Meriam read in the beautiful boudoir, as if in a dream. She read it again. There was nothing in it but calm and sad ratiocination. It read as if written by some philosophic or misanthropic man, answering her to divert some sorrow of his own by discussing that of another. There was no sympathy, no joy. And the deliberate proffer of acquaintance—should she send for the note? This would

evidently contain the name of the gloomy respondent.

Now that an opportunity of bringing a tangible, actual result from her impulsive experiment offered itself, she shrunk with fear from deciding it. Like the old witch in the Bible, she feared to see what she had called up. She determined not to send for the note, and worked all the rest of the day upon drawing and German.

So she did for a day or two longer; but the unknown correspondent plagued her constantly. He had gradually assumed in her mind a distinct form, evolved from the opinions which she had based upon the sober character of the letter. She was haunted, therefore, by a notion of an upright, pale young man, with a face overspread with clouds of gloomy musing; dressed in a black suit, with speckless gloves, collar and wristbands, and a white cravat. Not a very pleasant companion. Yet the persevering phantom even intruded himself once into her dreams. And, next Sabbath, when a young divinity student officiated in the stead of her beloved pastor—the poor fellow *must* begin somewhere—she was struck, upon seeing him stalk up the aisle and the pulpit steps with a vague fear lest he might be the man, and might recognize her by the consciousness in her face. So she studied the hymn-book until the sermon, and was relieved by the twang and inanity of the young gentleman's verbose and bare-boned dogmatics and polemics. The gloomy correspondent would at last have preached thoughts.

Miss Meriam, in sheer vexation that she was no more mistress of her own mind, and determined to relieve herself in some way, wrote two notes, on Monday morning; one to the editor, signed K. Andros, requesting him to send the note to "Care of Miss Mary Sands, Boston;" and another to the said Miss Sands, who was a former schoolmate, requesting her to forward by note so directed, to herself, Flora Meriam, and to say nothing about it. In due time the note arrived—a not very extraordinary note, in plain envelope—and was opened by Miss Meriam, not without some trepidation. She found only these words, dated the day after the publication of her letter:

"If you attend the evening lecture at the Tabernacle, four weeks from to day, you will see me.
UNSTEADY."

Unsteady? What a vague, uncomfortable name! And of evil omen in respect to the per-assuming it. Unsteady how? And how was

she to see him? Was he to appear as a cloaked myth, besetting the door? Or as a wild enthusiast, springing up in the midst of the audience, with crazy interruptions of the speaker? Perhaps he was to speak.

She examined the dailies for a few days last past. A well-known lecturer was announced to speak at the Tabernacle on the evening mentioned in the note, one week from the day of its receipt—a minister of great reputation, and beyond middle age. He must needs be the man. The sober tone of the letter in the newspaper was appropriate enough, from a clergyman, though the personal information in the note just received seemed from him superfluous and useless. Yet that appeared the most probable solution of the puzzle, and although she had heard Dr. A—— before, she determined to attend the meeting that evening, if only to observe whether he would allude to his secret yet public correspondent.

Upon the appointed evening, Miss Meriam entered the Tabernacle in good season, and having selected a front seat near the upper end of one of the galleries, awaited the address, and examined the audience. All sorts of people came in, in great streams, which gradually diverged away through aisles and seats, as rivers waste themselves in sandy deserts. Old people, young people and dandies; well-dressed, ill-dressed, and dressed in no particular way; handsome, ugly, and indiscriminate, filed in by hundreds and settled quietly into their places, while Miss Meriam watched them. But she saw no one whom she could select as her correspondent, though many bold-faced and insane fellows stared rudely up at her, in admiration or curiosity.

At last two gentlemen entered the pulpit, both tall and straight; one grey-haired, yet strong, the other young, slender and active.

When the hour for the address had arrived, the old man, Dr. A——, arose and stated with some little difficulty, that owing to an attack of a bronchial disorder within three days, he had been compelled to substitute a comparative stranger, Thomas Bemis, Esq., for himself. He added that his proxy, he was convinced, would more than supply his own place; for that he had already no contemptible reputation as a speaker and thinker; and he trusted, he said, that since the change had been advertised, no disappointment would be felt.

Mr. Bemis then arose, and was received by the audience, either in welcome or indulgence, with considerable applause. His personal appearance was much to his advantage. He was

tall and straight, as we said. His features were noble, his head handsome, and embowered in great abundance of closely curling brown hair. Blue eyes, large and deep-set, and a straight nose, were the most striking of his features, which is as it should be; it is for women to have beautiful mouths. His address, which lasted more than an hour, and was received with very great satisfaction, contained not one single word or thought which Miss Meriam could interpret as referring to the letters in the Journal.

The lecture, as lectures should be, was rather rhetorical than logical *in effect*; yet in truth the rhetorical ornamentation hung like wreaths of flowers around the iron chain of the argument underneath. The speaker showed the utility of beauty by many deductions from facts within the observation of all; but we cannot even give a synopsis of his thoughts. The great crowd sat in deep silence beneath the magic music of his voice, the sudden beauty of his startling thoughts, the bright gleams of his eye. At one point and another where a climax of noble thoughts lifted all the audience upon the lofty path of the orator, Flora Meriam could not help laughing at the utter self-abandonment of some, who followed him with open mouth and breath suspended, and fell back with a sigh of pleasure as the last crowning thought was placed. She laughed, even though the tears of sympathy and admiration stood in her eyes. As the lecturer ended, a moment's silence held the great hall; and then a storm of stunning applause went up, bursting out and rolling on with the power, as it seemed, of a thunder-clap. Deafened by the roar and half-choked with the dust, but with a heart all throbbing to the lovely truths which she had heard, Mrs. Meriam with difficulty and by patient and careful progress regained her carriage and departed home, with a sort of resolution to believe that she *had* seen her newspaper correspondent, although she could not resist a conviction that she only thought so because she wanted to think so.

But her voyage of discovery had not been successful. Suppose she *had* seen him? As she reclined wearily upon her magnificently upholstered cushions, she speculated with infinite dissatisfaction upon her dilemma. Either she had seen him or she had not. If yea, how should she find out who he was? If no, evidently there was no better prospect of it. There seemed no possible way of pursuing the acquaintance—if such it might be called—further, except by further advertising, and naming some rendezvous, or address for letters; neither of which could she bring herself to attempt. So she

resumed her usual avocations of study and company-keeping in huge displeasure; partly at herself for going as far even as she had done, but more at the indefinite results of her advances. Thus she lived for some time, haunted at intervals by the remembrance of the unknown, whose phantom had now exchanged his grim ultra-clerical exterior for the citizenly one of T. Bemis, Esq.; and driving vigorously through music practise, talking, reading and parties, she strove to get away from her foolish fancy.

She had perhaps partly succeeded, when lo! all her returning comfort was instantaneously dissipated into the same whirling clouds of perplexity which had plagued her so much, by the sudden appearance, at an evening party near Union Square, of T. Bemis, Esq., whom she discovered standing quietly by himself, listening to the seraphic strains which Miss Ermengarde De Freese was pouring forth with piano accompaniment. He seemed much delighted in particular at the refrain of a *Tyrolien*, which Miss De Freese terminated with a small, dry squeal far up in the north-east corner of her head, thus:

ce!"
la
la

"Oh, where is my hunter boy? Tra

Miss Meriam was perplexed. What should she do? Somehow it seemed as if he would certainly see her and read her thoughts. She suddenly ceased talking, and appeared so embarrassed that the daughter of the house, upon whose birth-night the party was given, and with whom she had been conversing rapidly and merrily, asked if she were ill; offered her *vinigrade*; suggested stepping up stairs and lying down a little while; was very solicitous. But Flora declined all these little attentions, and only stepped out upon a balcony a moment for fresh air. Here she mustered her courage, and indulged in keen reproaches at herself for her folly. Was she a city beauty of such pretensions to wit and intellect, to be discomfited by the mere sight of a slender man whom she had never seen but once, who had never seen her, and between whom and herself not one word had passed? That she, who had transpierced so many with a repartee or a look, should wither before a conqueror who did not even see her? How abominable! She would procure Mr. Bemis to be introduced to her, for the mere purpose of immolating him upon the altar of her self-respect; as barbarians steal strangers to sacrifice to their gods. She would even demonstrate a superfluity of self-con-

trol, by skilfully talking round and round the riddle with which she had been playing, in such a way as to puzzle her wretched victim in case he should know what she meant, with evidence of a knowledge whose extent she would hide. And having made fun of him, and worried him to her proud heart's content, she would leave him—to perish, if he liked.

So Miss Meriam, armed in double beauty, namely, that which was properly her own, and also that which the excitement of her two resolutions, to please and to destroy, caused to sparkle in her eyes, to glow upon her cheek, to evaporate from the accelerated vitality of her perfect health and intensified mental action, re-entered the gay saloons with direful intent.

She mingled again with the laughing talkers; passed from group to group, rejoined her friend, the young hostess, looking by accident (of course) about the room in the course of conversation, saw a tall young man with deep-set blue eyes, and a Grecian nose and curly hair; inquired his name, was told that he is Mr. Bemis, a teacher in Ward School, No. 35, and measurably a literary man, having had "a success" at the Tabernacle some little time since. So she takes a sudden fancy to know him, is gratified, and having been named to him, and he to her, there is an opportunity to open her attack.

Somehow or other the machinery does not operate. She had thought of so many witty things—where are they all gone? Surely it is not one steady look from two great, deep, blue eyes, a single bow, one remark, in a deep, grave voice, to the effect that the speaker is delighted to become an acquaintance of Miss Meriam—it is not those insignificant things which can disconcert her? Why no—and with a rapid rush of anger at the capability of being disconcerted at all, the beauty is herself again, and speaks without indulging in the customary meteorological preliminaries.

She complimented Mr. Bemis upon his brilliant address at the Tabernacle, with the addition that she was present at its delivery, and, he added, with a significant look, by special invitation. The look was wasted, Mr. Bemis was flattered, he said, quietly, that he was pleased. But he did not seem at all conscious that any special invitations had been given out upon the occasion.

One dart blunted.

This about a special invitation must evidently seem rather flat, thought Miss Flora, and she was mortified.

She was very curious, she said, in autography; having a pretty extensive collection of specimens;

and she was busy in forming a theory as to the relation between character and handwriting; would Mr. Bemis favor her?

He would, with the utmost pleasure; and he executed a signature with great rapidity and freedom upon a blank card.

"Thomas Bemis, New York city." A bold, square, yet rapid hand, very different from the finical and delicate manuscript of the note. Neither did he seem fearful of risking any disclosures which might arise from the possession of his writing by a stranger.

Two darts blunted.

What a talkative, bold thing he must think me, she reflected; and was mortified again a little more. She began to feel acrid. But controlling herself she tried again; and volunteered some remark about the last *prima donna* in Italian Opera. Looking at her companion while speaking, she perceived that his eyes wandered about the room; and she stopped suddenly, extremely provoked—indeed, rather more so, perhaps, than she would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Mr. Bemis blushed and offered an apology. Said he,

"I am a bit of a physiognomist. Everybody has some hobby, you know. And just now I was most earnestly engaged in studying every face I could see for a special purpose. I am so little in company that my student habits remain with me yet; and it was in a manner involuntarily that I was so neglected and rude. May I hope for excuse? I could not have a more competent teacher of whom to learn my new lesson for company," continued he, as he bent his deep eyes again earnestly upon Flora, seeming to see, for the first time, that she was very lovely—and he smiled and blushed slightly again. "Nor a more welcome one," he added.

Blushing in her turn at the light which seemed to spring up and glow in his eyes as he looked and spoke, and at the curious mixture of inexperience and self-possession in his manner, she answered, looking upon the floor, for she could not quite face his gaze,

"Undoubtedly: nobody is so excusable as a hobby-horseman; since you have confessed yourself to be one of the tribe. I am one myself—or rather a hobby-horsewoman; but I have always wished to manage more than one steed. I cherish the unwomanly desire of singly controlling a four-in-hand team, at least something like the 'Jordian Acrobat' in the ballad.

"What is it?" asked Bemis, with interest, "I don't remember it."

She quoted from "Bon Gaultier."

"Never on a single charger rides that
Stout and stalwart Moor—
Five, beneath his stride so stately bear him
O'er the trembling floor."

She added also, "I don't emulate the erect
position of Mr. Acrobat, but only his plurality
of Arab steeds. But, Mr. Bemis, if you will not

think me too inquisitive, I want very much to
ask what is the physiognomic quest in which
you were so absorbed."

"Do you know anybody named Kaladora Andros?" asked he, abruptly, and looking straight
and steadily at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY MRS. M. J. RICHARDSON.

Oh! stranger kind, repeat no more
Tales of thy native land;
I cannot leave my Mountain Home,
With its dear household band;
Too well I love its happy scenes,
Its torrents wild and free,
Each thing familiar to my gaze,
They're all too dear to me.

There's kindness in thy manly voice,
There's beauty on thy brow,
There's nobleness in that dear heart
That breathes to me its vow:
Yet sure no more the mountain child,
Afair with thee to roam;
Too loved by me are all things here,
Too dear my Mountain Home.

Oh! sad would be my father's heart,
And grieved my mother dear,
My daring brothers list in vain
A sister's voice to hear:
Then urge no more the simple maid
To share thy home with thee,
Too dear, too loved are all things here,
Each heart too kind to me.

Thou'rt deeming that my mountain song
Thy distant home might cheer;
If there's a freedom in its notes,
A wildness round it here,
The bird that's chained may sing no more
Of aught that's glad and free;
I cannot leave my Mountain Home,
'Tis all too dear to me.

I would not cause one sadd'ning thought
To dim that brow of thine;
I would not round thy noble heart
A wreath of grief entwine;
Then stranger, gentle stranger, go:
I cannot bid thee stay;
I have no tie to bind thee here,
Thy home is far away.

The mountain maid will not forget
Thee in her simple prayer;
And though thou roam'st the wide world's
Her blessing shall be there:
And in the songs she oft shall sing
Thy name as oft shall stray;
Oh, well kind thoughts of thee she'll keep
Though thou art far away.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

THERE'S an old and faded fabric
Woven of smiles and tears,
With rare and beautiful soul-dreams
Blended with hopes and fears.
In the 'midst of this fabric olden,
Wrought in a silvery beam,
Runneth a bright thread golden,
Like a ray in some dark-hued dream.

Though over this faded fabric
Many a tear be shed,
Still untarnished by tears or time
Gleameth this golden thread.

Hearts may sorrow in secret,
Hope may lie drooping or dead,
Yet in the fabric shineth
This glittering golden thread.
Death may shadow the ground work,
Despair to sorrow be wed,
In the darkness gleameth ever
This beautiful golden thread.

It bringeth a balm to the sore heart
When every joy is fled,
This fabric whose name is Memory,
And Love is the golden thread.

THE SHIRT-COLLAR.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a dandy, whose goods and chattels consisted of a boot-jack and a hair-brush; but he had the smartest shirt-collar in the world. The shirt-collar had grown so odd, that he now began to think of marrying, when he happened to find himself in the same wash-tub as a garter.

"Mercy on us!" cried the shirt-collar; "I never saw anything so slim, so dainty, so delicate, or so elegant before. May I make so bold as to ask your name?"

"I shall not tell you," said the garter.

"Where do you live?" asked the shirt-collar.

But the garter was by nature rather shy, and did not know how to answer.

"I suppose you are a belt," said the shirt-collar—"a belt to fasten some under-clothes. I see that you serve for use, as well as for show, my little lady."

"You must not speak to me," said the garter.

"I am sure I cannot have given you any encouragement to do so."

"When one is as pretty as you are," said the shirt-collar, "is not that encouragement enough?"

"Get away—don't come so near me," said the garter. "You seem to be quite like a man."

"I am a fine gentleman, sure enough," said the shirt-collar. "I possess a boot-jack and a hair-brush."

This was not true, for it was his master who owned these things. But he was a boaster.

"Don't come so near me," said the garter.

"I'm not accustomed to such behavior."

"Ridiculous prudery!" said the shirt-collar.

And then they were taken out of the wash-tub, and starched, and hung over a chair in the sunshine; after which, they were laid on the ironing-board. And now came the glowing flat-iron.

"Mistress widow," said the shirt-collar—"little mistress widow, I feel very warm. I am quite metamorphosed: my creases are all smoothed down. You are burning a hole in me! Oh, dear! I offer myself for your acceptance."

"You, you ragamuffin!" said the flat-iron, as she drove proudly over the shirt-collar; for she imagined herself to be a steam-engine, that rolls

over a railway, and draws carriages. So she called him ragamuffin.

The edge of the shirt-collar was somewhat frayed, so the scissors were in request to cut it smooth.

"Oh!" said the shirt-collar, "you are certainly a first-rate dancer. I never saw anything so elegant in my life. No human being could imitate you."

"I should think not," said the scissors.

"You would deserve to be a countess," said the shirt-collar. "My only worldly possessions consist of a dandy, a boot-jack, and a frizzing-comb. I wish I had a county to lay at your feet."

"What! is he wooing me, forsooth?" said the scissors, who waxed indignant, and gave such a violent snip, that the shirt-collar was in a fair way to be cashiered.

"Then I must make a proposal to the hair-brush," thought the shirt-collar. "What remarkably beautiful hair you have, my little missy! Have you never thought of becoming engaged?"

"You may well imagine that I have thought about it," answered the hair-brush; "for I am engaged to the boot-jack."

"Engaged!" cried the shirt-collar. There was now nobody left whom he could woo, therefore he pretended to despise courtships in general.

A long time after, the shirt-collar lay in a bag at the paper-mill. There was a large company of rags; the fine ones and the coarse ones herding together respectively, as it was proper they should. They had all a great deal to relate, but especially the shirt-collar, who was a mighty boaster.

"I have had so many sweethearts," said the shirt-collar: "they left me no peace of my life. But it must be confessed that I was a very fine gentleman, and a very stiff one, too. I had a boot-jack and a brush, that I never used. You should have seen me in those days, when I lay on one side! I shall never forget my first love. She was a girdle: so dainty, so soft, and so elegant; and she flung herself into a wash-tub for my sake. There was a widow, too, who was glowing with love for me; but I would not have her, and she grew black with fretting. Then there was a first-rate dancer, who gave me the

wound I now suffer from; for she was such a passionate creature! My own hair-brush was in love with me, and lost all her hair with grief at my coldness. Yes, I have gone through a great many adventures of the same sort; but what I am most sorry for, is the garter—I mean the girdle, who threw herself into the wash-tub. I have a deal upon my conscience."

The conceited booster stopped short at these words; for the machine cut him, just then, into a thousand pieces.

What a pity that conceited old bachelors, who brag just like the shirt-collar, of conquests they never made, could not, like it, be made mincemeat of in the midst of their bragging!

ALONE WITH THE DYING!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

SOFTLY sinking, sweetly dying,
In the holy twilight gloom,
Where bright angel faces glimmer
And people the dim old room,
And the light of life is darkling
In the shadows of the tomb!

Like a wounded bird is flutt'ring
Her heart within her breast,
And her spirit, like the sunlight,
Sweetly sinking in the West,
Seems to wish awhile to linger,
And yet longs to be at rest!

See! her pale lips are quivering,
And their folds are prest apart,
And still fainter grows the beating
Of that quiet waiting heart!
She—of life and death an emblem,
And of them both a part!

Beyond azure walls uprearing
High their sapphire portals bright,
Where the lovely stars are flashing

On the ebon brow of night!
And where treads the moon in prayer
Through the soft and gentle light!

Her sweet spirit hath departed,
There to rest forever more,
No longer a lashed tide-mark
Out upon Time's beaten shore!
Nor her heart all sick and weary
Of the ocean's ceaseless roar.

Holy thoughts of deep contrition
In the stillness come and go,
Murm'ring softly as a streamlet,
In their sweet and gentle flow;
Like the church spires, pointing upward
From the weary world below!

I am kneeling, meekly kneeling
In the moonlight soft and still!
And a thousand sweet emotions,
Come my weeping heart to fill—
"Oh! pardon my short-comings, Lord!
Teach me how to do Thy will!"

OTHER DAYS.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

OFF a shade of sadness comes
Stealing o'er my troubled heart,
Driving hence each buoyant hope—
Bidding every joy depart.

Memories of the bye-gone years
Float before my mental view,
Calling up a thousand griefs—
Opening bleeding wounds anew.

Would that I could banish far
Every thought of other years—
Would that I might chase away
Olden memories fraught with tears.

Daily—hourly—still arise
Dreaded ghosts of former woes;
And the river of despair
Onward, deep and silent, flows.

Would that I might freely quaff
Draughts from fabled Lethe's stream,
That the past with all its griefs,
Might appear as but a dream.

Ah! the grave alone can heal
All these sorrows of the soul,
And my spirit, crushed to earth,
Eager strives to reach its goal.

MISER-LINES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

PART FIRST.

"HARRY, I never before had to ask so many times for a necessary article. I do believe you are growing stingy. Come, look in my face, let me see if there are miser-lines on your cheeks. Do you know I had an uncle once who was a miser? He was rich enough to buy all Philadelphia, they say, I never saw him, and I'm sure none of his money never came to me. It all went to benevolent societies, queer, wasn't it? But I remember the description a younger cousin used to give of him, and she said he had two deep, long lines on either cheek, running from the root of the nose round to the chin. She told it in such a ludicrous manner that it always made me laugh, as it was a peculiarity I called hem miser-lines. Let me look at you; no, your cheeks are smooth almost as my own; there never will be a miser-line there, I know. But there are two, faint, very faint wrinkles on this pen brow. It looks ominous," continued the gay, young wife, laughingly shaking her head. "I wonder what it means; I think you apply yourself too steadily to business."

Young Maitland hardly replied to this gay speech of his beautiful wife, but turning listlessly from his paper, leaned his head upon his and.

"Charles," cried Annie, laughing a little, that old uncle, you know. Well, Fred and Charley—you know cousins Fred and Charley, they've both got something to remember him for. Now don't go to sleep while I tell you, fix your bright eyes right on mine and don't ever wink. They knew as everybody else did, I suppose, that uncle 'Siah was immensely rich."

"You know," put in Harry, smiling a little. "There it is provoking that I can't break myself of that foolish thing; I can't think when became a habit; but—you know——"

She paused, blushed, and with slightly pouting manner that was quite becoming in her, ed, "I will conquer it," and proceeded to tell her story, which, by-the-way, Harry looked for it impatiently.

"Well, one day uncle 'Siah came from Indiana to visit aunt Henry, and the boys, Fred and Charley, tried in every way to please the old gentleman, partly on account of his age, but

'most partly,' as little sis says, on account of their pockets—you——, there I didn't say it, did I? Uncle 'Siah seemed quite attracted by their quiet and self-denying habits, and the attention the rattle-brains showed him; so the day before he was to return home, he said to them, 'boys, after dinner come in the library; I want to give you something as you have been such good little fellows since I have been here.' You may just imagine how red their cheeks grew, directly, and what visions of splendor floated before their eyes. Fred says he remembers that he looked confidently for fifty dollars, though he modestly hinted to Charley it might be only ten, and on the strength of their expectations, they both got trusted at a neighboring toy-shop to the amount of a whole dollar."

"Not the only ones," muttered Harry, "who get trusted on the strength of their expectations."

"No, but don't sigh so dolefully, dear. One o'clock came, though the boys declared confidently it never would. At two dinner was on the table, at three, despatched, and immediately after, Fred and Charley, with hair combed smoothly, and dressed in their holiday suits, crept into the study with cheeks as red as peonies.

"The old man was there. Two very small parcels laid on the table at his side; he beckoned them to be seated. 'Boys,' he said, solemnly, 'I am about to make you a present of some money; and I want you to use it discreetly. You are young, and do not yet know the value of such a commodity, but do as I did, save your money. What I give to you now is the same amount I began life with, and by prudence and energy I have become rich; I hope you may do the same. Be honest, boys, be virtuous, cautious, and prudent; never run in debt for the smallest article, (the boys felt a little uneasy at that) be patient, be temperate, and you cannot fail to become rich. Now, boys, take these, receive my blessings; go.'"

"And how much was it pray?" asked Harry, lifting up his head, and looking quite animated.

"Why, it was—a penny a piece," returned Annie, laughing heartily. "And Fred declares that the old man thought they were on their good behavior for the sake of the dimes, so took

that method to rebuke them, for he says he happened to look back before he got out of the room, and uncle 'Siah was laughing away to himself. Oh! they were so angry. Charley wanted to go back and fling the money in his face, but Fred reminded him that any want of respect toward the old man would subject them to severe punishment, so he contented himself with tossing it into a neighboring field, while Fred took an old axe and succeeded in chopping his penny to pieces and leaving them in the way. And only think of the dollar! Many and many a pleasure they were forced to deny themselves to liquidate that debt; but after all it proved a fortunate thing, for you know Fred and Charley have a great abhorrence to getting trusted, or trusting either, I believe," added Annie, lightly. "But, Harry," she exclaimed, noticing her husband was preparing to go—"that shawl! you won't disappoint me, love, only a hundred and fifty dollars, and I do really need it. Come, now, don't sigh so, or I shall really think the miser-lines are beginning to come."

"I'll try," the young man strove to speak lightly, but he could not, and ended as usual with a hearty sigh.

FINDING THE JOURNAL.

"I WONDER what makes Harry so glum?" thought Annie, as she resumed her sewing; "I'm sure everything is delightful here at home, and Harry seems to enjoy my society as keenly as ever. Heigh-ho! some perplexing business matter, I suppose. I'm glad I ain't a man, indeed I am. How the poor fellow did sigh! and the day so beautiful, too; I can't work," she added, nervously, throwing her embroidery into a graceful work-basket that tasseled and corded about, sat at her side, and she arose, sauntered through her beautiful parlors and out into the passage. There in the broad light of the sun lounged a rosy-cheeked chamber-maid fast asleep.

"What a lazy creature!" thought Annie, "really she doesn't have enough work to keep her out of mischief, though to be sure she can't do much mischief asleep, but I wish she had more work to do." Passing the girl, Annie ran up stairs to her dressing-room, and for awhile amused herself by rearranging the beautiful dresses in her wardrobe. Then she paused half yawning before her mirror, languidly rolled her ringlets, wished Harry could stay all day with her, was sure she should never weary of his company, wondered when the upholsterers would come to measure the rooms for new carpets, and the windows for new curtains; hoped Harry wouldn't forget that absolutely indispensable

shawl, and then began looking through her drawers.

A small, beautifully gilt annual—such she thought it—attracted her fancy. She remembered now she had found it in the corner of the drawing-room lounge, under one of the velvet pillows the evening before; and believing it to be a book lent her by a friend, she had carried it to her own room that it might not receive injury. Mechanically seating herself she opened the pages and found—a blank. Surprise roused her energy; she placed the book on her knee and turned carefully to the first page to find the owner's name. In a wreath of daintily tinted flowers she read "Harry F. Maitland, journal."

"Why it's Harry's," she exclaimed, in surprise; "I did not know he kept a journal," and turning the pages hurriedly, she paused at a passage where her own name caught her attention, and blushing, she read on.

"20th.—My beautiful Annie grows every day dearer to my heart, and my only grief is that I cannot readily gratify her every wish. Foolish nay, criminal man that I was, that for fear of losing her, I dared allow her to indulge the dream that I was wealthy. She, lovely, petted, reared in affluence, little thinks of my daily, nay, hourly struggles for her sake, and I dare not tell her. For she seems a being so pure, so unselfish, that were she as some women, to display an unreasonable vanity, and taunt me because I could not minister to her wants, I should be of all men the most miserable."

"22nd.—I am living beyond my income. To-day I am two hundred dollars in debt for extravagance, and heaven knows I need every cent for business."

"Yesterday, bought Annie an opera cloak and although she looked so beautifully radiant, my heart ached as I gazed upon her. Yet Annie has been accustomed to such things, how can I deny her? But for these fashionable follies we might live well and owe nothing; but I do not blame her for one moment. It is my own fault. I am justly punished for my presumption in woe her. Her father! I would sooner die than fail him for aid."

"24th.—I am getting deeply involved. I have borrowed five hundred of my cousin, and return it in three months. A bad beginning! And Annie must have her shawl; if I told her all, perhaps she would be contented with what she has already; but I cannot gather the courage. When I think of it, in her presence, I am so coward. I must borrow still more and trust fortune. How guilty and how cowardly I am to myself! Oh! Annie, I wish I was more

of you, sweet wife—for your sake would I had a mine of gold!"

For a moment Annie closed the book. Tears filled her eyes, and her good, generous heart ached for her erring husband. "He shall see," she murmured, rising as she spoke, "that I am no vain, selfish creature."

Instantly throwing on her graceful bonnet and a shawl, that, though not quite fashionable, was still very elegant, she set forward to the splendid store of M. Gerry, the popular upholsterer.

"I am very sorry," exclaimed the polite clerk, before Annie had a chance to speak, "that I could not send my men to-day, but a counter order——"

"It is no matter," replied Annie, "I called to say that you need not take the trouble, and if the damask is not cut——"

"It *shall* be directly; you wished orange and green, I believe."

"I have changed my mind," replied Annie, assuming a careless manner, "I do not want the damask or the tapestry carpeting yet, when I do I can give you a call."

"Certainly, certainly, madam, just as you please," and the gentlemanly clerk bowed her out.

PART SECOND.

LESSENING EXPENDITURE.

ANNIE'S next move was toward her father's house, in a beautiful avenue, yet green and blooming, though the leaves were turning sere upon the trees.

Her mother sat alone employed in writing.

"Why! how fortunate!" she cried, "I was just about to send you a note, begging you to loan me your set of agate for to-morrow night."

"What will you give me for it, mother?" said Annie, laughingly.

"Give you? why! would you sell it? You must need money. Doesn't your husband provide you——"

"With everything I wish, mother; but I want to give a great surprise, and—and in fact it's to be a secret, so I'm perfectly willing to sell my beautiful agates; come, what'll you give me? say them, now I'm in the mood; you know if I need such things I can get plenty more."

"Well—there are five hundred dollars at my disposal—the set is fully worth a thousand, I suppose; at least I know that is what your uncle gave for it—but he is dead, poor man. I'll give you five hundred now, and two at some future time; say in a month."

Annie's cheeks flushed with pleasure, and

she left her father's house with the bank-notes tightly folded up and deposited in the end of her purse.

Harry came home later than usual, and his wife pretended not to see as he went straight to the lounge and lifted the pillow, looking carefully about.

"I suppose the men came here to measure the floors," said Harry, buttering his muffin with an air of abstraction that seemed totally foreign to appetite.

"No," said Annie, sipping her tea, and trying her best to seem perfectly unconcerned, "I was looking at the carpets to-day, and they do seem entirely too good to rip up and send to auction. And then the curtains; I've really got attached to them, I'm sure Gerry hasn't so pretty a pattern in his store; so as a fit of economy, or perversity, or call it what you will, came over me, I determined to go over to Gerry's and tell him I had changed my mind."

"You did!" exclaimed Harry, looking up so bright and animated, that Annie felt doubly repaid for her sacrifice. And it was astonishing how suddenly the poor fellow revived! how quickly the muffins disappeared! Annie laughed quietly to herself; indeed she enjoyed it thoroughly.

"You shall have the shawl to-morrow," he said, in the course of the evening.

"Thank you for nothing," Annie replied, laughing, "I'm not going to be burdened with a shawl. The fringe is always catching in something, and my shoulders don't droop enough to carry one gracefully. I found that out to-day, all of a sudden. And you know that beautiful satin you bought me last fall for a dress, well, I'm just going to have it made into a stylish cloak, it won't cost one-eighth the sum, and look much more beautiful and becoming."

Harry drew a long sigh, but it was a sigh of relief, and his wife knew it. Never seemed an evening to fly so rapidly. Harry was himself again, danced to his wife's music, chatted gaily as was his wont of old, and retired a happy, light-hearted man. He found his journal oddly enough in one of *his coat pockets that same night*.

The next day at dinner Annie said, "Don't you think, Harry, Mrs. Lynch has been here to get us to go to the new church. Several families have gone with a perfectly good understanding existing between them and our pastor. Now I've been thinking our church is so dreadfully crowded, and we both admire Mr. Elder, the new preacher so much, hadn't we better go there? Besides there will be a difference of nearly forty dollars pew rent in a year."

Harry looked keenly at Annie, and she inno-

cently returned the glance, so although he wondered at the spirit of calculation that had come over his little wife, he never even dreamed of the cause.

"I'll go there certainly, my Annie," he replied. "It will encourage Mr. Elder, and show that we do not attend church to indulge in pride and ostentation, since it is a very plain meeting-house, and I presume the poorer part of the congregation will branch off; but do you think how far it will be for you to walk in winter?"

"Never mind that," replied Annie.

A REMOVAL.

HARRY had begun steadily to retrieve his ill-fortune, only the debt of five hundred dollars hung heavily upon his heart. He calculated to be able justly to meet his bills, the rent of his expensive house and store, "and next year," thought he, "I'll go alone. How fortunate things have turned out so in accordance with my means and wishes. Annie is so thoughtful, heaven bless her, I never gave her credit for so much foresight. She has saved me."

"What! move into that barbarous section of the city!" exclaimed Harry, though secretly delighted. "You'll lose all our fashionable friends."

"No, Harry, none of our friends—our acquaintances, mere calling automatons, may think it just ground of neglect, but I am tired enough of them already. Let them go—I have you."

"Bless you," was the reply, with a look of unutterable love, and again Annie felt repaid for all her sweet sacrifices.

"I saw the prettiest house, to-day," she continued, "not near so large as this, but large enough, the dearest little house, and perfectly genteel, in thorough repair, and twice as convenient. Besides, my chief reason for wishing to take it is, that we shall be so near the new church; and you know since I have had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, the walk seems more fatiguing."

"But what will your parents say?"

"Nothing, of course, since it is for my convenience, you know they are neither of them unreasonable."

"True! Annie, what a treasure I have in you! To tell you the truth, these great rooms do not look pleasant to me. They are unsocial unless filled with company."

"And these glum stoves," added Annie, tapping one with her pretty foot, "there is no cheerfulness about them. Now many of the rooms there, are furnished with those dear, delightful, old Franklin stoves, in which one can enjoy the blaze of a wood fire—and there

will be such a lessening of our expenses that we can afford to keep one or two wood fires, can't we?"

"Lessening expenses," thought Harry to himself, "Annie has suspected, yet how brave and delicate she is," and his cheeks burned consciously, while his heart burned at the same time with gratitude and love.

The smaller house was taken. Furnished with taste and elegance, it was more brilliant and at the same time more comfortable than the late. To have seen Annie and her husband, the former busy with her needle, making nameless little articles, the table and lounge drawn up in front of the burnished fender and great, polished fire-dogs, to see how glowing Annie's beautiful face was, and how radiant Harry's, as he looked up sometimes from the volume he was reading aloud, would fully have satisfied the bitterest ascetic that by that hearth-stone happiness was more sacred than fashion.

THE DEBT LIQUIDATED.

NOTHING now troubled Harry but the debt of five hundred dollars. "I'll get an extension of time," he thought, as the day of payment drew near. "I am doing so well now, that two months will clear me. Thank God, and my jewel of a wife for that!"

Entering his office he saw a sealed envelope lying upon the desk. He took it up, opened it, out fell a receipt in full, duly signed. Harry took up the note accompanying, with astonishment. It ran thus:

"DEAR MAITLAND—I send per request your bill receipted. Thank you for being so prompt in your business arrangements. I see you are taking the right path to success, to wealth and fame. If at any time you are pressed for money send to me. I will loan you any amount.
Yours, B. MAITLAND."

Still in deep astonishment Harry held his cousin's note. Every moment his wonder grew. What unknown friend had he, thus anxious to save his credit, thus able to do so.

In a moment the thought flashed over his mind that Annie was his unknown friend, his good guardian angel. "But how could she know?—how could she know?" he queried. Abstractedly he returned home. He was silent from suspense and an honorable sense of shame.

"What! clouds!" cried Annie, cheerily, "let me see, are the miser-lines growing?"

"Do you want a shawl?" asked Harry, losing his thoughtful aspect.

"No," and Annie blushed and shook her head, "but," said she, "instead I'll take a journal."

"Mine, or a new one?" asked Harry.

"Yours, of course; I want to see what you've been doing since I gave up the shawl," replied Annie, archly.

She was instead folded to her husband's breast, while he showered kisses and blessings upon her. "You have saved me, Annie," he cried, "you have made a better, a more resolute man of me. Henceforth, all my life, I will strive yet more to be worthy of you."

"How much happiness there is in doing right," thought Annie, "I have secured my husband's lasting love, and conquered myself."

"Having eyes but seeing not," she murmured, on the next Sabbath. "Who would have thought to find such a jewel in that poor, but intelligent widow, who always sat near the door in our splendid church, and never was noticed by the fashionables. Each time I see her I learn

some lofty lesson, and my nature is being purified by her counsels.

"Having eyes but seeing not." There was I, fretting because my cheeks were losing their bloom, but since I have dispensed with extra servants, and undertaken the supervision of my own household, I am healthier and stronger, and the roses still lend their bright crimson to make me look beautiful in Harry's eyes. For Harry's sake I would be ever beautiful."

Harry Maitland prospered beyond even his sanguine expectations. He became immensely wealthy, and under God was the means of benefiting his country, through his wisdom and liberal expenditure, beyond any man of equal fortune in America.

And to this day, when questioned as to his success, he invariably returns as answer to the query, of how did he become so rich, "Young man, I owe it to a good wife—God's greatest and best boon to man. Go to her, and she will tell you."

MADALINE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Of the beautiful forms of fancy,
That picture the poet's shrine,
Not one is so fair and radiant
As my gentle Madaline.

Her laugh is light and silvery,
So innocent too, and gay—
Floats softly around like music,
And stealth the heart away.

And her words so low and gentle,
Like the sweetest harp-tones start,
Till they echo softly, sweetly,
Thro' the chambers of the breast.

Of the lips oft pressed so fondly,
So lovingly to mine,

None bring me a thrill so joyous
As the lips of Madaline.

And she shedeth a ray of sunlight
Along with her dimpled smile,
And the love from her blue eyes beaming,
Creeps into my heart the while.

She twineth her white arms 'round me
When my tears begin to flow;
For the light of her glad young spirit
Is dimmed by another's woe.

And she loveth me, aye, right fondly!
This peerless friend of mine;
And ah! what a priceless treasure
Is the love of Madaline!

A WHITE DAY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Oh, what a glorious day is given!
How tranquil is the pastoral scene!
Without a frowning cloud between
The glad earth and the smiling Heaven.
I stand upon the turf-clad mound,
And feel the pulse of Nature beat

In the quick sod beneath my feet,
There's life and beauty in the ground.
The blest land is not far away,
So near seems earth to Heaven that I
Can see through the transparent sky,
The fount from which God pours the day.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY FITZ MORNER.

SHADRACH SHIFTLESS was one of those deluded individuals who are always on the look-out for a legacy from some unknown and unheard of rich relation, an accidental "freak of fortune," or some wonderful discovery of hidden ingots of gold, pots of piratical plunder or miserly hoarding—the which should result in coffers overflowing with wealth, without subjecting its owner to toil in its accumulation. He had apprenticed himself successively to a tinner, a shoemaker, a clothes-cleaner and a saddler; had undertaken the study of medicine with Dr. Foolemall; had entered the office of lawyer Pinchgrip, and been discharged for refusing to clean the spittoon and sweep out o' mornings; had measured tape a short time behind the dry-goods merchant's counter; had peddled books out of a tin box; had studied daguerreotyping; had taken seven different excursions to places pointed out to him by mysterious dreams, on bootless errands after buried money-chests; and was now, at the time this narrative opens, porter for the village tavern at Shawburgh.

Shawburgh had been Shadrach's "native place," off and on, for twenty-three years, such being the length of his sojourn on earth at the time of which I write. One morning, in November, a man entered the bar-room, where Shadrach was slumbering in a chair, and began fastening to the wall a flaring bill, announcing a "*Grand Exhibition*"—"Combination of talent"—"*Splendid Dissolving Views*," and "*Extraordinary and Laughable Feats of Ventriloquism*." The tapping of the tack-hammer awoke our snoring hero, who lazily turned his eyes on the showman, and after a satisfactory survey of that personage, arose and sauntered up to the scene of action with his hands in his breeches-pockets. He then fell to reading the same, from which he learned that the stupendous establishment would exhibit in the spacious dancing-hall of the Shawburgh hotel on the evening of the coming Thanksgiving-day. Shadrach was in ecstasies at the anticipated glory he should enjoy as doortender and committee of arrangements, by virtue of his position as porter, and wisely concluded to prolong his stay at the tavern until the memorable event transpired.

Thanksgiving-day came, and so did the exhi-

bition; it exhibited, and the Shawburghen flocked to behold; it departed, and Shadrach Shiftless departed with it. He had received the magnificent offer of two dollars a week and his travelling expenses, if he would accept the position of organ-grinder to the exhibition; and he accepted.

Shadrach now saw his way clearly; quite so. In his perambulations about the country, he should hit upon his long looked-for discovery, by which his pockets should be filled, and his hands freed from irksome labor all the rest of his days. He was confident that the road to wealth was now open before him, and

"Hope told a flattering tale"

of pots of money in underground caverns, to which the wizardward of some good genius should guide him.

Shadrach found his new occupation dull work. His vanity was not long gratified by the curious stares of the urchins on the front seats, as he entered the hall, hat in hand, on tip-toe, and disappeared behind the mysterious green curtain; it soon became an old story. And when there, he had to lean against the wall and grind out melodious sounds for two hours on a stretch, to keep the sleepy audience awake during the drowsy transpositions of the magical paintings. It was dull, and he began to think of changing his occupation. But, no! for once he was settled. His "one idea" had completely gained ascendancy over the promptings of his laziness, and he could not tear himself away from his organ with its two dollars and travelling expenses. The expectation of "his luck," as he called it, had settled down into a firm conviction that every mile he travelled brought him nearer to the realization of his dreams. He grew morose and crabbed, brooding over his continued disappointments; his cadaverous countenance lengthened daily; and his great eyes glared anxiously on every one he saw, as though he expected to be saluted and directed where lay his "luck." But in vain; he found it not.

At the taverns where he stopped during the perambulations of the exhibition, he had been in the habit of dropping to sleep in the bar-room during the dull day-times; or, when the hum-

seized him, sauntering lazily about the streets in search of his "luck." But he soon fell into the habit, instead thereof, of perusing the newspapers on the bar-room table, and his eyes glistened eagerly whenever he lit on one of those marvellous items called "Freaks of Fortune," relating how some poor devil suddenly became rich. However, his own name never appeared.

One afternoon, he had pitched his tent in a small town on the line of one of our great railroads, which railroad came to a termination in New York city. Looking over the advertisements in one of the great dailies, he was arrested by one reading thus:

"**FORTUNE TELLING.**—Madame Schmyddthe, the celebrated Jewish Fortune-teller, is holding her soirées at No. — Broadway, where she will be happy to meet any who may favor her with a call, and will reveal to them how they may form agreeable matrimonial alliances; there favored individuals may find fortunes; their future destiny, &c. Terms five dollars."

"That's it!" exclaimed Shadrach, as a bright beam spread over his countenance. "Found at last! Mine, mine, mine! I'm in! Ha! ha!" and crushing the newspaper into his old and tattered hat, he rushed into the street with a burst of hysterical ecstacy, and sought his employer—the proprietor of the exhibition.

"Come to say good-bye to you, Mr. Bumhug—would thank you for the two dollars due; a sudden call to New York city, will grind my farewell ain this night."

Bumhug was thunderstruck.

"What do you want to go for, Mr. Shiftless? Did I pay you your salary regularly? Did I not?"

"S no matter, Bumhug," said Shadrach, with increasing pomposity, "my reasons is good; and when you sees the announcement of adventures in the papers, then you won't wonder no more. Pay me what y' owe me, and grind to-night. Otherwise—"

Oh, certainly, Mr. Shiftless, your pay's due; here is two dollars; don't make a fool of self, though; I solemnly assure you you've a good place, Shadrach, with good wages, a good employer, and travelling expenses paid; you will think better of it, for I have been attached to you, Shadrach, and would willingly part with you. But act your own will, sir!"

"Will, sir," said Shadrach, obediently, as he received his two dollars. That night the tedium of his life was relieved by the thoughts of his own to-morrow, and wealth in the distance; when the morning dawned, Shadrach took a

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seat in the cars, with a ticket for New York. He had fifty dollars in his pocket, the savings of a year's grinding, and he felt independent, though he looked like the ghost of an old-clothesman, with his sunken cheeks, bleary eyes, and *outré* garments—the donations of landlords, bartenders and hostlers.

The train reached its destination, and Shadrach found himself amid the bustle and tumult of the great metropolis. It was yet early in the day, and Shadrach determined to find the fortune-teller at once; but the next thing was to put the determination into execution—not so easily accomplished, however. He knew not what portion of the city he was now in; but he felt confident that he should know Broadway when he saw it, from its width; and he was sure he should hit upon it some time in the day, if he kept walking about. He knew altogether too much to ask his way of anybody—for he had heard of New York before, and had his "eyes well skinned for sharpers." With all the buoyancy he was capable of, he began his tramp; but the descending shades of night found him still tramping, and Broadway's wide domain still to be discovered. Hunger pressed, and he entered a hotel and called for supper. Here we leave him, to pursue his blundering way unmolested, and beg leave to transport the reader to the reading-room of the "St. Nicholas," and introduce him to two elderly gentlemen, who are engaged in a *tele-a-tele* by themselves.

"Do you live in Shawburgh yet, Mr. Bradley?" said one of the gentlemen, who wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I still live there; but I have removed from the residence I occupied when you were my neighbor."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have purchased the estate of Colonel Guiteau, and live upon it now."

"What! that old castle! Why there was such odium attaching to it I should think you would dislike to go there."

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I know there had been some foolish superstitions clinging about it; but common sense has nothing to do with ghost-stories, and I cared not a whit whether it was considered haunted or not, so long as there was a chance for speculation. I got it for a very small sum, compared to its real worth, and can sell it for quadruple what it cost me, including all subsequent expense."

"But it was a mere rookery—the house; and the grounds were overrun with tangled weeds, brush-heaps and dead trees."

"The house was much better than was

commonly supposed, Mr. Bower; and a slight application of the magic wand of a carpenter and joiner on its haunted beams, added to a moderate exercise of the stone-mason's subtle arts, has rendered it a beautiful and substantial mansion. Then the grounds readily yielded under the labors of myself and men, and I have laid them out with spacious paths and avenues, with large and beautiful plats between, bountifully covered with flowers, which my wife and daughters delight in tending."

"But that mysterious old well, Mr. Bradley, that was said to have been the scene of young Madeline's death. I should think it would cause a sort of gloom to rest on your place."

"But you forget, Mr. Bower, that that too is susceptible to change."

"Why, yes, to be sure! What have you done with it?"

"Do you remember that large, flat stone that barred the entrance-gate to the grounds?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, that stone covers the well, and above it is erected as beautiful a summer-house as you would wish to see."

"Well, ha! ha! that was fine indeed! But you had some distance to carry the stone, did you not?"

"Oh, no, not any serious distance. It is but fifteen or twenty yards from the gate to the well, and a pair of stout horses dragged it that distance easily."

"Well, truly," said Mr. Bower, smilingly, "it must be you have a pleasant place there, I declare, I must visit you some time this winter."

"So do; we will be delighted to see you. We have a fine prospect from the windows of the east tower; looking out upon the river at the east, and down upon the village at the west—for the mansion stands upon a hill, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly," said the other.

The conversation now turned upon the price of lands in the region of Shawburgh, and we, caring nothing about that, will now take our leave, and return to our friend Shadrach, who is now in the arms of sleep, snoring away the anxieties and fatigues of the day.

In the morning, he inquired at the office as to where Broadway might be located, and was told that the street was but a few steps from him. "Just pass up this street and cross the Park, and you will be in Broadway."

Shadrach was not exactly satisfied; but thought it was not best to be too inquisitive, and going out stepped off. After a few hours search, and a few ridiculous feats, he fortunately succeeded

at last in reaching No —, the residence of Madame Schymddthe.

The heart of Shadrach Shiftless now began to thump in his waistcoat in a manner that was rather alarming. The "crisis" had come, and his strength almost failed, as he thought of what was before him; but summoning all his courage he pulled the bell and was admitted. A servant demanded the five dollars fee, which Shadrach paid without a question, when he was instantly ushered into the reception-room of the Jewess. The sun's rays were completely excluded, and the pitchy darkness was rendered still more profound by one dim lamp that flickered in gloomy silence alone, on a table at the remote end of the room. Shadrach fell on his knees in awe as he felt himself alone amid the ghostly silence in that mysterious place, and he inwardly cursed his rashness in having ventured to enter; he reflected that at a stroke from some unseen wizard hand his head might be severed from his body, and the world without would never miss him, nor his whereabouts ever be inquired of. Suddenly a bell was heard booming in the distance in a hollow, muffled tone, and sounding like a knell of death; it slowly and gradually increased in loudness, growing more and more audible, until its boom! boom! boom! rang like ten thousand judgment trumps on the shrinking ear of the poor fortune-hunter, and swelled, and throbbed, and reverberated in stunning cadence from wall to wall, as the affrighted man fell prostrate on his face; now the clanging clamor grew milder; the loudness gradually decreased in power; the tone died mournfully away, until at last the boom! boom! became inaudible. A voice rang through the room like a bugle-blast, exclaiming,

"Who comes to inquire of the dim, mysterious future, and test the skill of the Jewess from the Holy Land?"

Shadrach started to his feet and gazed in terror, and with quaking limbs, into the thick gloom around him—but answered not.

"Thy name, mortal!" demanded the voice again.

Shadrach felt that he must reply, and with cold, clammy sweat in beads on his forehead, stammered,

"Sha—Shadrach Sh—Shiftless!"

"Whence comest thou, and where wert thou born?"

"Come from all over the country. Was born in Shawburgh!" replied Shadrach.

"Thy age?" was the next question.

"Goin' on twenty-four!" sung out Shadrach.

"What seekest thou?"

"A pot of money, or suthin' of that kind!"

"Enough!" again rang out the bugle voice; and the one light was extinguished.

Horror now seized on our hero; he felt a quail creeping over him like a living thing; he shuddered in terror, and would have ran, but his limbs were powerless as in a dream; he began to mutter an old prayer his mother had taught him, "Now I lay me"—when suddenly he was startled by a loud and stunning, hissing noise, resembling the escaping of steam. Then the gas-lamps burst forth with a brilliant glare, and, as soon as Shadrach could rub the mist from his eyes, he beheld, standing on a pedestal at the far end of the room, a figure clothed in glittering garments, and with her right hand extending a wand of gold. Her hair lay wildly about her bare shoulders, and she beckoned the stranger to advance and kneel before her. He obeyed, and with renewed awe witnessed the beautiful being pour incense from a phial upon a fire which burned before her in a silver censer, muttering inaudibly as she did so. At length she began her revelations.

"Mortal!" said she, in a silvery voice, "thy name is Shadrach—thou wert born in Shawburgh—past a score of years ago—and thou seekest a fortune!"

"Well, I swum!" said Shadrach, "she's right there, anyhow!"

"The stars are propitious to-night," said the Jewess. "Thy desire shall be thine, and wealth shall gleam before thy gladdened eyes. Know then, that in thy native place there stands a ruined castle, where years ago lived a noble colonel, named by men '*Guiteau's*, and that, in the desolate garden surrounding this mansion there is hidden, 'neath a massive stone, a chest with many dollars in gold and silver, placed there by one who slew sweet Madeline, a maiden fair and lovely, and beautiful to behold. Go then, mortal, and follow my directions that thou mayest gain for thyself this gold. But first, oh, privileged item of frail humanity, to propitiate the genii, thou must place upon this pedestal ten dollars in silver or gold."

"Whew!" was Shadrach's involuntary ejaculation; but as the vision of the buried money-chest danced enchantingly before his eyes, his hand sought his purse, and the gold eagle came forth.

"Shadrach," then resumed the woman, "take up thy tent and proceed to the place of thy birth; travel only by night, and shield thyself and sleep by day, for if the sun's rays fall upon thee in thy journey, then is the power I now give thee of no avail; enter thy native village

and advance up the hill whereon stands the castle of Col. Guiteau, and, leaping the gate that guards the entrance to the grounds, proceed in thy path for twenty yards till thou shalt reach a light and fragile house, o'erwreathed with leafless vines; though now the path is obstructed by the tangled weeds of long neglect, fear not, oh, Shadrach, blessed, for by my magic power the path for thee is free! Within this light and fragile house, kneel humbly and with thy spade remove the earth away. Not long wilt thou labor ere thou shalt reach the level stone 'neath which the treasure lies; then labor on, remove the stone, and seize thy precious prize! I have done! Farewell!"

Darkness returned, a hand seized that of the awe-struck man, and he suffered himself to be led to the door like a child, and ushered into the street.

Shadrach took long strides for the railroad depot, and left in the first train that went in the direction of Shawburgh. As he rattled on he had leisure to think over what had passed, and oh! how he hugged himself for joy, and gleefully contemplated the fair and lovely prospect of the wealth before him. The words of the Jewess were received as gospel, and not a shadow of doubt lingered in his mind in relation to his good fortune; he cogitated on the minuteness of her instructions to him, and resolved to follow them out to the letter.

"By gum!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've broke one of 'em a'ready."

"Have you?" said a passenger, who had been startled from a doze by the exclamation; "did it hurt you much?"

"Eh?" dreamily answered Shadrach.

"Oh!" said the man, and dropped off to sleep.

Leaving our hero to make amends for his first transgression as best he can, and to pursue his nightly journey alone, we would make an explanation as to the prophetic knowledge of the veracious Madame Schmyddthe. You will recollect, reader, the conversation in the reading-room of the St. Nicholas. If we had observed closely we would have observed sitting near the conversers a business-like appearing man, who with a lead-pencil seemed to be cyphering out some perplexing question in a small black memorandum book. Looking over his shoulder, we read as follows:—"Shawburgh—Col. Guiteau—large castle-house on a hill—murdered Madeline—well, covered with flat stone—twenty yards from gate—summer-house over spot," &c. &c. This was the fortune-teller's pimp.

The lights blazed merrily in the mansion of the respected Mr. Bradley, and the guests gathered

in the great old parlors; both the rosy faces of youthful mirth and the more placid dames of demurer years, bent on having a rousing, romping, sportive, real old-fashioned Christmas party. Among the guests we perceive the good-humored phiz of our old friend of the St. Nicholas. Mr. Bower, who, the reader will recollect, had promised to make the Bradleys a visit.

It was cold and stormy without; the wind whistled around the old walls, and rattled madly at the millioned windows; while a thick shower of descending snow rendered it impossible for one outside to perceive through its dense mass even the lights that gleamed through the diamond-shaped panes. The evening passed in the mirthful, happy style of all such gatherings in country places; with games of divers names, whose principal interest was derived from the abundance of kisses with which they were interlarded; and friend Bower more than once found himself nearly smothered by a bevy of laughing girls, by whom he was "judged" to be attacked *en masse*. "Oh! Mr. Bower!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "How you blush, Mr. Bower!" (as though his red face could be made to blush a deeper crimson!) "How timid you are, Mr. Bower!" (as though he could be sought save "timid" under such an onslaught!) And finally, all out of breath, and gasping a faint guffaw, the bachelor would sink into his chair and await the next round.

The reader may never have been a guest at a Christmas party in a country town; if so it will be difficult to conceive of the genial joy exhibited on such occasions. Old men and matrons seize this annual festal day to doff the gravity of years, and mingle in the games with a gusto which the remembrance of bye-gone days and youthful mirth excite with vivid powers. Mrs. Bradley (fat old soul!) toddled around after friend Bower in "*Wink 'em sily*," with her glowing cheeks suffused with tears of laughter; while Bower, wig all askew, pulled the circle hither and thither in his frantic efforts to elude the dame, congratulating himself on the youthful sprightliness he displayed, and thinking he never was so simple before.

Be sorrowful, oh! ye denizens of cities! for the honest joys that happy rurality knows can never be yours. The costly trappings and gilded gewgaws that deck your polished drawing-rooms; the silks and satins that rustle through the mazes of the dance; the diamonds and paste, the gold and glitter that gleamed on the studied costumes of your rouged belles; all are unseemly attendants on the honest mirthfulness that lights the rural hearth-stone, and brightens the rural hall.

But go, if you will, among the people that the country village knows, and it will need no long sojourn to introduce you to the hearts and hospitalities of the lads and lasses that laugh the time away in Christmas parties like the one we chronicle.

Games of divers names, and pastimes of every sort, though of but one character, lent the homely wings with which their flight into the past was rapid and unnoted. There was the indispensable mock-marriage, too, in which Mr. Bower was the groom, and little Carrie Bradley the bride; and the tiny "twelve-year-old" and the burly bachelor were joined in holy wedlock—Joe Loomis acting the priest and winding up the solemn ceremony and an emphatic "Over the left." However, the bride was kissed, and kindly congratulations exchanged on all hands.

Time passed. The old clock in the corner pealed eleven. The guests were gathered about the great old fire-place, where the huge logs of wood hissed and crackled before them, and the flames went merrily roaring up the chimney. The nut-shells and apple-parings—relics of the late onslaught—had all been carried away. Jokes were gradually getting less lively, and drowsiness began to creep over the weary eyelids of the guests; but they fell to talking by couples as they sat—and ere long each was busily immersed in a conversation with his neighbor. Joe Loomis was conversing about the mock-marriage with Ida Brown—thought real marriages were much more reasonable. So did she. Jeannette, Rose and Frank Templeton were turning over the leaves of a book of engravings, and passing comments upon them. Frank liked the picture of "the girls" best, while Jeannette modestly preferred "scenery and such." Alice Willis and Edward Effingham were earnestly discussing the question whether Mr. Bower's snuff-colored coat or Charley's blue, with its brass buttons, was prettiest. While Mr. Bower himself was conversing with Mr. Bradley in regard to the old superstition that clung round the house. From this the conversation turned upon ghosts, goblins, goblins, and spirits in general. The dispute became very animated, and with increasing fervor came increasing loudness of tone, until soon all the guests had ceased talking, and were eagerly listening to the disputants. As the discussion grew less earnest and finally ceased altogether, nothing would do but some hobgoblin tale.

"A ghost story!" said Jeannette.

"Yes, a ghost story! a ghost story!" was caught and reiterated by all.

And ghost stories were told. With that monotonous, solemn drone, that the most interesting

retailers of the horrible delight in, the dreary tales were spun out, until the listeners began to start at the tapping of the wind on the pane; until the lasses shrunk closer to the lads, as if expecting protection from them; and until the stroke of the clock-hammer that told the mystic hour of midnight, sent a thrill through the frames of the weaker ones.

"Tell us the story of Madeline, Mr. Bradley," requested some one.

"Oh, I would rather some one else would do it for me. Really, I cannot do the narrative any degree of justice, for the romance of it has been wholly driven out of my head by the familiarity of its scenes with the music of the saw and the jackplane, which I have introduced here. Still, if you insist upon it, I——"

"Yes, yes, you must tell it. No one else knows it so well," said Mr. Bower.

"Well, as the story runs, there formerly lived on these grounds, in this mansion, a Col. Guiteau, who then owned all the lands hereabout, on which Shawburgh has grown into existence. It seems this Col. Guiteau had professedly lived here many years; but with his domain under the superintendence of an agent, had really spent a great part of his time travelling in Europe—returning occasionally. One summer he brought with him a maiden said to have been surpassingly lovely. She seemed to be very melancholy and sad—always strolling much alone through the great groves about, and often bursting into sudden and violent weeping. It was supposed that some deep sorrow—blighted love or remorse—was preying at her heart—many accrediting it to her alliance with the old colonel; but she could never be led into conversation. If she was addressed in a kind and sympathetic tone she would murmur some Italian sentence, burst into tears, and move hastily away. During the day she did little else than sigh and weep, but it was noticed that when the colonel returned at night she met him with calmness, and sometimes even with a cheerful smile. Her favorite retreat was at the brink of the old well that lay in the garden just below the aviary, where, kneeling on the turf, she would gaze into its depths for hours. At length, one night, she was gone. The colonel caused the woods and surrounding country to be scoured, in vain; until at length attention was turned to the old well, and in it they found the beautiful maid wrapt in the sleep of death. Many years passed; the colonel followed his young bride to the land beyond the skies; the mansion was fast decaying; and foolish stories were abroad that the place was haunted—that

through these rooms where we now sit the ghost of the beautiful Madeline wandered wildly up and down, or hovered over the brink of the old well, singing mournful songs above her watery grave."

It was not long after this, that one intimated the lateness of the hour and the propriety of departure. Then they bundled into their mammoth sleigh at the door, and soon were moving down the avenue leading to the roadside gate. They were not so lively as is commonly the case with sleigh-loads of young people, and the dreary tales they had been harking to had cast a feeling of gloominess over them that would not yield to merriment. One of the bravest made a faint attempt at a whistle, but gave it up as a vain thing. Suddenly the sleigh stopped. Joe Loomis stuck his head out and inquired what had broke?

"Broke!" said the negro driver, "by gony! I dunno what's broke; but dem ar hosses has got frit about suthen! Hark! Dar! Heah dat ar! By gony! wonder what dem be!"

Joe sprang out, followed by the rest of the boys, and ran forward; when they distinctly heard a groan from the summer-house, beneath which Joe knew was the old well. They paused. The sound was repeated, louder—so loud that the girls heard it and asked what it meant; and when Joe replied, all tremulous with agitation, "Hope I may be hung if it don't come from that old well," one of them fainted, and all were very much alarmed. They returned to the house, and soon succeeded in mustering a party who sallied forth to the well, properly armed. When they stood in the summer-house, and heard the shouting that arose from beneath their feet, some were for running back; but were persuaded to remain and unravel the mystery. As the stone was rolled away, and an agonizing groan rose full and audible upon their ears, human nerves could bear no more; light heels took light heads swiftly away, and terror sent the principal portion of the congregated valor scampering furiously up to the house.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Bower, and a domestic were more philosophical, and though excessively mystified, finally succeeded in hauling forth the woe-begone, despairing phiz of Shadrach Shiftless, and shortly after a pair of heels surmounted by legs whose owner was either so nearly frightened to death, or froze to death, that he trembled like an aspen; which said heels no sooner felt *terra firma* than they assumed their powers of locomotion, and rattled off down the road that led to the village, with a speed that was astonishing to contemplate.

Shadrach Shiftless wipes off horses legs and cleans stables at a hotel in the village of Blandby, at the date of the first publication of this history. He still looks for his "luck" with unwavering confidence; avowing that the only thing which prevented his securing the pot of gold was his first transgression, in traveling by daylight.

THE SUMMER CLOUDS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Floating so quiet in the Summer air,
What do ye, clouds?
What, spirits still and pallid, deathly calm and fair,
In your white folded shrouds
Have ye enwrapped? Why clasp them closely, silent there,
Within your bosom, clouds?
Are ye the messengers that come and go
'Twixt earth and Heaven?
Flitting o'er seas of jasper? Winged birds of snow,
Drooping, 'mid shades of even,
To gather up our dead from out our human woe,
And bear them up to Heaven?
What is't thou carriest thither, wrapped in white?
I wonder much
If 'tis some tiny babe, just lost on earth from sight,
And from its mother's touch?
Surely! We know the Kingdom of Christ's love and light
In Heaven, "is made of such!"
And now, dark phantom clouds flit wildly by!
I shudder cold,

And say, "Oh, see you not how through yon outer sky
A lost and blackened soul
Is rushing?" Like a pall, the dun clouds frighted fly,
And round its path enfold?
And, when fierce thunder rendeth loud the dome,
And lightnings leap,
I shriek aloud in terror! Blinding, headlong thrown
Down over Heaven's high steep
The lost soul falleth ever! "Go! I thee disown!"
Angry Jehovah speaks!
Nay, this is terrible! Cease, fancy bold!
Why ask to know
The hidden? Earthly natures are, by far, too cold,
Too earth-clogged, and too slow
Of speech to read the Heavens, from out whose folds
No sneers can come or go.
Thy name is written Mystery, cloudy train!
I cannot solve
The wild imaginings that throng upon my brain,
As thro' the skies ye rose:
Enough for me to know thou wert not made in vain—
And God is Love!

UNHEARD MUSIC.

BY J. B. L. SOULE.

'Tis not the outward ear alone
On which the voice of music falls;
And never hath its sweetest tone
Been heard within cathedral walls.
The clangor of the martial song,
The bugle's wild and striding strain,
May make the fainting foeman strong,
And well nigh animate the slain.
But Nature's myriad forms and sounds
All eloquent with music move;
And her great orchestra resounds
With endless canticles of love.
There is a choir at each twilight
That sweetly to my spirit sings;
Oh! can it be the coming flight
Of angels on their unseen wings—

Sped from the distant depths of blue,
Celestial solace to impart;
Breathing Æolian sonnets through
The silent chambers of my heart?
I know not whence thou chords arise,
I only feel their quivering play,
Blent in mysterious symphonies
Unknown to mortal melody.
Is it the music of the spheres—
Time's ancient anthems, thus that roll
From the great organs which he rears
Around the temple of the soul?
Is it the lingering echo, long
From orb to orb harmonious flung—
The dying chorus of that song
The morning stars together sung?

GOING OVER THE FALLS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We stopped at the Cataract House.

Tired with long travel, covered with dust, and disappointed at not getting a room facing the rapids, my rising irritability culminated, when I was shown into a chamber, up six pair of stairs, next door to what seemed a noisy cotton-mill.

"This is abominable," I said, crossly, when I found myself alone with my companion, "spinning jennies at Niagara!"

My companion burst out laughing.

"Spinning jennies! It's the sound of the rapids," he said.

And the rapids it was. But to my dying day, I will maintain that the "first sound of Niagara," about which so much has been written and so poetically, is like the incessant rattle of a cotton-mill, the hum of a hive of spinning jennies.

The next day I went over to Goat Island for the second time, and alone. The rush and whirl of those great rapids, whose half smothered noise had struck me so unpoetically, had taken deep hold of my imagination. I could hardly, on that first day, tear myself away from them. "Five mighty lakes," I said to myself, "are writhing there, and though they know their doom, they are vainly struggling against it, as the frantic and strong will do even when hope is dead." What could a weak swimmer do in such a moment, was my constantly recurring thought. I could not shake off the terrible fascination of this idea. Once or twice, I felt an insane temptation to leap in, as men sometimes are tempted to jump from the top of a steeple; and though I put away the suggestion with a shudder, and at last resolutely left the rapids, I could not resist returning, on this day, and alone.

I selected an unobserved spot, where a little peninsula jutted out into the current, and throwing myself idly down under the shadows of thick trees, began to watch the foaming rapids shooting past between me and the Canadian shore opposite.

At first I was not wholly insensible to the coolness of this sheltered nook, so refreshing after my hot walk. I heard, with a sense of drowsy pleasure, the murmur of the insects around, and the light breeze stirring the leaves overhead. But gradually I lost all consciousness of these, as

my entire being became absorbed in the whizzing waters. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing but the never-ceasing motion of the rapids.

I remember trying in vain to calculate the velocity of the wild current. For this purpose, I took out my watch, and fixing my eyes on a flake of foam, in the middle of the river, followed it as it hurried toward the cataract, which thundered not a quarter of a mile below. But I lost sight of my mark almost immediately in the multitude of other bits of foam, all hastening the same way. I then selected another, but it vanished as fast. Every subsequent attempt was equally unsuccessful. Soon I could see nothing but specks of foam, whitening by continually, swiftly, silently, eternally. As fast as one shot past, another rushed into sight, millions following millions, till I had no consciousness of anything else, past, present, or to come. The one idea of never-ending motion, that began with Eternity and would go on forever and forever, possessed me, till my brain grew dizzy.

Perhaps some, who may read this, have experienced similar sensations, though to a less intense degree. If so, they will be able to realize how such an idea, indulged in without restraint, may lead to madness. Some such reflection crossed me, for a single instant, breaking momentarily the spell of this morbid idea. But it passed from my mind immediately. I had not strength of will sufficient to resist the horrible fascination of the sight before me, with its idea of never-ending motion.

At this point an insane wish began to take possession of me. I would share in this motion: I would, so far as I could, become a part of it. Mechanically I commenced preparing to enter the water. I did not, at first, intend to go out into the current. The little peninsula, where I reclined, formed a tiny bay on its upper side; and here I dropped myself gently in. I recollect the delicious sensation that shot through every nerve, as the cool water laved my limbs. It was an instinct of the peril I ran, rather than a definite consciousness of it, that led me, for a moment or two, to hold on by the grassy bank. The current, during this interval, eddied softly by, as if it could do no harm: and allured by its

promise of safety, I let go, still instinctively, for all this while I felt rather than reasoned.

Oh! the exquisite pleasure of that bath. Lazily swimming, I was borne gently around and around, as the eddy revolved in the little bay. Now I swept slowly by the bank, the grass and flowers leaning over to kiss me as I was carried, with slightly accelerated speed, along the edge of the outer and onward current. But scarcely had my eyes dreamily rested on the rushing rapids, before they met again the sweet blossoms on the bank; and thus, in a drowsy circuit inexpressibly luxurious, I continued languidly revolving. The idea of motion still engrossed me, but it was now deprived of its maddening quality: it was endless motion still, but motion refined and subtilized. The horrors of that rushing river, dashed continually into breakers, and drawn irresistibly toward the glassy, inflexible edge of the awful cataract, no longer half crazed me. I felt as if suddenly relieved from a thought, which had been making me insane; and closing my eyes in delicious rest, I allowed myself to float on my back, guiding my course idly with an occasional stroke. The rustle of leaves, the drone of bees, and the gurgling sound of the revolving waters, though not consciously heard by me, assisted to soothe my excited feelings, as when a mother's voice hushes the fevered brain of a sick child.

Suddenly I felt as if shot through a sluice-gate. To recover my position, to strike out, and to open my eyes were instantaneous. The peninsula was already receding fast in the distance. In my lazy circuits, I had unconsciously and gradually approached the edge of the eddy, until, all at once, the current had seized me, propelling me out into the stream, and toward the jaws of the frightful cataract.

I realized immediately, not only this, but the single chance there was for my preservation. I knew that if I swam directly for the shore, I might probably reach land just above the Falls; for to regain the spot I had left was impossible. Once, in the Delaware, I had escaped drowning, by crossing a tidal current in this way. So I struck desperately out.

When one swims for life, it is no child's play. Every muscle was strained to its utmost tension, and as I buffeted the rough waters, I began to hope. Though still careering with the current at a frightful rate, I was drawing nearer to the shore. Close on this side of the cataract, a bit of land jutted out, which I calculated, if I continued to gain as I had, I should reach. The thought gave me, if possible, additional strength. I was never cooler in my life than at this mo-

ment. Measuring with my eye the distance to the point, and marking the rate at which I was moving with the rapids, I felt certain that I should save my life, if my strength held out.

The shores, meantime, were rushing past me, as fences past an express train. The roar of the turbid waters, chafing and tossing all around me, was in my ears continually. Mightier than all, the low, deep thunder of the rapidly approaching cataract, rose, like a solemn undertone, swelling and swelling louder. I could not see the Fall itself, but glancing in its direction, I beheld the convulsed rapids subside into quiet as they approached its brink, where they curved downward, like a sheet of green glass, and were lost to my vision. But the vapor, that rose in clouds beyond, and against which they were relieved, suggested the tremendous chasm into which they had disappeared. Added to this, the very waters that enveloped me had a tremulous motion, totally distinct from that caused by the waves, which impressed me, in a manner no pen can describe, with the weight of the enormous mass precipitated over the Horse-Shoe, and not less with the depth and magnitude of the abyss into which it fell.

I had now reduced my distance from the shore more than one half. "A few bold strokes," I said, "and I shall be safe." But, at that instant I observed a sunken rock, one of the many that intersect the rapids, lying directly in my track. The swift waters, momentarily arrested by it, tumbled wildly about, boiling and crackling, and shooting jets of spray high into the air. To pass above it was impossible, even with the utmost exertions. If I would escape being dashed to pieces against it, I must go by below. But this involved the risk of missing the point, and that was certain destruction, for, just beyond, the current rushed out into the very centre of the river, where I should infallibly be swept. It was no time, however, for hesitation. I had but the one course, and, therefore, remitting my efforts for an instant, I permitted myself to drop past the rock.

Now began a tremendous struggle. It was absolutely necessary to regain what I had lost, and to regain it quickly. I felt endowed with the strength of a dozen men. The point was still considerably below me, and so far there was hope. But the current was bearing me along with a constantly accelerating velocity, so that this hope was the slenderest possible. The water, still tumultuous from its collision with the sunken rock, now dragged me under and now flung me, half drowned, to the surface. Yet I battled on. Now the point is almost gained.

A slight eddy swings me nearly to it. Another stroke or two and it will be gained. Thank God! I almost grasp that root. No! Another eddy seizes me, it whirls me around and around, it knocks me twice by casting me almost ashore, and then hurls me out into the river. The point shoots past like lightning.

All these events had occurred in a space of time incredibly short, in a period to be counted by seconds, not by minutes. No bolt, shot from warlike engine, ever went swifter than I sped now. A long, deep breath, when I found I had missed the point, and I was nearly in the centre of the rapids, right above the Horse-Shoe. An instant only separated me from Eternity.

Yet what an experience was crowded into that instant! I saw everything around me as plainly as if I had been an unconcerned spectator. The rapids, just before reaching the Falls, lose their turbulence, approaching the precipice smooth and majestically slow. The volume of water, it will be remembered, comprises the drainage of half a continent, the contents of five mighty inland seas, and therefore its depth, at this point, must be enormous. Whatever inequalities of rock there may be below, the surface, in consequence, is undisturbed. Arriving at the edge of the abyss, it seems to pause a moment, and then curves solemnly downward, a mass of translucent green, as polished as a mirror. All this I curiously noted. I saw also the shores rushing past on either side; the white walls of the Clifton House ahead shining calmly in the sun; and the stone tower, that, built out from Goat Island, impended over the cataract to my right. A few people, I observed, had seen my peril. Some were running to the shore and shouting, while others seemed to be paralyzed with horror.

I had now reached the edge of the abyss. I cast a glance upward at the sky, the last I should ever take, and I remember it seemed to me bluer and calmer than ever. A lady, in the tower I have mentioned, seeing me at this moment, sank back into her husband's arms fainting; and it appeared to me that I heard her shriek as she fell. I could now see down the Fall. All around me, as well as above and below, the water was as smooth as glass, my body seeming not even to ruffle the surface, but to be set, mosaic-like, in it, only a few ripples diverging on either side, as from an insect skimming a placid mill-pond. But I could see, that, about half way down, the face of the cataract began to break into fleeting bits of foam, looking like frosted-silver, that came and went in rapid and endless succession. But it was at a vast distance beneath, for high

as the Fall had seemed, when viewed upward from Table Rock, it now seemed immeasurably more so as I glanced below, during the one fearful instant that I hung poised on its top. I do not exaggerate when I say that it appeared hundreds, nay! thousands of feet to the abyss at the bottom. It seemed as if ages would pass before I should reach there, ages during which I would be falling and falling forever. And what a bottomless chaos yawned below! I do not know that human language can figure forth that chasm. For between the falling waters and the boiling vortex in front of them, a shaft opened downward, that seemed to run to infinite depths. I remember asking myself should I ever emerge from it? I recalled the fact that I had heard that the bodies of persons, drowned at the Falls, frequently did not come up until they reached the whirlpool, which was miles down the river, and that there they often revolved for days, weeks, and even months. Was there a subterranean connection between the foot of the cataract and the maelstrom? I had just visited the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, where similar under-ground channels existed; and it was not impossible. Or did that shaft, as seemed more likely, in that awful moment, penetrate to primeval chaos in the centre of the globe?

I remember also thinking of the enormous weight of those waters. I had seen strong men, in the surf, prostrated by a single wave. I had myself often been exhausted with a few brief struggles against the in-coming billows. Yet the mass of water, which had thus taken away my breath, was a million times smaller than that which was now pouring over the Falls. Under this awful sledge-hammer, if I may call it such, it would be my fate, in an instant more, to be macerated alive. The weight of that mass of water I knew to be incalculable. Arithmetic shrank back appalled from estimating it in pounds. Yet it would bray me as in a mortar.

All these things passed through my mind with inconceivable rapidity. In sudden deaths the intellect is always preternaturally quickened. I cannot better give an idea of the minute fraction of time consumed, than by saying it was about equal to the period, when one discharges a pistol, between the flash and the report. In that inappreciable period I had experienced all these emotions.

As I felt myself falling, and still falling, I thought of those I loved and who loved me. Then it was that the agony of death came upon me.

—— I woke, with a gasp and pang. I woke, not to another world, but to this.

I was lying on the grass, beside the little bay where I had first seated myself, and the bees were humming, the leaves whispering, and the waves softly lapping the shore. I had fallen asleep, when contemplating the rapids; and all afterward was a dream.

Yet I give it as a real experience. For had I been actually swept away by the current, and hung poised over the awful abyss, I could not have agonized—I must coin the word—more, or differently.

And I knew thenceforth what few ever knew, the full meaning of the prayer in the Litany, for deliverance from *sudden* death.

A SISTER POET.

BY W. B. FABOR.

FAIR votress of the gifted nine
In Thessalian bowers,
Passing thy leisure hours,
Low at the poet's laureled shrine;

Upon thy youthful brow I see
Bright promises of fame,
Linked to an honored name,
To go hence to futurity.

Yet oft thy simple song is sad,
As if some sorrow crept
Into my heart, and kept
Its vigil when thou would'st be glad.

As if Life's harvestings were pain,
Ripening to ebon sheafs
Of agonies and griefs,
Instead of pleasure's golden wain.

Unfold the chintz of memory;
Forgetting what has been,

Look for a brighter scene,
And for Life's barque a smoother sea.

Infuse the hopes that buoy up youth
Into thy every line;

And, from the spirit's shrine,
As incense let them rise to Truth.

Faith in the distance can discern
Buelah's meadow night,
And, with a smiling eye,
Sweet sister, to it kindly turn.

The gift thou hast is one of might
To rouse the brave from sleep,
And in their armor leap
To where Truth doth with Error fight.

And thou wilt yet dispense aright
The numbers of thy lyre,
And with thy soul's pure fire
Send through Time's dark a ray of light.

"I WILL MISS THEE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I WILL miss thee—oh, how sadly,
When thy presence here is gone—
When my heart shall no more echo
To thy softly-whispered tone.

I will miss thee, when at evening
I shall gaze on yon sweet star,
That is thrilling to our glances,
In its soft blue home, afar.

I will miss thee, when the Summer
Shall have gently waned away;
And the shadows of brown Autumn
In the faded landscape lay.

Then among the dreary woodlands,
I will wander, sad and lone;
Dreaming of the sunny Spring-time,
When my heart thrilled with thine own.

And fond Memory will 'waken
Ev'ry low and gentle word,
That within each glad young bosom,
With responsive pleasure stirred.

I will miss thee too in Winter,
When the fireside blazes bright;
And we form the social circle,
When the shadows fall at night.

Ah, thy soft voice then will never
Lend its music to my ear;
As I linger o'er some poet,
That we read when you were near.

Many—many a voice may greet me,
In a low and gentle tone;
But its music will not cheer me
Like the cadence of thine own.

PUTTING UP FRESH FRUITS BY HERMETICAL SEALING.

Information on this subject is sought after more and more every day by housekeepers, who are generally looking for an easier way of preserving fruits for winter use, than the old method of cooking with a large amount of sugar, which necessarily destroys the natural flavor. The French, long since, adopted the plan of putting up fruits in their own juice, but the process by which this was done remained for a time a secret. It is now generally known that the simple agent employed by them was heat. The substance to be preserved was heated up to a certain degree, and then soldered up in air-tight vessels. This process has also been adopted here, and thousands of cans of peaches, tomatoes, &c., are put up and sold every year.

The mode of doing this has become known to many housekeepers, but still the larger number possess no certain information on the subject. For their benefit, we will briefly describe the way in which fresh fruits, &c., may be kept with their natural flavor but slightly impaired.

Tin cans are most generally used for this purpose, and it has been found that they keep the substances preserved in them perfectly—the tin not imparting the slightest perceptible flavor to the finest fruit.

More peaches are preserved in this way than all other fruits put together. They are pared, cut up, and the can filled with them. A small portion of sugar is used by most persons. The

can is put into a vessel of cold or moderately warm water, and boiled until the fruit is thoroughly heated through—say for half an hour where a quart can is used; larger if the can is of larger size. While the fruit is hot, the can must be sealed up hermetically. If this is done, no further change in the fruit will take place. It will remain in the same condition for years.

An easier and more certain way, and the one pursued by many housekeepers, is to make a syrup of half a pound of sugar for every pound of peaches, and after paring and cutting up the fruit, boiling it for about ten minutes in the syrup. Fill the cans with the hot fruit and syrup and seal at once. A more delicious article than this for winter use can hardly be imagined. For all small fruits, berries, &c., this is the best and surest way.

How much easier this is, than ordinary preserving, every housekeeper will see in a moment. And the gain is, fruit kept in its natural flavor. The difficulty heretofore in the way, and one that has prevented most persons from adopting this method, has been the necessity of having the cans soldered up by a tinner. Many attempts to produce a self-sealing can have been tried; but with only partial success. At last, however, one has been produced, the invention of Dr. R. Arthur, of this city, which seems to answer the purpose fully. We give drawings of this.



ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CAN.

It will be seen, at a glance, that this can is constructed with channel around the mouth on the outside. This channel is filled with a very adhesive cement. To seal it, after the fruit has been prepared, only requires the cover to be heated and pressed down into the cement when

the work is done. The above cuts represent a can sealed, and one prepared for sealing. A great advantage of this can is that the top is entirely open, so that when emptied it can be cleaned like any other open vessel. It can also be used for several consecutive years.

For putting up tomatoes, as well as peaches, it is perfectly adapted. The tomatoes have only to be boiled for about ten minutes in a preserving-kettle, and the cans filled and sealed. Not the slightest change will take place in them until the cans are opened.

All kinds of stewed fruit can be kept in these

vessels. Stew the fruit for about ten minutes, with or without sugar, and seal it up while hot, and you will have it on your table next winter, as fresh as if just taken from the tree and stewed.

If our lady friends do not have their tables well supplied with fruit after this, it will be their own fault.

LINES,

SUGGESTED UPON VISITING MOUNT-AUBURN, IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

THE varied features Nature wears,
In grandeur are displayed;
The sheltered valley, silent grove,
Deep glen and bosky glade.

The lofty oak, and rustling pine,
The birch and willow too,
The trees, whose leaves in Autumn fade,
Emblem of earth's frail hue!

Morn's earliest beams that wake the flowers,
May on those summits play;
And later tints, when evening hours,
Hover o'er dying day!

Spring with its renovating glow,
Invites the youthful guest;
The votaries of science too
Here find their minds refreshed.

A cheering light is shed upon
The darkness of the tomb!
Oh! naught within this hallow'd ground
Should ever breathe of gloom.

The sorrowing mourner often comes
To these dear forest shades,
To hold communion with the loved
Who slumber 'neath these shades.

The hand of friendship often twines
Sweet flowers to deck each tomb;
These floral gifts their language speak
'Mid ever varying bloom.

A solemn stillness breathes around,
Broken only by the breeze;
Or by the warbler's evening song
From the tall forest trees.

Here they repose, the young and loved,
As Summer blossoms fell;
The hoary sage and patriarch too
In Heavenly courts now dwell.

Memorials here should ever rise,
Meet offerings for a shrine
Where genius, youth and age repose,
Whose teachings were divine.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY E. S. WOODFORD.

WILD and deep thy rocky bed;
Westward far thy fountain head—
Bounding on 'mid rising spray,
Dashing o'er thy rock-bound way,
Roaring out in wildest moan,
Sparkling up in lambent foam—
World of waters! Mighty river!
Emblem of the great forever.

How wild, and deep, and trebly strong
Thy mighty floods are borne along!
What roar is that? the waters break
From mountain stream and crystal lake;

And plunging down their rocky vase,
In wildest foam the floods embrace,
And rising from thy depths below,
There spans the arch the promised bow.

Here morning paints the orient skies
With bow of iris-tinted dyes;
Here man may view in wild amaze
The scenes that chain his lingering gaze:
See Nature's wildest, grandest shore,
Amid the flood's eternal roar;
See beauty in the dashing wave,
While dancing down to ocean's caves.

THE BOUQUET OF DAISIES.

BY MADAME REVERE.

It was midnight. I was alone and cosily seated by the side of a good fire that threw its light into the farthest corners of my room. I had no inclination to sleep and yet half-closed my eyes, looked at, without seeing, the thousand charming objects that decorated my chamber and rendered it so agreeable to me; when all at once I was startled by a slight sound. This sound though scarcely audible went right to my heart.

I then roused from the state of torpor in which I had been plunged and looked with terror at a bunch of daisies, quite withered, which occupied a place of honor in a crystal vase on one of my stands. One of the flowers of this bouquet had dropped off, and as it fell produced a slight sound, imperceptible perhaps for any other ear than mine, but which nevertheless went right to my heart.

It was because this melancholy bouquet, the leaves and flowers of which retained no trace of their primitive colors, recalled to my memory a touching story of the heart.

This story is as follows:

Two years before I had gone to visit one of my aunts who possessed a charming seat at Marly-le-Roi, and was to pass part of the summer there. My aunt was a widow, and had an only child, a charming girl only two years younger than myself. Denise, for that was my cousin's name, was seventeen, and I was scarcely nineteen. She was fair, of slender figure, and graceful as a maiden could be. Her education and her manners were very superior. She had some talent, but unfortunately she was of a character romantic to excess, and this was frequently a great drawback on her other qualities.

Myself an only daughter, we had been brought up together and loved each other as sisters. My aunt was very rich, and very brilliant offers had already been made for the honor of my cousin's hand. But thus far Denise had declined them all. She intended, she said, to marry only for love, and my aunt was weak enough to yield to her wishes, which she called childish whims.

Denise had often told me that she would give her hand and heart to none but the man who should please her at first sight, and who should be equally smitten with her. It was a foolish

fancy! And very often did I lecture her for hours on the subject, and endeavored, but in vain, to bring her to more reasonable views. Poor child! She was one day cruelly to expiate her romantic fancies!

I had been at Marly above a month. I was one morning walking in a pleasant little wood at the extremity of the garden, when I heard the clear silvery voice of Denise calling me in a joyous tone.

"Mary, my dear Mary, where are you?" cried she, running.

I went to meet her.

"Oh! such good news! In the first place, we are going to a ball this evening at the Countess of ***'s, at St-Germain."

"I know it."

"Yes, but you don't know all. To this ball, the brother of one of our dear friends, M. Henry de Kergueron, a naval officer, on leave for a few days, is to be invited, and——"

"And——" repeated I, seeing her hesitation.

"Well, then, it is for my sake that he comes. I am told that he is handsome and charming young man, who wishes to marry me, but," added she, smiling, "he wants to see me first incognito before coming to our house as a suitor, and for that reason he will be at the countess' to-night. His sister, who cannot be there, has just written to inform me that she has told Henry he may easily recognize me by my toilet, which always consists of a white frock, a bouquet of daisies in the middle of the waist, and a similar one but larger, in my hand——"

"So then," said I, interrupting her, "I must choose other flowers, for you no doubt remember that we are to be dressed as two sisters to-night."

"Yes, indeed, and that is what pleases me so much; so mind you change nothing in our arrangements."

"But," cried I, "how then will this officer recognize you?"

"His heart will guide him," answered my cousin, throwing back her beautiful head in excitement.

"And if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise looked at me fixedly for several minutes, and then exclaimed gaily, "You are pretty, my dear Mary, but there, frankly, I think I am

before you." Then kissing my forehead, she left me to go and instruct her mother in the part she was to play in this little comedy.

Denise was right; I was not so pretty as herself; her light brown hair encircled with its luxuriant curls a face of remarkable fairness; my hair was dark and simply arranged in bandeaux. Her complexion was fair and rosy, mine pale and colorless; she had fine, large, blue eyes; mine were black, and shaded with long lashes. Her mouth was filled with fine teeth and her rosy lips disclosed when she smiled; my teeth were like hers and my lips redder. But her features were regular, while mine were not.

The whole day I felt uneasy and oppressed. My cousin's project disturbed me, and several times I advised her to give it up, and even threatened to dress differently or to choose other flowers. But she was so urgent in her entreaties that at last I gave way, especially as my aunt who thought the plan charming and very original joined her entreaties to her daughter's.

On the evening of that same day when I entered the drawing-room where my aunt and cousin were waiting for me to start, I trembled like a leaf agitated by the wind, and looked much paler than usual. Denise came and took me by the hand. She also was trembling with emotion, and looked all the more beautiful for it.

The triple skirt of her white tulle dress was raised on the left side by three little tufts of natural daisies, and similar flowers ornamented her hair and corsage.

It was a very simple toilet, but the dress was made by one of the cleverest workwomen in the trade, and fitted her exquisitely.

"Oh!" exclaimed my aunt, "if you were fair, Mary, you two might be taken for two sisters, the same in height, figure, and dress."

"Yes," interrupted I, "but much less pretty than Denise."

"Will M. de Kergueron be of your opinion?" said my cousin, blushing and smiling.

"No doubt of that!" answered my aunt, hastily.

My heart ached and I trembled more than before.

We set off, and along the road from Marly-le-Roi to St. Germain, we exchanged but very few words.

It was already late when we reached the Countess of ***'s, where all the aristocracy of St. Germain were assembled, as well as the gentry of the neighborhood and part of the officers of the garrison.

After speaking a moment with the noble

hostess, we passed through several saloons filled with elegantly dressed crowds, and we at last succeeded, not without some difficulty, however, in finding vacant seats in the gallery where dancing was going on.

I was still trembling and suffering from a uneasiness I cannot describe. At last, making a violent effort to overcome my emotion, I said to Denise,

"Well, now, where is *he*? But," added I immediately, "how shall you recognize him in the midst of this crowd, since you have never seen him?"

"His sister Adeline tells me in her letter that he is so much like her I cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance, and she also adds that he will probably be the only one of his corps in uniform this evening."

"How old is he? and what is his rank?"

"He is twenty-seven, and a lieutenant. But what ails you?" continued Denise, anxiously. "you are trembling, and frightfully pale."

"Oh! nothing," answered I, "except that the excitement caused by your childish scheme has quite unhinged me. But it will soon be over, and do not be alarmed, and——"

"Here he is!" interrupted my cousin, becoming pale in her turn. "Oh, he is handsome!" bending down her head to her bouquet to conceal a rising blush.

My eyes had followed the direction of hers, and on seeing M. de Kergueron, I could not help saying, like her, "Oh, yea, he is handsome."

He was a fine young man, of a light and easy carriage, and tall, manly figure. He wore his elegant uniform with an ease and grace full of distinction. His long black hair gave a striking charm to his masculine, expressive, and somewhat sun-burnt countenance. He wore neither beard nor moustache, but his lips of deep red set off to the best advantage the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

His large grey eyes, rather full, were shaded by long and thick lashes which veiled their brightness, and when their glance met mine a sensation I cannot describe thrilled through me.

"I shall love him! Oh! I feel by the beating of my heart that I love him already," said my cousin, leaning toward me.

"Silly girl!" said I, "pray lay aside your romantic notions and wait at least till he has spoken to you and till you know more of him ere you decide; and besides," added I again, "if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise knew she was beautiful, therefore she innocently answered,

"It is impossible!"

The prelude of a quadrille was now heard. M. de Kergueron advanced toward us. I was very pale! Denise trembled. My aunt, who sat behind us, suddenly leant forward, and said to us,

"The one he first invites will have his preference!"

Denise trembled very much, and I felt ready to die. I was afraid for my cousin's sake that he might ask me first.

M. de Kergueron was now only a few steps from us; he appeared calm, and yet his eyes were ardently fixed on us and turned from one to the other. He was hesitating perhaps! At last he came, and addressing Denise,

"Miss," said he, with a gentle, thrilling voice, "will you grant me the honor of dancing the first quadrille with me?"

"Yes, sir," answered she, making a great effort to overcome her emotion.

"Miss," said M. de Kergueron, again bending toward me, "may I have the happiness of dancing the first waltz with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, in my turn, in a voice scarcely audible, feeling that the young officer's eyes were fixed on me.

He offered his hand to Denise and she went with him, radiant and proud of her triumph.

My aunt's face was beaming, she was so happy at the preference accorded to her daughter, and I began to breathe when the officer of dragoons came to request the honor of dancing with me, and conducted me opposite to M. de Kergueron and my cousin whose vis-a-vis we were.

When, after the quadrille, Denise and I found ourselves again seated side by side, she recounted to me her impressions, and I was alarmed to find what a pitch of excitement she had reached.

"Mary," she said, "I love him; oh! that is no longer doubtful; and I can assure you that if he should not love me it would be my death."

Her words bore such an accent of truth that I trembled for her.

Some minutes passed before the prelude of the waltz was again heard. I was calmer, but curious to see and hear the officer who was likely to have so great an influence over my cousin's future fate.

When he took my hand, I thought I felt his tremble, and I could no longer doubt, when borne along in the whirl of the waltz, I felt the pressure of his strong arm around my waist. His heart beat violently and his breathing was short and uneven. At times, by a movement of irresistible power he seemed eager to press me against his breast; at others, on the contrary,

he gently held me off, and we waltzed away, and had not yet exchanged a single word.

I was not like my cousin, having no faith in sudden passions, inspired all at once at first sight by the exchange of a look or the contact of one hand with another.

And nevertheless—must I avow it?—I felt happy! Yes, indeed, very happy!

I was under the influence of a vague sensation till then utterly unknown. Never had the pleasures of the waltz caused me any such intoxication; but, too weak to support such emotions any longer, I said to M. de Kergueron,

"Pray, sir, let us rest a moment!"

He took my hand, and laying it on his arm,

"Are you unwell, Miss?" inquired he with a trembling voice.

"Oh! it is nothing, sir; only the heat."

He hastily took me near an open window looking into the garden.

"It is rather stormy," resumed he after a moment's silence; "perhaps that is the cause of your indisposition, Miss."

"Probably, sir," I answered; "but I am better now," and in saying this I involuntarily raised my nosegay to my lips; one of the flowers broke off, and after rolling down my dress fell at M. de Kergueron's feet; he stooped and picked it up.

"Allow me, Miss," said he, "to keep this flower."

I had the weakness not to answer; it was a tacit consent.

M. de Kergueron's eyes shone with a feverish brightness, but he said not a word more and conducted me in silence to my seat.

"Well!" asked Denise, some few minutes after; "how do you like him now you have had a nearer view?"

"Passably well," answered I, with some indifference.

My cousin exclaimed against my coldness and want of enthusiasm about the young naval officer, and began to make a pompous eulogium of him. She compelled me to notice his graceful manners, manly beauty, and distinction. He was, she declared, the very ideal she had dreamed! Poor girl!

I listened to her, and felt a pang of remorse, for I reproached myself with not having found an opportunity of telling M. de Kergueron that it was she whom he ought to love. She! and was it she indeed whom he preferred, as he had engaged her first? Why then had he labored under such strong emotion when dancing with me? Why had he taken and begged that flower, if he preferred her? I was lost in a labyrinth

of conjectures like these, and my head was burning.

Denise said that I was cross.

M. de Kergueron danced once more with my cousin. I refused another partner that I might watch and see if he would be with Denise as he had been with me. He appeared cold and collected, and for that very reason much more graceful. He made the most of all his advantages; he possessed all his presence of mind. A moment came, however, when I saw him turn pale. Denise looked toward me. No doubt they were talking of me, but what did they say?

I was no longer myself; I, usually so calm, cold, and unmoved, now was all feverish; my heart palpitated violently, and a thousand confused ideas were racking my brain. Was it love? I do not know, if so, love was painful to me!

M. de Kergueron brought Denise back to her place and asked me no more. My heart felt a keen pang; but what did I feel, good heavens! when my cousin, whispering into my ear, said,

"Mary, I have betrayed myself; I spoke to him of his sister when looking at you and telling him how we loved each other. But what signifies now? has he not found me out? Since he asked me to dance twice to your once, and then he scarcely spoke to you, while with me he was as pleasing and amiable as possible."

"Oh!" added she, throwing back her luxuriant curls by a graceful movement of the head; "oh! I am so happy, for, I must own that I was afraid for a moment he would prefer you to me; now I have no reason to doubt."

We did not see M. de Kergueron again, and it was doubtless on that account Denise complained of fatigue and wished to return to Marly. He was no longer at the Countess de ***'s, and the ball had no more charms for her.

The next morning I had got much calmer, and nothing remained of the incidents of the evening but a vague and confused idea. Denise on the contrary was in a very excited state, which frightened me, and for the first time alarmed my aunt herself, always so weak and indulgent toward her daughter. But Denise seemed so certain that M. de Kergueron was about to ask her hand in marriage that my aunt took confidence.

We had just breakfasted, the hour for the second delivery was near, and my cousin awaited it with impatience, for she fully expected a letter from Mlle. de Kergueron.

Denise was not disappointed, for the letter came.

Oh, heavens! how fresh are all the details of that terrible scene in my memory!

It was a beautiful day in August, about one o'clock; the atmosphere was close and the heat intolerable. We were all three in the saloon, the windows of which were open and the blinds shut to exclude the burning rays of the sun. My aunt was reading a newspaper, and stopped from time to time to look uneasily at her daughter, who, reclining on a sofa, as pale as the white muslin wrapper that enveloped her person, seemed to be looking hard at vacancy, in a state of anxious expectation. I was at the piano, and my fingers wandered mechanically over the keys.

A servant entered with a letter on a salver.

"For Miss Denise," said he, advancing toward her, and she took it with a trembling hand.

The servant retired.

My aunt hastened toward her daughter and wanted to take the letter; the poor mother was suddenly seized by a terrible presentiment.

Denise gently repulsed her, saying, "No, no, it is for me, and I wish to be the first to know my happiness."

I wanted to approach her, but my strength failed me.

She at last broke open the fatal letter, but had scarcely looked at it, when a livid paleness came over her features; the letter dropped from her hand, and she fell insensible on the sofa.

My aunt rushed toward her, and I rang and ran to get assistance.

My cousin's swoon lasted long, very long; and when she came to herself, she stared at us and burst into a loud laugh. The poor girl paid dearly for the romantic dreams she had indulged: she was insane.

I picked up the letter, the cause of this fatal catastrophe. It was as follows:

"I am in despair, my dear Denise, you were not alone at the countess' ball yesterday, and by a singular fatality your cousin (I guess it was she) was dressed the same as you; my brother's heart misled him; he took her for you and is deeply in love with her. Thus are all my fine schemes now overthrown, and I have not courage to tell you any more to-day.

"Accept my kindest love,

"ADELINE DE KERGUERON."

Some months after my poor aunt died of grief, and Denise was placed in a private asylum as incurable.

M. de Kergueron solicited my hand, but I replied myself that he could not have it till my cousin was well; and yet I loved him. A short

time after he sailed for distant seas to remain there several years.

"Now, madam," sorrowfully added, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, the young and charming woman who had related the above history, "the very next day after I had been so deeply moved by the slight rustling of a daisy as it fell from my bouquet, which I had religiously preserved, I learned the death of my

young and unhappy cousin. Yes, she died;" and she sighed profoundly.

"And M. de Kergueron?" said I, inquiringly.

A smile passed over Mary's face, whilst a tear trembled on the end of her long, black eyelashes, as she answered,

"We were married two years ago, madam;" then she added, with a blush, "and are very happy!"

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

I AM sitting by my window,
My favorite seat of yore,
But the joy that erst o'er my spirit swept,
Alas! can be mine no more.
The same glad scene that entranced me then
Is around—but where is he,
My fair young child, with his eyes of light,
And his voice of childish glee?

Where—where is he?—my lone heart asks,
And my eyes are turned away,
From the beauteous bloom all around me spread
To the church-yard dim and grey.
I am here within my pleasant home,
The place he loved so well—
A little stone o'er a grassy mound
His resting-place doth tell.

I see the playmates gathering near,
With merry shout and call;
They miss not him who was with them oft
The blithest of them all.
Ah, no! For the grave closed over him
A year ago to-day,
And their buoyant minds recall no thought
Of a grief once passed away.

There is one amid that laughing group,
Golden-haired and azure-eyed—
How like is he to my cherub boy,
My darling and my pride!
One taken and another left—
But I hush the envious moan,
For I would not that another heart
Shared the darkness of my own.

I had thought of death as carelessly,
As a strange but passing thing;
I knew not how his unseen touch
The inmost soul could wing.
And I passed with curious glance each place
Where grief's sable sign was shown;
Ah! I feel for all sad mourners now
Since I their pangs have known.

My angel one! Bitter tears I shed
Above thy little sod;
In vain would I school my murmuring heart
To bend 'neath the chastening rod.
But light and joy from spirit fled
When thou wast borne away,
And I sigh in utter weariness
For my own life's closing day.

MUSIC.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SHE sang a wild and simple lay,
And yet it was of sweetness full,
And when she ceased, still memory
That strain kept singing to my soul.

Her song was like the sound of brook,
That a green meadow sparkles through,
And o'er whose face caressing bend
Tall lilies white or violets blue.

Oh! it brought back the sunny time,
When I did gather such fair flowers,
Yet scarce the present's bliss enjoyed,
Thinking the while of brighter hours.

And still there soundeth in mine ear,
At the dim shadowy hour of even,
Such strains, it seems, as if by chance
I'd caught the organ notes of Heaven.

CARPET.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT. I.—CAR—

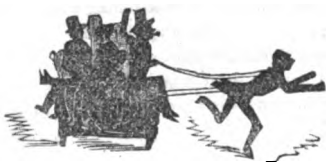
Dramatis Personæ.—RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN.—HIS WIFE.—THEIR FRIENDS.—
CARMAN.—HIS HORSE.

SCENE—*A Street in Philadelphia. During the journey a moving panorama ought to be seen.*

ENTER RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN, HIS WIFE, arms, and carrying umbrellas and huge baskets and THEIR FRIENDS, with large cloaks on their of provisions. They knock at door loudly, when



Enter CARMAN with his coat and waistcoat off, and smoking a short pipe. Round his legs are haybands made of comforters, and round his hat, near the brim, is a white handkerchief twisted tightly. He bows to the visitors, by touching his hair and scraping one foot on the carpet. They inform him, by pointing to the provisions, that they want to hire his Car for a pic nic. A bargain is struck, and the Carman pulls out the ottoman, and fetching His HORSE, he harnesses it.



They take their seats on each side of the vehicle, and having packed the provisions, the journey commences, the horse trotting. Sud-

denly the animal begins kicking. The Ladies are alarmed, and scream to be put down, but the Carman restores harmony by assuring them that it's all in play. They are delighted with the sportive character of the creature, and admire its many points.

As they are jogging along, the car suddenly



upsets. The whole party are thrown out, and the baskets are scattered in all directions. The Horse lies quietly down, whilst Carman a second time endeavors to restore the confidence of his employers.

The Respectable Tradesman is first picked up, and having discovered that he is unhurt, lifts up his fainting Wife and Their Friends.



As soon as they regain their senses, they all set upon Carman and abuse him. He immediately pulls off his coat, and twirling his shillelah in the air, invites Respectable Tradesman to

tread on the tails of it. The Ladies alarmed at his dancing about them, rushing off screaming. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II—PET.

Dramatis Personæ.—FOND FATHER.—FOOLISH MOTHER.—THEIR CHILD.—
VISITORS.—SERVANTS.—NURSE.

SCENE—Dining-room in mansion of Fond Father. In the centre a long table laid for dinner, with chairs on each side.

ENTER FOND FATHER and FOOLISH MOTHER standing in VISITORS, who walk arm-in-arm. They are earnestly talking to each other as they enter. The Gentlemen hand the Ladies their seats, and whilst Fond Father sharpens his knife, they eat their bread.

Enter SERVANTS bearing the soup-tureen, which they place before Fond Father.

Enter NURSE, bearing THEIR CHILD, with



skin round its neck, and long sash round its waist. It is kicking and beating its Nurse,

screaming all the time. Foolish Mother starts from her seat, and rushing to Their Child, kisses it madly, whilst she scolds the Nurse for making the Pet cry. The visitors are affected to tears with the touching picture, and burying their faces in their napkins, weep, whilst Fond Father and Servants turn aside their heads. Their Child is placed near Fond Father, and the Visitors all admire it, and pointing to its face, compliment Foolish Mother on its beauty and resemblance to her.

On seeing the soup-tureen the Pet once more bursts into tears, and kicking more violently than before, insists on being allowed to have it to play with. The Visitors grow alarmed for their dinner, but still pretend to be fascinated with the infant. Father in vain tries to quiet it, but is only scratched in return. At last



Foolish Mother is overcome by her feelings, and taking the tureen, places it on the floor with Their Child, who bathes its hands and finally dabs its feet in it.

The Visitors still pretend to be delighted with

the eccentric darling, but suddenly all recollect a pressing invitation which forces them to leave instantly.

Exeunt Visitors, bowed out by Fond Father and Foolish Mother.

ACT III.—CARPET.

Dramatis Personæ.—HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER.—A LADY.—HER HUSBAND.—SERVANT.

SCENE 1—Interior of a Lady's drawing-room. On the floor is a splendid Turkey carpet of Indian shawl.

ENTER a LADY with a SERVANT carrying a broom to sweep the carpet. At the first brush

PARTIES." They are delighted, and welcome him. He is ordered to take up the Turkey car-



the broom, they are supposed to be nearly smothered in the dust. They are disgusted, and

Enter HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER, bowing scraping, and holding a placard, announcing that he "BEATS CARPETS AND ATTENDS EVENING



pet and beat it well. He at once sets to work, and putting all the chairs one a-top of another, wheels the table on one side, and having the whole room thrown into disorder, takes away the carpet. The Lady seats herself on a chair, and orders the servant to scour the floor

A double knock is heard without, when the Lady taking a duster commences wiping a chair.

Enter HER HUSBAND from the city. He is horrified at seeing his Wife working so hard.



He advances compassionately toward her, and she puts on a care-worn expression, and lets her arm and duster drop powerless by her side as if



with fatigue. He chides her gently for exerting herself so much, to which she replies in vigorous pantomime, that if she did not do it, nobody

would. Husband glances fiercely at Servant, scolds her for her laziness, and presents His Wife with a handsome check as a recompense for her care of his house.

Ereunt Lady and Her Husband hand in hand, and looking lovingly at each other, whilst Servant follows weeping in her apron.

SCENE 2—*The Fields at Battle Bridge. On one side of the room the clothes-horse.*

Enter HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER with carpet of Indian shawl. He hangs it on a clothes-



horse, and beats it for a short time. Then lighting his pipe, he smokes and reads a newspaper. At last he takes down the carpet, and exit with it under his arm.

"OH! I COULD WEEP MY SPIRIT FROM MY EYES."

BY LIBBIE D——.

Ah! silence now the merry laugh,
It harshly strikes the ear,
The mirth of any that I love
Is agony to hear.

My heart is bleeding—far within
There rankles a sharp thorn—
Smile not—but act the kinder part
To mourn with those that mourn.

I thought my eyes unused to weep,
Would ne'er be moist again—
I deemed I could endure alike
Life's pleasures or its pain.

But I could weep my life away,
Dissolve my heart in tears,
My being is so darkened
By the shade of coming years.

And will I ever smile again?
It seems so long ago
That I was happy—I half fear
I shall be ever so.
So sad, so sorrowful, yet still
May cease this rain of tears,
And sunshine coming to the soul
Dispel my gloomy fears.

GIULIA, MI AMANZA.

BY EDWARD HENDIBOE.

WHEN the young god of morn'awaking,
Seeks his home in the Eastern sky,
From the joy of night's love-torch breaking,
(Though it costs the rogue many a sigh!)
In that hour my eager heart
Shall, in fancy, to thine depart,
Giulia, mio!

When pale Eve, like a Nun, so sweetly
Comes to reign o'er the languid earth,
And the shadows, like incense, fleetly
From the censer of night find birth.
In that hour, the falling tear
Shall prove thou still art dear,
Giulia, mio!

THE COMMOTION IN GOSSIPDALE.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

CARRIE GRAHAM, the belle of Gossipdale, (odd name, isn't it?) was tall and gracefully formed, with complexion as fair as the lily, and cheeks tinted with the hue of the rose. Her eyes—those large, sparkling orbs, were of a cerulean blue, and her golden, silky, braided hair fell over a bosom pure as the heart that beat instinctively beneath. Such was the model of queenly beauty—the “Helen” of Gossipdale.

Gossipdale was not situated upon the sea-side, nor upon the mossy banks of some sparkling stream or quiet lake, as romancers are in the habit of describing the dream-haunts of their imagination—it was a plain, old, inland town, and in fact all which the name purports.

One Sabbath, Parson B——, who had always been punctual heretofore, was missing from the pulpit, and all Gossipdale was astir to know the reason. Some premised that he had gone the day previous to the adjacent town to see a brother minister, and was probably taken ill and forced to remain; whilst others, less scrupulous, positively affirmed that he had rode over to Summerville, where Miss Carrie Graham had but lately established herself as mistress of a large school, and where, it was universally known, she had settled upon the special recommendation and interposition of Parson B——, who always seemed to manifest a particular interest with regard to her welfare.

“Don't it beat all! Who would a thought it!” exclaimed Sally Longtongue.

“Yes, and he an old, grey-headed parson, to think of taking a girl of sixteen! Well, ‘old fools are the worst of fools,’” added Betsy Speakall.

“I don't know if it be altogether right to call him an ‘old fool,’ Betsy.”

“And she, the coquettish hussy! I actually believe she is only trifling with the old man. But do you really believe, Sally, that Parson B—— has gone to Summerville?”

“Why, where else on earth would he be, child?” Didn't Ben Sureman pass him on the road, yesterday, heading in that direction. And he didn't even halt to speak, either.”

“Well, that's ‘gossip’ in earnest; wonder what Frank Daley will say when he hears it? Won't he hop about on them long legs of his? ha! ha! ha!”

And here the two worthy representatives of the lower house joined in such a laugh as might have thrown a person of weak nerves into hysterics. But come with me, reader, to the upper house, for you must know that Gossipdale, like all other places of consideration, had its upper and lower order of society.

“It is strange, mysteriously strange,” exclaimed the pious Madam Prim. “And indeed it does look somewhat reasonable withall, if those persons in the other end of town are to be relied on.”

“But, my dear,” exclaimed the more exemplary Mr. Prim, “what do they know in regard to the matter? They form an opinion of their own, and seem no ways backward in giving it expression, even though it be scandal. Could you for a moment lose confidence in our worthy and beloved pastor, on account of the ‘idle gossip’ of those poor, weak-minded persons who know no better?”

“Indeed I never should have dreamed that Parson B—— could be guilty of such an imprudent step, and yet from his over regard for Miss Graham of late, I think there must be some truth in the matter—what think you, Miss Prudence?”

Miss Prudence, (more by name than by nature,) had just stepped in to bear a part in the exciting topic of the day, and readily conceded to the expressed opinion, adding, that she always heard it said “‘that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire.’”

“Come, come,” interposed the more charitable Mr. Prim, “this will never do. A pretty piece of scandal to weave in the presence of our precious charge, indeed, and all without the slightest foundation. I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that Parson B—— went to Whitehall, but of his detention I cannot account.”

Now Parson B—— had been pastor of the little church at Gossipdale for the last fifteen years, and ought to have been exempt from misconception. He was a good, pious, upright Christian, apparently, and had been the bosom-friend of the lamented Mr. Graham, which fact explains the would-be mystery of the particular attention paid to his beautiful and fascinating protegee.

Frank Daley was an old college "chum" of ours, and first cousin to the charming Carrie Graham. Now, however disposed we may be to the union of second, or "forty-second cousins," we do positively and decidedly object to that of cousins german—the opinions of thousands to the contrary, notwithstanding. Frank resided at Whitehall, and though he kept up a regular correspondence with his fair cousin of Summerville, and though he was all devoted to her when in company, yet have we good reason to believe that he bore no nearer relation to her heart than that of cousin. Nor did she lack suitors: for there was young Dr. L——, and Lawyer McC——, of Gossipdale, either of whom would have laid their fortunes at the feet of their heart's idol. And, there was Lieutenant G——, Frank Daley, and (as rumor would have it) Parson B——, of Summerville, besides "somebody else," but that's a secret, who loved the very atmosphere she breathed in.

We are inclined to think, kind reader, that there are many Gossipdales in this "wide, wide world," and though better known by other appellations, they may boast of a majority per-

haps of just such folks as graced the real Gossipdale.

But there *was* a wedding at Summerville, for Deacon Goodman, who arrived late in the evening, was the bearer of the despatch. And Parson B—— was there sure enough; and so was Frank Daley; and we have a faint recollection of being present also.

Carrie Graham was the bride—and a lovely-looking bride she was! but who was the groom!

Come, now, all have a right to guess, but please do be patient, only one at a time—*now* then.

"Why Parson B——, to be sure!"

Not exactly; but, as the Irishman said, "you came so near 'till it, that you missed it intirely." Parson B—— performed the ceremony, and also gave the hand of the bride to——

"Frank Daley."

Missed it again; but we will not keep you any longer in suspense, lest you become equally as ridiculous as the Gossipdale folks of whom we have been speaking.

We were the groom upon that particular occasion!

THE OLD MAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

STILLNESS, and a shadowy gloom
Reigns within the spacious room;
Yet a globe lamp softly gleams,
And the pearly lamp-light streams
O'er an old and withered face,
On which care hath left its trace;
And the quiet watchers tread,
Noiselessly around the bed,
And one sweet, pale girl is crying,
For the old man lies a-dying.

He thinks not of the love that saves,
But of lands and gold he raves
In wild delirium, and when sane
The thought still haunts his troubled brain;
For a long life he hath spent
In gathering wealth, yet ne'er content;
In feverish dreams as when in health,
He fancies still he toils for wealth,
Lands and houses buying, buying,
Yet the old man lies a-dying.

It seemeth long—this night of pain
And the dull hours slowly wane:
In the room no sound is heard,
And the watchers speak no word;
But the cold Autumnal rain

Beats against the window-pane,
Drops upon the pavement stones,
And the chill wind sadly moans
Through the key-hole sighing, sighing,
While the old man lies a-dying.

Yet at last the daylight breaks.
And the sleeping city wakes,
And ceaselessly along the street
Sounds the tread of many feet;
But the old man heeds not now,
For the damp is on his brow,
And to his child, though faint and weak,
One last word of love to speak,
Vainly he is trying, trying,
Ah! the old man now is dying.

Soon the morn dawns grey and chill
Over city, vale, and hill;
Dawns within the silent room,
Yet dispels not all the gloom;
Though the watchers tread no more,
Noiselessly upon the floor,
Yet the pale young girl is there,
Kneeling by the bed in prayer,
And where lay the old man dying
Now a pale, still corpse is lying.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A QUEEN MARGARET.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—White tissue paper, chrome yellow in powder, white chalk, or Chinese white, yellow hearts, which can be obtained ready made.

Fold one fourth of a sheet of white tissue paper so as to cut four of each size as figs. 1 and 2. Cut a straight strip of white tissue paper about six inches long for the centre, being careful to make the size of the petals correspond with the outside leaves as in fig 8. Mix a small quantity of chrome yellow and white chalk on a palette or plate, and shade from the heart of each set of petals with a piece of raw cotton dipped in the color: shade the long strip in the same manner from the heart out. Then lay each set of petals in the palm of the left hand—take the end of the plyers or a moulder and crimp each leaf separately by running the moulder from the point of the leaf or petal to the centre, crimp the long strip in the same manner. Gum the edge of the button or heart, commence winding the long strip around the heart, gumming occasionally to keep it in place, then slip

on the four smallest sized petals, then the last four—the back should be finished with green tissue paper cut in the same form as fig. 2, but

FIG 1

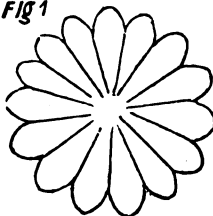
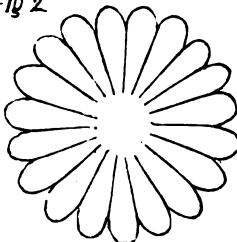


FIG 2



smaller. Wrap the stem with green tissue paper.

* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

ROSE-PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MLLÉ. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Eight reels of the deep-pink Boar's-head crochet cotton of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby; six ounces of rich purple beads, No. 2.

The design is worked alternately in close and open stripes. In the former, the pattern is produced by beads.

Make a chain of the required length with the

cotton on which the beads are threaded, and work on it one row of sc.

1st Pattern Row.—x 14 b, 6 c, 1 b, x repeat throughout the length, in this and all following rows.

2nd.—x 14 b, 5 c, 2 b, x.

3rd.—x 12 c, 2 b, 5 c, 2 b, x.

4th.—x 10 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 5 b, x.

5th.—x 10 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 6 b, x.

6th.—x 8 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, x.

7th.—The same.

8th.—x 5 c, 16 b, x.

9th.—x 4 c, 17 b, x.

10th.—x 4 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

11th.—The same.

12th.—x 2 c, 8 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

13th.—x 1 c, 8 b, 3 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

14th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 6 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

15th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 10 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

16th.—The same.

17th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 12 c, 2 b, 4 c.

18th.—x 1 c, 16 b, 4 c, x.

19th.—The same.

20th.—Sc.

Now with a reel on which there are no beads, and working on the right side, do the open stripe from the engraving, in open square crochet. Repeat the two stripes alternately, terminating with the one in beads. Do a row of open square crochet at each edge, and knot in a handsome fringe.

Other colors may be used, instead of those we have designated; but the purple beads, which are exceedingly rich and new, will be found particularly beautiful.

PENDENT PIN-CUSHION, IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—A piece of dark-blue cloth, on which a bright scarlet is applique, according to the form seen in the engraving. Also black Albert braid, gold braid, gold thread, cord and tassels.

This toilet-cushion is in a style which is new, even on the Continent, and has never yet been introduced into this country. It is intended to be suspended against the wall by the side of the toilet-glass; and being so extremely convenient, we doubt not it will be very generally patronised by our readers.

It is very easily made:—A piece of cloth about four inches by seven, and on which cloth or velvet of another color is applied, is procured. The edges of the pattern are finished with gold braid, which is seen in the engraving, represented by a white line. The black lines indicate

Albert braid, edged on one side with gold thread. To make up the cushion, take a thin piece of wood, rather smaller than the cloth, and lay on one side a bag, filled with bran, of the same size. Tack this down, with a piece of calico at the other side of the back. Stretch the embroidered cloth over the stuffed side, and a piece of silk of the same color over the other. Turn in the edges, sew them together, and finish with a cord all round. Add the tassels and cord by which it is to be suspended.

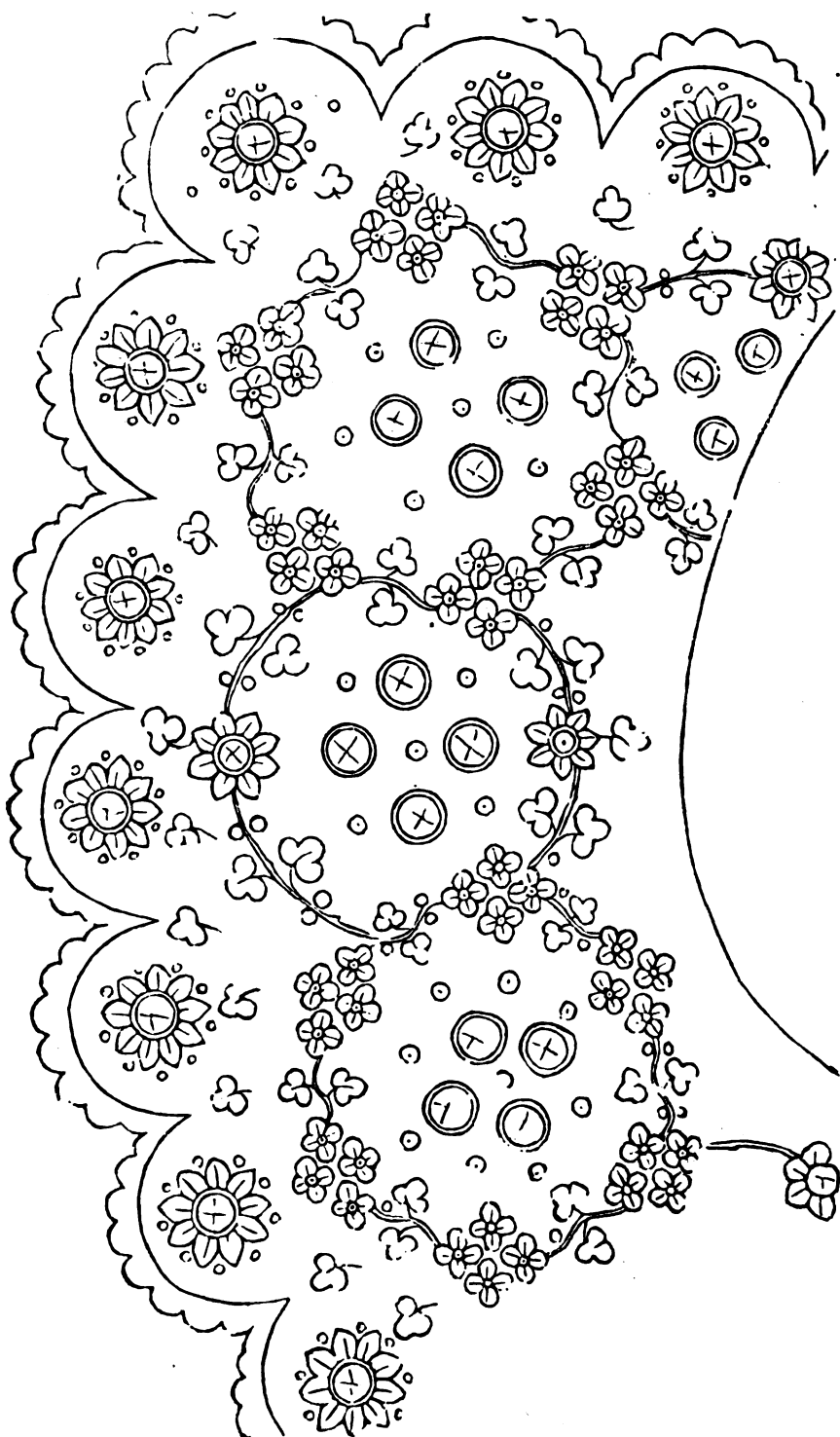
We recommend that great care should be employed in putting on the gold braid, which must cover the edges of the red cloth completely. The ends, of course, must be drawn on the wrong side; and before being mounted, we advise the back being lightly brushed with gelatine.

EMBROIDERY.

SUITABLE FOR THE HALF OF A HANDKERCHIEF CORNER, &c.

For a handkerchief, I should recommend the fashionable mixture of scarlet and white embroidery cotton, No. 80, manufactured by Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby. The large leaves may be worked merely in outline, being button-hole stitched in one color, whilst the veinings are done in another. The specks on

the large leaf are small French knots. The fibres and tendrils are run, and sewed over with the greatest nicety. The broad veinings of the upper and lower leaf would be improved by being very delicately worked in small eyelet-holes, made with a coarse needle rather than a stiletto.



COLLAR FOR EMBROIDERY.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A FRAGMENT.—Mothers, the faults of your own little ones, are they not forgiven and forgotten? But for those of the poor little hired girl, there is often, alas! no forgiveness—no compassion—no tender mercy. She is paid—she takes a few dimes from your pocket, a few morsels from your table. There is seldom a thought given to hired nerves, hired limbs and hired brains. The first she has no business with; the second have no right to get weary; the third, for convenience sake, are supposed to be dormant, or only used for the purpose of lying, deceiving and complaining.

THE LITTLE HIRED GIRL.

I am weary of work,
It's a sweltering day,
I wish with the other girls
I might go play,
The baby so heavily
Hangs on my breast!
Though I do love him dearly,
He gives me no rest.

How soft through the window,
The sunny skies look!
Oh! there are the children,
All down by the brook;
If I go to walk,
I must tug baby too;
And the children crowd round me,
Whatever I do.

Oh! they have no care,
They just play, eat and talk!
I'm working so steady,
I stoop when I walk!
They laugh all the morning,
I cry all the night;
No play-time—no pleasure!
I can't think it right.

No mother to love me,
No sister to bless,
And oh! I so long
For one gentle caress;
But alas! I am "careless,"
And "wayward" and "wild;"
I am "not worth my salt,"
And a "dull, stupid child."

Oh! dear, up in Heaven,
I long to behold
The beautiful river,
The streets all of gold,
For I'm certain—I'm certain,
There's no toil above,
And the poorest of servants
Get plenty of love.

REAL POLITENESS.—It is not polite, in a ball-room, to laugh at those who dance worse than yourself, or in a different style. You think it elegant to walk through a dance. But there was a time, when not to take all the steps was considered vulgar. You adore the Polka. But the Polka is not permitted to be danced at the Court of St. James. Others, therefore, would laugh at you, under different circumstances, as much as you laugh now. True politeness consists in kindness of heart, and nobody can be kind-hearted, who makes sport of another's feelings.

U. S. HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY.—One of our embellishments, this month, is an engraving of the United States Hotel, at Atlantic City, on Absecon Beach, N. J. This new watering-place has been exceedingly popular this summer, and will be even more so next year, by which time it will be further improved, and made more pleasant than ever. The universal opinion is that it has the softest and driest atmosphere of any sea-coast in this country, not even excepting Newport.

WHO IS SHE?—Never mind who she is. Ask only what she is. If she is virtuous, amiable and accomplished, she is worthy of being known, even though she may not be a rich man's daughter. If she is an heiress, and is selfish, ignorant and disagreeable, her acquaintance will be of no benefit to you.

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.—Our steel plate requires no letter-press, for all are familiar with the story of Joseph.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Female Life Among the Mormons. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—If this is really the veracious narrative it pretends to be, it is most unfortunate for the author that she did not suppress many particulars, whose incredibility throws an air of doubt over the entire volume. The whole book, whether true or not, is written in a melo-dramatic style. Among persons who like highly-spiced dishes, and are indifferent as to facts, the work will find a ready sale: but it is not one that we can recommend.

New Hope; or, The Rescue. A Tale of the Great Kanawha. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—When a novel reaches a second edition, as this has done, it is proof that the author has more than ordinary ability. "New Hope," besides its artistic and narrative merit, has that of depicting a stirring period of American history. New novels have been scarce lately, so that this one will be generally welcomed.

Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. By James Jackson Jarves. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A discriminating treatise on what are called, *par excellence*, the fine-arts, written in an agreeable and popular style. As a profound analytical critic, we think Mr. J. second only to the late Mr. Wallace, author of "Art Scenery and Philosophy in Europe," a work noticed a few months ago in these pages. Accordingly the "Art-Hints" may be studied with profit. Indeed the field is so wide, and the subject so fascinating, that it is as inexhaustible as the critiques it gives birth to are welcome. The style of Mr. Jarves is clear, forcible, and often picturesque. He knows both what he has to say and how to say it. A book like this can be read and re-read, and is therefore a valuable accession to a library. The Harpers have published it in excellent style.

Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. By Peter Mark Rozet. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This edition, which is a revised one, contains the original work unabridged. Those portions of it which were omitted in the first American one, has been restored: but that there may be no interference with the educational purpose of the American editor, Dr. Sears, the restored portions have been arranged in the form of an Appendix. Important additions of words and phrases, not contained even in the English edition, have been made: a table of contents has been inserted; and the index has been rendered more full, complete and accurate than in the English edition itself. In its present improved shape this valuable work ought to take its place in every library.

Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryatt. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is a son of the celebrated novelist of the same name. The volume is a reminiscence of a visit to California, made in 1850; for the journals of Mr. Marryatt had the misfortune to be burnt. By this accident, numerous drawings of California scenery and incidents were lost; but no fire could destroy the author's memory; and the written sketches are all the racier, we suspect, for being re-told. The work is really a delightful one, and is illustrated capitally.

The Heiress of Haughton; or, the Mother's Secret. By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel of Mrs. Marsh would be welcome at any period. But just now, when good novels are so scarce, "The Heiress of Haughton" will be seized with avidity. The book is published uniform with Harper's "Library of Select Novels," price thirty-seven and a half cents.

Clare Hall. By Miss Sewell. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We are inclined to consider this the best fiction Miss Sewell has yet produced. It has fewer than usual of her faults, and all her characteristic beauties. It is handsomely published, in a thick duodecimo of five hundred pages.

Which? The Right or the Left. 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—This is a didactic novel, designed to inculcate the great truth, that religion is not merely a Sunday affair, but should be carried into the every-day concerns of life. The fiction, on the whole, has much merit. But the author, though a practical rhetorician, is a new hand at story-telling, and his heavy, verbose style, his want of dramatic characterization, and his tedious disquisitions under the guise of conversation, sadly mar the book. Garrett & Co have published the work in a manner to do credit to themselves.

Waikna; or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By Samuel A. Bard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here an exceedingly agreeable book. It is one of those, which, when once picked up, cannot easily be laid aside till finished, so graphic is the narrative, so completely does the writer take hold of the imagination. It is also one of the most tastefully gotten up books we have seen for a long time. The illustrations are designed with such spirit, and executed with such skill, that it is really a pleasure to look at them. By all means buy "Waikna."

Speeches and Addresses. By Henry W. Hilliard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An elegant octavo volume, containing twenty-eight speeches, addresses and orations, by the Hon. W. H. Hilliard, of Alabama. The subjects discussed are chiefly political, and embrace the events of nearly twenty years. Mr. H. is a lucid and earnest writer and speaker. The superior style in which the work is published is a fit compliment to the superior abilities of the author.

Trial and Triumph; or Firmness in the Household. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—Another of this excellent writer's instructive fictions. We recommend every wife, and husband, in fact, every member of a family, to read this novel. Mr. Peterson has published the book in a cheap, yet neat style, price twenty-five cents.

A Visit to the Camp Before Sebastopol. By R. C. McCormick, Jr. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The narrative of a young American, who visited Sebastopol early this year. The maps and illustrations greatly enhance the interest of the book. It is a work that will find thousands of readers. The publishers have issued it in a very superior style.

My Confession; the Story of a Woman's Life, and other Tales. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—The principal tale in this volume is written with much power. The other sketches are agreeable reading. It is a book we can recommend for the sea-shore, the springs, or for travelling.

Letters to the Right Rev. John Hughes. Revised and Enlarged. By Kirwan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a series of controversial letters, which made some noise at their first appearance. The real author is the Rev. Samuel J. Grime.

Ariel and other Poems. By W. W. Foedick. Illustrated with Designs by Dallas. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is an exquisite volume. Type, paper and illustrations are unexceptionable. Our hurried leisure compels us to defer to another time, however, that criticism of the poems themselves, which we desire to give. At present we can only say that they are characterised by many beauties.

THE KITCHEN.

A WORD ABOUT PUDDINGS.—The outside of a pudding sometimes tastes disagreeable; this arises from the negligence of the cook in not washing and drying the pudding cloth well. Most puddings are better boiled in an earthen bowl or tin pudding boiler, than in cloth alone. These, however, must be tied in a cloth, not only for convenience in removing them from the pot, but as a safeguard to prevent water getting into the pudding. If a bag alone is used, make it very tight by stitching the seams very closely. Cut it so that it will be narrower at the bottom than the top, and the corners rounded. When used, let the seams be outside. Sew a tape or twine on to the seam, about four inches from the top of the bag, to tie it with. When used, dip your bag into the boiling water, squeeze it dry, and flour it well. Put it into a pan, and pour in the pudding, and tie up the bag very tightly, by drawing it together as closely as possible. Allow a little room for the pudding to swell. Put it into *boiling water*. After some ten or fifteen minutes turn it over, to prevent the flour or fruits from settling on one side. Turn the pudding some half dozen times during the first half hour. Keep it always covered with *boiling water* if a cloth bag is used. Have your tea-kettle full of boiling water, from which to replenish the pot. When you take it up, put your pudding-bag into the colander, and pour over it a little cold water. This prevents the pudding from sticking to the cloth. Untie the string, and gently open the bag; lay it open, and put over it the dish it is to be served in; turn it over and remove the colander with the bag very gently.

Batter puddings should be strained through a coarse sieve, when all mixed. In all other cases where eggs are used, strain them first. Always butter the pans or basins, and flour the cloths. If hot milk is used, be careful and not add the eggs until it is quite cool, otherwise your eggs are cooked, and they add neither lightness nor good appearance to the pudding. Very good puddings can be made *without eggs*, but they must have as little milk as will mix them, and must boil three or four hours. A few spoonfuls of yeast will do instead of eggs, or soda with cream of tartar.

Snow is an excellent substitute for eggs, either in puddings or pancakes. Two large spoonfuls will supply the place of one egg, and the article it is used in will be equally good. It should be *fresh-fallen*

snow. The under layers of snow may be used. The surface which is exposed to the air loses its ammonia by evaporation very soon after it has fallen. It is the ammonia contained so largely in snow which imparts to it its "*rising power*."

Beat yolks and whites separately. This will make as much difference in puddings as in cakes.

For various kinds of ground rice, and potato puddings, boil the milk, and also for bread and plum puddings, except where the bread or cracker is soaked over night. If raisins are used, scald them with the bread, and let them stand two or three hours. Suet should be carefully picked from shreds and chopped very fine.

Sago is the pith of the stems of various species of palm. It is manufactured in the Moluccas, and is imported from Singapore. There are three kinds of it—sago meal, pearl sago, and common sago. Sago meal is a whitish powder, not much used. Pearl sago consists of small, pinkish or yellowish grains, about the size of a pin's-head. Common sago is found in grains varying in size from that of grains of pearl barley to that of peas; its color is brownish white, each grain being whitish on one part of its surface, and brown on the other. Sago is easy of digestion.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO MAKE A METALLIC TREE.—Mix together equal parts of saturated solutions of silver and mercury in nitric acid, diluted with a little water; in this mixture suspend five or six drams of pure mercury contained in a piece of fine linen rag doubled. The metallic solutions will soon penetrate to the mercury inclosed in the cloth, and clusters of beautiful needle-shaped crystals will begin to be formed round it, and adhere to the nucleus of mercury. When the arborization ceases to increase, the bag, loaded with beautiful crystals, may be taken out of the vessel where it was formed, by means of the thread by which it is suspended, and hung under a glass jar, where it may be preserved as long as may be thought proper.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRODUCTION OF GAS-LIGHTS.—To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, accompanied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found in the bowl of the pipe the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

INSTANTANEOUS CRYSTALLIZATION.—Make a concentrated solution of sulphate of soda, or Glauber's salts, adding to it gradually portions of boiling

water until the fluid dissolves no more. Pour the solution, whilst in a boiling state, into phials previously warmed; cork them immediately to exclude the air from the solution; place them in a secure place, without shaking them, and the solution will cool; remove the cork, and as soon as the atmospheric air becomes admitted, it will begin to crystalize on the surface, and the crystalization is complete.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Take four tablespoonfuls of sifted arrowroot; put it into a basin and break three or four eggs into it; rub them together until smooth, then pour over it about two breakfast cups of boiling milk; mix it well whilst you are pouring on the milk. If it comes to the consistency of a thick custard it is properly done, and you must then butter a mould, pour your pudding into it, tie it in a towel and put it into a pot of boiling water and let it boil for an hour; should the milk not make it thick enough, you must pour the mixture into a pan and hold it over the fire until it thickens; then put it into the buttered mould. You may add, if you like, two tablespoonfuls of fine sugar; serve with wine sauce. The same mixture may be made with the addition of a little spice, butter, and sugar, and baked in the oven.

Boiling Arrowroot for Children.—Take a teaspoonful of arrowroot, put it into a breakfast cup and mix it smooth with two teaspoonfuls of cold water; then slowly pour on boiling water until it loses the white appearance and becomes transparent, stirring quickly all the time; then add milk or water until you get it to the consistency you wish, and sweeten it. It may be boiled with milk instead of water, which will render it more nourishing.

Arrowroot Cakes for Breakfast.—Mix together two cups of arrowroot, half a cup of flour, and a tablespoonful of salt butter, one egg, and as much milk or water as will bring it to the consistency of paste; roll it out, and cut it with a breakfast cup, and put the cakes on a baking iron; a few minutes will bake them; split and butter them, and send them to table hot.

Arrowroot Blancmange.—Take four good tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, have four breakfast cups of milk well spiced, add a little ratifia and some isinglass to it, and when quite boiling pour it gently over the arrowroot, stirring quickly all the time; put into a mould, and when cold turn it out and serve with preserves and cream.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HALF-DRESS TOILET.—HALF-MOURNING.—Hair puffed and waved, thrown back and tied under a black velvet band embroidered with jet, with a bow all jet having tags falling on the neck. Dress of moire antique ornamented with bows of jet and black tulle puffs. Lappet body, open, but fitting

close, cut square in front. The lappet forms full plaits on each hip, and two behind on the back seams. Sleeves short and tight, terminated by a flounce in large, hollow plaits. The edge of the basquine is trimmed with small bows of jet. A bow also trims the sleeve, and there is one at the top of the plait on the lappet. The skirt has five rows of puffed tulle, fastened at intervals by bows of jet. Lace habit shirt. Under-sleeves of black tulle terminated by a white tulle puff with lace trimmings.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF POPLIN. The body is high and close, without lappets, rather pointed and terminated at the waist by a plain binding turned over the edge. Pelerine with a seam on the shoulders, sixteen inches deep. Sleeves rather short, and wider at bottom than at top. The body, skirt, and sleeves are buttoned by small straps three-quarters inch wide and an inch and half long, with an interval of rather more than an inch between. The straps on the body and skirt lap over from right to left; those on the sleeves from front to back. Each of these straps has a narrow binding on the edge. The collar is made of lace gathered and sewed on a flat collar. Puffed tulle sleeves with a large bow. Silk bonnet, trimmed with blonde. A blonde, four inches wide, sewed on the edge of the front is turned back as a fall. The ornaments consist of bands cut slantwise of the stuff, plaited and laid across. The crown is very straight, and the sides very sloping. The front is made rather long and close down the cheeks. The curtain stands out straight, and is arranged fan-shape behind. It is composed of three pieces, each bordered with a narrow blonde. On the two parts that form the sides, the third is laid, and spreads behind. The inside is full trimmed with a ruche and tufts of small flowers.

FIG. III.—FONTANGE BONNET, of pink crape, trimmed with narrow ribbons (No. 7.) A bow of ribbon is put on the top, and behind a tuft of blonde with three loops and three ends of ribbon. Inside a single rose.

FIG. IV.—LOUIS FIFTEENTH BONNET, crape, covered with a row of black lace and one of white blonde, fastened at the side by a bouquet of red poppies and wheat-ears. Inside, a bouquet of wheat-ears and poppies, above the bandeau on one side; on the other near the bottom of the bonnet, a bunch of poppies only.

FIG. V.—DUCHESS SLEEVE, with flounces composed of Valenciennes and muslin insertions alternately, trimmed with a narrow flounce of embroidered muslin.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE, with puff and flounce of English application; the flounce is terminated by a hem, with a ribbon run in it.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The warm weather still continues to make thin dresses necessary, and they are likely to be needed for some time yet. At all seasons of the year they are becoming to youthful faces and figures, particularly for evening costume. The corsages of these dresses are low, and are variously ornamented. They may be made with folds

which descend from the shoulders to the waist, and which occasionally pass from the shoulders round the back in the form of a *berthe*. A white muslin dress may be made in a very pretty style by having the corsage ornamented with *bouillonnes*, and the short sleeves trimmed with frills and bows of ribbon. A *ceinture* of colored ribbon, fastened in front of the waist in a bow with long ends, forms a graceful addition to the dress. Dresses of worked muslin usually have the skirts flounced; but when the dress is of plain muslin it is frequently made with a double skirt, both skirts being finished at the edge by a hem with colored ribbon inserted. For very young ladies, the skirts are very often simply run in tucks. With dresses, such as those just described, bows and ends of colored ribbon, or of ribbon and black velvet intermingled, may be worn in the hair.

Dresses of chine silk are as much in vogue as ever. This material is now figured in an endless variety of patterns, for the most part consisting of detached bouquets of flowers on grounds of black and white, or maroon and white. Chequered silks also enjoy the same share of favor as heretofore. In the new silks of this description, the lines and squares forming the chequers are of all dimensions, varying from a very small to a very large size. The most striking novelties in chequered silks, are some which are entirely black, the chequers being formed of a square of *moire* and a square of *glace*, striped with narrow lines of velvet in relief.

Bayadere dresses, or those having stripes of a different color from the ground, running horizontally round the dress, have again reappeared. Some of these dresses are very elegant.

A slight novelty in the make of sleeves is now being adapted for silk dresses intended for walking or *neglige* costume. These sleeves, which are long and rather full, are fastened at the wrist by a small, turned up cuff, and in front of the arm they are slit

open in their whole length, from top to bottom. The open part is edged with a *ruche* of ribbon of the same color as the dress, and transversal bands or *ruches* of ribbon, fastened at intervals to the sides, keep the sleeves in their proper shape and prevent them from opening too much. Long under-sleeves of Brussels net, reaching from the shoulder to the wrist, and also rather full, fill up the opening caused by the slit in the outer-sleeves. The under-sleeves are finished at the wrist by frills of lace, which descend beneath the cuffs of the upper-sleeves, and fall partially over the hand. A dress just made with sleeves similar to those here described, consists of sea-green silk. The corsage has a *basque*, and is high at the back and slightly open in front; at the lower part is closed by three or four fancy buttons. The skirt is trimmed by flounces, edged with a pattern in green of a deeper hue than that of the rest of the dress.

The recently introduced under-sleeves, close at the wrist, and fastened by a turned-up *mousquetaire* cuff are rapidly gaining favor. These cuffs, which are formed either of worked muslin or of lace, turn back over a small *bouillonne* of white muslin. Round the wrist and under the cuff is worn a band or bracelet of colored ribbon, the ends of which diverge one from another, leaving an angular space between them. Many of the newest cuffs of this kind are composed of a mixture of needle-work and lace. The collar should be fastened with a bow and ends of the same ribbon as that employed for the cuffs.

Black velvet ribbon is as much employed as ever for trimmings of various kinds. It is even introduced in trimming white lace or muslin. We have seen a *mantelet* of white *tarletane* with three deep frills set on in large fluted plaits, and each of these frills was edged with three rows of narrow, black velvet ribbon. The top frill was headed by three rows of the same.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR AUGUST NUMBER.—The *messtint* in the last number was everywhere pronounced one of the most beautiful we had ever published. The fashion-plate was also very popular. Indeed, the superiority of our fashion-plates is conceded universally. From something like a hundred notices, we have room for but one, which is from the *Frederic* (Md.) Union. "The beauty of the engravings," says that paper, "and the delicacy and tastefulness of the fashion-plates are in themselves sufficient to render the book what it undoubtedly is, the favorite *par excellence* of the ladies: but when to these attractions we add the rare excellence and variety of the reading matter it must at once be conceded that it deserves what it assuredly has attained the meed of universal approbation."

WHEN TO BEGIN.—New subscribers will be particular to mention with *what number they wish to begin*. Also their post-office, county and state.

REMOVALS.—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

GIFT BOOK OF ART.—For one dollar, we will send, *postage pre-paid*, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

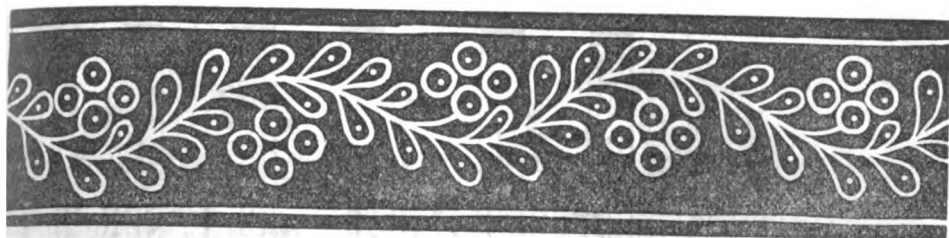
SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



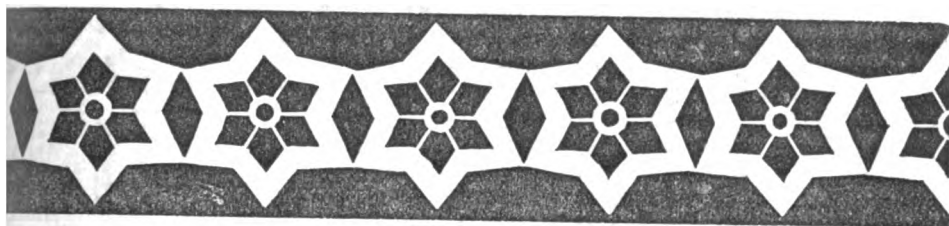


FULL-SIZED MEDALLION COLLAR.

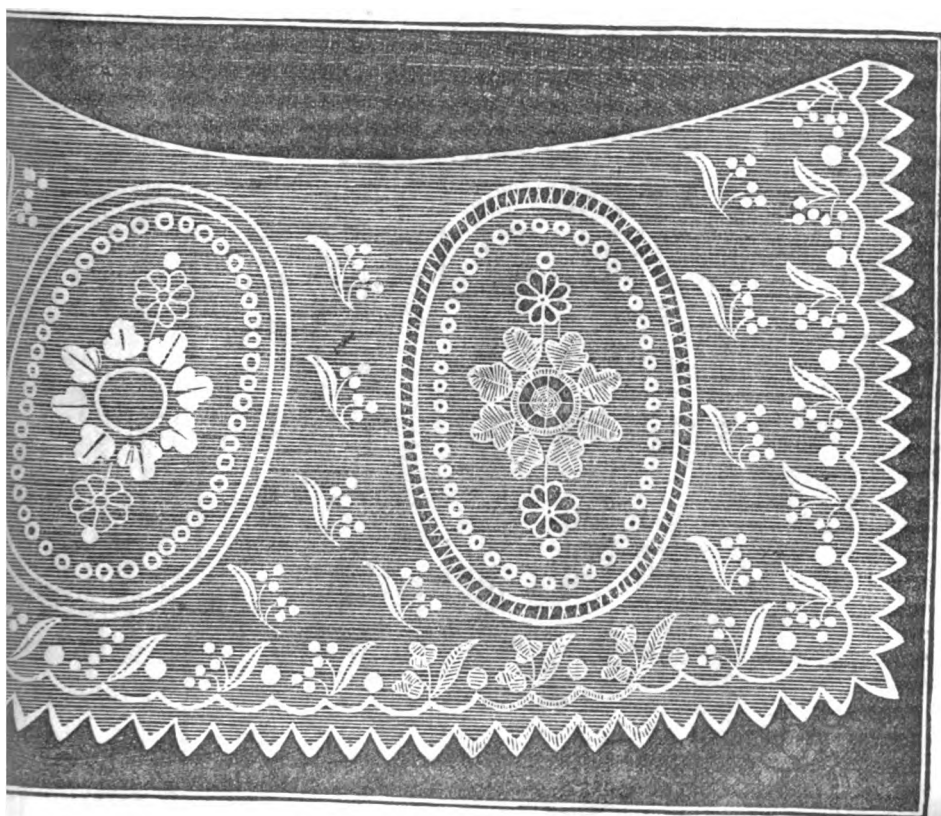




INSERTION FOR SHIRT FRONT.



STAR INSERTION.



FULL-SIZED MEDALLION COLLAR.

SALUTATION POLKA.

BY

LOUIS MANN.

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Published at EDWARD L. WALKER'S New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut Street, Phila.

Piano.

p

8 va.

Fine.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 4.

"PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's spoiled beauty, to whom admirers carried an arch-
spoiled beauty, to whom admirers carried an arch-

The musical score is presented in three vertical systems. Each system is a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system on the left includes the lyrics 'It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's spoiled beauty, to whom admirers carried an arch-spoiled beauty, to whom admirers carried an arch-'. The score contains various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'p' (piano). Pedal markings ('Ped.') are indicated throughout the piece. The second system in the middle continues the musical composition with similar notation. The third system on the right concludes the piece with final notes and a double bar line.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 4.

"PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's marriage. A spoiled beauty, to whom admiration had been daily food, and now about to make what the world called a brilliant match, she could not resist the temptation to triumph over her elder sister, who, though not wanting in personal charms, was still unmarried.

"Only to think, Ellen," she said, "I am more than two years younger than you, and yet am married first. You must make haste."

Ellen smiled. "I am in no hurry," she answered. "When the right one comes along, it will be time enough." She did not add that she might have had Isabel's intended, if she had showed him encouragement at first; for this was a secret she religiously kept from her sister. You know the old proverb, sis, 'Patient waiting no loss.' I don't want to marry until I love; and perhaps I shall never do that."

"You're too particular," said the bride, with a toss of the head. "You expect impossibilities. 'You'll go through the wood, and have to cut a crooked stick at last.'"

"I shall never do that," replied Ellen, firmly. "I'd rather have no stick at all," she added, a moment after, laughingly.

Two years subsequently there was another bridal group in the same mansion. This time the *fiancée* was Ellen's next youngest sister. She also had secured what the world considered a prize; that is she was about to marry wealth, position and—a fool.

"My child," said the mother, who was present, addressing Ellen, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked on the bride, "you at least are left to me."

Ellen pressed her parent's hand in silence. Both shared the same forebodings as to the future happiness of the bride. Isabel's brilliant match had been a failure, for her husband had turned out dissipated; and though she had everything which riches could supply, she

carried an aching heart. The mother feared that a similar fate impended over this other daughter; but May had been wilful; and the father, who considered wealth all in all, had taken her side.

"Oh!" cried the bride, "Ellen will be the old maid of the family. Nobody but a prince in disguise will suit her ladyship; and as princes are scarce in this country, she'll have to stay unmarried." She spoke with a slight touch of bitterness, for she remembered her sister's expostulations, when she had begun to favor her intended husband's suit.

No evidence of emotion appeared on Ellen's face, though she was deeply hurt. She answered mildly,

"A prince is the last person I should marry. But you know, May, I am less beautiful than you; and we plain spinsters," and she smiled, "cannot pick and choose like belles. But they say everybody has a mate, and sometime, I suppose, mine will come along. 'Patient waiting,' you know, is 'no loss.' I am in no hurry to marry, however, and leave dear mamma." And she twined her arms around her parent's neck.

Three years more elapsed. Again there was a bride in that household. But still it was not Ellen. Her youngest sister, the loveliest of all, and hardly seventeen, was the one.

"Look at us, ma," said the thoughtless child, as she caught sight of her sister's face and her own in the glass. "I declare Ellen looks old enough to be my mother. You'll soon be putting on caps, sis," continued the gay, pert thing, "for you'll never marry, that I'll answer for: and Harry says so too."

It seemed Ellen's fate to have mortifying things said to her, by her younger sisters, when they were on the eve of marriage. But she remembered how giddy and young Lillian was; and she replied kindly,

"It's quite probable I shall never marry, dear.

But let me fix that flower differently in your hair. I think Harry will pronounce you lovelier than ever to-night."

"I'm glad you've made up your mind that you'll be an old maid," answered Lillian, as she bent her head to have the flower arranged. "Harry says it's such a pity, when a girl wants to get married, and can't; that every one, old like you, ought to convince herself she'll never have a beau; for she'll be all the happier. But this don't look much like fulfilling your favorite proverb," she said, looking archly at Ellen, "that 'Patient waiting is no loss.' Ah! sis."

"I hold to my proverb yet," replied Ellen, unmoved by this repetition of Henry's remarks. "Unless I could marry suitably, marry one I could reverence and love, it would be better that I should not marry at all. 'Patient waiting is still no loss.' The loss would be, by not waiting, to involve myself in an ill-assorted union."

"Dear me, you frighten me. One would think

getting married was a terrible thing," answered the volatile girl. "Harry says you have often a face like a funeral; and I'm sure you look that way now."

Another two years had passed. This time it was Ellen that was the bride. At last she had found one worthy of her, a noble, gifted, true-hearted man, who had recognized her many great qualities by intuition, and had wooed and won her, though not without difficulty. Her sisters were all present at the wedding, and all looked older than she, even Lillian; for none had made happy marriages, and care and disappointment were wearing them out.

Each of the three thought of what she had said to Ellen, and each wished that she had been less governed by the common weakness of her sex, to secure an early settlement in life. "Ah!" said each to her own heart, "Ellen was right. In 'patient waiting there is no loss,' especially in marrying."

SONG—SHE IS SLEEPING YET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

SHE is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—

By the castle waves the linden tree,
While the night-winds moan, and the rose is wet
With dew that is falling silently—
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,
And fair as that rose she seems to be.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—

Above her the stars shine brilliantly,
And the moon rides on where the sun has set,
And looks on the sleeper peacefully—
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,
By the water-fall and linden tree.

SHE is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—

By the castle waves the linden tree,
Where the nightingale now his mate has met,
And his am'rous song trills merrily—
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,
And no sound disturbs the harmony.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—

By the castle waves the linden tree,
Where, lonely, I sit and watch with regret,
And wish on its boughs a leaf to be—
Then o'er her I'd wave till the stars were set,
And fill her dreams with Heaven and me.

TO ———.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A PROTEAN creature, wayward as the shower
Of fountain twinkling in the still moon-shine:
But docile yet, and glorious with the dower
Of feeling, sympathy, of impulse fine,
A heart to love till death, all things divine
That make us worship woman. How in thee
Two differing natures meet! Thou could'st beguile

A Summer life with many a sportive wile
Idle as shepherd maids in Arcady.
Or, if affection summoned to it, share
A life of sorrow, braving down despair
With heart as bold as Odion's when he stood
Across the unknown sea—oh! ever fair
And perfect type of earnest womanhood.

MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I WAS just sixteen, and was spending the summer at my uncle Jack's, in Summerville, the most beautiful of all Connecticut's beautiful villages. The beau of the place was Phil Darrah. Not that Phil was by any means the only eligible young man in Summerville; but he had a had fortune left him by a maiden aunt; and he was intelligent; and good-looking; and fastidious; and asserted his superiority in such an indisputable way, that everybody yielded as a matter of course.

The first time that I saw him was at church on the Sunday after my arrival. The good, droning old clergyman was reading the first lesson, and the monotonous tone, combined with the wafting of fans, and the warm summer air, had lulled me into a dreamy state most unusual; and I sat and watched the waving boughs through the open window, and thought how much more gloriously their green-leaved tongues talked of heaven, than I feared the paper-leaved sermon on the pulpit would do.

Sydney Smith has said, that "a sparrow fluttering about the church, is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome." This was verified in the case of good Mr. Clarke on this day, for in the midst of the Sabbath stillness there was a slow, measured tread down the carpeted aisle, and the bonnets of white, pink, or blue which had been resolutely turned toward the pulpit, suddenly presented fronts to the aisle, and cheeks dimpled, and eyes lighted as they rested on the handsome young fellow who leisurely sauntered down to the pew in front of the chancel.

"So endeth the first lesson," said the minister, as the intruder took his seat. I telegraphed to my pretty little brown-eyed cousin to inquire his name, but she demurely smiled and turned over the leaves of her prayer book to the *Te deum laudamus*.

Now my uncle Jack never missed anything that was going on in church, asleep or awake. I have seen him kneel down in his pew, and make all the responses as correctly as the clergyman, and indulge in a comfortable nap at the same time. So seeing my telegraphic despatch to Jenny, he whispered to me,

"It's of no use, Carry, you are not rich enough

for Phil Darrah. But take care, for he's a dreadful flirt."

"Diamond cut diamond," retorted I, as the congregation arose, and I saw that the individual in question was gazing earnestly at our pew.

I endeavored in vain after this, to fix my thoughts earnestly on the beautiful church service. The green leaves, and the blue sky, and the soft summer air, had no longer power to woo my thoughts to the green pastures and the still waters of the celestial home. I was curiously speculating upon the character of the Adonis in the front pew.

Church was out, and we were sauntering leisurely along under the green arcades which shaded every street in Summerville, when Jenny whispered,

"Here he comes, Carry," and she had scarcely finished ere "he" was at her side, and I was introduced to Philip Darrah.

How pleasantly the weeks glided by, that beautiful summer time. Oh! the drives, and the sails, and the picnics, and the fruit parties. And always by my side was that tall, handsome Phil Darrah, with his grey eyes and curling hair, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of manner that kept my heart in a perpetual flutter.

I say "always," but sometimes as I sat by the parlor window of an evening, I would see him go in at Mr. Loomis' on the opposite corner: and Mr. Loomis' disagreeable niece, with her sixty thousand dollars, who was then on a visit to her uncle, would play and sing for him till I vowed I would never touch an ivory key again.

"It won't do, Carry," said my uncle Jack, after one of these evenings, "she sung, 'Am I Not Fondly Thine Own,' last night, and to-day I saw Darrah's coachman leave a magnificent bouquet there."

"Handsome than this?" said I, rushing into the parlor, and bringing out a vase of superb hot-house flowers in my hand.

"Why, no, I don't know that it was," replied uncle Jack, slowly. "So there are 'two strings to your *beau*,' are they?" and he laughed at his own pun.

"But, Carry, she's rich, child."

"So am I."

"You!" and uncle Jack threw himself back in

his chair and laughed immoderately, "why you little sinner, you've hardly money enough to keep you from starving."

I walked to the mirror and surveyed myself complacently.

"Yes, sir," said I, turning around to my astonished uncle, "I am rich in good looks, (I was thought handsome) and she's such a skinny little thing, that it always puts one in mind of 'the dry bones, rattling.' Then I am rich, sir, in my youth, and hope, and health, and elastic spirits. Oh, I am far richer, uncle Jack; *she* can't buy one of these."

"But Phil Darrah may not value all these as highly as you do, Cad. Sixty thousand dollars with his own fortune is no trifle, child."

"Then he's not worth all my riches," said I, contemptuously; but I think now that I must have replaced the vase on the bouquet table with a little temper, for the water flew over my hands and a *souvenir* rose fell to pieces.

But for a week after this, in all our amusements, Philip Darrah was by my side. Adaline Loomis ogled and dressed and sung in vain. All her invitations to "Come rest in this bosom" he virtuously resisted, and I began to think that my riches were of the better kind.

The demonstrations on the gentleman's part were growing more marked.

Night after night, I would be awakened by the softest music under my window, and morning after morning a gorgeous bouquet graced my table.

Sometimes the serenade would be given by half a dozen young men, with whom Phil was intimate, who performed on as many different instruments, and all of whom sung well; but I noticed that if our last conversation had had at all of a serious or sentimental turn, that my serenade was always of the softest, love-inspiring flute solo, or an exquisite song with a guitar accompaniment. Occasionally too, instead of the compact pyramided bouquet, there would be left at the hall-door for me, a few white and blush rose-buds, half buried in heliotrope and mignonne.

What impressible girl of sixteen could withstand all this? I sighed profoundly when the solitary serenader took a last look at my window and departed; and always carried the unpretending rose-buds and heliotrope up to my chamber.

I was entirely satisfied with the state of affairs. Of all things that Philip Darrah excelled in, and they were many, he excelled in nothing so much as horseman-hip.

I have many a time watched him as far as I

could see him down the street, as he passed by on brown Tom, his fine figure having nothing of the rigidity of the awkward equestrian; but seemingly moved by the same impulse as the horse, he accommodated himself with the most flexible grace to its every motion. The beast seemed proud of being managed by such a master. I have almost clapped my hands when I have seen him go prancing by, with eyes flashing, neck arched, and nostrils snorting, and have been quite as ready to resign my heart to the horse as to the man.

"Miss Carry," said Phil, entering my uncle's parlor one evening, "we are going to make up an equestrian party for the day after to-morrow, and you *must* go. We shall start a little after daylight, take breakfast at old mother Jones', at Silver Spring, and return before the day gets worn."

"But I was never on a horse in my life, Mr. Darrah. I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Why you are the most courageous lady in our sailing parties. You are not afraid."

"Not at all afraid, but I should be frightfully awkward, and I do not care to risk my reputation."

"You could not be awkward," was the reply, in a low voice, and a tone that sent the blood dancing around my heart.

This last sentence determined me. I would not run the gauntlet of comparison with Addy Loomis, who, I knew was to be of the party, and who was an accomplished horsewoman.

But the next evening, Phil came again to resume his persuasions. I felt that I could not get off, without being rude, and in truth, I had some curiosity to know what a ride on horseback was like. At last I consented to go, and Mr. Darrah went out to engage a horse for me, and send me down a habit and hat which belonged to a married sister.

I slept but little that night. There was a certain *empressement* in my admirer's manner, when he took my hand at parting, which made me feel that it required only a favorable opportunity for me to be invited to be Mrs. Philip Darrah.

I felt some anxiety too, as to the becomingness of my habit and hat. I was up by the peep of day that I might practise gathering up my skirt gracefully.

The lady to whom the dress belonged, was unfortunately as slender as a bean-pole, whilst I considered myself proportioned more after the fashion of the Venus de Medici. I pulled and tugged at the hooks and eyes till my finger bones were almost broken. I went to the bed and woke my cousin, who declared she would

not get up at that hour of the day, to go on such a party, for the best horse in Christendom.

"Jenny," said I, in despair, "it will require a windlass to bring this body together. Do get up and help me."

Jenny rubbed her eyes, got out of bed good-naturedly, and then sat down and laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, Jenny!" I exclaimed, dolefully, "do stop and help me. It won't meet by a quarter of a yard."

"Put a piece of black cloth underneath, and then fasten a hook here and there if you can," she at length suggested.

So it was arranged, more to the satisfaction of the eye than to the comfort of my person, for I felt as if I was in a vice. But my black plumed hat was becoming, and I tried to make the best of it.

At last I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and saw the party stop at Mr. Loomis' for Addy. I felt some misgivings at the moment, but when I saw her put her foot in Phil Darrab's hand, and spring like a bird to her horse, the whole thing seemed so easy that I was reassured. She settled herself in her saddle, and gathered up her reins with all the calmness of a thorough horsewoman.

The party then came across for me. There were four or five ladies, all of whom were accustomed to riding. I descended, and opened the hall-door just as Phil mounted the steps.

The first thing I did, was to get my feet so entangled in the skirt of my dress, in spite of my practise, that I was precipitated into Mr. Darrab's arms. It might have been in a worse place, to be sure, but still it was awkward.

Addy Loomis sat and toyed with her whip, and watched me maliciously.

"Place your left foot on my hand, Miss Carry, if you please," said Phil, who saw that I did not know how to proceed when I got to the horse.

I did as directed, with both hands hanging by my side.

"Take the snaffle in your right hand, and then grasp the pommel," said my instructor.

I did not know the snaffle from the martingal.

Phil dropped my foot, placed the rein in my hand, (I thought it took him longer to do it than was absolutely necessary) and showed me how to take hold of the pommel.

"I am dreadfully awkward," said I, my face burning, and feeling ten times more nervous, when I saw the smile on Addy Loomis' countenance.

"Not at all awkward," was the reply, "you will do famously when you are once on. You must permit me to give you some lessons. Now spring, from your right foot."

I did spring, but somehow my joints doubled up like a carpenter's rule, and down I came, with my left foot still in Phil's hand, though I think he was standing some distance further off than when I first attempted to mount.

"Try again," said my instructor. "Let me take your foot with both my hands, then keep your left limb stiff, and I am sure we can manage it."

I did try again vigorously. I performed the rule action the second time, in spite of being told to keep my joints stiffened. I got half-way up the side of the horse, and clinging to the saddle, there I hung, like Mahomet's coffin. I think now, that I must have given the looker's on the benefit of some frog like motions with my lower limbs, for I know I worked them vigorously before I got to the saddle. When once there I seated myself triumphantly, pannier-fashion, with my face toward uncle Jack's front door, and my right ear on a line with my horse's head.

"Put your right limb over the pommel," was Phil's next order, with an annoyed look. His face was dreadfully flushed, too; no doubt with the effort of raising one hundred and twenty pounds, dead weight; and the faultless kid gloves very much split.

"Now take your rein in your left hand," proceeded Phil, as he gathered up the reins which I had dropped in my scrambling and gave them to me.

"The left hand!" exclaimed I, for I could argue if I could not ride horseback, "why that's preposterous. As if the right hand was not much stronger and more dexterous than the left."

"The left hand is the proper one, nevertheless," was the cool rejoinder of my companion, who was being vexed at the ridiculous aspect of affairs.

"Well I'll try it, but if I do not like it I shall certainly use the other," said I, resolutely.

I happened to glance just then at my chamber window, and there was that vixen of a Jenny peeping through the blinds, and laughing till the tears ran down her face. She was gesticulating violently at the same time, and pointing to my boddice. I looked down, and found that in my efforts to mount, I had broken off nearly every hook which kept it together. To drop the reins and seize my dress by both hands, was the work of an instant. In the meantime, the rest of the party had started forward. My horse followed in a hard trot, in spite of my screaming out "ho, wo now, stop," and all the other phrases in the equine vocabulary. I instinctively grasped

my dress with my left hand, while I pulled on the reins with my right, till I jerked the curb so hard that the horse stood on his hind feet.

Just then Phil missed me, and looked around. There was an amused expression on his face as he caught sight of me in this comical position.

"Don't use your curb, Miss Carry," he said, "Old Nick isn't used to it."

"Old Nick!" I exclaimed.

I was in despair. He was known as one of the roughest, most obstinate beasts in Summer-ville. But I would not ask to go back. There was a spirit of endurance in me that would have made me a martyr in the days of the early church. So I bounded along, rising nearly a foot from the saddle at every step the horse took, till I felt as if flesh and bones were beaten to a jelly.

Sometimes my right hand, sometimes my left, sometimes both hands were employed to hold in my tormentor. He seemed to have a vicious desire to keep half a length ahead of every other horse of the party.

"If he would only canter it would be easier, but he won't," said Phil, coming to my side.

"I feel that," replied I, grasping at my bodice again. "It was very kind of you to procure me so fine a hackney," I continued, bitterly.

"I am very sorry; but you decided to go at so very late an hour, that every decent horse in the place was engaged."

All this was said with the comfortable feelings of a person who knew that he was riding splendidly, and looking supremely handsome. Brown Tom was in the best of spirits, and went along in a slow, stately gait, his mouth so light that the tension of rein did not make a crease in his master's glove. Phil's jockey cap was set jauntily on the top of his brown curls, and his velvet riding-coat was of the most unexceptionable fit.

What a contrast I presented! With what pins I could find, I had managed to stick one here and there in my bodice, between the bounces of Old Nick, but now it was requiring whichever hand I was not using, to keep my hat straight and the hair out of my eyes. The very hair that I had been so proud of, in its length and abundance, nearly drove me wild. At last down it came, and I went along bounce, bounce, thump, thump, till it enveloped me like the Lady Godiva's.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached Silver Spring. Never was a poor soul as glad of a respite from torture as I was. I attempted to jump from my horse, as I saw others do, but was so stiff and bruised that I pitched headlong, for

the second time that morning, into Phil Darrab's arms.

Mrs. Jones, who expected us, had breakfast ready, and after binding up my hair, I determined not to think of the return, but to enjoy myself as much as possible.

As for that Addy Loomis, she hopped around like a bird, pitying me, and talking of the delights of riding on horseback at the same time. Phil asked me to be helped to a second saucer of strawberries, but *insisted* upon *her* taking more. I felt that my kingdom had departed.

How I dreaded the return home only the uninitiated victim of a hard trotting horse can tell. When once seated, I thought I should never be able to move again.

I did not trust to my skill in mounting from Phil's hand this time, but got on Old Nick's back in the good old orthodox fashion,—from a chair.

My return commenced with the old bounce, bounce, enlivened occasionally with a flap of the arms, very much like that of the wings of a rooster before he crows.

At last I got out of all patience, and taking the whip, which I had hung on the crutch of the saddle, not knowing how to hold it and my horse too, I gave Old Nick half a dozen cuts, as hard as my strength and temper would let me lay on.

The beast gave a spring, put his head down between his fore legs, I thought, and was off.

I was charmed with the experiment; the gait was so easy; and shouted back in my triumphant delight to those I had left. I never looked around, but I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind me for awhile, and then I pleased myself with the idea that I had distanced them all.

On and on, went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging.

Women and children rushed out of cottages at our approach, and the men working in the fields threw down their implements, and hurried to the road-side. But what cared Old Nick and I for their admiration? How we gloried in our wild-huntsman gallop, and how stirringly the fresh morning air whizzed through our ears. I took no heed of the way, for I philosophically concluded that my horse knew it better than myself, and on we went.

At last I noticed that we had left the high road, and turned up a narrow lane. I had not time to wonder at our whereabouts, when, in the midst of his full career, Old Nick stopped, with his head over a fence.

He nearly had me over it too. The shock was awful, and I found myself entirely off the saddle,

on the top of the pommel, with both arms around the horse's neck. After the first moment of bewilderment was over, I cautiously made my way back to the seat of the saddle.

Then came the tug of war with the beast. Take his head from over the fence, or his eyes off that green field, he would not.

My ride had given me courage. I pulled and whipped, and coaxed, all to no purpose. The horse was as immovable, and as deaf to my tones of endearment, as the bronze one in the equestrian statue of Washington.

Presently a prolonged "whinney" and a frightful shaking of the animal's whole body, nearly startled me from my seat. I looked across the field, and answering the salutation, there came a great black beast, full tilt, tail and mane flying, as he made his way toward us. I expected every moment that Nick would attempt to take the fence to meet him, but the imperturbable old fellow only gave a slight grunt of satisfaction. Then they put their heads together, and appeared to hold a long communication by means of some kind of equine magnetic telegraph.

I pulled and whipped and coaxed away again, all to no purpose. I did not know then, what I afterward discovered, that Old Nick had vivid recollections of having passed all the spring in that same green field with his ugly black companion.

I would not give up, but I was beginning to tire of this "masterly inactivity," when to my great relief, I saw Phil Darrah and some of the gentlemen coming rapidly down the lane.

"Thank heaven! you are not dashed to pieces," was the first exclamation I heard.

I looked around triumphantly, and said,

"Oh, I have had a delightful ride. How much better Old Nick's canter is, (you call it a canter, don't you?) how much easier it is than that horrid trot."

"He never cantered a step in his life. He was running away with you," said Phil, evidently out of all patience.

"Was he? well, I didn't know it. I wish he would always run away with me then," was my cool rejoinder.

By this time the ladies of the party came up. Each had to tell how frightened she was, and Addy Loomis declared she had nearly fainted. From joy, I suppose.

The ugly customer in the field was whipped away, and Old Nick tugged at till he condescended to turn his head toward his oats. We walked the rest of the way home peaceably.

I dismounted at the door, and went up to my bed, where I lay three days unable to move without a groan, from the pain, and without the power to raise my hands to my head.

I missed the most splendid picnic of the season, up at the "Pond of White Lilies," and where Phil proposed to Addy Loomis.

I returned home in the fall, and immediately took riding lessons of the best teacher I could find. I can sit a horse now like Kiss' Amazon, but I shall never forget that I was not only nearly beaten to a jelly, but lost Phil Darrah by that "FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE."

THE DREAMER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

A low, rude hut near a winding rill,
Half-hidden from sight by a rough, steep hill,
And a tall elm-tree that swayed o'er the eaves,
Aloofly waving its dark green leaves.

The good dame moved from day to day,
Doing her duties the same old way;
And while she sat in the door and spun
Her lego would lie in the glinting sun,
With eyes half-shut, and a thoughtful brow,
Waiting his father to hold the plow:
And the good old pair at night would say,
"Diego had idled his time away."

So," said the dame, "why sit you all day
Wasting your head in that thoughtful way,
Talking strange talk for a little boy?
Why heed you never your New-Year toy?

Go roll your hoop, or bound your ball,
Go train the wild vines upon the wall,
Or help me churn or milk the cow,
'Twill start a flush on your sickly brow;
"Oho," she sighed, with a tearful look,
"Our Ned ne'er spent his time o'er a book,
Or dreamt by the brook that babbled by;"
She covered her face and began to cry.

"Mother," he said, his eyes were a gleam,
"I never can plant, or drive the team,
Or busy myself in childish play,
My soul is afar in the world away;
There are things I would know, and things I would
see,
The great ones in thought are linked to me;
I have dreams all night, and dreams all day,
I am useless here, I must go away."

He wandered afar one sunny morn,
When the reapers were out among the corn,
The dame was spinning; and threads of care
Ran with the flax and silvered her hair.

A brilliant life and a swift decay
Attended the steps of his winding way;
A meteor glare that lured him high
Dropped him to earth from a glowing sky;
He was weary once more, and longed to rest
In his father's hut, on his mother's breast;
He wished no more of the world to see,
He would dream again 'neath the old elm-tree.

He came one morn; men were raking hay,
(The birds they piped a roundelay)

They leaned on their rakes and lifted their hair,
And told him a tale of the aged pair;
"Two sons they had some years before—
"Twere well," they said, "they had no more—
They were but a blight to their humble love,
One faded from earth, and one would rove;
His name was high, and his praises fair,
But his humble parents were ne'er his care;
They were quietly laid to sleep hard by,
'Twas a gift to the world that all could die."

He turned, and sought the brown elm's shade;
There, dead beneath it, they found him laid,
For at night the reapers passed that way—
But Diego had dreamed his life away.

OCTOBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

AUTUMN sits with eyelids red,
Weeping over beauties fled,
By the bier of Nature dead.

Touched has been her glad array,
Of commingled colors gay,
By the Frost-king on his way.

Sad, expressive is her eye,
As she breathes a mournful sigh,
On the cold winds passing by.

By October's chilling blast,
Moaning like a spirit past,
Yellow leaves around are cast.

Birds have gone on rainbow wing,
In a Southern clime to sing,
Where sweet flowers are blossoming.

As October's pale moonbeams
Fell last night upon the streams,
I met Angie in my dreams.

On her forehead passing fair,
Was a crown as angels wear,
Giving her a holy air.

Spotless was her robe and white,
As a fleecy cloud of night,
Wand'ring by the moon's soft light.

In her hand a harp she bore,
Angel-smiles her features wore,
Such as I ne'er saw before.

As she came in angel-guise,
Mirror'd in her soul-lit eyes,
Was the bliss of Paradise.

Soon that love-lost one divine,
Came and laid her hand in mine,
Whispered, "I am sister thine."

On my cheek a kiss she prest,
Told me of her peaceful rest,
In the mansions of the blest.

"Weep no more," she said "for me;
From the earth-shades I am free,
Angels bear me company."

Soon alas! my dream had flown,
And I felt more deeply lone,
In my silent room alone.

THINKING.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THE rain falls on thy grave to-day,
With low and sorrowing sound;
The willows heavy as with tears,
Bend lowly to thy mound;
And oh! I almost wish to rest
In the still grave with thee,
The soft earth on my bosom prest,
My spirit roving free.

But, sitting in my earthly chains,
I listen to the rain,
Whose spirit-whisper lulls my heart
From life's unrest and pain;
And thought a curious vision weaves,
Hopes, fancies, dreamings rare,
As rain-drops fall about the eaves,
To leave their music there.

PROPULSION: A FRAGMENT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

My frame is tortured with unrest, and I mock at my own sufferings as, I fancy, Satyrs mock and laugh at grief. I have no discipline! Thirty-two years of winter and summer have yielded me nothing but the shadows of cherished things, and I have utterly refused to school my desires or tone down my yearning. I shall do henceforward as heretofore, for I cannot be prudent—I cannot save myself. It is better to perish in boyhood than live for thirty-two years, gradually decaying with the wear of impulse. Better scream with hot rage, at times, than always to repress it. Yesterday I bit quite through my lip, with only a little thinking, and that screech, which made my neighbors tremble in their beds last night, came from me—respectable man that I am—as I agonized with stultified intensity. In the morning, when the cool breath of a thousand flowers touched my burning face, I said, “good day” to my fellows, and not one of them knew that the blandness of my voice was but the suppression of a wail.

It calms me to write! This sunset light struggling into my chamber, falls across my cold hand, and I am soothed, as though gratitude might be in me.

My brick from the palace of Sardanapalus, has fallen to the floor and crushed a skull which I bought from a phrenologist, for its moral. The man whose brain once filled it, may have died because he had a mighty thought that he could not articulate nor make available, and so with an earnest, madly earnest soul he pursued his darling chimera alone, by night and by day—spurning advice or beseechments, until even in the rewarding hour his life was a sham and a perversion, and so he gave it up. Ah! I have not been a true observer of things. Pain has supplanted thought; as sweet odors, enjoyed by an enthusiastic student of them, will surely one day pall upon the too well taught sense.

Why do I forever peep “behind the throne?” Is it that I may teach Claude or Henry how to make money and become wonderful, whilst at the very juncture when my own affairs need but the exertion of an instant to perfect them, I have looked away and sneered?

This story of my last few days is only one of seasons in which my life-time has been all

throbbing and ecstasy, with terrible ringings in the ears, and at far intervals a calm—not pure and peaceful, but without rest—a calm in which my heart has stood still—dead still, so that I have not breathed. Then balm and beauty, and ineffable sounds were borne into and about me as by a sigh, like the suspension of a floss-like and intangible dream—bewildered of gorgeous Persia, or perhaps clearly and searchingly chastened as if Diana in her white robes had blessed me.

There is cruel deviltry, and disorder, and doubt in him who *fails*, and still more we discern in the essayist who strives for no purpose *but* failure, a sorrow and a curse which has no name.

A young friend of mine is lately married. I am not married. When I say “friend of mine,” I mean that we shake hands and wish each other well—in short, that we are acquainted. He is pretty head-strong—quite slow of discernment, and sanguine. He wears a corn-color stock, and makes a good show in his buttoned gaiters and cinnamon waistcoat. But, oh! she is glorious! A true woman—of deep and tender sensibility, and a faculty for loving that constantly prompts her to sweet sayings, brimful of gentle images. Her eyes are large and prominent—almost they look strained sometimes—and one delicate vein which reaches over the white part, is now and then visible by its surcharge, as from emotion. When her hand has met mine, it has been soft and moist, and a subtle thrill goes through me at its touch. She is very fair—nearly too pale. I like to think of her most, as she looks, in the glow from crimson curtains. I do not love the woman and she does not love me. She is not brilliant, does not talk much, hardly ever sings; but I hear her repeat touching little verses now and then, and when she talks of flowers, it is because she knows them by their separate beauties, and loves them. What ails me I cannot divine! I often meet the gentleman at the post-office or in the wine-house, and occasionally we proceed toward his home. During these foolish visits I sometimes choke to see them so cheerful, and am an ass that I do not rush out and depart forever from their presence. It is queer! Latterly I doubt if they are both entirely happy.

Whilst I talked the other evening, in the moonlight which shone through the geranium branches at their window, a sudden pain struck through my breast, as I wondered if both were satisfied. The thought would not be dismissed, and presently—my imagination increasing her womanliness momentarily, and exhausting his shallowness—became too much for me, and I stifled and staggered out for air. Heaven! could he have ever struck her, that she looks so meekly at him?

Day-times I do not work, but I go and ask him to drink liquors with me at "The Hall," and I turn up my green glass mug as if I were drinking the last drop in it, so that I can look at his face through the distorting, thick bottom; it shows so pinched and out of shape. Aroused from an abstract mood, I reply to his tedious joke, which he intended me to smile affably at, with a little eldritch, hysteric-y shriek. He does not suspect me yet. I wish you could see the lady! Her skin is thin and white, and her hair (a braid of it is before me now) is very light and fine. She is a radiant woman!

One night we had wine—all of us, and I urged her to drink, and in the morning I cursed myself for an arrant wretch. That May morning—shall I outlive its mental tumult? Tears were in her eyes as she offered me violets, and listened. I took all the blame—all the disgrace—I fairly whined with strange and uncalled for agony as I went on, and just one moment before her astonishment and disgust would certainly have fallen upon me, her own unhappiness and womanly shame were in her mind, and she met me in my mouth with her scarlet lips. The kiss she gave

me—I understand it well, was partly prompted by pity, and partly by thankfulness toward, and trust in me. My mouth was dry and feverish, and my face scorched with excitement. Her cheek was pallid, and her lips gave cool, fragrant pressure unto mine.

I tag her husband around the city streets, into theatres, and kindred miserable places that I hate, and he talks to me flippantly about affairs that I forgot years ago. I detect myself calculating the number of days that he or I may live, and within this hour I threw away my silver-mounted pistol. Seven tall poplars stand like stern giants about their house, and when the wind blows at night they hiss at me with their leaves as I walk in the grim shadows. Oh! she is too good, too pure and full of sex, but alas! the old fatality, the urgency which pumps through my heart so rapidly, will not be restrained. This feeling, which I have said before, is not love, will accompany me until I die. Utterly hopeless it must be—a surge—a wildness. Those bright red lips will haunt me—her dear, kind, winning voice and graceful walk and way in everything she does, will crucify me each hour beyond my strength.

All this time I might be keeping a dry-goods store, or superintending a noisy mill, or amusing myself by striving after office. My life is dearer to me than ever before. I am passionate and full of energy, which will relax only when the vital force gives way, and coldness as of dead ashes smothers the faint fire that will sicker in my old worn-out heart. I am all wrong, and I alone will suffer.

A D E L A .

BY C. H. GARBER.

Flowers are springing where they laid her,
Flowers rich and rare;
He made them also, who made her
So surpassing fair:
On her breast her brown locks lay;
Those locks so brown—
As they trembled down
Her soft cheeks, how bright were they.

In the Summer shade I found her,
On a violet bed;
Birds and bees and blossoms 'round her,
Roses on her head.
And they laid her down to rest,
In the coffin there,

With her shining hair,
And a rose-bud on her breast.

And her friends in bitter sorrow
Wept they—stricken sore:
But an angel on the morrow,
Whispering at the door,
Said, "Weep, dear ones, now no more."
And the voice they knew,
And the angel too,
For Adela's face it wore,
Yes—the voice they knew,
And the angel too,
For Adela's face it wore.

KALADORA ANDROS;
OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY JOHN QUINCY TRUAX.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 168.

PART II.

THERE! Not only was her own ammunition wasted, but here was a sudden red-hot shot plump, as it were, into her very magazine. She could not have been more startled by a smart slap in the face. She fairly jumped; but charged it upon her metropolitan weak nerves, and Mr. Bemis' sudden look.

"Kaladora Andros," said she, meditatingly, "where have I seen it? Oh, I'll tell you. It was signed to a Bloomerist letter in the Home Journal a few weeks ago, was it not? *A nom de plume?*"

So she spoke, half jeeringly. But her heart beat like a trip-hammer; and, "How *could* he find out?" and "Can he *possibly* know?" if printed in capitals a foot long, would utterly fail to shadow forth the intensity of her aspirations after certainty. But his quiet manner reassured her, as he answered,

"Yes. Not Bloomerist, however, unless that means 'natural.' Indeed, the letter was so true that I wonder it was written, or published."

"Do you think so?" asked Flora, preparing to resume her weapons. "Then you read it with great interest, doubtless—especially the very lady-like advertisement at the end?"

"Why, yes; I was interested, to-be-sure; but not so much as others. But I only gave a Yankee answer to your question about my pre-occupation. I was looking at the faces, to see if I could fix upon any as belonging to the secret Kaladora—the 'Beautiful Gift.'"

This, thought Flora, if he can accomplish it, might plague me.

"You said you were not so much interested in it as others," said she. "Isn't there some delightful secret which you could tell me about it? There must be. Don't you know who wrote the answer?"

"No. Not both of them. I saw that there were two. And, by the way, I have been wondering, also, if Miss Kaladora has sent for the enclosure."

"But who wrote either of them?" asked Miss

Meriam, perhaps suffering her extreme curiosity to stretch her politeness a little.

"I promised not to tell," answered Mr. Bemis.

"How rude I was!" exclaimed the lady. "But I suppose I must take refuge under an excuse I like less than the fault."

"Curiosity? I think men have as much of it as women—perhaps more. I'm sure I don't see how the most feminine of women could feel a keener eagerness to discover anything, than I do to find out this lady. What a free mind she must have!"

"Free! to say, out of a safe secrecy, things which she dares not become responsible for? I don't apprehend that *that* is a very admirable freedom."

"I do not mean that she is so free from the expedient conventionalities of society as to be unsexed, but free and bold in thought," replied the young man. "I think she—or he—must be a noble person."

The two young people talked and promenaded together a long time; and became so rapidly acquainted that Mr. Bemis at last volunteered to give Miss Meriam all the information in his power about the answer to the newspaper letter.

"I promised," he said, "not to tell who *wrote* it, but no more. I may say, however, that the writer was a person of a very imaginative and sanguine temperament. And he had some visionary scheme for procuring an interview with his fair one at some public meeting, which he alluded to, I believe, in the last words of his epistle."

Perhaps, thought Flora, he *was* intending to declare himself in the midst of the audience, as I imagined.

"But," continued Mr. Bemis, "he was taken ill almost immediately afterward, and is now rusticated for his health, with a pale face, a shaved head, and a wig until the hair grows which the fever eradicated for him. He doesn't look much like a 'ladies man' now. But as to my 'astounding disclosures' about the letter—you promise most faithfully not to tell, do you, Miss Meriam?"

She did, most inviolably.

"I excogitated and dictated the answer, then, myself; to gratify my friend, and in fact myself too; for I was interested in the first letter. I did not write with my own hand, lest my staring manuscript should betray me. My amanuensis was not exactly pleased with my sentiments—there was not enough romance in them for him—for you must know that he aspires after Tennyson and Browning and Bailey and the rest; and wants to be a poet-soul."

"He is firing too low," said Miss Meriam. "He should aspire, not after poets, but poetry."

She spoke as if to herself. She was considering how, after all, she *had* seen the writer of the note, at the Tabernacle, on the evening of the lecture. There was good reason why the speaker had not, in that address, referred to the letters in the Home Journal. And she remembered the impassioned oratory of that evening; the noble presence of the man; his thoughtful, intellectual face; his eyes, full of deep, searching looks, and seeing so clearly; that he was seeking, too, after her whom he had within his reach—even holding his arm.

The veil of her disguise seemed too thin. She feared a discovery, with a painful fear. The danger that he should detect her by some nameless similarity of her spoken and written words, frightened her. Her purposes of attacking and confounding an enemy, all fled. She felt herself irresistibly put on the defensive—in the case of an inferior power, in a hostile land, whose only safety is in avoiding discovery. In spite of herself she could not escape a provoking trepidation, nor an embarrassing blush. In what a disagreeable position had her foolish forwardness placed her! Oh, that she had never committed to the bare publicity and common criticism of the thousand prying eyes which spy upon the newspapers, thoughts which should scarcely have been breathed or acknowledged to herself! Yet, again, what chance of discovery? Her secret, after all, was safe in her own bosom, and there it should remain. No casual acquaintance, with eyes of blue, or green, if you please, should read *her* soul!

All these thoughts chased through her mind, in rapid and tumultuous disorder. Her companion inquired whether she was indisposed, or discomforted by the heat of the room? Not at all. Would she have an ice or a glass of water? Nothing, she thanked him. She sat down, however, saying that she believed she was fatigued; and fell to watching the dancers. Two tall and graceful girls, sisters, were dancing a redowa, with an airy lightness and truth of step that

enchanted Flora's eye; for like many persons of musically sensitive temperament, she was most delicately and critically susceptible to the graces of timed motion. She watched intently the weaving circlings of the two beautiful dancers; and in gazing, and in listening to the full, sweet strains of the deliciously executed dance-music, she quite forgot her advertisement and her perplexity.

She was startled by a half-articulate exclamation from Mr. Bemis. But upon looking at him she saw with some surprise that he had buried his face in his hands, as if plunged in the profoundest meditation. He quickly sat erect however; looked intently upon his companion; and while his deep, blue eyes fairly flashed, and he blushed and all but laughed aloud in unrestrained delight, said in an eager, low tone,

"Are you not Kaladora Andros?"

Oh, shame! Oh, sudden revelation of disgraceful truth; feared before, yet not disgraceful until now, flashed so startlingly upon her conscious vision! Oh, fearful folly! to have undertaken to plague another with allusions to a fact, and to have that very fact sprung, as a shattering mine of reproach, beneath her very feet!

Shame, therefore, and sorrow, revolving into deep anger, rushed in a whirling, blinding flood over the maiden's soul. She spoke, however, promptly and wrathfully, through burning flushes that crimsoned her fair face into intolerable heat, and withholding, by desperate volition, the hot tears, that brimmed to her eyelids, from further overflow; looking not at him, but upon the floor at her feet; striving, but with a bitter consciousness of utter failure, to hide the real truth with which she had meant to annoy another, but which had recoiled, like an unfaithful weapon, to explode upon its careless owner.

"What business have you to ask me such an intolerably insolent question as that?"

She felt the heavy sofa tremble; and she felt that it was the trembling of his anger at her insulting words. He answered, however, with hardly a moment's delay, and without other sign of emotion than a sort of stiff steadiness of tone,

"I beg your pardon. But you will attract attention. I spoke without thought of displeasing you, or of anything except delight at my discovery——"

"Thank you, sir, for your hint about other people," she broke in. "I am strangely ill. Be kind enough to excuse me, if you please——"

He was gone. He sent the young hostess, however, to assist Miss Meriam, who left the room, and after a short delay, the house. So did

T. Bemis, Esq., after a long interval of very indistinct and unsatisfactory cogitation, and an abortive attempt or two at being entertaining.

Perhaps the circumstances were not sufficient to warrant the almost unfeminine distemperature of Flora Meriam. But that impulsive and petted young lady had hardly learned to keep a wish over night to see if it would live until morning. She had not, in fact, really thought that her communication would be even answered. And the only consideration which had justified her to herself in her bold little experiment, was the reflection that the secret of her conspiracy—one may conspire with one's self as well as talk with one's self, mayn't he?—was impenetrably her own, to be revealed at her option. And the screen was torn away, as it were, from her very inmost consciousness, and by the hand of a perfect stranger! And besides, she had not thought at all upon the possible results to herself of an actual discovery—for who would consider the effects of an impossible cause?—and so she was assaulted, not only by the knowledge of the actual robbery, as it might almost be called, of her secret, but by a sudden and overpowering sense of shameful publicity; for in the instantaneous rush of passion she could only feel that it must be and was *known*—no matter to whom or to how many—that she had advertised for men's acquaintance! No wonder, after all, that the poor little lady was almost frantic with vexation and anger.

Nor did she easily recover from her dissatisfaction; but grieved and fretted so much that even Mr. Meriam himself, from behind his Journal of Commerce, and from among his profound meditations upon "cornering," stocks, and shares, perceived it, and in his jocular way remarked, one morning, that he was worried at her losing her appetite.

"You are losing flesh, I believe, too. I declare I don't know but we must advertise for a husband for you, Flo; you'll be an old maid before you know it."

The old gentleman's chance hit "told" heavily; Flora blushed scarlet, first with fear, lest her father had heard of her foolish venture in newspapers, and then with anger, at him, herself, and things in general. For by this time she had fallen into that enviable and lovely frame of mind when any little displeasure, like a slight hurt in some unhealthy conditions of body, exasperates and spreads until it covers and disfigures everything near it. So she speedily arose and departed, quite unceremoniously, from the breakfast-room, into her own inaccessible realms; while Mr. Meriam went down town in

such deep doubt what his daughter's trouble might be, that he took the wrong stage, and landed at Grand Street Ferry, when he had meant to disembark under the tall spire of Trinity.

Flora remained invisible all day—this was nearly a week after the *eclaircissement* at the party—in unfathomable perturbation of mind.

In the evening came Mr. Bemis—an uninvited and perhaps an unwelcome guest. He sent up his name, and was ushered into the drawing-room, whither Miss Meriam entered after some delay. She greeted him right coldly, and remained standing, as much as to say, "Had you any business with me, sir?"

Bemis, who rose as she entered, also remained standing. He took from his pocket-book a note, which he laid upon the table, saying,

"I wished to restore you that."

Somewhat startled at the word "restore"—for when had she given or sent him a note?—she picked it up and examined it. It was her note to the Home Journal, requesting the editor to send her the enclosure in the answer to her first letter. He continued,

"Perhaps I ought to apologise for so flimsy an excuse. On the whole, I will tell the truth. I desired to see you again. So while I was trying to contrive a decent reason, it occurred to me that I might find something in your handwriting at the Journal office, and restore it to you. Your articles, I find were written in a disguised hand; but in the haste of writing this note, you forgot that precaution."

She quickly examined it. It was true.

"So I have brought it back. There is a possibility, I suppose, that it might have been so used as to discover you; though hardly even that. Perhaps I might have mailed it. But, as I said, I wanted to see you again. Now that I am here, may I also excuse myself for having displeased you the other evening?"

She answered, rather unsteadily, "Yes, sir, if you wish. I suppose I ought not to refuse you."

He went on.

"I would not have spoken, if I had considered. But I was hurried away in the keen delight of my discovery. For I was never made so happy—for a few moments—in my life. As I said, it was wholly unpremeditated in me; and you will believe, I hope, that I would have suffered much, rather than to speak, if I could have dreamed of giving pain."

She bowed, silently. He looked dissatisfied, but spoke again.

"I was never so impertinent as to consider the letter which I answered anything more than

a literary experiment. What I said myself in the answer was true. I answered the sentiments, nothing more. And besides; I have reflected that you might perhaps feel unsafe in knowing that I had found you out. That, I suppose, I cannot help. I might assure you that I have not communicated with any one on the subject, and shall not. But if I would do so, I would also lie about it, if necessary, so that must be left as it is. I presume I have a right to admire you, if I choose. I do not claim anything more. There is nothing more, I believe, except that I wish and hope you will not remain angry with me. Shall you?"

She answered, with a calmness somewhat elaborate, "Perhaps I ought not to. I shall not blame you, sir. Indeed, I shall blame nobody but myself."

And she bowed, in rather a stately way, as if to say that there had been time enough wasted on his matters.

Mr. Bemis stood still, as if in a dream. It was evident that he ought to say "Good evening, Miss Meriam," and march off. But something held him. He looked down; shifted from one foot to the other; appeared embarrassed enough.

"Was there anything further, sir?" asked Flora, icily.

Bemis, with suddenly flushed features, answered,

"No, ma'am. Good evening—good-bye, I mean, Miss Meriam."

"Good evening, sir;" and another yet stater-like bow.

He turned and departed. She looked after him, stepped two steps forward, rested by a chair, and said,

"Mr. Bemis——"

He returned.

"I believe," she said, with a faint smile, "that I am acting rather foolishly. There can be nobody to blame in this matter besides myself. Please excuse me, for being so silly and angry. But I could not help it. I shall not practice advertising any more. But I have been very rude to you; both the other evening, and here. And now, if you will overlook my fault, and please to sit down for a little while, I shall be very glad; I shall think you do not cherish an enmity toward me. And I will be as agreeable as I can."

It would not have been well to be implacable. Those who repent should be forgiven. So he staid.

It was a few months later Bemis entered the parlor, one Friday evening, with a sorrowful and jaded look.

Miss Flora had been rummaging over a vast pile of songs; singing a scrap here and there, and substituting her own guitar accompaniment for that which the musician had furnished. When he greeted her, she shoved the music into a promiscuous heap, and arose to meet him, holding out her hand. He barely touched it, and let it go. She regarded him with surprise; and noticing his weary and sad demeanor, inquired what had gone wrong; or if he were ill.

"Yes," said he, "I am, I believe. But what a vast chaos of dishevelled music you have there; shall I help you arrange it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he seized a low ottoman, dragged it to the table where the music was lying, set a chair close by for Miss Meriam, and proceeded hurriedly to select and sort the sheets, Flora observing him carefully.

"On what principle do you operate?" she asked, gravely, after some time; seeing that he had placed two "Ethiopian melodies" upside down, along with Schubert's "Serenade;" in one pile, a Scotch ballad, an Italian bravura, and a comic duett in another, and was leaving separate two disjointed sheets of a boat-song.

He blushed. "On the great chaotic primeval principle of opposition, I believe," he said, and threw the music hastily together. "Never mind," he continued, turning quickly to her. "It's no interest of mine. But I am very weary indeed, and cross and stupid, Miss Meriam. I should not have exhibited myself to you in such case, but that I could not resist the temptation to come once more."

She started. He went on.

"I have been in a terrible hurry all the week; for my business at school has been very heavy. I have played viceroy to our principal; and no one who has not tried it can dream of the exhausting drafts upon one's energies, mental and physical, which must be met in the supervision and government of fourteen hundred city children. Besides—and that is what I thought it would be hardly civil not to tell you—I leave the city to-morrow."

"Leave the city?" said Flora. "Why? I thought you told me that you had definite engagements which would keep you here all the winter."

"I am excused from them. I have concluded that I can do better. I have received a good offer of employment in assisting the school superintendent of Michigan; and am to set out to-morrow to make a month's experiment with him."

Flora seemed not exactly to understand him.

She meditated; but at last said, absently, and as if her thoughts were elsewhere,

"I suppose you anticipate much pleasure in leaving the city, and getting out into the free West?"

"Yes—I suppose so. What is there here, that I should be glad to stay?"

"I could tell you reasons," answered she, hastily; but then stopped short, and blushed to the forehead. Then, as if anxious to turn the conversation to another subject, she added, abruptly,

"You are otherwise ill, I suspect, than from mere fatigue. You have had an attack of sickness, have you not?"

"No," he answered, "I have had no attack of sickness. The whole truth is that I must go away. I have been fighting, for weeks, against my wishes; and it is that wild warfare, along with my hard work, which is wearing me down so that I must flee away. I suppose that when I am out of reach of the things that vex me, I shall escape their power."

"I don't know," said Miss Meriam, rather absently and sadly. "And now you are going away; and I shall——" she did not finish her sentence; but looked down, and was silent.

Bemis gazed upon her earnestly; moved his lips to speak, once, twice; at last addressed her, apparently as if fulfilling some sudden resolution,

"Miss Meriam, if you will tell me to stay, I will stay."

She said nothing, but seemed trying to repress some strong feeling—whether of anger or grief, was not clear. Bemis, however, after a moment's pause, arose, and spoke again with an excited but sad manner, like one who has gone too far in a hopeless task to stop, but must now finish, though to no purpose.

"I had not meant to say anything like that. But I am not so strong as I thought; and I seem to be helpless in it. However, it can do no more harm to speak plainly than to speak dimly; so I will finish. I love you, with all my heart and soul. I wish you were as poor as I. But as it is I shall be wise to leave you. Now we have, each of us, a secret to keep for the other. Be as faithful with mine as I have been with yours; and—good-bye."

Flora, who had been looking down, raised her eyes and looked at Bemis, half-sad and half-smiling. Then she said, holding out her hand,

"If you *will* go, good-bye; but I wish you would stay."

"Do you really ask it of me, Miss Meriam?" said he.

She looked at him for a moment, as if to speak; but the red blood rushed in another flood over her face, and she looked away again in silence.

Bemis stood, irresolute and sad. But when he saw a single tear upon her cheek, he could not hesitate. He knelt on the low stool by her side.

"Miss Meriam," said he, softly, "I am breaking many promises made to myself: but let them go. I love you, as I said. And so, if I stay, you must give me leave to love you. May I?"

She did not say "yes," but—she did not say "no."

"Tell me, Flora," said he—"tell me; and promise also to love me."

And unforbidden, he put his arm around her and held her in his embrace. Her head rested on his breast. Suddenly she raised it; lifted herself from him; rested her two hands on his shoulders, and smiling again, yet with tears just springing, she said, "Thomas, I love you."

He bent over her and kissed her, on forehead, cheeks, and lips; and her tears departed. She rested her head upon his neck again, and said,

"You won't go West, now?"

"No, Flora, unless you command it."

"Oh, Tom," said she—"oh, Tom—I wish you had a prettier name—it's impossible to speak affectionately such a name as that?"

"Well, sweet, yours is pretty enough to make up for both. Or, I'll accept the extra affection in other forms, instead. A kiss, for instance, every time you speak to me, would do better, in my humble opinion, than a nickname."

"Pshaw! If you speak so lightly about it, you shall have neither kiss nor affection. But I want to ask you one question. You remember when you charged me so suddenly with being Kaladora Andros?"

"Yes."

"How did you find it out?"

"The beginning of my discovery was an occasional expression that flitted across your face, on the evening of my meeting you first, which I thought I had seen before. Then, all at once, when we sat watching the dancers, it flashed across my mind that I had seen you, with hood and cloak, in the front seat of the gallery of the Tabernacle, at my lecture. And lastly, as soon as I remembered that, I also remembered your two hints; one, that you had come to the lecture by special invitation, and the other, that you were curious in autographs. I saw something queer in your look when you mentioned the invitation; but I did not combine it with the other circumstances, until the dancing. And

then, too, I remembered your slightly disappointed look at my signature. So all the notions fitted together. A mischievous Kaladora would be very likely first to write and publish such a letter, then to answer so safe an invitation as one to a public lecture, and then to try to plague her inviter, if she could find him, with half hints at the truth. Then, likewise, I reflected how the drift and tone of many parts of your conversation corresponded with the letter which I had answered. I am telling you these things in succession, but they sprung up in my mind so suddenly, all together, and surprised and delighted me so much, that I spoke as you remember, without really having power to consider. And we both of us departed, I believe in wrath. What apology have you to offer for the sour remarks with which you left me?"

Flora wouldn't vouchsafe a word of apology. But she offered a very satisfactory atonement, nevertheless. What that was, is none of our business.

But after all, it is by no means expedient to advertise for a husband.

NOT A BEAUTY.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

Oh, dear! I'm not a beauty,
I hear it every day;
Mamma tells me of duty,
While Julia chants her lay;
But, Julia, she is pretty,
With face and form so fair,
That people coldly pass by me
To sing their incense there.

Well! here, Mina, I'm ugly,
Full well that fact I know,
For mirrors tell it daily,
Oh! I do hate them so;
And slights so cold and bitter
Each hour I undergo—
And cruel taunts I suffer,
For I'm no beauty—no!

If Julia smiles, 'tis pity
Calls forth that smile, I know;
And onward trips so blithely,
Uncaring for my woe;
Or ringlets light she tosses,
While scornful wreaths her lip,
And bright her dark eye flashes,
Then turns to—Lord de Trip.

On him she smiles so sweetly
It almost wakes my ire;
And this, my sister, scorns me,
My own eye flashes fire;
And then so sad and weary
I seek the moon's cold gleam,
More dear, it seems, than Julia,
Though she reigns Queen Supreme.

ALLIE FAY!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Like an angel she is seeming,
Meet to mingle with our dreaming,
In the twilight shadows stealing,
Now so softly, sweetly kneeling,
Down to pray!
With her ringlets brightly streaming,
From her ivory forehead gleaming,
On her snowy neck reclining,
Half cajoling, half-repining—
Allie Fay!

One could worship without sinning
Eyes like hers, so soft and winning!
Like diamonds in their glancing,
More bewitching and entrancing—
'Tis their way!

Her heart is constant in its loving,
Never, like her footsteps roving,
And her mien so sweet, impressing,
None can pass without caressing,
Allie Fay!

No faint smiles are doubt betraying,
As you listen to me saying,
In a cloud-isle tipped with gold
Did eyes of Allie first behold
Light of day!
And young and white-winged angels
Poured out their sweet evangel,
And came with their gentle singing,
Then to greet her life's beginning!
Allie Fay!

TRUE GREATNESS.

BY MARY L. LUCY.

THERE is a great deal said in books and in the busy world around us about greatness. Much rhetoric and useless panegyric is wasted on those whose names are written down in the catalogue of the world's heroes. In appreciating their value we are prone to forget our "every day martyrs"—those who are winning merited, but alas! unacknowledged laurels in the battle of life.

The common strife of existence enlists many a brave spirit in its ranks. Full many a high and noble deed is there achieved, of which the great multitude never hear. But when the trial is ended, God, who notes the conduct of all in this contest, will give to each a fitting reward. And for those who have fought well there is laid up a crown in heaven—a shining robe—a harp of gold. But to my story.

It was a glorious evening in early autumn, when, in our quiet little village of Somerset, the young moon saw a farewell scene—a parting full of all the sorrow a loving heart can know when the first, and perchance the last adieu is spoken. If one had been narrating the attractions of our pleasant valley home, sweet Annie Lincoln would not have been forgotten. The little white cottage, with its wealth of honeysuckle and roses, where Annie dwelt with her widowed mother, was known to all the villagers as the home of the fairest and best girl in the country round. Yet we loved her not for her beauty, but for her goodness of heart, and for the gentleness and kindness ever so potent to win and charm.

There was but one alloy to her cup of pleasure. Annie's mother was one of those persons who regard the gem of intellectual and moral worth as valueless, unless it be furnished with a golden setting. And so it was that when William Gray asked her to confide fair Annie to his keeping, he met with a coldly polite refusal. Through the daughter herself, however, the proud mother informed Mr. Gray, that as her only objection to him was in the fact that he was not rich, should the objection cease to exist within any reasonable period of time, they should receive her cordial blessing. It would have been as fruitless for the summer rain to seek to soften the adamant rock upon which it fell, as to

plead with Mrs. Lincoln when once her decree had gone forth, and so the lovers only sought some means by which William Gray might become a rich man. And this night, of which I am writing, he had come to bid her "good-bye," to seek in a land beyond the seas to gain the coveted treasure.

There were words of sweet encouragement and tenderness spoken in the white cottage that night. There were oft-repeated promises to write, and vows of constancy, mingled much with the talk which lovers only utter or understand.

A few tears on Annie's cheek, and so they parted. The one with a sinking heart to go back to the weary round of daily cares and joys. The other to pass out into the busy world, to enter into the mad strife for gain and pleasure—and perchance—that we should add it! forget that he was a rational creature. The one with a gentle hope, albeit pale fear was at her side, and only the sweet past to dream with all its wealth of bright, happy memories! The other with a bright future ever before him, a picture which the painter fancy had colored all too brightly! Ah! the Rembrandt shades of reality would come fast enough!

Time wore on. The days and weeks were woven into months, and the months were fast braiding into years. For a little space Annie Lincoln's life-sky was unclouded. At first the letters came—and they were all she hoped for, or even wished. They were full of sunshine to her lonely heart, and ever the burden of their song was, the return—the reunion!

But when a year had been gathered to the garner of the past, there came a change. The white-winged missives grew shorter, and finally cold. Then they ceased altogether. Silence! how often more eloquent art thou than the most passionate words.

The only hotel of our little village was in a decided state of commotion. A stranger, and as the village gossips asserted, a foreigner, had arrived. Curiosity was on the *qui vive* to know who he was; but in vain. He departed as he came, just as any one would have done, and all that could be ascertained was, that he had called on Annie Lincoln.

For a few weeks after the time, Annie was not seen by the villagers, and when she reappeared there was a look of sorrow stamped on her pale cheek, sad to mark in one so young and fair.

Through a friend who was passing through Somerset, had William Gray sent back to her all that was now left of her bright, brief dream of happiness. A packet of letters, a ring, her own picture, and a few brief, cold words, in which the writer told Annie that he was mistaken in supposing he had loved her. It was all over now; and with a shadow resting on her whole being, she turned back to the old round of daily duties. She had lavished on an unworthy object all the passionate devotion which a woman can give but once; and there was nothing left but her hope of heaven and her trust in God! Annie was what too many, who bear the name are not, a true woman. And so she consecrated her life to deeds of charity and kindness. She was dearer now to the good people of Somerset than she had ever been in the palmiest days of her prosperity. She led the sick, and the little child, to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus, to the fount of waters which never faileth. She taught the earth-worn heart to seek peace in that Saviour's love which had been unto her own soul a never-ceasing consolation. Well had she learned that the fragrance of the roses, we strew in the paths

of others, will breathe softly and gratefully over our own lives.

Five years! With all their burden of joy and woe, with their heart-written history of gladness or sorrow, five long years!

There came a stranger to our valley-home once more. And soon he wended his way, with eager, nervous haste, to the deep shadows of the church-yard. He knelt down by a fresh grave, whereon were strewed fresh blossoms, white and pure, meet emblems of the stilled heart which was beneath. He had little need to gaze on the simple words carved on that white head-stone, for they had been sculptured on his heart years before.

Words of sad reproach and wild, bitter sorrow, floated out on the still summer air. The hot tears rained down his face as he knelt there, where the blue-bells and the tall grass nodded over Annie's grave.

Forth from the gloomy cypress shade with a sadder, but a truer heart, went William Gray. Forth, once again, to struggle with the world, but now with a talisman in his heart, which should be as a light in his path. And when the stars are shining, and the plaintive voice of the night wind is heard, a voice whispers to him, "We shall meet again—not on earth, but in the Better Land."

C O R A .

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

BESIDE a vine-wreathed casement sat a maiden,
Than the first blush of early dawn more fair;
The wanton zephyrs, with sweet perfume laden,
Kissed the bright ripples of her golden hair,
And hid in sport among the clustering ringlets,
That o'er her marble shoulders floated low,
Breathing bright music, like the running streamlets,
Or floods of sunlight poured upon the snow.

With ivory, rose-tipped fingers she was twining
An incense-breathing wreath of pearly flowers,
That from beneath their dewy veils were shining
Like jewels gathered during moonlight showers.
And as the maiden, with an airy lightness,
Pressed from their lips the sense-enthralled bloom,
The happy flowerets trembled in their brightness
Like new-born stars escaped from evening's womb.

The lark was mounting to his sapphire palace
Upon a path of song, and, as he rose,
Like the bright drops from youth's joy-brimming
chalice,
The quivering notes gushed forth in liquid flows;

And, as the golden shower to earth descended,
The roguish morn reined in his steeds the while,
And ere the songster his sweet lay had ended,
He crowned him with the glory of his smile.

Then smiled the maiden, and her lips, half-parted,
A crimson portal lined with pearl revealed;
Through which her soul on silver wings had darted
To meet the champion on his azure field.
And in her voice bright tears of joy seemed trembling,
As through the ambient air it circling sped;
While unseen nymphs, from fairy lands assembling,
Scattered a thousand odors o'er her head.

Long raged the contest, till the lark, defeated,
Sought 'neath the flowers to hide his throbbing
breast;

While startled echo his sad strain repeated,
And bore in triumph to her rocky nest.
Then on the maiden's cheek the blushes brightened,
And on her brow the sunlight rested long,
Sporting among the flowers that looked up frightened,
Fit coronet to grace the QUEEN OF SONG.

JULIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

SOME half dozen years ago, when, as lately, our commercial world was standing still, with breath and pulse suspended and arms half-palsied; stood to reflect how blindly it had been rushing, and to look out safer paths for the future as well; the house of Edson & Gately went down, capital, credit and all. Gately whistled softly when he saw that all was over, and passed his hands across each other, as if he were brushing off the whole matter of trade; as if he were relieved in doing it. And so he was; for he had no ambition for wealth, of being looked up to on 'change. On the contrary, he hated it. If Fanny Edson could any way have loved him, he would have sought money for the sake of what it would do for her; for his and her home. As it was, the house and credit might go. And he would go whither his tastes and inclinations all pointed; away countryward, where the clear streams ran, and the birds sang on high, and the shining trouts leaped into the light, or frolicked in the shade. He would take his books with him and have a good time. He hadn't much money—only two hundred or thereabouts, when he had disposed of everything, except wardrobe, books, watch, and fishing-tackle. Out of this small sum he must purchase such a suit as Walton recommends. Only it should not be a quixotic plaid; but a staid forest-green. This was all he must have. And, for the rest, he would not need much money. He would put up at the farm-houses; and perhaps bring such braces of fish to their frying-pans, that nothing more would be required of him.

And God giving him strength, courage, and clearness of brain, he would be no mere idler as he went and angled; no mere loiterer through this life. Perhaps he would—write a poem. No one could say that things as strange as that had not been done. At any rate, all the lonely paths he trod, all the streams by which he sat and wandered, the early hours of morning, the late hours of night, should all witness that he studied, striving to prepare himself for a manly part in life.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, I can't, mother! It tears my finger-nails all to pieces," dropping the tips of her

delicately-shaped fingers on the palm of her other hand, and closely surveying them. "And makes my hands so grimmy, too! They don't get over it for a week when I strain apple through the colander."

"I'll do it then," sighed the mother, coming to the table where the girl stood. As she rolled back her sleeves with her eyes down on her work, the girl saw that a new expression of a new inward pain or misgiving settled between her soft eyes, about her gentle mouth. It smote her heart seeing this in so good a mother. She looked about for something to do that would be a ten-times greater help than straining the apple would have been, saying, "I'll do anything else, mother. Tell me something else that is ever so hard. I don't care how hard it is, if—if it don't make such work with my hands. What were you going to do?" The mother did not look up at the pleading voice; the grave expression did not leave its place between her eyes and about her mouth. She simply said, looking back toward the stove and then toward the sink full of milk-pans, kettles and baking-dishes, "I was going to wash the stove (the apple boiled over) and the dishes. But you don't like washing the stove and the kettles, I believe, any better than you do straining the apple."

"No; but then see if I don't do it," the girl said, under a momentary impulse of affection for her mother, and of self-reproach that she cared so much more for pleasing the untried lover of a few weeks, than the faithful, well-tried mother of so many years. "See if I don't have my hands in it up to my elbows," laughing, taking lively steps, and baring her round white arms almost to her shoulders. She made great splashes in the water, great clatter among the pans and kettles; made great ado about the little mishaps that came, or were near coming, interspersing all with the scraps she sang out of a half-merry, half-pathetic old Scotch song, that her aunt Esther taught her as she trotted her on her knees. So that her mother soon let her new gravity go; soon laughed as heartily as the girl did.

"Only you see I *have* spoiled my hands, mother," the latter said, spreading her hands as wide as she could before her mother's eyes, and screwing her pretty face out of its comeliness

of shape, as if she were on the point of crying. "I knew I should! They always look as red as fat Mrs. Tarbat's, if I put them into the dish-water, or into anything. I don't see what makes them! I'm more than half-provoked that I can't keep them looking better!"

Yes; the good mother knew all about the gathering impatience, even before the girl confessed it. It was in the fast changing tones, in the shade stealing upon the fair face. She felt as if it were cold iron pressing upon her heart what the impatience—so oft-recurring of late—demonstrated; as well as what it boded in the time to come.

Mrs. Langdon was no great reader, no great thinker; that is in a consecutive, philosophical way; but she had the ready tact, the ready instincts, the gentle, ready impulses, or whatever else we may call it, of a true, loving-hearted woman. She remembered having read in Miss Sedgwick "Home," or in some other of that lady's books, how one of her best characters said, one time, "We love everything to which we are kind," or something of this sort.

Now little six-months-old Franky, darling of the whole household, had been lying there in the cradle two hours. He had been awake more than a half-hour. Awhile after waking he lay contentedly, keeping his dimpled fingers at play before his eyes, watching them. Now he had had enough of that. Now his eyes were on mother wherever she moved; and, if they met hers, if she smiled, or spoke to him, what smiles of his caught up every little feature! how the cords strained and tugged to lift his head toward her!

"He's a darling!" said the mother, going on with her work. "He's sister Julia's darling; sister Julia's darling baby." The mother said this, trying the girl's heart; trying to bring it at least a little way from the gay, handsome man who was professedly her lover, to the beautiful, the pure baby-brother lifting his head, and beginning now to moan a little in his need of her. "Sister must take him up and talk to him till mother is ready, mustn't she?" The little fellow lifted his head with his might; kept it up in a way to show how strong the young sinews were; in smiles that dimpled his whole face first; then in intermingling smiles and tears; then as the head dropped back into the pillow, in low moaning, as if now he had given it up in thorough discouragement. "Poor baby!" said the mother, with tears in her eyes. For she pitied the pet of the household; and simply because he moaned and was discouraged; for she had seen this many a time herself, singing and talking cheerily with

him all the while; but because she saw it plainly, saw it more and more plainly every day, that of one of the household to whom, until lately, he had been, as it were, the very apple of her eye, he was the pet no longer.

Julia was at the little clock-mirror, winding the long, golden curls on her fingers, then laying them carefully back upon her graceful shoulder. She was earnest in her work. Her heart was in it; going back and forth, back and forth, between it and the village beyond the hilly copse of white pines and chesnuts, beyond the little river. For there was her handsome, *handsome* lover. Perhaps he was there. He boarded there at the Merrimack House. Perhaps he was there. Perhaps he was on the hill; (for he had told her that he often sat there hours thinking only of her) there where the trees were then; where, now that the sun was on the other side, they cast shadows so deep and beautiful within the copse, upon the moss-covered rocks, and down the gentle green slope toward her father's pastures, where the cows and sheep were that moment grazing; toward her father's fields, where the dark corn and the golden grain were that moment waving and gleaming in the bright sunlight and in the rich shade. The girl used to watch the flocks as they fed, dotting the swells and dingles; and was gratefully content to see how the cows rested, enjoying themselves in the shadows of the trees; how the lambs leaped and frolicked, looking airily down from the points of the highest rocks, until their dames were frightened and discouraged about them; were discouraged to downright hopelessness, when they saw that all their bleating and hurrying to see to them, only stimulated them to a more excessive merriment, to more venturesome experiments and antics upon the high rocks. She used to sit in the door an hour at a time, with a book, or with work in her hands, alternately sewing, or reading, and looking at the beautiful, beautiful fields, the beautiful shades in the beautiful woods; oh, at all the beautiful earth and sky that the dear, good Father in heaven had spread around and above them! She used to talk in soft, loving tones, in those hours, to the parents who sat resting within the rooms, to the stripling brother, who, when he was not in the fields at work, was always standing or sitting near her wherever she was; and especially to the darling baby, if he was anywhere in sight of her. She had no words half strong enough to speak the love she had for the baby. She was sure there was never so beautiful a baby: never a baby with such pretty, intelligent ways, such soft eyes, such a dear, loving voice, and

such perfect arms! She wondered, she said one day, as she held the long, round arm in her hand, bending low over it, if there was anybody on earth who could put marble into shapes like that. She would like to, she added, her face kindling. Oh, if she only could! Some London Art Journals, she said, and some Art Union Bulletins had been left lately at Mr. Furnel's, by a gentleman who was travelling, and who put up there awhile. She had looked them over, she said; and seen what grand things one could do with marble, if one only fitted and prepared oneself. For her part, if she could do one really great thing, one really *great* thing that would be beautiful forever, like some of the old statues, she would be ready to die then. She would *want* to die, for fear that if she lived on ever so long, she would never do anything else worthy of herself; for fear that all the rest of her life would be just the common sort of every day life that all people live. And this, as it seemed to her, must be so poor, so hungry a life to one who had known what it was to live in so great a way, doing so great a thing!

This was before she met him who was now her lover, at the village pic-nic. It was all over now. Aspiration still kept her strength and nerve of pinion; but she employed it all in hovering about the haunts and temporary home of the handsome lover, and about the well-known paths by which he came. For he came 'across,' as it was called. A well-trodden path gradually descended the side of the hill from the village to the river, meeting the river at what was called 'Thayer's Falls.' There, in the dry summer months, when the river was low, one could easily cross, on the sand-bars that ran out on either side, and on the rocks, great and small, that were scattered between. And when one was across, one could easily fall on the path by which Mr. Langdon's creatures came to drink, around and upward to the east side of the chesnut copse, and then Mr. Langdon's buildings were seen. Then one saw one's way among the green swells to the lane that opened not alone into the barnyard, but by another and nearer gate into Mr. Langdon's large garden. This was the way Julia's lover came. At first, he came always with a rifle in his hand, as if he had only incidentally happened that way as he went a gunning. Soon he came without it, though; came on purpose to see her eyes, he told Julia, one day, holding each of her hands in each of his. She laughed, blushed, tried to get her hands away; and, failing in this, tried to tip her head down and aside, so far, that, with all his stooping and following her head with his own, he could

not look into her eyes with that glance of his that had, over her nerves and her whole being, a power so subtle, and, as it seemed to her, so irresistible. When she could not get away from him, when she had done trying, when she stood passively at his side, with her head on his shoulder, where he had laid it, he told her, with his cheek now and then touching lightly her forehead, as he spoke, that she must be his Julia; his own beautiful pet, Julia. He was rich, he said; or, his father was; which, since he was an only son, was all the same. He would *love* to dress her beautifully, and see her shine on their town life, as she was or would be able to shine.

When he saw her another time, alone, (they were in the garden, whither Julia had taken him to eat ripe cherries, as he said he loved them best from the trees) he told her that she was incomparably the finest girl *he* had ever seen. And he had had his chance, what with all sister Hat's friends, to say not a word of the five hundred nice ones, he met every summer, at the resorts around; and every winter, in the city. Did she know how pretty she was? he asked, eating cherries with one hand, and with the other imprisoning one of the girl's.

Julia laughed, blushed, told him she was afraid he was a flatterer.

"No, dem!" protested the handsome lover, Harry Collinsford, of New York.

Feeling that the girl started, he laughed immoderately, with his half-merry, half-saucy eyes searching hers, in his light way, to see how she would bear it. He put the nicest cherry he could find between her lips, saying, as he hunted after it, and as he gave it to her, "She shall have the best cherry there is on the tree; for she's Harry Collinsford's best, most precious. Here it is; here's the cherry I'm after," putting it into her mouth. "Dem!" laughing again; partly out of the arrant love of his long-accustomed slang, of the sense of unrestraint he felt in again using it, after the watch and guard he had been keeping over his tongue; partly because it amused him, feeling it in the touch of her hand, seeing it in the fair face, how every nerve in the girl shrank instantly, contracting itself out of its instincts, to be away from him.

He kept her hand, locking and interlocking the slender fingers with his own; kept her glance, varying his own gradually, to a smiling, yet earnest deprecation.

"The dearest," plead he. "Her Harry was going to say that he wished he were a cherry; that was all. For he thinks there were never such lips yet as his Julia's—that, perhaps,

there were never yet lips so coy. Hey, Julia, mine?"

She blushed a good deal. She struggled a little to free her hand; then, upon his sagaciously changing the subject and speaking of a book—Burn's Poems—that he had in one of his pockets for her, she let him keep her hand. She listened to the pleasant, rather effeminate voice, looked up into the almost perfect features, thinking how charming they were, both the voice and the face, to her; thinking what a great, undeserved good fortune it was that he loved her—her, the simple, unpolished daughter of a simple, unpolished country farmer. She grew afraid to trust in the good fortune, as she listened and looked up to him. Surely she was not fit for it. Surely something would come to part it and her, if they did approach ever so nearly; so that, in the end, she would be left standing alone to see it "go wavering away from this mute earth;" to know that then, for her, this earth, this world, this life was disenchanting forever; and this place that held the grave of her hopes was a paradise no more."

The girl knew in what old number of the Knickerbocker to look for the touching passage from the Ettrick Shepherd, upon which her boding mind was running its paraphrase. She found it after her lover was gone; after all in the house had gone to rest, save herself; again and again read—feeling a prophetic power in every word. "'There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that would now be enough for years. I should fear now to face sic hapiness as used to be there beside that well; sic happiness would now turn my brain; but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returning;'" and so on, to "the earth, the world, the life disenchanting forever," and to the place that was "a paradise no more." Even long after the girl had done holding the book and reading it over, she sat with the words floating in and out her mind; mingled, to-be-sure, with the dear, bright words her lover had spoken; but, whenever they came, closing in with a darkness all the greater for the light that came and went between. For, after those dear looks, the endearing words spoken with the endearing voice, after the contemplation he had given her of masculine grace and beauty absolutely perfect, as it seemed to her, she would die, if she must feel that they were gone from her forever. Or, if she did not quite die, her steps would always be slow, after that; all the pulsations of her life would be slow; the old beauties of sky and landscape, the old harmonies

of the day and of the night would all be changed to her changed heart, would come with suffering in place of the old-remembered, longed-for delight.

She sat there by her open window far into the night, thinking of these things; watching the mute stars, or with her eyes on the dark, dark chesnut copse. Many a young girl, new to the strong circumstances of this earthly life, has sat thus, close by the monitors, night and her own soul. Some of these have felt the motions close upon them in peace; so that, when they lay down, loving prayers went upward, loving thankfulness settled softly upon their innocent hearts. This was when their love was worthy, was worthily subject to a still higher love of the Father and Lord of us all; when thus it was approved in their home; when it exalted them, exalted all the relations of life to them, so that they were better and more loving daughters, better and more loving sisters, better and more loving children of earth and heaven.

Others, like our poor Julia, have come out from such hours with harassed and torn hearts; seeing nothing clearly, feeling clearly nothing but this—that they loved with an intense emotion; and that if anything came between them and their lover, they would have nothing left to love, nothing left for them to do, but to die. And this was when all the retrospection, all the searching thought they were able to give, fell short of satisfying them that their love was well and safely bestowed; when there were in the lover, traits and habits of thought, of expression, of action, so far removed from the life of their own innocent home, that every step they took toward him, led them farther and farther away from all they had loved and held sacred before. And thus, if they follow him afar off, there is nothing for them, but him, and their insecure trust in him; nothing left for them to do, but to go still farther, to find each new step a descent in goodness and in serenity of life; nothing else but this one blessed thing—to arise and go to their father's house. It is hard to turn back from the lover; for, to the voice he knows so well how to modulate to powerful entreaty, is joined the plea of their own love for him. And, besides, the way that was so bright and flowery when they came along by his side, is so bare and thorny now. But it is a blessed thing to turn back; a blessed thing to come, if ever so falteringly, ever so tearfully, home.

CHAPTER III.

"I HATED trade! And not because I was too lazy to like it, either; for this life I am living

now is twice as laborious; or, would be, but that the inborn love I have of it, turns it into play."

"Yes, I understand," replied the other, with thoughtful, mild eyes on the turf they were treading.

"I hated to be taking money of people; especially of those, who, as I saw, let it go with misgivings; *especially* of the very poor. I could have spit upon myself for that. As true as I live, Henry Faxon, the only trades I ever made, that I liked, were what my partner called losing ones; those in which I lost money; not through the cupidity of others, of course, but by my own will."

Henry Faxon, the good, true-souled missionary, smiled when he heard his old school-days' friend say these things, smiled as if he were pleased and grateful to hear him saying them.

"So I was glad for *myself*, when our house was obliged to give up; because nothing else would ever have released me from the determination of my father that kept me there. My father reads my prize essay wiping his nose, and with tears, they say," he added, looking up from their path with a smile. "I suppose it is pride and pleasure, chiefly, in my unlooked-for success, that moved him; while my humane, my best of mothers feels all the benefaction there is in it for poor outcasts. 'He's my own boy,' she says, as she reads and as she talks about it. And I am her own boy. I have this feeling for the wretched, all from her. I can't remember when I hadn't it. It is in my blood; in all the thoughtful, unselfish training I had at her hands."

"Yes. I understand the committee is proceeding at once to the test of your plans."

"Yes; and I am proceeding at once to write a lecture, covering a still broader ground, which I shall deliver next winter in as many lyceums and popular assemblies as will hear me. Hark!"

The friends, who accidentally had met at the village post-office, were very leisurely threading the way by which handsome Harry Collinsford went and came in his visits to Mr. Langdon's; or, to Julia Langdon; for of late Harry had complained to her of lack of welcome greeting, on the part of her parents, when he came; and to save him the vexation, she often met him now, at the back part of the large garden, by the lane gate, where the young peach trees shut the house and the rest of the garden quite out of the view. She sometimes went farther—quite out the garden and the lane, quite down the hill-side, to the little brook that ran at the foot of the chestnut copse; when her heart was made

glad, and her feet were made light, in knowing that then was the hour for him to be near; in seeing his elegant form, perhaps, appearing in the distant path. This time she had met him by the brook. He had reached it first, and waited for her there, close by the rock that was beside the hazles. It was their voices that the friends heard in passing on the other side of the brook and the thick hazles. It was Harry Collinsford's voice, raised in half-entreaty, half-command, saying,

"If I was ready to be married—that is, of course, if I had my hands, any time that I pleased, in the old gentleman's money-drawers, I'd talk about marriage. But I haven't, you see; and so I've come to talk about the next best thing, getting you away somewhere where I can come when I please, without anybody's fear or favor—anybody's favor but my Julia's, that is, precious. I'll send you to school somewhere. I'll look up the right place, in Roxbury, or Charlestown, or somewhere just out of Boston. For I'm often there, at all seasons. The old gentleman—he has the gout tremendously, precious. Well, he often sends me over to see to some old family property there, and to an old family aunt, who is going to die some of these years, leaving me all she's got. Ain't it curious, precious? she's got a dozen nephews, all of them steady as that old sheep there by the ferns. But she don't care a button for any of them but me."

"H'm! I'm one of them," said Gately to his companion, lifting his head out of a listening attitude, and starting again on his walk.

Henry Faxon had that day stopped at Boxford with some near relatives of his mother. He was, by-the-bye, on his way to Haverhill, to make little Mary Harnden his bride, the sharer of his diligent, happy life. His plan, when he stopped, was to remain only a day. "I shall stay longer," said he, after they had walked on sometime in silence. That was all he said. But Gately knew that if he stayed the bird would be saved out of the fowler's net; and he was content.

Gately himself was there at Boxford, boarding just out of the village, at farmer Furnel's. He had been there before; and had left a part of his wardrobe and his books, intending to return again to the quiet, pleasant place, when he had seen how the prize was awarded. The prize, that is, offered by a New York Relief Committee, for the best essay on the prevention and amelioration of vagrancy. He had returned there now to write his lecture, to angle up and down the narrow river, out and in the pretty brook as he

studied, maturing the spirit and the form of his lecture; and, between whiles, as he wrote it.

"Did you see her face?" asked Henry Faxon, on their return to the village. They were about to part at Gately's lodgings. Gately knew whom he meant and answered, "distinctly. And it was a pitiful sight, beautiful as it was, and raised to his libertine glance as if he were a god."

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was one of the still days of life; of out-door life, inasmuch as hardly a leaf stirred; hardly a bird sang, hardly a bleat, or a low was heard; of in-door life, inasmuch as the acutely sensitive felt how all nature listened for what was to come, and themselves listened too.

Julia Langdon thought afterward that she would always remember how she felt that day; that, if she ever again felt the same, she would "take it for a sign" that the hush was on account of the muffled footsteps of coming evil. She said as much to the very good, very sensible aunt Esther, who, about that time, came to see "little Julia," as she still called the girl, still patting her shoulder and speaking in baby-tones, just as she used to when her favorite was a little child.

"Oh! I can tell you what that means, little Julia, dear," said the aunt, when the girl was telling her how she felt that day. "Hadh't you felt the same, other days, before?"

"No—o; or, not so much, at any rate, aunt Esther."

"Because you hadn't perhaps felt equal excitement beforehand, in any of the meetings with this Harry Collinsford; or after the meeting, late into the night, thinking about it, living it all over, and over again. 'Twas the perfectly natural reaction what you felt the next day, after such an evening, such a night. Especially as you aren't now a bit strong, you know, dear."

"Perhaps so," replied the girl, in sick, dreamy tones. She sat by a window in aunt Esther's room, and her vacant eyes were on the green landscape.

"There is no *perhaps* about it, dear," speaking with tones and a manner equally decisive and affectionate. "These laws of our being are God's laws and are sure. If I drag a pendulum off one side farther than it should go, (if I would have it tell the hours correctly) it reacts upon me and goes swinging off the other way, like a pendulum that don't well know what it is doing, or what it should be doing, and what it would have been doing, you see, dear, if I had let it be to go swinging on in its own true way." She waited awhile for the girl to speak; but, finding

that she did not, that her eyes were vacant still, and all her thoughts far away, she resumed, "Little Julia, hear me, now, dear. Sit right on this cushion," drawing a cushion-covered box up close to her knees. "I know who made this cushion," examining with a real interest and admiration the pretty needlework. "Bless her! she always did things better than anybody else." She kissed the girl's forehead with tears of loving tenderness in her eyes. The girl had tears in her eyes; and now she looked up into her aunt's face like one faint and athirst for the waters of comfort.

"Bless her!" again said the aunt, out of a full heart. "I just want to say this one thing, dear. You never could have had the right kind of life with this man, if it had gone on until you were his wife. I've met him at his aunt's, in Boston, and I know what he is. There is no other God for him in all the universe, but himself; and without once *offering* sacrifice, in all the days and nights of his life, he just drags everything and every being he can lay his hands upon, to his poisoned and poisonous life, to be sacrifices unto him. So, what to him were your parents, who had loved you so long, who are so excellent; the good, promising young brother; the dear little baby in its angel innocence and beauty; the home—this holy place of you all, home! Sacrifices merely; to be cast down at once, afar off, and trampled upon if he ever had occasion to come in the way. You—*dear*, blessed girl! the darling of so many hearts! I am sick here," laying a hand on her heart, "when I think how it would have been with you."

The girl felt for the aunt now, she saw so much anguish in her face. She fondled her hand between hers and kissed it, saying, many times, "*Dear*, good aunt!" "*dear*, good Esther!"

"You said you didn't see him again after that evening when he talked of taking you away to school?"

"No. The next day he sent me this note by James Tarbalt. James lives at the Merrimack House." As she spoke, without looking up, she took a note out of her pocket and gave it to her aunt, saying, "Read it."

The aunt bent over it and half-aloud, half to herself, read—

"Precious, I'm obliged to be off. I hate confoundedly to go; for I know your pretty eyes will be a little dim at first. You're a girl of spirit and at first will miss me in this dull corner. But it will be over; all things are over, if one holds out awhile. I shall miss you; for you are very pretty and very innocent. You are worth five hundred town mince-abouta. I shall never

marry one of them, I know, unless I convey myself unawares. I don't suppose I shall ever marry anybody; I don't like the idea of it. One spot, called home, where I must regularly present myself; one fair one, (fair one, that is, if she didn't wax adipose, or wane shadowy and blue; most wives have a trick of doing one or the other;) one fair one, called wife, by whose left side I must be forever at drill; babies, perhaps; mumps; whooping-cough; devil! I should catch hold of my hair, a whole handful on each side of my cerebrum, should run every step to East River and drown myself. You wouldn't like to have this happen, would you, precious? You would rather say, or have me say my adieus in a regular way now. So adieu, Julia. Be happy. Be married the first fair chance, if this is what you like best. And I suppose it is what all the women should like best.

"Any way, whether you remain Julia Langdon, or become—Julia Gately, for instance, or Julia Faxon, I hope you will think as well of me as you can, any way. HARRY C——."

"What does he mean, dear, by his 'Julia Faxon' and 'Julia Gately?'" asked the aunt, her eyes still on the note. Julia did not answer; she kept her head still bowed on her aunt's knee.

"What does he mean, Julia?" repeated aunt Esther, letting the girl's curls out of the knot into which they were put up carelessly together, with hair pins. "He has something in his note about 'Julia Gately' and 'Julia Faxon;' what does he mean by it?"

"Oh, that is good, aunt, having you work upon my hair!" said the girl, lifting the pale face, the parched lips. "I remember; your touch, just your touch, somehow always did me good. It does me so much good now! My head feels better already. There," drawing a long breath as if of renewed life, and turning her head a little, "that is so good! What were you asking me, aunt? Oh, yes, I know. Why, I have heard since that two acquaintances of—of Harry's came to the village the day he left; Mr. Faxon, a missionary to the West, who went on, I believe, in a day or two to Haverhill——"

"I thought so!" interrupted the aunt. "I thought of him, although I am sure I don't know why I did, the moment I saw the name. And now I needn't ask you *who* the other is. 'Tis Warren Gately, no doubt. He is connected with the Collinsfords; he is nephew of Miss Collinsford, of Boston—who, by the way, is one of the dearest friends I have—on her mother's side. This Harry Collinsford is her nephew on her father's. So there is really no relationship, you see, between him and Gately. Although they

must be acquainted; for I've met them both there at the same time, if I'm not very much mistaken. But was he here in company with Henry Faxon? 'Two acquaintances,' you said."

"Yes; he was here, at the village;" again bowing her head as if she felt no interest in what she was saying. "I believe he is here now. I believe he boards at Mr. Furnel's. I know I heard father and Leonard say something about meeting him, or seeing him, at least, in the pastures, yesterday. Aunt, please brush my hair more; in your old, easy way; I think I can sleep, perhaps, if you do."

The aunt blessed her, kissed her in a slow way, as if her lips loved the touch of the girl's forehead; then went on to brush the curls, to wind them about her fingers in just the old way; and soon the girl was sleeping as she had not slept before, not since handsome, licentious Harry Collinsford came across her path.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY COLLINSFORD was back again in New York; on Broadway, where he knew everybody.

"Devil! you're a lucky dog, everywhere! The girl knew about the *tin*, I suppose?"

"Not at first. I thought I'd see what I could do without it once. So I was a common traveller, who chanced to lose the train while he was in the station after a drink of lemonade; (as I really did, Dick) who, as he could not go to Boston, went to the village pic-nic, where he saw her and fell in love with her; who put off going to Boston day after day, on account of her own sweet attraction, you see; who sighed for her; who would never again know what happiness was if she didn't bless him. This is the way to do the job with some girls, Dick. They're the girls that have a great bump of benevolence, I suppose."

"And you come it over her with this?"

"Yes. She looked up to me and hung on every word I said, as if I was the all-fired Almighty himself, before I let on a hint about having a rich daddy."

How they laughed then! Some poor, hard-working people, who were going along to their early dinners just then, said to one another, "*They're* happy enough. I suppose they don't know what it is to be tired and anxious, any more than we know what it is not to be."

"Don't introduce him, aunt," whispered Julia, putting her head near her aunt's. "Don't say anything to him about calling; I don't want to speak to him—to see him."

Aunt Esther was replying to something Gately had said; but she heard the girl, and turned to her the moment she had done speaking to Gately, saying, "No, dear." The ladies were in one of the village stores where books and stationary were sold. Gately was there looking some reams of "commercial note" over when they went in.

"You have a carriage? you rode, Miss Harvey?" said Gately, when they had made their purchases and were ready to go.

"No, we walked."

"You did? That was brave! But I'm glad you did," he added, as they all started together from the shop-door. "Not only because—let me carry your parcel, Miss Harvey, as far as I go;" reaching his hand out for aunt Esther's books, and them, without looking at her, for Julia's drawing-board; "not only because now I shall have your company awhile, (and it is a beautiful walk, I think, from here to Mr. Furnel's; and indeed, the whole way to Mr. Langdon's,) but I am glad whenever I see a woman voluntarily taking it upon herself to walk."

Yes! aunt Esther liked to hear him say that; for she was an enthusiast in walking—both for health's sake and for pleasure's. The two went on to speak of the good habits of English ladies, in this respect, and of the sound health they enjoy by the means; then of some new books just out; and of some other books not just out, but ever-fresh, ever-new, on account of their divine beauty and strength. Then they talked of some common friends in Boston, in Haverhill; but of this the silent girl on aunt Esther's right heard little more than the hum of their voices; for her mind still dwelt upon the ever-living books. Ah! if one might only write once in one's life a book like those they had been describing!—if one might do that—and then die! for sick thoughts of her lover came suddenly upon her, shutting out at once bright aspiration, turning all its beautiful promptings unto mockery for her; and the landscape, flooded with the rich light of earliest autumn, into darkness. It did not last long this time, however; we mean that the sick regret did not; for her thoughts were recalled by hearing Gately quote some beautiful Scripture. She did not know how it came in; but he was saying, "'Because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'" The girl heard occasionally afterward the phrases, "reconciling all antagonisms," "agencies of renovation;" heard, that, in a few moments, they were talking of the swift-running, the beautiful brook they were crossing on a neat plank bridge; but, all the while, and when Gately returned her parcel at Mr. Furnel's, the rest of the way home,

and when she laid her head upon her pillow; in the morning when she lifted it, (as she did in lowly thankfulness for a night of *rest*) and all day long, out and in her mind went the peaceful words, "Because the darkness is past and the true light shineth."

She loved the baby, that day. She loved all in the house. She brought in her beautiful arts into the arrangement of the table, of the rooms. She disposed anew the flowers her mother had put into the vases, so that, as the mother said, with fond tears gathering, "They didn't look like the same flowers." The dish of fruit, of many kinds, that she placed on the dinner-table, was "like a painting," they all said, keeping their eyes upon it.

The girl sang at night, sitting in the door with the baby in her arms and the rest of the beloved ones all near. And she had not sang a note before, for many and many a day. No one remarked upon it; but they stopped talking; and the good father, who sat just within the door, bent forward to listen; to look at his "only girl," as he was accustomed to call her; to wonder at the delicate fashion of her beauty; to feel it, all the while, that she had been wandering of late from her father's house, but now had come back again; to think within himself, that if he did not kill the fatted calf, and bring rings and wedding-garments for the dear girl, he would bring such love and tenderness as should heal her and make her whole again.

When Julia saw that they all regarded her with eyes full of inquiry, as if they were inwardly saying, "What has done this for her?" she stopped in the midst of her singing, to say to them, "It is 'because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'"

"And it is having such a kind home, and so many kind friends, that has saved me," said the girl, later in the evening, when she was sitting above stairs, at aunt Esther's feet. "If I had had nobody to attend to me, to be as kind as the angels are to me, I believe I should have died. For nobody knows how my heart and my whole life seemed torn into shreds! I think very often how it must be with those poor creatures who have no good home, no kind friends, and who are yet cheated and torn as I was. I would go fifty miles," her voice trembling, her large, earnest eyes filling with tears, "I would go on my hands and knees to get to one such poor creature, if I could be a help and comfort to her."

Her aunt kissed her and called her "blessed little Julia!" Then vigorously lifting herself and the girl together to their feet, she said,

"But now, dear, we must go to bed, if we would feel strong and clear-headed in the morning. And we must feel strong and clear-headed, if we would have life look bright and pleasant to us. This is why I am so strenuous with you about your habits of sleep, diet, of bathing, walking and so on—that you may be strong, that your life, that all you think, say and do, may be clear and full of excellent purpose—full of excellent achievement, too. Think of this after I'm gone, and take care of yourself, won't you, dear?"

We hardly know how it came about, but it was soon so that Gately called every few days at Mr. Langdon's. He had little to say to Julia. He brought books, books splendid in style, momentous in import, lofty and yet calm as heaven in spirit; so that it was rest and refreshment reading them, holding them in one's hands, even if one did not read. He brought Julia some better drawing-board, simply saying, as he laid it upon a table, in coming in, "There's some drawing-board, Miss Langdon. You'll find it better than that you are using."

He looked at her drawing, sometime, in the course of each visit, to see what she had been doing since he was there before; praising her

work a little, sometimes—finding fault with it far oftener. "You are very capable," he said to her one time, when they had been exchanging a few words over her drawing, over his last "Art Journal," and over Southey's "Life and Correspondence," the book she was at that time reading. He said it with very friendly, but at the same time, very calm eyes on her face, with very friendly, but very calm tones. The girl heard it in the same spirit. There was no sudden quickening of the light in her eye, of the color on her cheek; but she felt strength and refreshment in the kind words, as the earth feels them in the morning dew.

For the rest, Gately, with a quick word or two, helped Leonard out of some of the knotty difficulties in his Latin, that he was carrying forward alone; touched his finger to the baby's cheek, and made the lively sounds that set baby to making lively sounds back to him; and talked with the parents and aunt Esther; especially with strong, but gentle-minded aunt Esther. And then, Julia, as she sat listening to them, understood how excellent and beautiful this life can be to those, who, keeping a quiet mastery over it, turn it and all belonging to it, into wisdom and light.

THE PAST.

BY S. H. RING.

THE past comes up before me now,
The past with all its bliss,
I did not dream in those gay hours
Of one so dark as this.
A Summer sky bent o'er me then,
Serene, and clear, and fair—
And though I sought, it were in vain,
To find a shadow there.

Bright flowers grew along my path,
With colors soft and rare,
I culled the fairest thoughtlessly,
No hidden thorn was there;
A smile was ever on my brow,
A joy within mine eye,
Alas! I little dreamed how soon
My happiness would die.

'Tis ever thus, our childhood hours
So sweet must pass away:
Darkness must come to dim the light
Of every lovely day;
And o'er the brightest sky be thrown,
Sooner or later—gloom:
All hearts must have some trembling chords
Which fasten to the tomb!

OL. XXVIII.—16

The past comes up before me now,
I see a soft dark eye,
Where love, and gentleness, and truth,
Within its pure depths lie;
I look upon a broad, smooth brow,
And place my fingers there,
And tenderly push back the folds
Of glossy, raven hair.

But as my fond touch lingers there,
That brow grows cold and white,
And suddenly from out those orbs
Depart all love and light;
That noble form is still in death,
I see it in its shroud:
The present has come back to me,
I weep—I sob aloud.

I strive to still the agony
Which fills my aching breast,
So calm the troubled waves which roll
And bid them "be at rest;"
And ah, 'tis not in vain I knelt,
God hears my whispered prayer,
He says, "Have faith in me, and thou
Shalt meet thy lost one there!"

PASTIL.
A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—PAS—

Dramatis Personæ.—**MADemoISELLES**, (*premiere danseuses at the Academie—Hammersmilk.*)

SIGNOR.—**MUSICIANS.**—**BOXKEEPER.**—**SPECTATORS.**—**LINKMEN.**

SCENE—*Interior of a Theatre. At the back is seen the stage, with candles ranged in front for lamps, and the sofa for orchestra. Chairs placed round for spectators.*



ENTER SPECTATORS, in full dress. They are shown into their chairs by the **BOXKEEPER**, who hands to each a sheet of music for play-bill.

Enter MUSICIANS into orchestral sofa, and the tuning of imaginary instruments commences. Some tune their bellows for violins, some sound a few notes on their trumpets of pokers, and others ascend the scale on their flutes of walking-sticks. The **Spectators** grow impatient, stamp upon the floor, and clap their hands, when a bell is heard to ring, and

Enter (on the stage) **SIGNOR** and **MADemoISELLES**. The **Spectators** raise their *lorgnettes* to examine them. They are greatly applauded,

and bow gracefully in acknowledgment. The **Signor** is dressed as a Highland chief, with tartan scarf over his shoulder, and an ermine cuff hanging from his waist for philibeg. The **Demoiselles** wear the book muslin skirts, and, if possible, the black velvet bodices of the Scottish lassies.

The orchestra performs the celebrated Highland fling, and the *pas* commences. During the performance the applause increases. At each fresh round the **Signor** jumps higher and higher, and the **Mademoiselles** stamp harder and harder, according to the popular notion of the Scottish poetry of motion.



At the conclusion the **Dancers** are called forward, and bouquets are showered down from all quarters. The **Signor** picks them up, and in the fifth position presents them to the **Demoiselles**. Renewed applause. The **Dancers** bow again and again, with their hands on their hearts to express their gratitude.

The **Musicians** play "Hail Columbia," the **Spectators** standing up all the while. At the

conclusion the audience put on their scarfs and hats, and retire highly delighted.

Enter LINKMEN, with lanterns, who, touching their hair, ask the **Spectators**, in pantomime, whose carriage they are to call. Then, rushing into the passage, with their hands on one side of their mouths, they shout out the usual, *Lady this-and-that's, or Lady so-and-so's carriage*, which is immediately answered by another voice declaring that it stops the way.



ACT II.—TIL.

Dramatis Personæ.—CROCKERY MERCHANT.—LADY AND GENTLEMAN.—YOUNG THIEF.—
HIS FRIENDS.

SCENE—Interior of the warehouse of Crockery Merchant. In the centre a table covered with plates, dishes, and cups. In the front pans arranged near the door of the warehouse.

ENTER CROCKERY MERCHANT, with an apron on, and his ledger under his arm. Behind his ear is seen his pen. He seats himself at the table and awaits his customers.

Enter LADY and GENTLEMAN, who desire the Merchant to show them his goods. They are



extremely delighted with the breakfast cups, and the Gentleman drawing his pocket-book gives two notes for them. The grateful Merchant bows his Customers to the door, and then, folding up the notes, he pulls out the drawer and places them in the till of his table. Feeling exhausted, he throws his handkerchief over his eyes, and falls asleep.

Enter YOUNG THIEF on tip-toe. He points to the sleeping Merchant, and to his own pocket,



to show that he intends taking the notes. He advances cautiously to the table, and opening

the till, takes out the notes, and kisses them enthusiastically. Thrusting them into his breast, he hurries out of the shop, but at the door he stumbles over one of the pans, and falls to the ground with a crash. He, however, is quickly rescued by HIS FRIENDS, and exit.

The Merchant is aroused. Seeing the till



open, he is surprised at the absence of his notes. He feels in his pocket, but without success, until the truth bursts upon him, and he vows vengeance upon his despoilers. Seizing his hat and umbrella, he prepares to sally forth. But no sooner has he reached the door than he is surrounded by the Friends of Young Thief, who



knock his hat down over his eyes and decamp, leaving the poor Merchant groping about in the dark, and hitting right and left with his umbrella. Exit Merchant.

ACT III.—PASTIL.

Dramatis Personæ.—SICK GENTLEMAN.—HIS WIFE.—HIS DAUGHTERS.—DOCTOR.

SCENE—Sleeping apartment in the house of Sick Gentleman. At the end of the room the window-curtains are arranged as a bed.

ENTER SICK GENTLEMAN, as pale as flour can make him, with his dressing-gown and night-cap on. He is supported by his HIS WIFE and one of HIS DAUGHTERS, the other one holding

couch, when he is "taken very bad indeed." By showing the whites of his eyes, and panting heavily, he greatly alarms his anxious Wife, who hands to him his physic, whilst one of the



the rush-light shade, which she places near the bed. The Sick Gentleman is placed on his



Daughters holds a piece of sugar ready for him. He blesses them.

Enter Doctor, with a golded-headed walking-stick to his mouth, and huge watch-seals hanging from his fob. He complains of the closeness of the room by holding his nose, and orders one



of the Daughters to light some pastils, which is immediately done.

The Sick Gentleman is much refreshed by the delicious perfume, and expresses his delight by constant sniffing. The Doctor feels his pulse, and intimates by his actions, that "we must not worry ourselves, but keep ourselves in bed." After he has looked at the Sick Man's tongue, he, in action, informs the weeping Wife and Daughters "that we must have pastils continually burning." Then placing his hand behind his back, he receives his card-counter guinea, and leaves the room, followed by Sick Gentleman, His Wife, and Daughters.

LILLY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

LILLY's father was a baron,
Was a baron proud and stern,
Yet did his unloving spirit
O'er his child, his loved one, yearn.
O'er his child, the bright-haired Lilly,
All his hope and all his pride;
For ere Lilly's lips could name her,
Had her gentle mother died.
Often he would, gazing proudly
On his darling's thoughtful face,
Think how jewels rare and princely
Her young brow some day would grace.
And her Heavenly Father thought too
Free from all earth's care and strife;
On the lily brow of Lilly
Soon should shine the crown of life.

Fair the towers of grey old Glenwood,
When the sun did on them shine;
But the fairest thing was Lilly,
Last of Glenwood's stately line.

As a sunbeam in the forest,
Dwelt she in the castle's gloom;
Or as flowers, all fresh and dewy,
Placed within a sick one's room.

On the towers of that old castle
Softly fall the moonbeams now;
But a purer ray is falling
On a pure and angel brow.

Ere the stars began their shining,
In the evening calm and stilly,
Heard he not their bright wings rustle
When the angels came for Lilly?

TEARS OF TENDERNESS.

BY BELLA KAUFFELT.

How beautiful to gaze upon
The arch that Iris builds;
And yonder trembling streamlet fair,
Which Sol's bright radiance gilds;
But are they half as beautiful,
And seem they half as meet,
As are the tears of tenderness
That deck the fair young cheek?
When life-storms cast the billows
Of the spirit waters o'er,
It must be that their glitt'ring pearls
Be washed upon the shore:
Yet may they never, never glow
On youthful cheeks, I pray;
But oh, the tears of tenderness,
How beautiful are they!

The rain may bind the loveliest wreaths
About the brow that's fair;
And they may hide the richest gems
Among the glossiest hair;
And eyes may vie with yonder stars
That pierce night's sable pall;
And yet the tears of tenderness
Are brighter than them all.

I of a mystic river dreamed,
All lined with golden sand,
That glowed like fairy jewels laid
Upon its flower-decked strand;
And so the human heart should be,
And, flowing evermore,
Be casting up the golden sand,
To deck the rosy shore.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is a trite saying that there can be no happiness without health. The volume before us gives the alarming information that a large majority of American females are without health. Though something of this kind had often been said before, we had remained incredulous, but after the array of statistics, which Miss Beecher presents, we fear there can be no doubt of the fact. Fortunately, however, a remedy is at hand. In this concise little treatise, Miss Beecher lays down rules, by which every person, male or female, old or young, may enjoy good health, unless their constitutions have been irreparably injured. We cannot do a greater service to our readers than by glancing rapidly at some of her suggestions.

Pure air, sufficient exercise, and a healthy condition of the skin are indispensable to health. The practice, of which so many are guilty, of sitting all day in a close and heated room, or sleeping at night in a badly ventilated chamber, is none the less fatal because its evil consequences are scarcely noticed at the time. Heated air always contains less oxygen than cold air, and consequently those breathing it obtain less nourishment, from a given quantity, than those who inhale a less rarified atmosphere. Yet the majority of ladies in winter remain, day after day, in rooms heated by furnaces or stoves to seventy or seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. Is it a wonder that their complexions become sallow, that they are afflicted with headaches, that a general lassitude pervades the system, that they grow excessively sensitive to cold, that dyspepsia often sets in, or that frequently they sink into consumption from sheer want of vitality?

Equally injurious is the custom of sleeping in badly ventilated apartments. The almost universal practice, especially in cold weather, is to lock the doors and shut the windows. When we remember that every person vitiates, by breathing, a hogshead of air in an hour, the injurious consequences of this practice are apparent. The usual period for sleeping is about

eight hours, and generally two persons occupy one chamber, so that, by morning, ordinary sleeping rooms contain at least sixteen hogsheads of air incapable of supporting animal life. Any person, who has passed from the pure, bracing atmosphere of a winter's morning, into a chamber of this description, will have noticed the close, fetid smell of the apartment. Miss Beecher very properly recommends that a current of air through the chamber should be secured, and that, for this purpose, the window should be let down an inch or more, according to the number of persons occupying the room, while a corresponding opening should be made at the top of the door, or the door itself left slightly ajar. From our own experience we can aver that, even in the coldest weather, no injury will result, provided there is no draught across the bed. Miss Beecher forcibly remarks that if the poisonous matter which pours from nose and mouth, and exhales from the skin, were colored, so as to be visible, and we should see a black or blue vapor accumulating around us as fast as the air of a room became vitiated, there would be an instant change in the feeling and conduct of mankind, in reference to ventilation.

Exercise is another important thing, too much neglected, especially by ladies. Wealthy females really do little or nothing, except work in worsted, practise music, read novels, take an airing, or go to balls. The result is that the muscles are not called into proper play, nor the digestive process carried on rightly, while the nervous system, on the contrary, is overstimulated. Exercise in the open air is absolutely necessary to health. Walking is one means of obtaining this exercise. Riding on horseback, which Miss Beecher strangely omits, is even better however; for no other mode of exercise calls the liver into such activity, or better develops the muscles of the abdomen, which generally are so weak with modern females. Household labor affords a means of successively exercising, and in an agreeable way, the various portions of the body; and it is to be regretted that false notions of dignity prevent ladies from engaging in it, at least to a limited extent. Our grandmothers were not ashamed to officiate in their kitchens,

* *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness.*
By Catharine E. Beecher. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and they were notoriously more healthy than their fair descendants. Calisthenics are recommended by many, by Miss Beecher among others. But daily exercise, of some kind, and part of it in the open air, should be sought by every woman who wishes to be healthy.

It is of vital moment to attend to the functions of the skin. The perspiration tubes, which permeate the cuticle in every direction, have an aggregate length of twenty-eight miles, and drain away from the body, when in a healthy condition, five-eighths of the impurities which are expelled from the human system. It is absolutely necessary to keep the skin in a proper condition, else these tubes become closed, throwing the impurities inward, and thus over-tasking the internal organs, till chronic diseases are the result, or dangerous fevers set in. Bathing is the most effectual method of keeping the skin healthy. For most persons a daily bath, taken in the morning, and followed by rubbing, or exercise, till the whole person is in a glow, is absolutely necessary. There are some individuals; however, with whom such frequent bathing does not agree. Experience will soon regulate this matter. No person, unaccustomed to cold baths, should enter on a course of them at once, however; but should employ tepid water at first, and so gradually pass to the cold bath. Miss Beecher says that, if a bathing tub is difficult to procure, a good substitute is a basin of water, with a sponge. A small screen in the chamber, with this simple apparatus, answers all the purposes of a bath-house. Where invalids, or other persons, cannot bear the shock of water, friction of the limbs is an excellent substitute. The Turks, who lead a notoriously indolent life, owe the preservation of their health entirely to their frequent bathing, as well as to the manipulations which attend it. We may add that nothing equals cold water in preserving the health of the skin, and consequently its beauty.

There are some excellent remarks on dress in the volume. Miss Beecher has the sense to see that reforms, which, like the proposed Bloomer

one, make war upon fashion, will never succeed. In order, therefore, to remedy the injury derived from a weight of skirts pressing on the waist, she proposes a pattern for a petticoat to be supported from the shoulders. The columns of this Magazine have always discountenanced tight-lacing, as injurious alike to the health and to the permanent beauty of the form. A properly constructed corset, patterns of which we have often given, we are told by numerous ladies, obviates the necessity of tight-lacing, preserves the person from being injured by heavy skirts, and maintains the symmetry of the figure. But as too many corsets are improperly made, and as Miss Beecher's expedient is really an excellent one, we have taken the liberty to have it engraved, and it will be found in another part of this number.

We cannot join in our author's wholesale condemnation of tea and coffee. The most eminent physicians now maintain that these beverages fulfil an important purpose in the animal economy, by preventing the waste of tissues and reducing the amount of food necessary for subsistence. Our own observations lead to similar conclusions. It is generally a neglect of exercise, which causes the nervousness, that so often is attributed to tea and coffee. There are a few persons to whom these beverages are noxious, under all circumstances; and an excessive use of them is invariably injurious: but that they are rather beneficial than otherwise, to the majority of those who moderately drink them, is fast becoming the opinion of the scientific world.

We commend this book to general perusal. It is really worth its weight in gold. What we have written, we trust, will be an incentive to its purchase; and if so we shall feel, that, in our sphere, we have assisted in a good work. If the laws of health were thoroughly studied and generally observed, American females would not only cease to be invalids, but would preserve their beauty far into life, instead of losing it on the threshold, as the majority now do.

THE WIFE.

It is thy wife, sweet husband, open quick!
I am a weary wanderer foot-sore;
My very soul within me turneth sick
To find thy granite gates are shut so sure
And I without! It is thy weary wife,
Hitherward travelling, with painful feet,
Through light and dark a woeful half of life,

To meet thee here!—thou saidst we here should meet;
Describing all this place, ere thou were past
From my cold arms into the colder night;
And now, outwearied and outworn at last,
Fainting with feeble cry and failing sight,
Down fall'n my husband's marble home before,
He hears me not, he sleeps; then death! undo the door

R.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.

CHAPTER VII.

ALONE in the streets of a great city in the night time—so young, so beautiful, without a home, a dollar or a friend, what could the poor girl do?

Utter hopelessness is almost rest. Catharine could not understand this, and wondered within herself at the strange apathy that possessed her in this the most forlorn moment of her life.

She wandered on, careless of the direction, without object and dreamily. Once or twice she sat down on a door-step to rest, but it was only for a moment, and when she arose it was to forget that a transient repose had been obtained. At last in the drear waste of her thoughts she remembered the Irish woman who had been so kind to her at Bellevue, and around this thought centred other reflections that almost amounted to a resolution. But even this emotion died away when she reflected, that kind as the woman was, there existed no means of ascertaining where she lived.

Still Catharine wandered, and what else could she do? Even from the door-steps she might at any moment be driven forth as an intruder. It was evidently getting late; the noises of city life were gradually hushed, and the growing stillness appalled her. Never, in her whole existence, had she been so utterly alone.

Awaking from her apathy, as it were from a dull dream, she found herself upon the corner of two streets, on the east side of the town. The stores were all closed, and the streets on either hand almost deserted.

"Where can I go?—what will become of me?" she murmured, looking around with affright. "Will no one have pity on me?" That moment a woman passed her carrying a basket of clothes on her arm.

"She is going home," said Catharine, gazing after her through the blinding tears that filled her eyes.

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" inquired the woman, turning back at the sound of her voice.

A faint cry broke from the poor girl, and seizing the woman joyfully by the arm, she called out,

"Oh, is it you?—is it you?"

Mary Margaret Dillon set down her basket in utter astonishment, and seizing the hand that detained her shook it heartily.

"Well, if this isn't something, innysow; me jist thinking of ye, and here ye are to the fare area; but ye'r looking white as me apron yet, bad luck to the doctors—come by, and let us have a word of talk together."

"Will you let me go with you?" inquired Catharine, anxiously, for she had been so often and so cruelly rebuffed that this kindness scarcely seemed real.

"Will I let ye go with me, bliss ye'r sowl, that's a question to put to a Christian woman, now, isn't it? In course I let ye go with me; why not?"

"But I have no home, nor a cent in the world; everybody has abandoned me—I haven't a friend in the wide world."

"Hist, now, that's talkin' treason and rank hathenism. Where d'ye think is Mary Margaret Dillon, with her strong hands and a shanty over her head which no one else has a right to, baring a triffin' claim on the lot o' ground. Isn't that a home for ye, I'd like to know?"

"But I shall be trouble—I shall crowd you," faltered Catharine, trembling with anxiety to have her objections overruled.

"Did ye ever see a poor man's house so full that one more couldn't find a corner to rest; in faix, if ye did, it wasn't in the cabin of an out and out Irishman," persisted Margaret, lifting her basket of clothes and settling herself for a walk. "Come along, no'; I want ye to see the childer, bliss 'em, and the old mon, to say nothin' of the pig and three geese, that'll be proud as anythin' to have ye for company."

"Thank you—thank you with my whole heart. I will go; perhaps I can do something to pay for the trouble," said Catharine, to whom this vision of a home seemed like a glimpse of

paradise, and folding her shawl about her she prepared to move on with a feeling almost of cheerfulness, certainly of intense gratitude.

"No trouble in life," answered Margaret, briskly. "The old mon and the childer 'll just resave ye as if ye was one of 'em. Come along, come along, and we'll have a taste of supper and a drop of tae as a remembrance of this meetin atween old friends, d'ye see?"

"Let me help with your basket."

"No, no, jist be aisy there; ye're not strong enough for that, and faix it's a sin and a shame that sich a delicate young crathur should iver be put to the work; home or not, my opinion is ye'r a born lady, and that I'll stick to agin the world."

They walked on together, Margaret talking cheerfully, and Catharine mingling some painful thoughts with her gratitude.

"Mary Margaret," she said, at length, in a low, mournful voice, "you will never turn against me, as the others have, because I cannot give you proof that—that the poor baby they hurried away from me was honestly mine; you will take my word for it, I feel almost sure!"

"I don't want ye'r word; one look in ye'r purty face is enough for me, and I'd stand up for ye agin the whole univarse, with old Ireland to the fare."

"Thank you—God bless you for that, Margaret," answered Catharine, and for the first time in many days a smile broke over her face. "You are so honest and so kind, Margaret, I could not bear that you should think ill of me."

Margaret did not answer at once, but walked on thoughtfully.

"In course," she said at last, "I belave ivery word ye tell me; but if it wasn't so—if ye had been a poor, desaved crathur instid of the swate, innocent ye are, I wouldn't turn agin ye anyhow. It ain't Christian, and, accordin' to my idees, it ain't modest for a woman to hold a poor, fallen feller crathur in the gutter foriver and iver. The blissed Savior, who was holier than us all, didn't do it, and, by all the blissed saints, Mary Margaret Dillon niver will."

Catharine drew a deep sigh.

"Don't sigh in that way, darlint," exclaimed Margaret, kindly. "D'ye know that ivery time ye draw a deep breath like that it drinks a drop of blood from ye'r heart? Don't sigh agin, that's a darlint."

"I was thinking," replied Catharine, "how much worse it would have been for me if I had really been so wicked as they think I am; it seems to me as if I must have laid down on the first door-step and died. Nothing but my own

sense of right has given me strength to live—and after all, what have I to live for now?"

"Hist, darlint, hist, this is talkin' like a bather. Ye're to live because the blissed Savior thinks it's good for ye, and that's enough for a Christian. Besides, it's mane and low-lived to give way wid the first dash of trouble, especially when we see every day that the Savior makes ye strong and more detarmined."

Catharine submitted to this rebuke for her momentary repining with gentle patience. The simple piety and honest good sense of Mary Margaret had its effect upon her, and before she reached the shanty where the good woman lived something of hopefulness sprang up in her heart. She could not help but feel that there was something providential in her meeting with the good Irish woman at the moment of her utmost need, and this gave strength to many hopeful impulses that are always latent in the bosom of the young.

The shanty to which Mary Margaret conducted her guest stood in a vacant lot, high up in the city. It was a rustic affair, composed of boards mingled with the odds and ends from old buildings, that Michael Dillon had been engaged in demolishing during his experience as a laboring man. Indeed, Michael was a very favorable specimen of metropolitan squatter sovereignty, and had succeeded in securing no inconsiderable means of creature comfort around him, though another man was owner of the soil. He had managed when out of work to wall in a little patch of land, in a rude, loose way, it is true, which he denominated the garden, and some dozen or two of fine cabbages, as many hills of potatoes, and a cucumber vine, where great, plethoric, yellow cucumbers were ripe with seeds, gave color and force to Michael's assumption.

In addition to these substantials, Mary Margaret had contributed her share of the useful and picturesque by planting nasturtians all along the low, stone wall, which clothed the rude stones with a sheet of gorgeous blossoms, and gave it the look of an immense garland flung upon the ground.

Thus hedging her husband's usefulness in with flowers, the province of a true woman, Mary Margaret had helped to win a gleam of the beautiful from the rude, stony soil from which Michael toiled to wrest a portion of their daily food.

I have often thought that true goodness, in a woman at least, is always accompanied with gleamings of fine taste. Certain it is, Mary Margaret had managed to impart no common show of rustic effect to her little, board shanty.

Its door and simple window was entwined with morning-glories and scarlet runners that took the morning sunshine beautifully, and on a rainy day shed gleams of red and purple all over the front of the shanty, tangling themselves and peeping out in unexpected crevices even among the slates on the roof. Indeed, they encroached on the province of a mock-orange that for two years had kept possession of the roof, and even the sturdy vine was obliged to drop its golden fruit among the purple and red bells of the morning glory, and even to creep off to the back of the shanty, where no one could see the richness and symmetry of its fruits.

Then there was a sweet-briar bush indigenous to the soil, which Mary Margaret had pruned and caressed into profuse luxuriance, at one end of her dwelling, and though it was dark, the scent of this bush greeted Catharine as she approached the dwelling; with this pleasant sensation she entered her new home almost cheerfully.

The shanty was divided by a board partition into two small rooms, not so untidy as to be repulsive, but rather close to one entering from the fresh night air. The ante-room contained a bed, in which Mary Margaret's sterner half lay sound asleep, after a hard day's toil beneath the hod.

"Whist a bit, while I light the lamp," said Mary Margaret, raking the embers in a portable furnace so hurriedly together that the sparks flew all around her, "let the ould man slape his fill, he must be up and at work by six in the morning."

Catharine hardly drew her breath, for she was seized with a terror lest the sleeping man should awake and resent her intrusion into his dwelling.

"Sit down forment the furnace, while I boil a sup of water for the tay," whispered the hostess, kindling her tin lamp, "jist give Michael's coat and hat a toss and take the chair yerself, for, faix, ye look tired and white enough for anything."

Catharine sat down, for she was indeed quite exhausted, and relieved of the anxiety that had tortured her so long, she almost fell asleep while Mary Margaret made her tea, and cut the loaf which had been carefully put aside for the family breakfast.

There was not much refinement in Mary Margaret's method of serving up her meals; but she certainly made an effort to render things rather genteel than otherwise. A clean sheet, taken from a pile of clothes ready to be sent home, was folded twice and laid on the table for a cloth, and Mary brought forth an old china

cup in an earthenware saucer, which she garnished with a pewter spoon, as an especial honor to her guest. As for herself, she sipped her portion of the "tay" daintily from a little, tin cup that belonged to the youngest child.

With all its drawbacks, this was a delicious meal to poor Catharine, and she partook of it with a sense of gratitude so full and gushing that it amounted almost to happiness. Two or three times she turned her eyes upon Mary Margaret and made an effort to thank her, but the words were lost in a gush of emotions, and she could only falter out,

"Oh, Mrs. Dillon, how I want to thank you for all this, but no human being ever was so poor, I have not even words."

She spoke with some energy, and before Mrs. Dillon could protest against all this waste of gratitude which she was just attempting, a cry arose from the bed on one side of Dillon, which was echoed by a half-smothered response that came from under the blankets close by the wall. Catharine started to her feet. The faintest cry of an infant was enough to thrill every drop of blood in her veins.

"Whose—whose child is that?" she inquired, breathlessly, "surely I heard *two* voices?"

"In course ye did, and why not?" said Margaret, with a baby under one arm, while she plunged about among the blankets for the little creature next the wall. "Come out here, ye strappin little felly, and show yer beautiful eyes to the lady. Isn't he a beauty, all out?"

Impelled by a strong yearning, Catharine held out her arms for the child, who turned his great, blue eyes wonderingly upon the lamp, while the poor young creature was striving to fix them on herself. But the child was obstinate, and she sat gazing on it through a mist of tears, so sadly, so wrapped in fond sorrow, that you would have wept at the very attitude, it was so full of silent pathos.

"Whose—whose is it?" she asked, "both cannot be yours."

"Ye're right in that entirely," answered Margaret, pouring some milk into the tin cup she had been drinking from and placing it on the embers in the furnace. "It's the nurse child, ye have."

"And who is its mother?" faltered Catharine, pressing the child fondly to her bosom, and laying her pale cheek to its warm little face.

"Ye remimber the poor young crathur that had the cot next to yours?"

"Yes, oh, yes, she died, they told me often."

"And they told ye nothin' but the truth. She died, poor, misfortunate soul, and only that

I wouldn't stand by and see the baby starve to death by her side, it might have been buried on her bosom. I had a fight wid the nurse, bad luck to her; but the doctor stood by me, and so the little thing got a fair start in the world; faix, but she's a wicked crathur, that nurse."

"I believe she was, I am sure of it!" answered Catharine, in a mournful under-tone. "Do you know I sometimes think that my own poor little baby might have lived, if she had taken care of it? Such a large, beautiful—ah, if it had but lived—if it had but lived, nothing could make me quite miserable! Oh, Mrs. Dillon, poor, helpless, and deserted as I am, I would give the whole world, if it were mine, only to hold *his* child in my arms as I do this poor, little motherless baby. He has left me—he has left me, but I know that I should worship his child."

"Hist, now hist, or ye'll be afther wakin the old man, though he does not sleep like a pavin stone in ginerall; and ye'll be afther breakin the heart in me busom, too, if ye take on so. Here, feed the poor baby wid a dhrop of the warm milk, while I give this little spalpeen a turn. It'll aise your heart, never fear!"

Here Mary Margaret began shaking her boy, and scolding him heartily for greediness, bringing various charges against him as a young spalpeen and a thaif of the worldt, and in this torrent of superfluous words, the tears that had been crowding to her eyes were dispersed, and she sat up as a strong-minded woman once more.

"Ye asked me about the baby there," she said, at length, without appearing to notice the tears that rained from poor Catharine's eyes. "That hathenish nurse was nigh gettin the upper hands of me. Would ye belave it she let on to the doctor that it was drinkin I'd been when the heavy sickness fell on me after takin a sup of yer medicine, and he, poor innocent, belaved her, an took away the child that I was fond of amost as if it was my own flesh and blood."

Catharine looked up and inquired how it came about that she got the child back again.

"This is the way," answered Margaret. "I saw the woman they gave the poor thing to, and the heart in me bosom felt like a could stone. There was starvation and murder in her face. More than that, she was faregathering wid the nurse, an that was another rason agin her. Well, wid these feelins I couldn't eat or sleep wid thinkin of the child, for it seemed to me as plain as the sun that some harm was intended the little soul. So afore they sent me away from the hospital I inquired, aisy, ye know, where the woman that had got me baby lived, and it turned out that an acquaintance of my own was in the

same tinament. So after a week was over, I went to visit my acquaintance—d' ye see—and in an aisy sort o' way asked about the woman and the baby. It was just as I had thought, the woman was niver at home, but went out to her reglar day's works, laving the poor little orphan all alone in a basket, sound asleep, in consequence of the laudnum and such like drops. I went into the room to see it, and there it lay in an old basket on a heap of rags wid its little eyes shut, and a purple ring under 'em. It had famished away till its own mother, if she had lived, wouldn't a known it.

"Well, I couldn't stand that, so without sayin a word I up an takes the crathur in my arms, and walks off to the Alms-house in the Park, and there I laid the child that still slept like a log, down afore the gentlemen that sit there for the good o' the poor, ivery day of the blessed year, and says I,

"'Are ye fathers and gentlemen,' says I, 'to sit here while the poor orphan child that ye should be fathers to,' says I, 'are bein starved and poisoned with black dhrops under yer honorable noses' says I. Wid that, afore the gentlemen could say a word for themselves, I unfolded the rags that the baby was wrapped in, and laid its little legs an arms huddled together like a faggot afore 'em, and says I agin,

"'Look here, if yese got the heart for it, an see for yerselves.' Thin one of the gentlemen up an spake for himself, and says he,

"'The nurses are all compelled to bring their children here for inspection once in two weeks, an the time has but just gone by; how can this be?' an he was mighty sorry an put out, I could see that plain enough.

"'Yes,' says I, 'that's the truth,' says I, 'but it's aisy enough to borry a show baby when ivery house where these poor orphans go is runnin over wid 'em, and young babies are all alike as peas in a pod,' says I, 'and it must be a cute man to know any of 'em from one time to another. Just wait a bit,' says I, 'if ye don't belave me, and I'll bring the very baby that was brought here in the place of this. It's a plump, hearty little felly, and belongs to an acquaintance of my own.'

"'Can this be true?' says one of the gentlemen to another.

"'True as the gospel,' says I, spakin up boldly, 'ye've been praisen that hathen of a nurse for a baby that didn't belong til ye, and this poor thing has been starved down to nothin.'

"'Well,' says the gentlemen, for he was a rak gentleman, says he, 'I'll send an officer for this woman, and she shall never, to her dying day,

have another child from this department. But what can we do wid the poor crathur? We must send for a nurse that can be trusted at once.'

"Thin my heart ris into my mouth, and I hugged the baby to me, and says I, wid the tears in my eyes, says I, 'Let me have the child to nurse, I'll be a mother til it, an more too, if that'll satisfy ye.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, they thanked me kindly for comin, and give me the baby, wid a dollar a week for takin care of it. So when the nurse came home, expectin' to find it dead in its basket, there was nothin for her but a bundle of rags, and a perlice officer to take her down to the Park."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Catharine, with a burst of gratitude, kissing the child again and gain. "It was a brave act, Mrs. Dillon, and he child will live to bless you for it as—as I do!"

"In course he will," replied Mary Margaret, for it's just a miracle the saints might wonder that he lived at all. At first, ye see, considerin it that he starvin condition, I just give me own little belly the could shoulder, and turned him over to the tin porrigger, but he got on well enough niver ar; and the little stranger begun to thrive as a niver see in yer born days."

"He has indeed found a kind mother," said Catharine, thoughtfully. "But how long will ye let you keep him?"

"Well, it's two years that they put the babies to nurse, I'm tould," answered Mary, reluctantly.

"And after that?"

"Thin they are sent up to the Alms-house, and after that bound out."

Catharine became very thoughtful, and turned her eyes away from the child as if its innocent face gave her pain.

"Niver mind," interposed her hostess, interpreting her look with that subtle magnetism with which one true womanly heart reads another.

"A great many things may happen in two years, with the blessings of the saints, so don't be gettin down-hearted, there's a God above all!"

"I know it," answered Catharine, gazing with sad tenderness on the child once more; "but it makes my heart ache to think what may become of this poor baby."

"There now, hand it over, and go to your bed with the childer, it's gettin down in the mouth. Ye are on all for not eatin a hearty meal whin ye had it to the fare," exclaimed Mary Margaret, depositing her offspring by its sleeping father, and reaching out her arms for the other child. "There, there, go yer ways now; just push the child aisy a one side, and make yerself comfortable on half their straw bed on the floor, and a comfortable bed may ye find it."

Catharine arose to obey this hospitable command, but Mary Margaret called her back.

"See here, isn't it as like the holy cross now as two paces?" she said, putting the soft hair back from the baby's temple, and revealing a crimson mark that really had a cruciform appearance, small and delicate as it was.

"Isn't he born to be a saint now!" exclaimed the Irish woman, exultingly.

"Or a martyr perhaps," said Catharine, and she walked sadly into the little room pointed out by her hostess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I NEVER CAN FORGET.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THOUGH months and years have pass'd away

Since last we fondly met;

That blessed hour so dear to me

Is in my memory set;

And like the star that keeps its watch,

Upon a moonlit sea,

So shall my heart forever keep

A constant watch for thee.

Thou art to me a chosen star,

To cheer my path through life,

To shed a calm and deep repose

Upon my passion's strife!

And thy sweet image ever shall

Be in my memory set;

For while one hope still clings to me,

I never can forget.

The parent bird may leave her young

To starve within its nest;

The mother may forsake the child

That clings upon her breast;

But I shall worship thy pure star

Deep in my memory set;

And though all things below my change,

I never can forget.

WHAT THE NEW HOUSE COST.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

WE had been married several years, and our income had gradually increased. My business requiring much walking, I easily persuaded myself that some sort of a carriage was necessary; and accordingly I bought a cabriolet, engaged a groom, and hired a stable and coach-house.

Not a month passed without some addition to our furniture, or some new ornament; and we began to discover a thousand inconveniences about our abode, until then unperceived. The situation was not good, the house mean in appearance, the staircase dark, and the garden too small. After hesitating for sometime, we began to speak seriously of taking a house in the new part of the town.

The matter was discussed in a family council, and aunt Roubert decidedly opposed the plan: she maintained that with the addition of extra rooms to those we now occupied, we ought to find our present abode sufficiently commodious; that two movings were as bad as a fire, and that the old furniture, when once removed, would be transformed, for the most part, into rotten planks and rusty nails.

"In my time," said she, "whatever were the changes of fortune, we were born, we lived, and we died, under the same roof-tree. The money we made or gained was invested in land or commerce; it was not squandered in buying infirmities, under the name of fashion; and no one then was too nice to sleep on the bed his father had occupied before him. Thus generation succeeded generation, and dwellings, instead of being known by numbers, had each their separate name. Every street formed one large family, where every one knew everybody, and towns were not then, what they are now-a-days, mere inns, where the last-comer is unacquainted with even the name of his predecessor."

I endeavored to defend the present age by explaining the advantages arising from this modern mobility, which aimed at one great unity, and only destroyed private associations when necessary for the good of society in general.

"Prove it as you will," replied aunt Roubert, interrupting my disquisition on mankind, "it is not the less true, that it is no longer the fashion to lay by for a rainy day, but that you eat the

game as soon as it is killed. It seems to me, dear friend, as if your generation lived in furnished apartments on this our good Lord's earth: the moment the income of any of you increases, you change your lodging. Yourself, for example, who are one of the most reasonable: yesterday your dwelling was all that you could wish, to-day you cannot stir your elbows. One would almost imagine that prosperity was a complaint of a dropsical nature, for where formerly you were quite at your ease, you can now no longer turn."

And then my wife, Marcelle, in her turn, tried to justify the proposed change. She proved to her aunt that our circumstances had altered; that the children, as they grew up, required more accommodation; that my greater amount of business created fresh obligations: but all would be rectified by moving; and that once done, we should not want to change again for our whole lives.

My father, who had taken no share in the discussion, now interrupted her, saying, with a smile,

"You are mistaken, dear girl, in fancying such a thing, for each place has its own peculiar atmosphere, which cannot be transported. Whoever takes up new habits and acquaintances, becomes himself transformed."

In spite of all that these experienced friends could say, we decided to move; and soon hired a new and elegant house, in a more fashionable quarter. But, when we were established in this abode, we were astonished to see how dingy the furniture looked. Even aunt Roubert was shocked.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "your furniture spoils all; it's like a rag hanging from a gilded balcony. My dear friends, if you have the least feeling for the beautiful, you will forthwith send all your movables through the window."

Without precisely following this advice, we saw plainly that we must make some alterations; and after consulting our cash-box, we decided upon selling our present furniture.

The sale of the old stock did not produce very much; while, on the other hand, the purchase of that which was to replace it cost a great deal; for Marcelle displayed, in every article she

chose, the excellent taste which she was well-known to possess. Commenting, in her own way, upon Plato's maxim, *the beautiful is the reflection of the good*, she chose all the most elegant and recherche articles she could find. I was a little startled at the bills presented to me, but she proved that good things were never dear, and made me in fact clearly comprehend how perfectly ruinous economy was!

For the rest, our house was charming; the few pieces of our former furniture that we had retained, were either arranged in the shadiest corners, or hidden behind their more brilliant successors; and everywhere damask, velvet, muslin, and silken cords and tassels met the eye! Marcelle glided through it all with the ready graceful ease which woman so soon know how to assume in the midst of luxury. One would have thought, on seeing her, that she had never done aught than rustle in silk, and that her dainty foot had never pressed other than Aubusson carpets.

For myself—I felt singularly embarrassed at the imposing splendor which glittered around me, and by the various directions and prohibitions published by the presiding genius of the palace. It was forbidden to put one's feet upon the rails of the chairs, to lay our hat upon the satin-wood table, to leave a book upon the velvet couch, or to sit down on the causeuse, the springs of which were too weak to bear my manly weight, or even to touch the cords of the curtains, of which I was assured, I, in my reveries, unravelled the tassels. Forbidden this—bidden that—bidden the other—I read the word prohibition upon the walls, the furniture, my head, and my feet! Ah, how I regretted my old worn leathern arm-chair, from which, in my hours of meditation, I could leisurely, and without fear of rebuke, extract the horse-hair through some gaping rent! How I sighed, as I thought of my little deal table, that I freely dug and notched with my pen-knife, when my rebellious thoughts refused to arrange themselves, or answer me! However, I became at last accustomed to these embarrassing luxuries. If I lost somewhat in independence, the eye at least was pleased, as it rested on those charming sumptuosities. The change is very gradual; nevertheless, certain it is, that a kind of mental intoxication takes possession of those surrounded by luxury; one becomes proud of, enjoys being in the midst of, so much velvet and gilt-headed nails, and ends by having a much better opinion of himself, and thinking *rather* worse of others.

Of course, this does not take place all at once, but gradually, and by imperceptible doses.

Vanity resembles the fatal miasmas, whose poison we inhale under a sky as blue as the sapphire, and in a breeze seemingly laden only with perfume.

Our fashionable neighbors called on us, and gradually we fell into their expensive and showy habits. I bought a calash for Marcelle, in addition to my cabriolet. Our children, from constantly mixing with theirs, were obliged to adopt the same expensive costume; and our table, to which it became necessary to invite them occasionally, grew every day more costly. Thus, though my income increased annually, I never grew any richer.

Aunt Roubert often reminded us, that he who does not save is always poor, for he is ever at the mercy of the future; and she never visited us without making some reference or other to the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. We perfectly agreed with her as to the truth of all she said, but we allowed the means of reformation to slip by.

At last, however, we became seriously alarmed at the increasing amount of our expenses, and calling a family counsel, we began to discuss the budget; Marcelle, as minister of finance, brought forward all her accounts, and submitted them to our examination.

The first item which struck us as large, was the rent; and aunt Roubert repeated all her former objections to our present residence, to which Marcelle replied with the doctrine of a *thing once done cannot be undone*! She acknowledged her fault, and did not defend its consequences; they were quite at liberty to condemn the past, provided the present was not touched upon.

Then came the calash and cabriolet, and I, in my turn, proved that the latter was indispensable, and that the former once bought was no longer much expense.

Next came the table; Marcelle observed that it was a business necessity to invite to dinner those to whom I was either the patron or the protege, as the dinner-table was often the only place where certain persons could meet, and certain matters be arranged; and according to her opinion these dinners ought properly to be included amongst business expenses.

Then we attacked the matter of dress; but here again we found our necks enclosed within the yoke of custom, and, willing slaves, we declared it to be impossible for us to dress differently from those with whom we associated, and that the elegant appearance of Clara and Leon, was dictated not by choice, but by stern necessity. Marcelle assured us that no one deplored more deeply than herself, the extremes to which

modern fashions were now carried; that though her daughter did wear silks, it was contrary to what, if she were able, she should choose; and that her son's velvet jacket was a sore trial to her. But then surely this was better than, by dressing otherwise, to make themselves remarkable, and she was very sure that the most certain way of making her children hate simplicity, was to render it a matter of humiliation to them.

We turned to the subject of servants, and I had no difficulty in proving that I required the services of the man-servant, and Marcelle as clearly showed that she could not possibly do with less than two maids. The sole diminution in our expenses that appeared feasible was a reduction in the wages we gave.

The principal items relating to the garden, journeys, interior improvements, evening parties, and correspondence, were all successively examined, and supported as indispensable; and my father came to the conclusion that it was with domestic as with state budgets, they were discussed merely to prove that there was nothing to alter in them; but Marcelle begged to differ with him on this point, and proposed several minor retrenchments.

First, that we should leave off subscribing to two journals, and for the present buy no more new books. We had, till now, employed work-people of standing, whose terms it was impossible to dispute, but, thanks to competition, we might get our work done elsewhere for far less. Marcelle had already changed her laundress and seamstress, and would, therefore, have courage to continue this reform. Again, we had been at great expense for private masters for our children, and this might be lessened, by sending Clara and Leon to one of the fashionable morning schools. All these changes would produce a considerable diminution in our expenditure, and would lead to many others it was impossible to enumerate.

Aunt Roubert had listened in silence to all this as she sat at her knitting, and at the conclusion said, with an emphatic shrug of her shoulders,

"You'll not save a hundred crowns with all these reforms; take my word for it."

Marcelle loudly declared it would be more.

"Well," replied her aunt, "we will say a thousand francs, if you like; what a handsome portion that will make for your daughter, and how greatly it will assist in putting your son forward in the world!"

"Without taking into account," added my father, seriously, "that you, who cannot dispense with one of the many superfluities of your table, are determining to deprive your mind of

its daily bread. You must have the same amount of luxury to which you have accustomed yourselves, but you mean to exact it at a lower price from those who earn their subsistence by supplying you with it. In fact, you find it easier to economize upon the instructors of your children than upon your horses and carriage!"

Marcelle changed countenance, and would have attempted to defend herself, but my father took her hand, saying, as he kissed her forehead,

"Nay, dear daughter, do not seek excuses: you did not properly reflect: it was, I know, a lack of kindness which made you think of such arrangements; but, alas, how many there are who practise what you propose! Down from the great lady, who, during Lent, dines herself as usual, but makes the rest of her household fast as a penance for their and her own sins; what numbers there are who would willingly profit by reforms, so long as they themselves are not affected by them! This is one of the consequences of a too highly-flavored prosperity; it deadens to a certain degree our sense of justice, enervates us, and we become gradually accustomed to leave the burden to be borne by others, and are ourselves constantly adding to it, whilst taking no share in the toil. Believe me, dear children, better not attempt to economize at all, than do so upon the hardly earned wages of the laborer."

We did indeed find that the only way was really to make a firm stand against the expensive habits we had allowed to grow up among us. For the rest, the money spent was not the only evil; the loss of liberty, time, and health, weighed far more heavily upon me. The visits we were obliged to make and receive, left us not a moment to ourselves: we had to renounce our family meetings, and my father and aunt Roubert only saw us now at rare intervals.

I began to feel we were becoming unfitted for this social intercourse. In neglecting our duties to satisfy the world, all that we accorded to our acquaintances were so many deprivations to our friends.

Things at last came to a crisis. We resolved to break up our establishment, and return to our old mode of life. We sold the calash, abandoned our dinner parties, and gave no more balls. In a word, we left the circles of what is called "fashionable society."

And we are all the happier for it. At first, indeed, life seemed dull, for we missed the excitement; but gradually a healthy state of feeling returned; and now there is nothing Marcelle and I so much enjoy as a quiet, domestic evening. Aunt and father have found their way back to

our fireside; and the children are no longer strangers to us, as they were when we were more fashionable.

My savings now amount to a considerable sum, and I have the consciousness, that when I die, my children will not be penniless.

AN ALLEGORY!

BY ADELAIDE H. BIDDLES.

A BOUNDLESS sea, girt only by the sky,
Was stretched in one unlimited expanse;
The eddying waters madly dashed on high,
As though they whirled in some wild phantom dance.

A fragile bark came over that dark space,
And on its deck was many a pallid form,
Who clasped their hands, and prayed with upturned face,

O'er which oft swept bright flashes of the storm.

Still on they went! The dark night darker grew,
From Heaven's arch crept out no silver ray;
Yet still the prayer rose from that trembling crew,
As with deep faith they watched the coming day;
When o'er the waves a ray of light there came,
Dim and uncertain, as it rose and fell;
They steered their bark for that pale, trembling flame,
As though lured on by an enchanter's spell.

But as they neared the beetling cliff that bore,
Upon its top the beacon's fiery crest,
Dark airy forms would from the waters soar,
And wave them back from their long hoped for rest.
Yet still unmindful of each spectral form,
They steered in silent hope to that far rock,
Though every moment gushes of the storm
Caused their frail bark to quiver 'neath the shock.

The rock was reached! Their feeble footsteps pressed
With heartfelt joy its rugged sloping side,
And sinking down on that rough shore of rest,
With holy trust their God they glorified.
But there the beacon's ray still fainter grew,
At last expired, and dark was all again;
The shrill and shrieking night-wind round them blew,
And on their heads beat wildly the dense rain.

Yet even then bright Hope forsook them not,
And no faint thrill of terror o'er them crept.
They laid them down on that bleak, lonely spot,
And with the faith of childhood's soul, they slept.

The storm passed by, and then the morning's light
Crept o'er the Heavens, robed in sunny rays,
The sleepers woke, but to their wondering sight
No rock or stormy ocean met their gaze.

But spread before them was a land of bloom,
Bejeweled o'er with amaranthine flowers,
Where breeze-winged odors shed a soft perfume,
Through glittering sheen of snowy lilled bowers,
Bright-tinted blossoms through green mosses blushed,
And waving trees bedecked each grassy dell!
While sparkling fountains to the sunlight gushed,
And clouds of fiery opals from them fell.

Their wearied limbs they rested in green bowers,
And laved their aching brows in crystal springs;
While gentle spirits wreathed them o'er with flowers,
And fanned them with their silv'ry-feathered wings.
And as Eternity rolled on its car,
And years passed by them like a seraph's dream,
Still was their bliss unfading as a star,
Unfaded as a placid Summer stream.

Oh, may we too bear on our trackless way,
And steering through our long and stormy night,
Watch still with Faith the morrow's dawning ray,
And hail with joy the coming of our light!
For that dark ocean was the world's fierce strife,
Tossed ever by stern Passion's blasting breath.
The shore they steered for was Eternal Life,
The dim, uncertain beacon—light was Death.

OCTOBER.

BY FRANCES MOTTE.

OCTOBER's golden sunset,
And golden fruitage ours—
We reck not other season,
Or wealth of early flowers—
But hie unto the orchard,
Through mass of struggling leaves;
Forgetful while our nature
As varied pathways weaves.

See roseate hues are rising
With orange-tinted shade—
Admiring Nature's garden,
We bless the Higher aid.
New pleasures all around us—
The wealth October brings—
How lures from out the heart-depths
A well of charmed springs.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

September, Sunday Eve.—I have attended church all day. Mr. S——, the new minister, officiated—somehow I did not like his appearance at all—his face reminded me of a piece of carved slate-stone, so expressionless. His words were well selected, but they seemed emanations of the head, rather than heart language. He spoke so coolly of poor sinners doomed throughout all Eternity to endless torment, as if their misery were to enhance his own future happiness. The wicked thoughts began to come thick and fast, when my eye caught a glimpse of white arms—a little golden-headed child had climbed into her mother's lap, and was begging for a kiss in rather a loud whisper. I forgot sermon and all in this sweet picture of childish confidence and parental love. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We must become the trusting child, believing in the loving kindness of the All-Good. I came home better than I went—but a babe taught me—and I am still feeling I have a Father in heaven, whose love far exceeds that of any earthly parent who watches over me, for "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Blessed promise! I sometimes think I would like to be a preacher of the gospel myself. It must be such a joy to whisper sweet words of comfort to the suffering and sin-stained, to reclaim one erring soul and give it healthy life, faith in God's mysterious ways. But how many there are teachers of holy things that hide the light in darkness—obscure its piercing rays in terror, and frighten the wanderer to the gloomy shades of despair. God bless the faithful! and remove the mental defects of others, that they may see clearly to lead the blind and earth dazzled along that straight and narrow path that ends in peace, perfect peace.

Monday.—This morning was very bright, very beautiful, I do not know when my heart has felt so light, so buoyant as it did on my way to school; everything seemed uttering a song of thanksgiving—blessing God for existence. We had a number of new scholars, among whom was George Ellis, friend Katy's brother. He came in with Joseph Edwards—very careless, very indifferent in appearance—leaned one arm on the desk and took a survey of us all—such a stare!

I heard him inquire for Sarah H——, and saw the look of disappointment that crossed his face as I was pointed out—and so he likes beauty. Well, homely folks have a right to—I do—but *mind*, loveliness of mind, let *that* come first. I was prepared to give him, as the brother of my friend, a cordial greeting—but that look. We were introduced, and I was cool, so cool—what would Katy have said? He is not handsome, but there is a certain nameless something about him that pleases my fancy. He is slight, not tall, though I do not think I could guess just how many feet and inches he would measure. His hair is coarse, of a rich, peculiar shade of brown; features prominent, stamped with character; mouth large, which when thinking earnestly, he has a disagreeable way of keeping open, as if he meant to swallow one; complexion fair—far too fair for a man, the color coming and going like the bloom on a maiden's cheek. The only redeeming thing from positive plainness are his eyes, those are beautiful; and when I use the hackneyed word beautiful, I intend to express *all* that can be said in praise of eyes. There is a depth, a fathomless meaning in them I never met before—it seems as if he read at a glance your whole soul. I quite forgot the dislike which I at first looked upon him, and fell to worshipping the *eyes*, not—George Ellis. We have another new comer that interests me exceedingly. She came in leaning on the arm of Anna Morris—a pale, quiet-looking girl, with soft hazel eyes and rich falling ringlets. I knew at the first glance she was suffering from some cause—what could it be? One glance of rude scrutiny—I feel now it must have been rude, but I did not intend it, explained the mystery—one foot was distorted, turned entirely round, and she, that poor, sensitive girl, was feeling in all its bitterness, the misery attendant upon her misfortune. She entered her seat, pale and trembling, as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and, turning to her books, was soon apparently lost in their contents. Poor Lucy—Lucy Gray, that is her name—she does not, cannot know how I long to take her to my heart—to love, to comfort, to make her forget this one dark shadow of her life—oh, if we could only know why these things are allowed. I suppose

'tis right; at least, I have always been taught to believe that all things are ordered for our good, that God never afflicts his children willingly—but there is such a rising up in my heart sometimes, such unreconciliation, that I tremble lest every earthly blessing should be wrested from me for my wickedness; oh, to see and feel the truth, this is the one earnest prayer of my life. Father! teach me the way lest I stray.

September 20th.—Evening again, calm, quiet evening. Eleven o'clock, all in the house are sleeping, and I am so wakeful that I care not for this "tired nature's sweet restorer." I have just finished my Latin exercise. This morning my lesson was a little deficient. George Ellis sits back of the recitation seat I occupy. Seeing my confusion, he pencilled a few lines on a slip of paper, giving me the requisite ideas; but I was vexed with him, with myself, too, and would not be grateful for this intended kindness—so I told Mr. A——, our teacher, bluntly, and a little cross too, I believe, that I knew nothing about it, for which I received quite a severe reprimand; no matter, I deserved it. I do not like to have Mr. A—— think me not amiable. I do not like his calm, searching glance, and then I imagine he can know nothing about all these phases of feeling, that trouble poor mortals like me—he is so proper himself, so Mount Blancish, if I could only do something bad enough, for just once, to get his face in a wrinkle, or his step a little quicker; but no, he looks at you with such a look, as much as to say, poor, weak child, and then comes the cutting sarcasm. I don't hate him, because 'tis wicked, and I wouldn't hate any one; but I don't like him, that's all. I had just finished my tea, and was passing through the front entry, when rap, rap, rap at the door, so I smoothed down my *new, black silk apron*, pushed back my hair, and obeyed the summons. Mr. George Ellis—he had brought me a letter from Katy. Wasn't I, Miss Sarah, straight and dignified for the first half-hour? But, somehow, I seemed to forget it all at once, in the flow of his genial conversation—so like his sister. We, Katy and I, never got acquainted, we were friends from the very first—ours was a soul union—the same elements existed in both, but she was what I dared not be—and he is Katy's brother. I saw nothing of that look to-night. I think he must have forgotten, as I did, how very plain this face of mine is. Oh, if I could always forget—heaven forgive me, if I murmur—but I do so long for beauty. My dreams are full of it—waking or sleeping. Why should it be denied me? Would it make me vain, proud? Oh, no! I would be thankful, grateful. I

would bless God, every day of my life, for the gift. I would love everybody—everything. My whole heart should be one joyful prayer of thanksgiving—*beauty! beauty!* After Mr. Ellis left, I had a fine time reading Katy's missive, her letters are always a real treat to me—they seem so like her own dear self—nothing is foreign or made up about them, but her true, real sentiments are expressed in the readiest language at command. She commences in her usual queer style, "Now, dear Sa', you know I can't cover this big sheet all over with sweet bars of music, and a whole vocabulary of pretty words. I can't be a nightingale. The parrot is more in keeping with my character, and suits me better, so let me write as often as I please, pretty Sa, sweet Sa, dear Sa. There, that will be the amount of my whole letter—or if you don't like to *parrotize* me, just let me be one of those great black crows that go screaming about your woods, and I will caw for you as long and as often as you please—they are great favorites of yours, I believe." Ah, friend Katy, you don't know how much music there is shut up in that glad heart of thine. What a blue sky you are to all of your friends. Speaking of her brother, she says, "I have written him not to hire any little short jacketed, dirty-nosed, copper loving urchin to hand you this letter, but to do it himself—and if you did not repay him as you would said urchin, with a nice thick slice of bread and butter, he will be sure to receive what is of far more value, *one of your smiles*. I verily believe to spite me you are determined not to get acquainted: well I will have my revenge, so take warning." If she had been here to-night what would she have said?—but my pen must rest, and I will away to greet the spirits of Nod land. I wonder what sort of images will teem through this brain of mine to-night—not very ghostly ones, I imagine.

September 25th.—A warm, summery afternoon, have just returned home—after making a number of calls—ran into widow White's a moment, found her engaged with a queer-looking body in earnest conversation—should think she might be about forty years of age—her complexion resembled a withered carrot, eyes small, of a faded blue; her teeth were very long, very black and uneven; her hair stripes of black and grey intermingled. She was arrayed in a variety of extra fixings, capes and fancy kerchiefs, one ranged just below the other; in one hand she carried a piece of coarse cotton cloth, about three-fourths of a yard square, which she was continually plying to her red nose, which appeared to be worn quite to a point, owing to

continual friction, I suppose. "I say, Widder Wite," she went on to say, taking no sort of notice of me, as Mrs. White beckoned me to a seat by her side, "I say, do you have any spirits here?" I started—what can she know of the supernal visitors, I muttered. "Cause," said she, "I could have got some stuff at Eaq.—'s; but that's alcohol as what he sells, and I wants the genuine article; besides, they say, of course I don't know, but *they do say it*—somebody, that knowed all about it, told brother John's wife so—that *they do*, they puts water in. You know father never takes a drop, but he fell down this morning and hurt his hip pretty bad, and he thought as how it might do some good." Mrs. White informed her she had none. "Well, said she, rising, "I suppose, then, I might as well be going. I have got to get some new things up at that are new store; I'm so glad old Danner has sold out. I did hate *mortally* to trade with him, he was so stuck up. Now, this new trader, he jokes and talks jest like any common folks—jest as sociable with me—but good afternoon—I'd and all of our folks would be terrible glad to see you most any time. Come over now, won't you?" Had a good, long talk with Mrs. White. I do love to converse with her, she seems to know just how you are feeling, and what you would say before you find words to syllable your thoughts—she expresses herself so clearly upon all subjects—always cheerful—it seems strange how one so acquainted with grief can teach themselves such perfect control—the art of smiling. Husband, children, all gone; grass-plumes have nodded over their graves this many a year; and she, who in early life, found herself stripped of her heart's sweetest blossoms, toils on with patient endurance, looking forward to that blessed day when earth-parted ones shall meet in that home where cometh no separations; that heaven that dreams may not picture. I met Lucy Gray on my return; we took a short stroll by the river's side. I never saw her so cheerful, so happy, so forgetful of her misfortune. The landscape was very beautiful; as we came to an abrupt turn of the river, wooded hills, cultivated fields, white farm-houses, all seemed to lend a peculiar charm to the picture. I looked at her, to see what the effect would be. "How do you like it?" said I, after a few minutes survey. "Sarah, I can't tell you—I can't describe the effect that such beauty always has upon me. It makes me dumb—it carries me out of myself—I can't find words suitable to express my thoughts; but I feel—oh, I feel this world is beautiful, in 'darkness e'en and night;' and He who made it, how glorious must He be. I wonder if heaven

is fairer than all this?" We seated ourselves on a fallen hemlock, covered with the shaggy locks of age, and I listened—for Lucy, diffident, retiring Lucy Gray is the most fascinating person in conversation I ever met with—her whole face talks. All at once she hesitated. I looked up. George Ellis, with his friend, Joseph Edwards, was approaching us. George carried on his arm a basket, while the long fishing-rods swung over Joe's shoulder told what had been the last hour's occupation—sport to them, but death to the little, crimson-spotted trout that was to make the next morning's delicious meal. After a long discussion with said gentlemen, as to whether or no it were right to rob either fish, bird or beast of existence, unless to satisfy our necessary wants, we started for our homes. Joe succeeded in making Lucy talk, even laugh heartily at his witticisms. One must be well acquainted with Joseph Edwards to imagine, careless and rattle-headed as he generally appears, that he can be capable of feeling deeply or long at a time; but there are waters, bright waters, clear, pure waters stealing beneath all this outward show of froth. He has the magic power of making those about him pleased with themselves, consequently with every one else. This is a talent but very few possess—the very essence of politeness.

October 10th.—There are traits in George Ellis' character that I do not like; but the faults, if they may be thus designated, are of the head rather than the heart. He has not enough firmness—his ideas of right and wrong are most clearly defined, but he fails to express them sometimes when called upon, if he happens to differ from others, for fear of giving offence, or not standing quite so high in their opinion. This should not be. He should be bold, fearless in advocating the truth; the most sensitive of us like it better than any subterfuge or attempt at concealment. The "I don't know" phrase, is common use, either denotes indifference, weak-mindedness, or shows that one wishes to remain non-committal. I do not advocate bluntness, frankness of speech should never degenerate into it; but I do think, upon some subjects, we should express our real sentiments when called upon. Silence may sometimes be interpreted, and rightly, too, as assent in bitter scandal itself. This of course depends upon circumstances. I see in George Ellis a desire to please all. This he cannot do and be true to himself. His words and actions too often carry the mark of deceit upon them—perhaps the word deceit is too harsh. Never met I a person who hated in reality hypocrisy more than he. He is a seeming contradiction—truthful in feeling, oftentimes

deceitful in action. This, by the world, is called policy—a word to be detested—embodying an idea I have no friendship for. He has tried, using much eloquent language, to convince me it was right, necessary; but I am no proselyte as yet. He says that every one has not such nice perceptions of right and wrong—most of people have a conscience that will bear stretching.

October 30th.—G—— called last night for me to walk. He was very social, very kind, very attentive. He possesses a good heart, can feel for other's cares and perplexities. Gathered me a small bouquet of late autumn flowers. I have put them in my big dictionary, to press, as a remembrancer of the giver. I think he loves to gaze upon their delicately tinted leaves almost as well as I do—not quite—he has not such a passion for them. They would not talk to him as they do to me; but he is a man, flowers are nearer of kin to woman, more like her, fragile and delicate, and yet how sweetly and gracefully they bend to the sweeping storm; but when the storm-cloud passes, how brightly the rain-drops reflect the sunshine. So with woman. She may bow her head when adversity overtakes her, but her smiles lighten up her tears, and she becomes what heaven designed her, the last best work of creation. G—— was very talkative on our way home—told me what he wished, what he intended to do, to repay the kindness of his parents, of Katy, of his brother—his dreams are full of ambition, nor is it strange—he has tact, talent, what may he not do? He has been reading to me this evening—his voice is rich, full of pathos. He does not repeat a long string of words, leaving no impress on the mind, he gives you the ideas in all their beauty, as well as the outside garb, and the spirit of those ideas, clad in language, sinks into your soul, never to be forgotten.

November 12th.—Examination close at hand. All the old, grey-headed men, the lawyers and doctors—all the smart misses that have finished their education, will then pay us a visit—a visit of criticism—a visit we shall jot down in our life-book as one to be remembered. Mr. A—— wishes me to read quite a lengthy extract from Shakspeare—'pears as though I should shake a good deal; I haven't the confidence, and never can read well, with a whole room-full gazing at me—their eyes blind, shake, weaken me—and this, Mr. A—— says, is foolish, silly. I know it, too, but how can it be remedied? Then I have a composition to prepare, and am in doubt regarding my subject; lessons to review—oh, dear! Well, school-life must have its clouds, I suppose; but it has been so bright—the few past

weeks, I never studied with a better zest—even my dull, hated algebra has worn a peculiar look of gladness. Good courage, faint heart, your owner may yet be a scholar—who knows? A tap at my door—out of sight, journal—away.

Evening.—Lucy is sick, very sick—I have just left her. She has been growing thin and pale for some time, and now she cannot leave her room—coughs incessantly. Oh, kind heaven, spare her a little longer; we cannot lose her now, she has become so dear to us all—she has given us sweet, sweet lessons of patience and fortitude. She seemed very glad to see me; wished me to read to her from her own little Bible, the gift of her dying mother—says my reading pleases her—I speak so low, it does not jar. I was there but a few moments when Joseph Edwards called. Oh, who would have known you, Joe, boisterous, laughter-loving Joe? How quietly you entered that sick-room; how noiselessly your foot pressed the yielding carpet; how softly you took that little, pale hand in your own broad palm; how subdued were the tones of your voice. Oh, sickness! what a softener to the heart ye are—how we tremble and shrink back, frail and weak, as the angel of death darkens our path. He brought her a bouquet of tea-roses and geranium leaves, taken from his sister's plants—made a few friendly inquiries—brought a few sunshiny smiles to the sick girl's face, and left, promising to come again the next day, and bring his sister. They have sent for Mr. G——; he is expected in the morning. How will that poor, grey-headed father bear this stroke?—to see his darling lay there so helpless. Poor father! poor father! She is his all—in her rests all his hope of happiness here. She is all the heart's sunshine left him. Oh, how dark if she should be taken from his love.

November 13th.—George has just been in—tells me Lucy is no better—her father has come, is nearly distracted, but tries to appear calm before his daughter. She has inquired for me, wishes me to come before school, if perfectly convenient—dear Lucy, so thoughtful even now—our school has but little charm for any of us—we are very still, very quiet there. Mr. A—— finds no fault with us even when he speaks twice, and we give no heed, he looks very sad. I never saw a person change as he has for the past few days. It cannot be, and yet there are many things to favor such an idea, that he has a deeper, a fuller affection for his pupil than any of us have dreamed of. There is certainly something in his appearance singular—a sorrow that vents not itself in words.

November 18th.—Lucy has told me all—her affection for Mr. A——, his love for her—and now when earth is wearing such beauteous hues, she is listening to those summons which none may disobey. At first her heart had rebelled—but now she can clasp her hands, look up and say, “Father, Thy will, not mine.” “Oh, Sarah,” said she, “’tis so hard to become wholly reconciled to life’s changes. We may know and realize that the great Source of all good orders all things right—yet ’tis a hard lesson to discipline the mind to bow meekly, humbly before that power—to say from the innermost depths of the heart, ‘Thy will’—to see all of our earthly hopes frustrated, all its sweet buds nipped in their opening by the frost touch of death—but, thank heaven, as that change draweth near, angels fling open the portals leading to that brighter world, and give our poor worldly eyes glimpses of that hereafter awaiting us. Sarah, I had a beautiful vision last night, as I slept I thought my mother came to me, how beautiful she was, how sweetly she smiled upon me—then heaven seemed to open, and a great multitude stood before me clad in snowy raiment—and one, a fair boy, wearing the look of an infant brother long since passed away, beckoned to me and my mother, stooped low and whispered, ‘Go.’ Then it seemed as if a weight fell from me—my soul was free, free to soar earth-shackled no longer—oh, the joy of that freedom—how can I describe it to you? Such a feeling of bliss, perfect bliss. I paused to take one look at the loved ones, and the angel boy pointed upward, and said, ‘Yonder is our home, they will come soon, very soon, you will be here to welcome them.’ Then a strain of rich melody floated about us, oh, so different from any earthly music—I was too happy—I awoke to find it all a dream, but a dream full of meaning—it has accomplished its purpose. I am willing to go—how beautiful is life—how beautiful death that ushers us to a higher existence. Thank God that all the dark doubts and gloomy forebodings that have ever clustered about the tomb are dispelled. I can lie me down and sleep, for I know the waking—don’t think of this poor human casket. Sarah, mouldering in the grave, when you remember me, think of me as a beautiful spirituality, hovering above, watching and waiting for you to join me. If Alfred—Mr A—— would only be reconciled to this—talk with him when I am gone—he will shut this great grief up in his heart—it will kill him if he cannot speak of it—canker the threads of life to breaking—you are the only one that knows of the relation existing between us, except my father. He will listen to you more readily than to him, a

woman knows better how to speak her sympathy. She can touch the lacerated chords of a wounded heart with her sweet words of consolation, and add no pain, there is healing in her hopeful language. Mr. A—— will listen to you as he will to no one else, remember this. Good-bye, darling, he will soon be here, and I have much to say to him. I must rest.”

November 20th.—Lucy is better, and they are making preparations to take her home. She wishes to go, and her father is anxious to have her once more beneath the old home-roof. She cannot live long; but Dr. G—— says she will not be likely to suffer much; how much we shall miss her. I cannot write to-day.

November 24th.—Gone! all gone, what a chill the word strikes to my heart—gone! Lucy and all. It seems like a dream—my books are on the table before me. I am looking across the fields, bare and gloomy they seem to our dear old academy, its doors closed, the clear-toned bell that has called us together morning after morning mute, apparently tongueless. No lessons to learn, but I forget there is *one*, a lesson we must all learn—a lesson that teaches us every enjoyment must end—that shadows will fall where the light has been the brightest. I am feeling sad, very sad, and why? He promised to write often, very often—wished me to remember him as I did no other—called me his good genius—was there need of saying more? words are nothing. But somehow I am feeling strangely disturbed, tired, worn-out with the toil of the past few days, that is all. I must give widow White a call, she always has a remedy for low spirits. I will interest myself in others—ignore my own feelings if they are to be of this hue. A walk this cool morning will do me good—I know I can *run it off*.

March 1st.—No letters from G——, what can it mean? Almost a month since I have heard from him; but here comes father from the post-office, perhaps he has one—yes, but not in G——’s handwriting—’tis from Katy, and will tell of his welfare. We will read—

“SWEET, DEAR SARAH—I am so happy, so miserable, one minute I think earth has not a single sunbeam, and the next, everything lightens up so beautifully—but I must tell you, try to explain this state of feeling, in the first place then, you must know Jo has been here—*Mr. Edwards*, I suppose, I ought to say—but I won’t, for I mean *my own good Jo*—oh, dear! how my cheeks burn—but I have not told you yet how that he was mine, all mine, nor when, nor how it all happened. But have patience, you shall hear all about it one of these days, if I fail to get it in this letter—for it is a long story, and ends with

a promise to take the responsibility of keeping Jo's coat-sleeves in repair, his stockings in heels, and himself in good-humor, the latter item, you know, will be a very difficult task. When all this will happen I can't just tell, but you shall be warned in season to prepare yourself for bridesmaid, recollect. Now comes the big weight that has almost squeezed all the joy out of my heart. G—— is at home, and with him a little luminary I thoroughly despise. She is to be his wife—he met her somewhere South—her father is rich—she fell in love, it seems, with my talented brother—you know he is talented—and somehow they are engaged, and that is all I know about it, it has made almost hate him, my brother, whom I loved as sisters seldom love. This morning he came into my room, took me in his lap, called me his dear little Katy, the first time he has appeared like himself since he came home. We had a long talk about old times—at last I mustered courage to mention your name, oh, Sarah, I wish you could have seen him, he loves you, but *loves*, shall I say it, *money, station more*, and so all my cherished dreams are ended. You could have moulded his character, made him an honor to himself, a blessing to society—but she, that bunch of gauze and lace, what will be her influence? I cannot, I will not be reconciled to it. I will be as freezing, when in her presence, as a winter's day in December—but why blame her? My mother is—but I won't write any more now. I shall be with you soon, next week, I think. Good-bye, Sarah, dear Sarah."

A "broken dream," sure enough—and so he, the idol that I so foolishly, it must have been foolishly, set up in my heart, is false, false to me, false to himself—why should I not have known it?—why should I have been thus blind? But there was so much there worthy my best affections, I forgot the evil in worshipping the good. And now all that remains for me to do is to school myself into a different state of feeling, if that be possible, and it *must* be, for I have

pride, pride that would make George Ellis blush beside it. I will not even do myself the comfort of writing my thoughts, so farewell journal. I open not your leaves again, until I can feel all is well here in this silly little fluttering heart: won't I teach it strength?

Three years have passed since I commenced writing in this book: how many changes have taken place in that short space? We have been absent for two years, and have now come back once more to visit our old home, how beautiful everything looks. 'Tis a lovely day in June, June air, June sunshine, and June flowers are among earth's sweetest things. Nature is now decked in holiday attire, her green is fresh and luxuriant, unstained by dust, unshrunk by summer's sultry heat. We have just taken a long walk amongst the hills and vallies of this pleasant town of P——, how prettily cluster the little white cottages of our village; the one tall church spire pointing to heaven, as if invoking its blessings to descend upon the place. Beside our old home stands another cottage apparently new: it looks so bright, so cool there, the green lawn in front so refreshing, the soft muslin of the windows catching up the moving breeze sways backward and forward, revealing to our gaze glimpses of the little parlor, that little parlor! I wonder if we can describe it, the pretty colors of the carpet, the golden-winged canary swinging and screaming at the south window, above a flower-stand crowned with blossoms of all hues, whose gay leaves are drinking up the early sunshine: the full library of books, the pictures, the simple, tasteful furniture: but no matter now we haven't time, for here comes the proprietor, Mr. Arden himself, with an invitation to us to visit the old school-room. There are *two* chairs in the desk instead of one, and *she*, who takes one of them, is *Sarah Hamilton*, now *Mrs. Arden*—dear Lucy's prophecy is fulfilled, he listens to her now as he listens to no other. George Ellis is remembered only as the hero of a school girl's fancy.

THE RECONCILIATION.

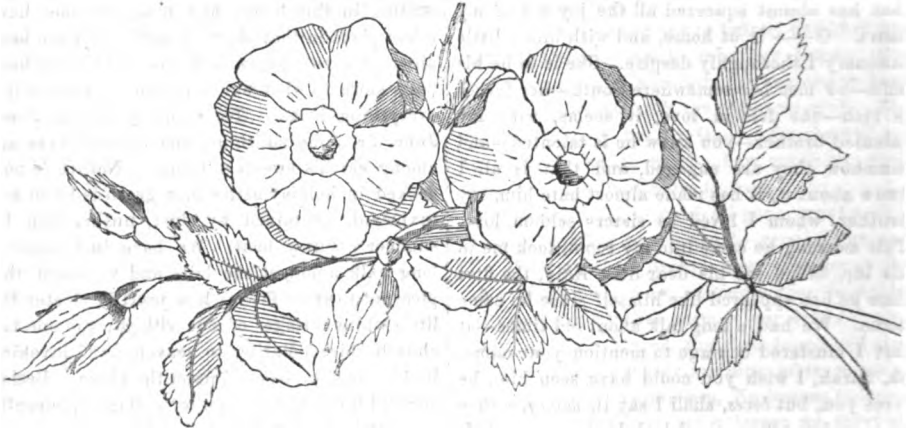
BY MRS. BROTHERTON.

THERE was a lane close-shadow'd, and deep-set,
Tall growth of leafy hazels over-thwart,
And high green hedges dim with violets:
All green, even underfoot, but all unsought
Of foot, save thine and mine, when we were fain
To bring to solitary places fair,
A love that could not breathe in common air.

Our hearts have since been steeped in change and pain,
Yet let us talk of that delicious hour
When both half-uttering one phantasia,
Wished that green lane invisible, a bower
Wherein we two might live, and love, and die!
They talk, they weep, and lo! this charmed rain
Changes their chang'd hearts softly back again.

SWEET-BRIAR ROSE.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—Hearts or stamens, green calyx, cups, small buds: these roses can be obtained ready stamped and shaded.

Curl each petal with your scissors, alternate one side in toward the centre of the flower, the other out. Make a hole in the centre of each flower sufficiently large with the end of your piers or scissors to admit the stamens easily, so as not to tear the petals: slip on the calyx and cup. Cut a narrow strip of green tissue paper,

and commence branching first a leaf and bud, then two leaves and two buds and a flower, then add more leaves, buds and flowers, until you have your branch sufficiently long for the purpose you wish. These flowers are very simple, and for pendants, for bouquets, or for trimming the handle of a basket, are very beautiful. They also have a very pretty effect arranged in clusters with the buds and leaves with other flowers.

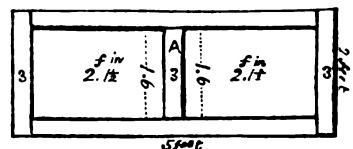
ECONOMICAL COTTAGE FURNISHING.

BY THE EDITORS.

MANY a young couple who have determined upon sharing together "the better and the worse" of life, find a serious obstacle to the fulfilment of their desire, in the necessity of providing the wherewithal to furnish. The cottage is selected, and a moderate rent agreed upon, but they must find tables and chairs, bedstead and bedding, wardrobes, or something that will answer the purpose, with many other items too numerous to mention; and their common purse is not over full. What is to be done? For such persons we propose giving a few hints on economical furnishing.

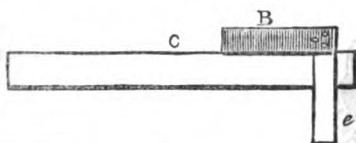
We shall begin with the bedroom, and describe a very excellent and elegant wardrobe, which may be entirely home-made at the cost of a

dollar or two. We will suppose the dimensions as follows: height six feet, width five feet, depth two feet; this is quite large enough for a room fourteen feet square, although the size is immaterial, and can be suited to circumstances. The foundation consists of eight frames of deal, similar to the following, made of strips of well-



seasoned deal, from two to three inches wide, one-quarter to three-eighths, or half-an-inch

thick, and of a length corresponding to the required length of the frame. The figure A is for middle piece. In the construction of these frames, a small tenon saw, plane, and very narrow mortising chisel are required, besides a square, hammer and nails, or (if the latter are dispensed with) a glue-pot to unite the joints. It is better for the amateur, unless he is really a skilful carpenter, to buy the narrow strips ready sawn to the required width. For a wardrobe of the above dimensions, he will require altogether a hundred and fifty-six feet, which, to avoid waste, should be as follows: sixteen strips six feet, and ten five feet in length. These being procured, a frame is to be made thus: take one of the six-foot pieces and saw it into three, all exactly equal in length, that is, two feet each. In order to ensure the frames being exactly square and true, (and upon this depends the neatness of the whole) take your carpenter's square, which is of the form B, and place it in the position

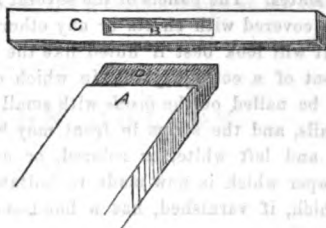


shown in the figure, where C represents the strip of wood to be sawn; you have only to draw a pencil line by the edge of the blade e, and it will be perpendicular to the length of the strip, or in other words "square with it." The three pieces thus obtained are for the two ends and centre of the top frame, as shown in figure ; the sides of the frame require two of the five-foot strips. The corners may be united by tenon and mortise, similar to the corners of a common gate frame; or by sawing the ends of each strip half through, and removing the upper portion of each in the manner shown below. This forms a

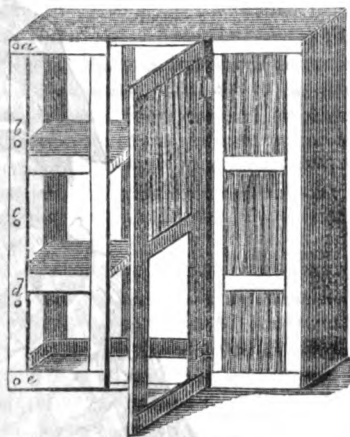


at joint, and may be united with glue, and strengthened by two or three small pegs of hard wood. The cut at a and b must be exactly true to the square as before, and the upper part cut away must be exactly half the thickness of the whole strip. The centre piece marked A in the first figure, may be united to the sides in the same way, or by a true tenon and mortise, which will fit true to each other in every way. This cut will not be exactly like that at the ends of the frame, but thus, where a joint of this

kind is shown upon a large scale, as in the connecting of two beams at right angles. D is the tenon cut in the piece A, and B the mortise cut



with a chisel in the piece C. We should strongly advise the amateur to practise making joints of this nature, for if he can effect this neatly and strongly, there are few pieces of furniture that he will find beyond his power; and we may state for his encouragement that we have seen a magnificent cabinet of carved oak, the sole work of an amateur, and scarcely to be surpassed in beauty of design or excellence of workmanship. Had the artificer been unskilful in mortising, the whole must have been spoiled. Bedsteads, tables, chairs, dressing-glasses, sofas, wardrobes, &c., all depend for strength and neatness upon the perfection of tenon and mortise joints. It



is not necessary to describe in detail the construction of the other seven frames, as they are similarly made, the only difference being in their size, and the position of the cross pieces. We shall therefore conclude with a drawing of the whole put together, merely adding directions for covering the framework with chintz.

The sketch represents the cabinet with the right hand side completed, the left showing the interior frames and two shelves, which may be added or not at pleasure. The frames are, when completed, merely put together with screws, so

that if it should be necessary to remove them to another residence, they can be separated with the greatest ease, and packed together like a pile of slates. The panels of the several frames may be covered with chintz or any other material. It will look best if fluted like the silk in the front of a cottage piano, in which case it should be nailed on the *inside* with small furniture nails, and the strips in front may be varnished and left white, or colored, or covered with paper which is now made to imitate oak, and which, if varnished, has a handsome and

elegant effect. If it is desired to conceal the framework altogether, the chintz must be put on outside, as represented at the right hand side in the drawing; and in this case, the edge gives a more finished appearance. If, as is usually the case, the wardrobe is intended to stand against a wall, the back may be covered with cotton lining, which is cheaper. We have also seen one covered entirely with this, and bordered with red tape, which had a very good effect; but these are the points which we must leave to the taste of the artificer.

THE COQUETTE SCARF MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



ONE of the latest novelties in Paris is a dashing-looking Scarf Mantelet, suitable for fall weather, called by the characteristic name of *the Coquette*. By means of the accompanying diagram, every lady can cut out this beautiful and seasonable article, without the aid of a mantua-maker.

This scarf is cut low and heart-shape at top before and behind. No. 1 is the body. No. 2 is the flounce of front. No. 3 is the flounce of

using Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, for this purpose. Brush the back of the canvass, when the work is finished, with a solution of gum. It is particularly adapted for loo tables, in which the cloth itself just covers the top, and the border fits *tight* round. Sew it to the cloth, having previously lined it, and edge with a cord at the upper part, and a bullion fringe at the lower.

FULL-SIZE MEDALLION COLLAR.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

THE circle holes, and the flowers at the extremities of this design in the medallion, are alike done in open work, pierced, and sewed over. The small sprigs, however, have the flowers in satin-stitch, and the leaves in button-hole stitch. The same may be said of the border. Each medallion is surrounded by a line of lace insertion; or if preferred, of open hem. The sleeves worn with these collars in Paris, are of the plain Bishop form, terminating in a turn-back cuff of a design to correspond with the collar.

INSERTION FOR SHIRT FRONT.

WORKED on fine linen, in button-hole stitch, } done in French knot. This is a very beautiful
the small dots in the centre of each leaf to be } pattern and easily worked.

STAR INSERTION.

WORKED on cambric, in button-hole stitch, the } the centre of the star, and between each star,
small lines done in over stitch. The black, in } represents where the muslin is to be cut out.

DEAD HOPES.

BY LIZZIE BRIGHAM.

SPECTRES dim and very dismal
Crowd around my dreary way,
Ghosts of joys from Hope's baptismal,
Buried now and passed away;
Thronging round me as I go,
Shade they my life-path with woe.

Once the winds of pleasure fanned it,
With the gentle breath of peace;
And the rainbow light which spanned it
Deemed I Time would but increase;
Faded from its purple light
In the clouded, misty night!

Once the earth seemed like an Aiden,
And good fairies seemed the hours,
Their bright wings all richly laden
With Life's sweetest perfumed flowers:
Now the moonlight falleth cold
Where the sunbeams shone of old.

How the spectres laugh and mock me!
How they revel in my breast!
Then, anon, with dreams they rock me
To a sweet and charmed rest;
Then they wake me from my dream,
And more dismal all things seem.

Would my spirit, clogged with sorrow,
Could throw off this heavy weight,
Hoping still a bright to-morrow
Plume its wings, and trusting wait!
Will no sunbeam cross my way?
Will my night ne'er turn to day?

Will the spectres ~~never~~ leave me,
And the dreams, so bright of yore,
Though alas! they then deceived me,
To my heart return no more?
Then close round me, rayless night!
Welcome, pillow cold and white!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

INDUSTRY.—Diffusive in its tendency, industry would that every man should sit in the shadow of his own roof, under his own vine and fig tree, having enough and to spare. It would that woman might partake of the benefits of a free and liberal education; that undue distinctions of rank and wealth should be levelled, and a general standard of intelligence, integrity and moral worth take the place of the factitious blazon that precedes the pomp of puffed up power, founded on no real merit, no industrial enterprise.

Industry is progressive. Forever on—on, with the march of a conqueror, it is crying out for new worlds of science to subdue. It looks along the beds of deep oceans, and speculates whether some day it may not build an under-sea railway, as it has under-ground tunnels. It scans the stars, and determines that some principle shall be applied to machinery to bear man up along those grand highways. It measures mountains, and with the strength of an Atlas moves them into the sea, if it will. It calculates how many ships shall float from a forest of timber, and how many cities spring up in desolate plains.

Industry is creative. What new theory lies undeveloped in her thoughts cannot yet be told. But as surely as she has wrought wonders from crudeness, so she will create anew. Wild and improbable as many a novel theory seems to the common-place observer, industry beholds it clothed in glorious light, wanting only embodying by her own peerless skill. Even in the depths of darkness, it still shines in the chambers of her own brain; it is ever present; to her there is no chaos. Since the creation she has lacked not for material, and never will.

Industry is poetry itself. Who says that since the dusky woods have echoed to the thunder of the rushing car, the spirit of poetry has fled? It is not so. She has but "put away all childish things," and now in the grandeur of maturity stands forth a nobler being, than when her charmed precincts enclosed fawn and fairies, and sprites and genii danced around the consecrated circle.

Poetry! Think of the thousand steam horses, flying with more than the speed of Pegasus through vales and over hill-tops! The millions of spindles crashing, whirling and gleaming; the trillions of hammers, tripping and beating, with the great pulse of labor. Look down in coal mines, and from their inky blackness see the ancient forests brought up to light your homes. Gaze along the tremulous wires, and think that in every direction, the swift lightning is bearing messages of weal or woe to multitudes of waiting hearts.

There is a great epic yet to be written, and its theme will be industry.

A FINE BALLAD.—Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," appears to be as capital a lyricist as he is a novelist. Everybody remembers the exquisite ballad, in "Alton Locke," called "Mary, Call the Cattle Home." We cut the following, which is even finer, from an English Magazine. It is in the true ballad style, simple, direct, and full of intense feeling.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

DUGANNE'S POEMS.—We have been favored with a sight of the proof-sheets, in advance, of what will be one of the most exquisitely printed books ever published in the United States. It is an edition of the poetical works of Augustine Duganne, author of "The Iron Harp Poems," "The Gospel of Labor," &c. &c. Every page has a border of a different pattern; the type is large and clear; and the paper is like thick, cream-colored vellum. We are glad to see the lyrics of Duganne collected at last. He deserves a much higher reputation than has been popularly accorded to him, or than he would have enjoyed if his poems had been published in a style deserving of them. We confess that we had ourselves under-rated his abilities, until we came to review his various fugitive pieces as a whole. The volume contains many things, which were entirely new to us, as they will be, we suppose, to thousands of others. We cannot close this hasty notice, without referring to a portrait of the poet, engraved in line by J. Sartain, and which is quite up to some of the most successful of Cheney's exquisite heads.

Such a *chef d'œuvre* in line engraving, for a worker in mezzotint, is a fact to be noted. The volume will appear early in October.

SALUTATION POLKA.—The piece of music, which we give this month, is attracting much attention in Philadelphia; in fact it is one of the most popular polkas we have ever had here. It is published by E. L. Walker, who has, at his store, a large collection of other new, brilliant and fashionable pieces, any one of which he will mail, postage paid, on the receipt of the price. The price of the "Salutation Polka" is twenty-five cents, and it is copy-righted. As are all the pieces furnished for this Magazine by Mr. Walker.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By Lady Hol- and. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The wit of Sydney Smith was proverbial, and in these volumes we have scores of examples of it, each seeming more brilliant than the last. But Sydney Smith was more than a wit, as the public learns from this work for the first time. In his domestic relations he was the most gentle, lovable and agreeable of husbands and fathers; a careful economist; and a thoroughly honest man. His daughter, who has edited these memoirs, draws a delightful picture of their rural household at Folsom. The reader learns to know and love all connected with it, from the mother to the youngest child; and even has his or her sympathies awakened for the needy and Bunce. The book, therefore, has all the charm of a naturally written novel of country life, in addition to its fascination as a continuous series of jokes. The second volume is devoted to a selection of Sydney Smith's letters, which are characterized by sound sense, a racy style, and the most polished wit. We learn incidentally from this work much that is interesting respecting the early career of the Edinburgh Review and the lives of its principal contributors. On the whole, so agreeable a book does not often appear. It is quite neatly got up and we have only to regret that a portrait of Sydney Smith does not accompany the volumes, for is curious to know how the witty parson looked. *Ulie; or, The Human Comedy.* By J. Estlin Cooke. 1 vol. Richmond: A. Morris.—The author of his novel is favorably known as the writer of "The Virginia Comedians" and "Leather Stockings and Silk," two fictions of considerable merit. For dramatic power they evince, indeed, these works stand in the front rank. The Captain and little girl, in the former, and the widow, the doctor, the borderer, in the latter, are among the best characters in American fiction; while the conversation is always natural, and this not only in the language employed, the negro and the white being especially good. In plot, and in incident, however, Mr. Cooke is less successful, the

first having little sequence and the last often violating probability. "Ellie" is inferior to either of Mr. C's earlier works. Nor do we have to go far to find the cause, for, instead of writing out a personal experience, he has, insensibly perhaps, but none the less actually, been led into an imitation of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Lamplighter" school of novels. We beg of him, when he writes again, to return to the rural life of the "Old Dominion," or to the historical romance. The volume is very handsomely printed, doing great credit to the Virginia publisher.

History of the Council of Trent. Edited by the Rev. J. McClintock, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Without question the best popular history of the Council of Trent which has ever appeared. The author is Mr. Bungener, a French Protestant divine, favorably known to the American public by "The Huguenot and the Priest," "The Preacher and the King," &c. &c. Dr. McClintock has edited the work with great ability, having furnished an excellent introduction, and prepared a capital synopsis of the transactions of the Council.

Habits and Men. By Dr. Doran. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A collection of racy articles on all sorts of subjects, from swords to stockings, from wigs to warriors. "The Tiring Bowers of Queens," and "The Tailors Measured by the Poets," are among the less statistical papers. "Beau Brummel," "Beau Nash," "Samuel Pepys" are some of the biographical sketches. The book, in short, is an entertaining *olla podrida*, which we recommend to all who wish capital reading.

The Jealous Wife. By Miss Pardoe. 1 vol. Boston: Pettridge & Co.—One of the best novels we have read this year. We advise all, in want of a new fiction to read, to purchase it without delay. F. & Co. have also issued a new edition of Miss Pardoe's "Confessions Of A Pretty Woman." Both novels are published in the cheap style, price thirty-seven and a half cents.

Panama In 1855. By Robert Tomes. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an account of the Panama rail-road, of the cities of Panama and Aspinwall, and of life and character on the Isthmus. It is both a useful and picturesque description, and will gratify any reader, but especially one who has either visited the Isthmus, or designs visiting it.

The Escaped Nun; or, Confessions of a Convent Life. 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—We cannot recommend this book. It bears, on its face, evidences of exaggeration, and besides is anonymous, which no such work ought to be. Grave charges, like those made in this volume, should have a responsible endorser.

The Yellow Mask. In Twelve Chapters. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A powerfully written story, which first appeared in Dickens' "Household Words," and is now reprinted, in the cheap style, for twelve and a half cents.

Olie; or, The Old West Room. By L. M. M. 1 vol. New York: Mason, Brothers.—A praiseworthy religious feeling pervades this volume. Those, who were so delighted with "The Lamplighter," will be charmed with "Olie." A severe critic might say that the book was too diffuse; but as it is a first effort, candor will easily pardon this.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables all the Year at Summer Prices, and How to Obtain Them. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A capital little treatise, describing Arthur, Burnham & Co.'s method of preserving fruits in air-tight, self-sealing jars. Copies sent free of postage on remitting twelve and a half cents to the publisher.

Learning To Walk. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of those charming volumes for children, for which Mr. Abbott has become so famous. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

THE KITCHEN.

MORE ABOUT PUDDINGS.—In mixing batter puddings, sift the flour, and pour on very little milk at first—gradually pour on the remainder, stirring well. This should be done carefully, as it is difficult to stir out the lumps when too much milk is poured on at once. After the flour is stirred smooth in part of the milk, add salt and eggs, then the remainder of the milk. When berries are to be added, put them in last. A batter pudding with berries requires at least one-third more flour than one without.

To cut a boiled pudding, without making it heavy, lay your pudding-knife first on one side and then on the other upon it, just long enough to warm it.

When essences or oils are added to puddings, always drop them on to a lump of sugar. If you attempt to put any oil in without so doing it will not mix with the other ingredients, but float upon the surface.

Peach leaves give a better flavor than any spice. Boil them in the milk, and take them out before you add the other ingredients. Experience will teach the number to be used.

The most digestible pudding is that made with bread, or biscuit, or boiled flour, grated. Paste puddings or dumplings are extremely indigestible; batter pudding is not easily digested, and suet puddings are to be considered as the most mischievous to invalids in the catalogue. Pancake is objectionable, on account of the frying imparting a greasiness. Boiled Indian meal puddings are not very indigestible, and are far preferable to wheat. It is well to mix your puddings, an hour or two before cooking them.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Fried Rabbit.—After the rabbit has been thoroughly cleaned and soaked, blanch it—that is, put it into boiling water, and let it boil for five minutes; drain it, and when nearly cold, cut it into joints, dip them

into beaten egg, and then into fine bread-crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, and when all are ready, fry them in butter over a moderate fire, from twelve to fifteen minutes; simmer two or three strips of lemon-peel in a little gravy until well flavored with it, and in this boil the liver of the rabbit for five minutes; let it cool, and then mince it; thicken the gravy with an ounce of butter, a little flour; add the liver; give the sauce a minute's boil; stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream if at hand, and last of all a little lemon juice. Dish the rabbit, pour the sauce under it, and serve immediately. Rabbit is very good simply fried, and a little gravy made in the pan.

Browning for Gravies.—Melt four ounces of sugar in a frying-pan, with water; add one ounce of butter, and continue the heat until the whole is turned quite brown without burning; then pour in a pint of port wine, stirring well all the time, and remove the pan from the fire. When the whole of the roasted sugar is dissolved, pour it into a bottle and add half an ounce each of bruised pimento and black pepper; six shalots, cut small; a little mace and finely grated lemon-peel; and a quarter pint of catsup. Digest for a week, occasionally shaking; then strain through a muslin, and keep for use.

Serving Fried Dishes.—All fried dishes which are not sauced should be served extremely dry, upon a neatly-folded damask cloth; they are best drained upon a sieve reversed, placed before a fire. Fish should be wrapped in a sheet of buttered paper before placing on the gridiron. This will not only prevent the sticking, but preserve the skin in a better state.

For *Tic-doloreux*, a friend suggests the following alleviation:—Strip several laurels leaves of their projecting parts, sew them together, make hot before the fire, put on the face, and bind over with flannel on going to bed. The laurel leaf is not dangerous as an outward application for toothache and pains seated in the muscles, &c.

Arrowroot Biscuits.—Rub together three-quarters of a pound of sugar and the same weight of butter until they rise; beat three eggs well and mix with it, then stir in two cups of sifted arrowroot, and two cups of sifted flour; roll them out thin, cut them with a biscuit cutter, place them in buttered tins and bake them in a slow oven.

Plain Arrowroot Biscuits.—Mix together two cups of sifted arrowroot and the same quantity of flour, with one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and a little yeast; knead all together, roll it out, cut it into biscuits, place them on tins and let them stand to rise for half an hour or more before you bake them.

Transparent Soap.—Cut into thin shavings half a cake of Windsor soap, put it into a phial, half fill the bottle with spirits of wine, and place it near the fire until the soap is melted. This mixture, put in a mould to cool, gives transparent soap.

Embrocation for Rheumatism.—Mix together an ounce and a half of sal-volatile and half an ounce of laudanum; apply three times a day.

Sting of a Wasp in the Throat.—Honey, sweet oil, and a little vinegar, beat them all up together in a small basin (equal parts of honey and sweet oil.) Some of this mixture to be swallowed every minute, about a teaspoonful at a time.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK.—Skirt very full, and rather long. Three bands of black velvet descend from the waist to the bottom of the dress, on each side of the skirt, decreasing in width as they approach the corsage, and trimmed on each side by a narrow edge of black lace. The corsage is high and close, and trimmed with *bretelles* of black velvet, edged with lace, which meet at the waist, and continue around the basque. Sleeves of the pagoda form, finished to correspond with the corsage. Collar and undersleeves of point d'Alençon. Bonnet of white silk, with a full face trimming.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH GREEN SILK, woven with velvet bands. There are five of these bands, which decrease in width as they approach the top of the skirt. Corsage high and open in front. It is made in the basque style, trimmed with velvet, and finished with *bretelles* of velvet which cross behind, and hang in long floating ends. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed only with a rich ribbon, forming a knot behind, with long streamers. White thread veil.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of chequered silk, in shades of brown and pink. The skirt is without any trimming, and the corsage is low and cut square in front. On each shoulder a bow of pink ribbon. Under the corsage of the dress is worn a Swiss corsage of white muslin, half-high, and drawn, the fullness being gathered at top on a band of needlework insertion. The sleeves, which are demi-long and loose, are composed of a series of four frills of muslin. On the arm, short mittens of black *fillet*. Trousers of white cambric muslin, descending very little below the dress, and edged with narrow tucks and needlework.

FIG. IV.—CHILD OF TWO YEARS OLD.—Frock of white jaconnet muslin, the skirt ornamented with small tucks and narrow frills of needlework. The *etelles* over the shoulders and the basque at the waist are ornamented with needlework. The sleeves of the front of the corsage are tucked and filled the same manner as the skirt of the dress. A bow of broad, light blue ribbon is tied in a bow and is behind. The trousers are worked and tucked correspond with the frock.

FIG. V.—BOY OF NINE YEARS OF AGE.—Jacket of dark blue cloth, braided with black, and ornamented with *agrafes* of black silk passementerie. Trousers of grey cashmere. Waistcoat of white batiste. Shirt of batiste, ornamented on the breast with needlework in stripes. The sleeves of the

jacket are sufficiently short to admit of the shirt sleeves descending in full puffs below them. The shirt-collar turns over a neck-tie of lilac silk.

FIG. VI.—TUSCAN STRAW BONNET with a bouquet of natural wheat-ears. In the middle of the front, these ears, half of which are green, and the other half yellow, are ornamented with green straw and fastened by a knot of Tuscan straw. The curtain, also of Tuscan, is trimmed with a narrow black lace; the inside, of white blonde, is ornamented with a single bouquet of rose-buds; the edge of the front is bordered with a narrow black lace.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF WHITE SILK with tulle bouillonne on the front and curtain; lilac silk ribbons are placed inside and a broad blonde decorates the curtain; under the left side is a bow with long ends; under the other a much smaller bow placed lower down; inside two bows of ribbon, one above the *bandeaux*, the other below.

FIG. VIII.—BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS.—(Front View.) The front hair is drawn back straight from the forehead, but not turned up so as to form inverse *bandeaux*. It is arranged at each side in smooth loops and puffs, amidst which small sprigs of orange blossom are tastefully disposed. The bridal wreath is placed at the back of the head, and so low as to droop over the nape of the neck. The veil is formed of a full breadth of *tulle illusion*, edged all round with a broad hem. It is gathered in fulness in the middle, and fixed at the back part of the head, and the two ends hang down, nearly to the ground. The dress, of which only the corsage is seen in our engraving, consists of Brussels lace over white silk. The skirt has three broad flounces, and the corsage is half-high, and trimmed with full frills of lace. A splendid brooch of diamonds and pearls fastens the falling collar of lace at the top of the corsage.

FIG. IX.—BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS.—(Back View. See description above.)

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts are still made exceedingly full, and of sufficient length to admit the support of the stiffest petticoat, and yet touch the ground. The tendency of the modern style is even verging toward the hoop of our great-grandmothers; they found the sedan-chair almost a necessary of their lives, and certainly it requires some practice and dexterity for a modern belle to get in and out of a carriage—and to ride in one, too—without damage to her toilet.

DRESSES of two colors are much worn. We will describe a walking-dress which is very suitable for the autumn. It is composed of rich black silk, with several flounces, mixed with borders of either violet color, dark blue, or Imperial green. The corsage consists of the universally adopted jacket, with trimmings of the same color as the borders of the flounces. The sleeves are fully trimmed.

BRETTELES or Braces continue to be much worn, especially by young people.

LAPPETS or Basques still maintain their ground, in spite of the popularity with many persons of the round waist, with a belt or ribbon.

FLOUNCES are employed more than ever; all dresses for full toilet have three, four, or five. They are bordered with *Tom Thumb* fringes or small ruches of ribbon similar to those put on mantelets, but very narrow.

DRESSES for evening toilet are now made very low, and the bodies are draped just as they were under the first empire. For visiting toilet the preference is accorded to bodies opening square, or closed up the front. Sleeves seldom reach lower than the elbow. The trimmings alone come on the fore-arm, which they only cover in part. A style of sleeve, equally rich and new, is made of puffings of tulle separated by insertions and ruches of ribbons between rows of lace, and confined by ribbons tied at the wrist.

DRESSES with high and close corsages being now so much more generally adopted than they recently were, the fancy buttons employed as fastenings are manufactured in greater number and variety. When the dress is composed of rich silk or any material of superior elegance, the buttons used to fasten the corsage, are not unfrequently composed of jewels or precious stones; such, for instance, as emeralds, turquoises, diamonds, pearls, and sapphires. Some buttons are made in the form of a small rosette or a tie set with jewels of different colors; others are shaped as a butterfly, the body being in white enamel, the wings in sapphire, and the head in rubies. But the most beautiful and costly fancy buttons we have yet seen, are a set in which each button is in the form of a bee, the body being composed of topaz, the head of rubies, and the wings of black enamel speckled with diamonds. We only give the above as a specimen of the fashions, not that we by any means would like our fair countrywomen to imitate it.

A **BEAUTIFUL JACKET** is composed of alternate rows of black lace and narrow green ribbon on a foundation of black net. The lace and ribbon are

arranged so as to form a point at the waist behind, and, passing over the shoulders, they descend in the same manner before. Three rows of lace and three of ribbon put on in a slight wave form the basque, and the sleeves are made with puffings, the trimmings of which of course correspond with the remainder of the jacket.

THE UNDER-SLEEVES are large and richly embroidered, and closed at the wrist for morning wear, and the collars, though of a full size, are not worn unbecomingly large.

BLACK SILK MANTLES are of many designs; the favorite ones, however, are those which admit of being drooped behind to show the top of the dress, and of being left open before. A very handsome black mantle is trimmed with lace a quarter of a yard deep, headed by a quilling of ribbon interspersed with beads. Another, something more matronly, has a passementerie trimming of violet color and black, and is ornamented with fringe instead of lace.

BONNETS are made rather larger than of late, sitting well on the head and coming somewhat forward on the forehead. The discovery appears to have been made that bonnets are not made merely to leave the head uncovered, and there is a tendency to return to something a trifle more reasonable than of late. Trimmings and ornaments are less lavishly added. The very excess we have lately seen is bringing us back to simplicity. Among the bonnets most remarkable for novelty is one composed of black lace and cherry color velvet, and trimmed with poppies and blackberries. A bonnet of white crape has been trimmed with roses and black velvet; to the edge of this bonnet is attached a fall of black Chantilly lace. All kinds of flowers are now employed as ornaments for bonnets, and they are equally fashionable whether disposed in sprays or bouquets. Very frequently a single flower only is used. Artificial fruit is also very generally employed for trimming bonnets.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

HOW TO CURE BORROWERS.—A lady, remitting \$10.00 for a club of eight, says that formerly she was in the habit of lending her Magazine to all who asked for it; but finding, last year, when she attempted to raise a club, that she had no success, she took a stand against borrowers. "I just said," she writes, "I should not lend 'Peterson' at all; and that, if they wanted to read it, they must take it themselves." The result is eight subscribers, this year, in a town where we had but one before. If all our subscribers would take a similar stand against borrowers, we should double our list, next year, from that cause alone.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

WHEN TO BEGIN.—New subscribers will be particular to mention with *what number they wish to begin*. Also their post-office, county and state.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Contributors, who wish rejected articles returned, must enclose stamps to prepay the postage.

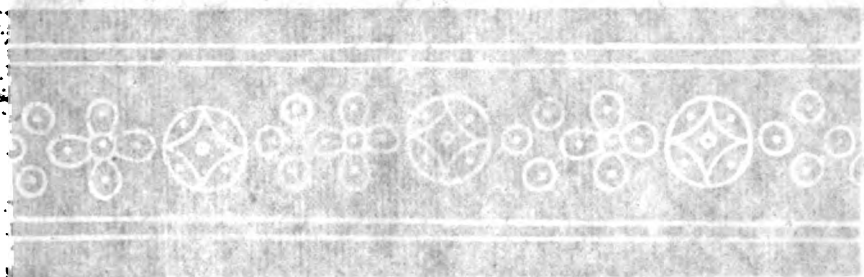
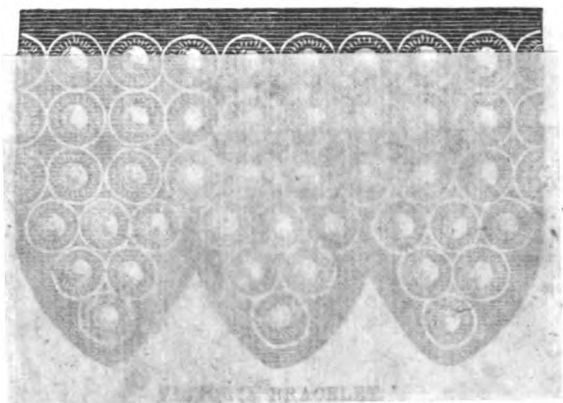
GIFT BOOK OF ART.—For one dollar, we will send, postage pre-paid, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

REMOVALS.—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

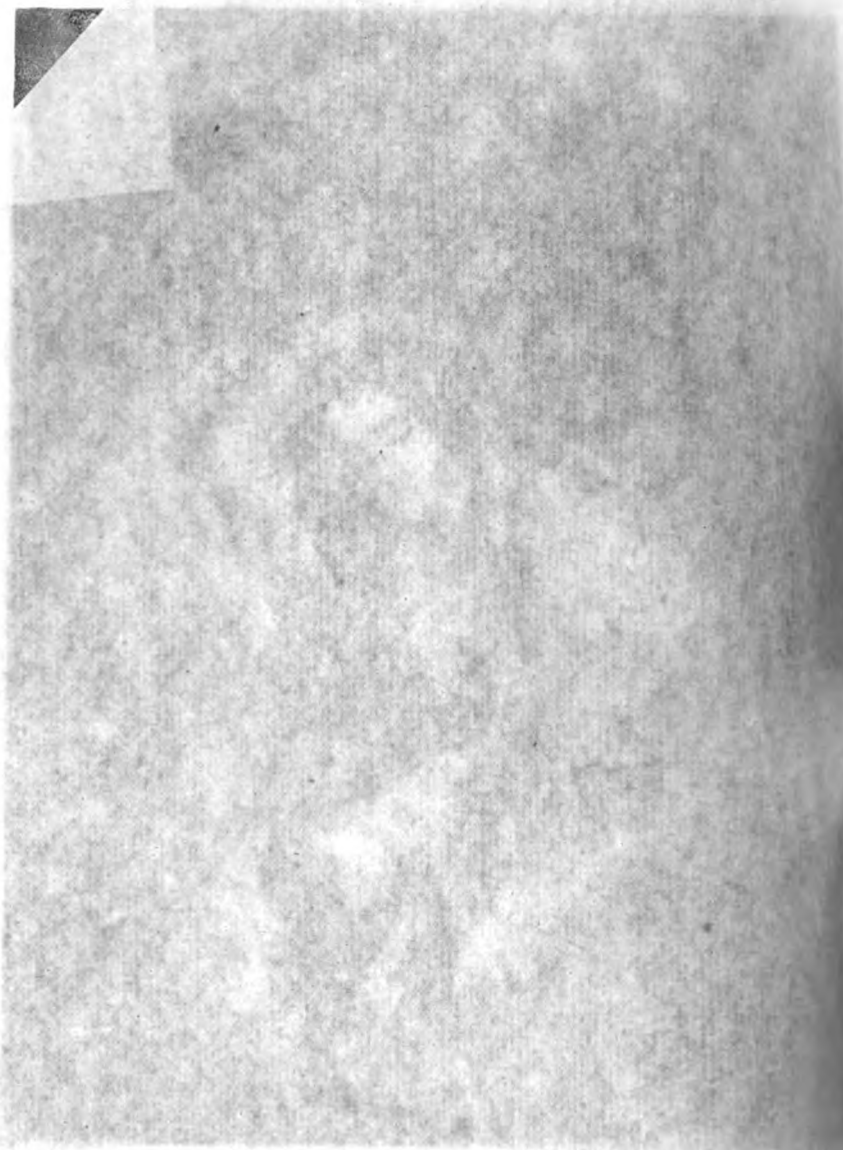


THE OVERLAND SLEEPER.

Engraved by H. M. S. expressly for Peterson's Magazine

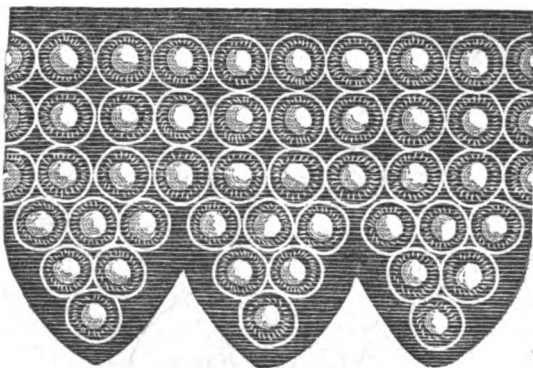


GAUNTLET SLEEVE.

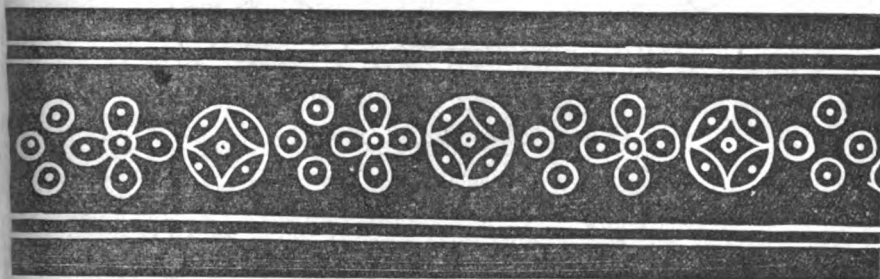


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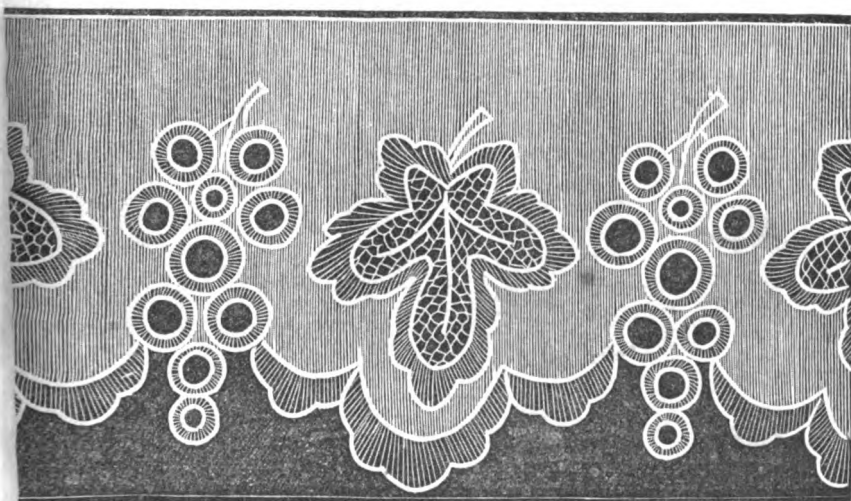
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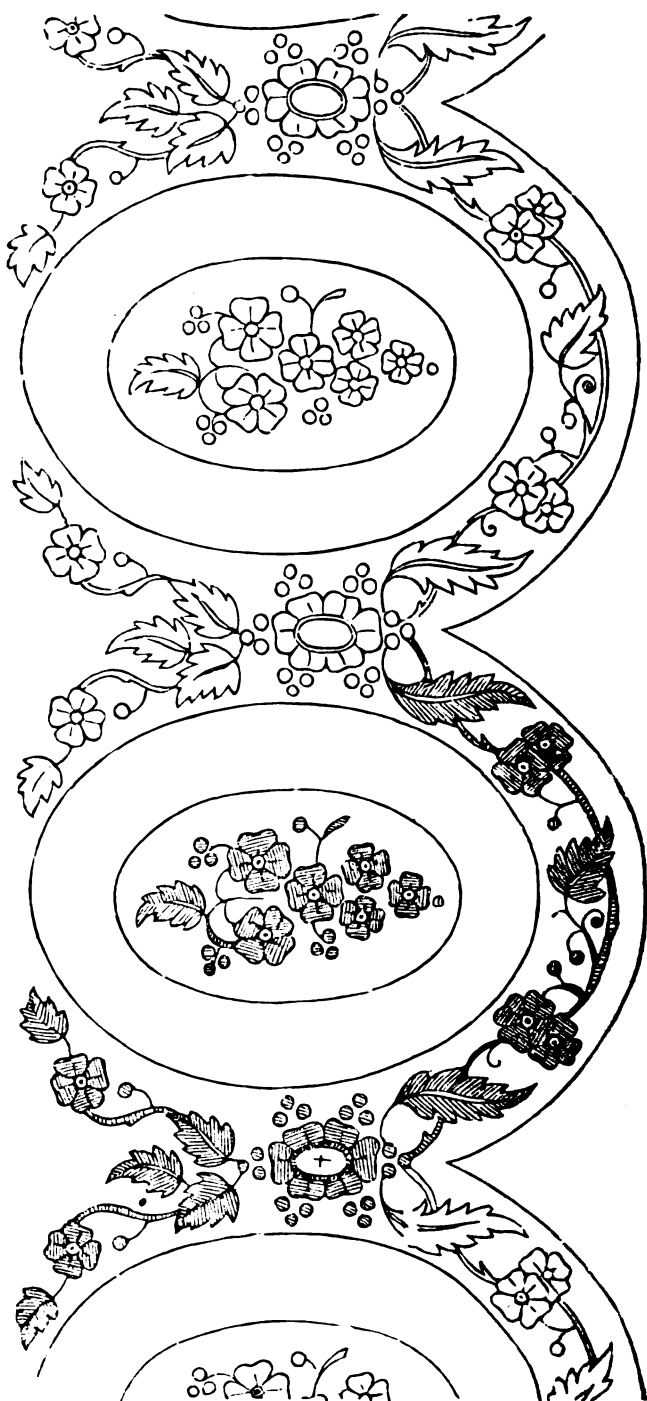
VICTORIA BRACELET.



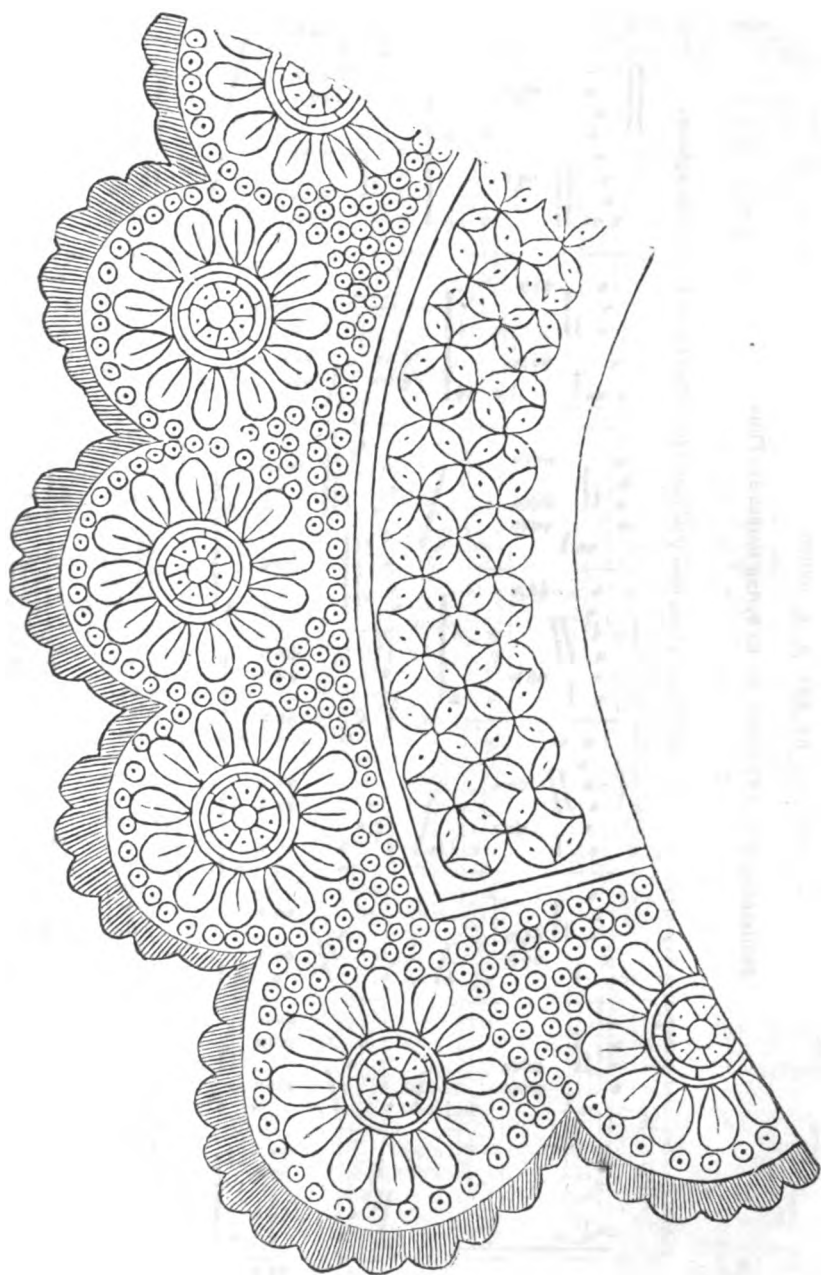
INSERTING FOR SHIRT FRONT.



GAUNTLET SLEEVE.



EDGE FOR SLEEVES, OR HANDKERCHIEF.



COLLAR.

MORNING STAR POLKA.

COMPOSED BY MRS. S. R. BURTIS.

Published by T. C. ANDREWS, No. 66 Spring Garden St., Phila.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1853, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Allegro. *f*

POLKA.

f

p

Molto f

Piano.

Fine.

First system of musical notation. The left hand (treble clef) begins with a *Con moto* section marked *ff*, followed by a *p* section marked *Allegretto*. The right hand (bass clef) features a *f* section. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation. The left hand (treble clef) includes a *Con moto* section marked *pp*. The right hand (bass clef) contains a *Con moto* section marked *p*. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation. The left hand (treble clef) has a *Con moto* section marked *p*. The right hand (bass clef) includes a *Con moto* section marked *p*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.



NEW STYLE CAP.



NEW STYLE CAP.



THE SARATOGA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 5.

THE "DANDY FROM BOSTON."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

At sixteen, Kate Stanley was the belle of Leicester. She was beautiful as a rose-bud, merry as a Virginia reel, and witty as Sheridan.

"So this young dandy from Boston," she said, "boasts that he can have any of us country girls whenever he pleases."

"He has but to throw his handkerchief, Ned tell me he says," answered her cousin, "and the favored one will be his slave thankfully."

Ned Dudley, Jeanie's betrothed husband, knew all the young men of the village, as well as every visitor of note, and was in a way, therefore, to hear everything that passed. There could be no doubt consequently of the aspersions.

"We shall see," replied Kate, with a toss of the head. "I never have flirted yet, but I'll do it now, if it's possible. This puppy needs a lesson. Does he think we're Circassian girls, put up at auction, while he sits smoking, half asleep, like a Turk, and bidding off the prettiest?"

Kate had never been so angry in her life. Her whole sex had been insulted, and she determined to avenge them.

In a little while, Harry Nelson, the "dandy from Boston," became a declared admirer of Kate. He was at her father's nearly every evening, sent her bouquets almost daily, and was constantly seen escorting her through the streets. Every Sunday, he either came to her church to service, or was waiting at the door when she went out. She was his partner at all the pic-nics of the season. Everybody said that the couple were engaged.

But Kate kept her own counsel. If she persisted in her original intention, she was playing her cards so adroitly, that she seemed, even to her closest friends, to be really in earnest. When Harry was by she had eyes for no one else. She always managed that he should find her disengaged for the first dance at every party. She sang her best songs for him, dressed in his colors,

and even admired his favorite authors, though they happened to be those she had formerly detested most.

Harry piqued himself on many things. In his own eyes nobody dressed with such taste as himself, nobody danced as gracefully, nobody used such elegant language in conversation. But he prided himself especially on his guitar playing. The highest compliment he could pay a lady, in his own estimation, was to serenade her, not, as too many do, through hired musicians, but with his own voice and instrument: and this compliment he resolved to pay Kate.

That night Jeanie was rooming with her cousin. The young men of the town, it was known, were to be out serenading; but as Ned Dudley had gone to Boston, and Jeanie knew there would be no music under her own window, she had come to Kate's. It was a bright moonlight evening, and as the serenaders were heard singing, long before they reached Mr. Stanley's, the girls peeped out between the curtains to see if Harry was of the party.

"There he is, sure enough," said Kate, "and with his guitar. Now listen, cousin mine."

Directly footsteps were heard beneath the casement, there was a suppressed murmur of voices, and then deep silence, followed by the "thrum, thrum," of a guitar. In a moment more, Harry began to sing, "Wake, lady, wake."

"He looks excessively sentimental," whispered Kate, peeping out from her shelter. "No doubt he thinks he's a Spanish cavalier." And the merriment being infectious, Jeanie laughed with her, till they could scarcely keep from being overheard.

The first verse was finished. Harry, turning up his eyes romantically, had begun the second, "Wake, lady, wake," accompanying it with the monotonous "thrum, thrum, thrum," when Kate cried, loud enough for all the serenaders to hear, and in a voice almost choking with merriment,

"Goodness gracious, does the man think I'm deaf? I'm as wide awake as I can be."

A suppressed titter, followed by an unrestrained laugh, passed around the circle of sere-naders. Harry's song ceased suddenly, and Kate thought she heard him give utterance, between his teeth, to something like an imprecation. A moment after, the party broke up, the young men moving off amid shouts of merriment at the crest-fallen guitar player.

The next day the story was all over the village. The day after Harry left Leicester forever, unable to endure being the common butt, and vowing vengeance against Kate, as an incorrigible flirt.

But from that day to this Kate has given no cause for such a name. She never flirted but the once, and that was to avenge her sex; and we are sure we have not the heart to blame her for it.

BYE-AND-BYE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

WHERE'ER heavy hearts are beating,
Comes the gentle whispered greeting,
Hope's sweet voice is e'er repeating
By-and-bye—bye-and-bye!
Chase the tear-drops, check the sigh,
Joy is coming, bye-and-bye.

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding
To that magic whisper sounding,
Telling of the joys abounding
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!
Haste the moments, let them fly,
Joys—we'll grasp them bye-and-bye.

To the student pale and weary,
Through the night hours long and dreary
Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!
Flinch not, pause not, guerdon high
Shall reward thee bye-and-bye.

To him across the ocean foaming,
Far from home and loved ones roaming,
Floats an echo through the gloaming,
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye,
Thrills the warm heart, lights the eye
With thoughts of meeting bye-and-bye.

The watcher by some loved one, lying
Wan and helpless, to her sighing,
Hears angelic tones replying,
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!
Watch and pray, the languid eye
Health shall brighten bye-and-bye.

The mourner by the green grave weeping
Where a cherished form is sleeping,
Hears a spirit softly speaking,
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!
Dear one lift thy thoughts on high,
We shall meet there bye-and-bye!

A PRAYER FOR THE PLAGUE-SMITTEN.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

SEND down Thy blessed angel, Lord!
With healing in his hand,
And bid him seek the stricken shore—
Our beauteous Southern land.
We bless Thee that Thy bounteous care
Hath kept our Northern home
Free from disease—hath bid it still
With health and plenty bloom:
But while we praise, a dirge of grief
Swells on the bright, warm air,
From stricken hearts to earth bowed down
With anguish and despair.
And our hearts echo back that wail
From the fair land of flowers—

Their joys, their trials, and their woes,
Are they not likewise ours?
But vain our sympathetic tears—
And vain man's feeble power—
'Tis Thine alone, great God! to save,
In their dark trial hour.
Father! For them, our brethren dear
Unto Thy throne we come—
Oh! let one ray of cheering light
Break through their night of gloom.
Oh, send Thy blessed angel down,
With healing in his hand,
And bid him seek that stricken shore—
Our lovely Southern land.

THE CITY COUSINS;
OR, THE ART-STUDENT IN BOSTON.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

How the subjoined letters came into my possession it is useless to relate; they bear internal evidence of genuineness, and I feel sure all who may read them will share the comfort I take in believing that a spirit fresh and sunny as this Kitty Clover proves herself, still dwells upon the earth—a prophecy of good which may yet come to us all.

"Boston, February 3d, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER—In the great city at last, safe and well! I hasten to tell you this—but have not taken off my bonnet yet, am tired, sleepy, and all things look new and strange. I felt rather dismally just now when I first shut the door of my little room, and looked down into the narrow, noisy street; but I looked *up*, and there were our own home-stars in the sky—Ariadne's crown watching all these brick walls, just as it watches the dear pine-grove at home. Those last words of yours were so true, mother! The same *heaven* above us both, however widely we may separate on earth. Good night.

KITTY CLOVER."

"February, 13th.

"DEAREST MOTHER—Homesick! Pray don't worry about that; if my letter gave you the impression it was a wrong one. At first I was too tired, and then too busy, and now I am too full of hope for homesickness.

"First of all, let me tell you, mother, that I shall re-enclose the bank-bill you sent. Spend it in little comforts for yourself, and consider it the first of many a remittance I'll make home for that same purpose. I don't need or want a new bonnet. Why I am tempted to accuse you of extravagance; didn't I pay seventy-five cents for having the old one whitened and lined? Besides, in a city one can hardly look so shabby, but she will find some one looking a little more so—I have so much company in my shabbiness, that it is a real blessing—makes me feel at home. And then isn't it enough to know that my soul is fresh and gay, and the humble bonnet is only a droll mask outside of a *splendid* spirit—yes, splendid, mother! for I feel so strong and brave sometimes that I reverence myself.

"I have been admitted into the School of Design, and am only too well pleased with my studies; I can hardly spare a thought for anything else. A number of lines and curves is given us, and each of the class may combine them with whatever figure occurs to her; over these combinations I work all day, wake up in the night with a new idea, and lie there in the dark bringing my lines and curves together, with a success I cannot copy by day. At the table I can only see the *angles* at which the knives and forks are placed, and the *curve* of the water as it is poured into my cup; in the street it is just the same—goers and comes, corners and walls stand to me for so much straightness and so much undulation. Only the stars keep their old, own place in my mind, and every clear night Ariadne's crown still rises with a thought of the pine trees at home, and the dear mother within sound of their whispering.

"But don't be frightened, and imagine that I am going to lose myself in a dry mathematician; if you could hear my drawing-master talk, any such fear would vanish; he never takes my book without laughing, for he says I shall have to pass a long apprenticeship in narrow, dusky streets, before I shall learn to make my lines as straight and my dots as tame as those of more successful scholars. He says I do not adapt my means to my ends—that I put into a carpet or table-cloth pattern, the great sweep of oak-boughs, the bold, brave uplifting of the hill-sides, with their meek declivities, and the glorious rounding of the morning sky. But never mind! I'll smother down the genius *for now*, and make as narrow lines and as obedient curves as the most citified, see if I don't! Besides, this excellent Mr. Elton makes the speech half for the sake of saying something poetical; he is a good teacher, but just handsome and just gifted enough to be vain and lackadaisical—leaves musical rhymes—though they don't mean much—within my drawing-books; parts his hair in the middle, to look statuesque, and is proud of his white hands.

"No, mother, I mean to abide by our good old rule of seeking always, in all things, the balance-point between extremes, and making

'The limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.'

I bless you for teaching this, and all the other wisdom she possesses, to your own KITTY."

"February 23d, 1853.

"NOW, DEAR MOTHER, confess that I am the most obedient of children. I have, to please you, made the first call at my aunt Winnersley's, and prosperously enough it ended, after all.

"Oh, they live splendidly! You could put our whole precious little cottage into one corner of their drawing-room—but I'll begin at the beginning.

"I dressed, of course, in my very go-to-meeting clothes, the old India-scarf and all; and put your rings on, for though they couldn't be seen under my glove, I thought perhaps I should *feel* finer to know they were there. But it is surprising how the presence of those who live for, and believe in nothing else but wealth, takes the confidence out of us—the poverty-stricken. 'Till I reached their door, no one in Beacon street felt more entire self-respect, or better pleased with their own appearance; but when the heavy mahogany door swung inwards, directly my fingers touched the silver bell-pull, and the respectable-looking porter stood waiting, it was like magic, the revulsion of feeling that came over me! I felt shorter, and smaller, and dowdier, and more countryfied than I had supposed possible for your independent daughter.

"Well! Monsieur le Porteur, after eyeing me from head to foot, stretched forth a salver for my card, and led me to the parlor.

"To do them justice, my cousins soon dissipated my fears; without being cordial and earnest, they were affable and considerate, and fortunately there happened to be no other guest present; I almost fell in love with the youngest and prettiest, Mary.

"There are three sisters; the two eldest, for all their fine dress, looked old as the hills; but were full of vivacity and intelligence, and were really kind to me—asked after you, said I must come often and see them, and showed me all about their parlor and library, both richly and elegantly furnished; some of their pictures are very famous, they say, and cost incredible sums of money.

"I am glad that I went to aunt Winnersley's, for their kindness has taught me to think better of rich relations. I *am* rustic, both in dress and manner, and the consciousness of this makes me so awkward at times, that I smile at myself, while my cousins would blush for me.

"But the strangest thing is, I left Beacon street feeling more self-possessed, and that myself was better worth possessing, than when I entered it. We should not boast, I know, but it is so hard here, not to pity people; they seem thoroughly contented with the little possessions they have collected, and to forget that anything can exist beyond or above these; and when we come to think of it, the fine, high ceiling of their drawing-room doesn't reach as far as the sky that bends over our little home, nor is it curved as gracefully as those arches in the pine-grove near; and their piano-music, though, mother, it was exquisite, did not as deeply stir my soul as the pines' low murmuring has done, when we strolled there at evening, you and I, and the stars watched us through their inky boughs. Those heavy, elegant carpets don't look half as clean and fresh as the carpet of brown, filmy leaves which the wind keeps swept and evened in our wood; and the velvet-covered seats are not so soft and springy as the crowded clusters of queen moss *there*.

"But how I am running on! I never know where to stop when I begin to talk about dear home. The cousins bade me good-bye, with a little counsel about my dress, which I needed, perhaps, and therefore received gratefully.

"Considering our near relationship, their manner *might* annoy me, but it doesn't, one jot—I am, so proud. For all your teaching about humility, precious mother, I find there is no such staff to guide me in these city ways as self-respect—for which confession I shall expect a lecture about meekness from *somebody*! Well, if I didn't need, you would not send it; only let me whisper that I carry about continually the thought of an *example* more convincing than volumes of lectures: 'the gospel of *your* acts goes very far', my mother.

"Write soon, and try not to miss KITTY."

"March 1st, 1853.

"Now, be sure, mother, that *every* week you answer the above questions—so far, at least, as they relate to your own comfort and happiness; and in return, I will be egotistical as you wish.

"Think of it! I, Kitty Clover, have been to a party at my rich aunt's, where her daughters invited me urgently, bestowed a tarletan dress for the occasion, and had their own seamstress make it—weren't they good!

"The party was made for their brother, who has been finishing his studies in Germany, and has just returned. Lately I've heard of nothing but 'splendid brother Will'; he might not notice me at first, they said; I must consider that half

the girls in Boston were in love with him. And indeed I must not be disappointed if I received very little attention from any one, as city people think more (they say) of talent, wealth and high connections than of youth and beauty. Accidentally I glanced across at a great mirror, as my cousin Eunice made this speech, laying her pale and shrivelled but jewelled hand on mine, and the picture I saw there recalled to me something of Tennyson's—

'A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.'

"Well, I went, without very brilliant anticipations of enjoyment; but very soon found it a privilege to be admitted on *any* terms to such elegant and refined society as thronged my uncle's house. We like to see all sides of the world in which we live. Such a dazzle of gas-light, such glittering of diamonds, such rustling of brocade, such waving of feathers, and in every nook such clusters of rare flowers! I was bewildered at first, and resolved to stay in a corner, contenting myself with watching and listening, for there were lovely faces among the guests, and several distinguished people whom it was pleasant to be near; unknown to them, I could touch the hem of their garments and it seemed as if virtue might come to me.

"Cousin Mary, the youngest and the beauty, insisted upon drawing me out, whispered that I looked better than half the brocaded and velveted belles, and introduced me as her 'country cousin,' with an air half boastful, half apologetic. I wished she had allowed me to remain in the corner, but obeyed her wish, and was shown to every one. Last of all, to splendid Will. And now let me tell you something wondrous, that from the moment we were introduced, Sir Will devoted the attention it was plain to see all those belles would gladly have accepted, to his little country cousin! I suppose the poor man was puzzled as to which among them he should gratify, and so leaving all, took me. And then I find that these rich people, when they undertake to be generous and *complaisant*, do excel.

"You would never know that Will lived in a city, and was rich and splendid, he has so much common sense, and then he understands that delicate art of flattery which has just sufficient flavor of truth to make it agreeable, instead of, like the flattery of vulgar people, nauseating one. 'You little Clover,' Will said, as we parted, 'you are worth all the camellias and tea-roses in Christendom—your soul is fresh and dewy as a field of grass in a June morning—don't let the

city spoil you, cousin, as it has spoiled us!' Somehow I half believed him. Ah! mother, when shall I grow meek as the angel in my home!

"But it is only right that I should send you the record of my successes and my compliments, for all I am worth you made me. KITTY."

"March 80th.

"DEAR MOTHER—'Have I lost all interest in the Winnersley's?' No, indeed! I have not mentioned them in the last few letters, because I had so much to say about my studies, and about our home. The cousins are just as kind as ever, and Will, if possible, improves upon acquaintance. He is an enthusiast regarding art, has brought home some fine pictures; and then he has access in places which are open but to few—has taken me to look at many private collections, and all the public ones—we are quite at home in the Athenæum Gallery. On rainy days, we go into the Museum and look through the rows of queer, old portraits by Copley, Stuart, and others, at least so catalogued. It troubles Will a little that I care more for the mummies, and skeletons, and Egyptian antiquities, than for those old sign-board faces. Then we go into auction-rooms, and to print-stores. With the help of pictures, we find at Colton's, Will reviews his travels for me, until I feel as if I had really made the 'grand tour' myself. Bare outlines he always fills up, and colors with his vivid language—he is doing more to improve my taste than the drawing-master.

"But we have more than a few playful disputes about those pictures. A mere name in the catalogue goes three-quarters of the way toward securing praise, with Will; it doesn't go a hair's breadth with me. I don't care how many faint, fat young women, with fady eyes, and homely babies, may be labelled 'Raphael,' and looked upon with reverence as his ideal of the Madonna; so long as my own ideal is more beautiful, I mean to abide by it. Then there are Cleopatras, painted by French artists, disgustingly real, and more disagreeable for the scantiness of their drapery, though if they were shrouded in close dominoes it would hardly conceal their earthiness. I have seen people stand admiringly before these who would not enter the sculpture gallery below, where a glance at Crawford's Orpheus, or the Apollo, would give more pleasure and more benefit than a life-lease of this worn-out or sinful coloring.

"I find by listening to other's remarks, in these frequent visits of ours, that what they especially admire in pictures is to have them finely finished,

the paint evenly laid on, than to have them look like flesh and skin, and have good hands, feet and arms. In landscape, there must be the usual number of usual-shaped bushes—don't often get up to trees—some pretty clouds and a fine-sounding name in the catalogue.

"Will has a fady thing he calls a 'Claude,' which he has lent the Athenæum awhile, for the sake of benefitting humanity by its contemplation. I cannot persuade him that it were better to invest the thousands it cost in a little country-house, for the hot days, every one of which would unroll above it boundless sky-scapes, no corner of which would own this faded piece for a neighbor—melting, filmy clouds, miles long, immense in height, and glorious in the grandeur of their draping lines, yet tender in texture and true as the heart of a snow-drop. Skies so boundless they make us think of the love of our dear Father God, embracing all—calm and radiant as His goodness, and the peace of His *real* heaven. Claude, forsooth! I haven't yet found a key that opens the secret of what there is so desirable in this fine thing they call wealth.

"We have as much of human nature as of art in these picture-galleries, and have many a good laugh on our homeward way, comparing what we have seen and heard among the lookers-on, I entertaining all the while sly suspicions that cousin Kitty is as rustic and unsophisticated in the eyes of Sir Will, as more recent comers from the country seem to me. A group of speculators will discuss a Swiss landscape, of stream and mountain, and laughingly calculate how much timber, and how large a water-power the real scene must contain. A sentimental-looking maiden will turn with a sigh of relief from pictures of age and want, to this same Alpine scenery, with its wild, fresh, natural beauty; how I long to tell her that there's wilder, loftier, lovelier scenery in Boston; indeed between brick walls buried in human hearts! But we heard the most amusing criticism last evening, from a genuine Yankee, whose city friend had persuaded him to visit the Dusseldorf Gallery, because it was fashionable. He was pleased with the landscapes, which he evidently compared with things at home, would say, 'Why it's equal to Saddleback,' or 'Roaring-Brook is nothing to it—golly how the water comes!' and 'I say for't you could hide the *hull* of Windsor Mountain in one of them caves!' But the historical and household pieces, and the Allegories, disgusted him.

"See them wimmen,' he said, 'clustered around that Martyrdom of Huss—it's the fashion, and so they admire to look at the

scene, but where's the lady that would go to a real, live *hanging* now-a-days? they'd draw the curtain down a'feard of seeing the prisoner pass their window. Oh, no, 'taint dela-*kii*, they couldn't see that. I've been listening to the talk of them two fellers with the bow across their throats; why they say that picture at the head of the room, that man's face—cost an ocean of money—it is very old: in my opinion the man had better have took his money to a water doctor and got his complexion cured afore he had it painted. What flesh! they say: I wanted to tell 'em, so are they just *suck* flesh, and so's any beggar. Why I could find better pictures than half these in the street—with life in 'em—and no quarter to pay for the sight; all these boots and jugs now, and these old fellers at the table—I've got enough of such at home—genuine ones, no pictures. *That*,' pointing to some wild scenery, 'would make a first-rate farm, if it was cleared; but now it's only fit to be painted, waste land. Well! it's a curious world, one man takes the land and clears it and plants a crop; another goes and makes a copy of it, stumps and weeds and all—each to his taste! As for that Desdymony, with her great black eyes, I've seen blue ones that were enough sight prettier; and if a sister of *mine* had fallen in love with a nigger black as Othello, I wouldn't have owned her, much less have had her painted. How I wish I had the ruling of the world for awhile, I'd set these artist fellers to doing what's useful; make them rake together, and burn up the stumps and weeds and broken jugs and torn bunnits, instead of painting them; and if the wimmin wanted to see a bon-fire, they might look at *that*, instead of waiting to find how much like flesh Mr. Huss was when they burnt him. Yes, and I'd set these Desdymonys to cooking and making shirts; then they wouldn't have time to fall in love with niggers and disgrace their family.'

"Cousin Will thinks Jonathan's wish an excellent argument against my theories—or rather my unbeliefs—my want of reverence for mere names, dates and precedents. But I am no nearer Jonathan's belief than his—only I *do* insist that it is foolish to value faded copies, and overlook the living spirit of what they strove once to represent.

"You will agree with me here, mother, I know, for you agree with every belief that is just and true.
KITTY."

"May 1st, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER—This spring weather makes me almost (not quite) homesick; the Winnersleys

drove me to Brookline the other day; you have been there and know what a lovely town it is—what wide green lawns, and what chesnut and elm-groves meet over on every side—then the little brooks seemed so glad of escaping from their winter crust of ice, and went dancing, sparkling and singing along merry as childhood; then was the great sweep of sky such as we have at home, and there were gardens that made me think of our own. By the way, don't forget to tell Wilson about pruning the sweet-briar, and you must watch while he does it, or he will cut it away too much; then have the lilies and forget-me-nots transplanted or they will die—the roots crowd so closely; and have seeds of mignonette and evening-primrose planted, so that I can think of you every evening, as seated on the door-step with the old fragrance about it, and white flowers opening in the twilight like spirit's smiles. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be kneeling there on the fresh earth this minute, in my sun-bonnet and garden-gloves, with my seed-box and trowel, you in the doorway watching me! Never mind, that's one of the *gloriousnesses* to come.

"Forgive me, dear mother, if my letters grow shorter and shorter. I have so much to do, that I'm continually wishing for another pair of hands and eyes—I could employ a dozen of each. Good bye.
KIRTY."

"June, 1853.

"BEST OF MOTHERS—Who could the artist be that insisted upon painting our cottage, and succeeded so well? Why didn't you ask his name? I always thought the place pretty and picturesque: our gray roof almost hid in vines, and the continual odor of sweet-briar and mignonette, and the lilies—some of which you always keep in blossom—lilies of the valley, day lilies, white, and yellow, and Ethiopian, and you, precious mother, best lily of all, with your calm white face that has smiled just as calmly through so much sorrow with your beautiful life—just as beautiful through perplexity and loss. Oh, if I don't succeed in becoming *somebody*, with such a guide, an angel watching in my home, I shall deserve annihilation! Did the artist have so much good taste as to put *you* in his picture? My cousin Will paints; very well, too; and sketches gloriously—I want him to see our house and its inmates, and he has promised that some day he will."

"Boston, June 15th.

"WONDER of wonders, mother! I'm all bewildered: the artist who came to you was splendid Will, and he is sitting at my feet this

minute, laughing because my pen flies so fast: and says he *must* have all that's wanting to complete his picture of our home, and that—that—why, mother, only think of it! the little country girl learning to draw table-cloth patterns, that she may earn daily bread, to become the wife of Will Winnersley. It is absurd, don't you think so? His sisters would be disappointed, even if they were too polite for confessing it; and then I should mortify him continually, I know so little about etiquette. Have I not done right in saying, decidedly, 'No'? But he is splendid. In haste,

KIRTY."

"June 17th.

"DEAR MOTHER—Such excitements as have crowded into the few days since I wrote! My dear, polite, patronizing cousins have all but torn me in fragments; for what reason you can imagine.

"Will announced to them the fact that he had offered hand, heart, and fortune to their *protegee*; and did not tell of the refusal which he had refused to take. So they accuse me of ingratitude, of treachery, and several other vices.

"How strangely these hearts of ours are made! You must know, mother, that every fibre of mine has ached; for I love Will, and yet am resolved to renounce him: for all this, I have wanted to laugh sometimes in the midst of our tragedy, there is something droll about the anger of others when we are calm ourselves. 'How two of these anagogical mortals,' as 'Margaret' said, 'can get mad with each other, is a mystery to me.'

"This wrath of the Winnersleys is so unlike the expressions of displeasure to which I've been accustomed: the withholding of your smile has been my heaviest punishment, it has made the sunshine look sad, and changed the song of the pines into sobs and sighs over my fault: but this fire and fury makes me laugh, not exactly at my cousins, for the anger seems like an evil spirit that has entered them from without, and rages and recedes till our smile of derision changes to pitying tears as we watch in wonderment. You would be astonished at their violence and vulgarity; *your* daughter 'disgrace' such sisters!"

"Boston, June 18th.

"DEAR MOTHER—If the wrath was droll, its subsiding is droller still: Will, in arranging some old papers, has discovered important secrets. You know my father and uncle Winnersley were partners in business; that in some dispute the partnership was dissolved; before any settlement could be made father died; and while one partner

was left a millionaire, the other left the pittance which I have been working to increase.

"Will has found, and declares openly that his father defrauded mine; that they separated because the former had involved the firm in those ruinous speculations which uncle Winnersley pretended were all father's doing; and in consequence his widow must suffer: so my rich aunt is penniless, and my dear mother in the little cottage is a millionaire. I shall be home the day after to-morrow—for there's no shadow of doubt regarding all these things.

KITTY CLOVER."

"P. S.—Will says he shall keep our little cottage, if only for the Claude sky-scapes that

stretch above it. He talks as if all were decided; and *will* not comprehend that my mother's approval is as necessary as my own. The cousins assure us that from the very first they fancied me; and they *have* been kind. Mary will accompany us home, for the sake of seeing dear aunt Clover."

I have selected only such letters as mentioned the Winnersleys, for the sake of the little thread of romance which runs through them. I will finish my work by assuring you, reader! that Kitty Winnersley thinks for herself and lives for others, as fearlessly and generously as ever did Kitty Clover.

CHILD HAUNTED.

BY LIONEL CLIFTON.

I HAVE sweet fancies in my soul alway!
Making a picture gallery of the mind,
Where, in my hours of reverie, I find,
By memory led, some pleasure day by day.

And 'mid them all, there cometh up to me
A sweet child face, I chanced to see one morn,
When Summer splendor bathed the lake and lawn,
Till beauty seemed to rival purity.

I am child haunted! Beautiful indeed
That face must be to hold me in such thrall;
And send through my sad spirit's solemn hall
Such thrills of joy, and with such lightning speed!
Seen once and only once. But stern old Time
Glides by and leaves untouched the hallowed spell
Of beauty and of bliss, that in me dwell,
Because of one who inspires my rhyme.

Sweet angel child! Oh, ever haunt my soul!
For thou hast power to fill my weary heart
With high born thoughts, that into being start
And on the current of enchantment roll.

Unknown thy residence, unknown thy name;
A stranger when I saw thee, even as now!
And yet one look on thy fair, placid brow
Has given more joy than could awards of fame.

May earth to thee be like a road that goes
Through fields of beauty and of bloom, to where
The ransomed ones of earth sing anthems rare,
In the full plentitude of Love's repose.

Sweet angel child! come change and all her train,
Yet nought can blot the vision from my mind,
In glowing lines by memory's hand defined,
I would this tribute were a worthier strain.

ONE YEAR AGO.

BY JEANNIE DRECLIGNE.

I'm sitting 'neath the old oak tree,
Where we sat side by side,
I'm watching, as of old we watched,
The stars at eventide.
I've sang the same old songs that we
So oft together breathed,
I've wove bright garlands of the flowers—
The same gay flowers we wreathed.

But one short year ago we sat
Beneath this same old tree,
But one short year ago thou sang
These same old songs with me,

And in thy golden curls I twined
The wreath of fairest flowers.
Ah! will they ne'er again return,
Those happy, happy hours?

Ah! no, 'twere vain to wish thee back
To this cold world again.
'Twere sin—though deep our loss, it was
Thine everlasting gain.
The "dim barque" bore thee to the shore,
Where wait an angel band
To welcome thy pure spirit home,
To that bright promised land.

THE FANCY MATCH.

BY FANNY FANE.

MARIA GREENWOOD was a very intelligent and accomplished young lady, but of rather too romantic a turn of mind. This feature in her character she most discovered in her discussions of matrimony with Mrs. Atkins, in whose family she was living. On a certain occasion, she heard Mrs. Atkins make some casual remark, to which she replied, "Why, Mrs. Atkins, I have often heard you say that love is the basis of matrimonial happiness. Have you changed your opinion?"

To this remark Mrs. Atkins replied, "By no means, Maria. What has induced you to think that I have?"

"Why," said Maria, "just as I stepped into the room, I heard you say to Mr. Jones, 'that love would do very well, but that something else was requisite.'"

"And that is just as I think, Maria, and Mr. Jones agrees with me in this opinion."

"Certainly I do," said Mr. Jones. "There must be love, but there must be something else besides love—something to esteem as well as fancy."

"So I think, Mr. Jones, though Maria hardly agrees with me."

Possibly Mrs. Atkins had expressed herself a little ambiguously, for Maria insisted that she was not quite consistent with herself, or that she herself had hitherto misunderstood her.

However this may have been, Mrs. Atkins did not much faith in romantic love or *fancy matches*. She had seen more of the world than Maria, and took a more correct view of matters and things than she. But Maria did not think—she was sure she judged correctly, for she judged according to the dictates of nature—so, at least, she said; and "nature she knew was allible."

"What could be more wise," she often said, "than to be directed by reason? This, certainly, is true philosophy—the basis on which all our principles and conduct should be made to stand. For, what was reason given to us for, if we were not to be guided by it? Experience, then, is a good thing, when it can be brought to requisition, but individual cases necessarily vary, and, therefore, experience is frequently of no avail. No one could be

guided by another's experience. Every one must be his own director; relying, of course, on the light which he could obtain, but that light was chiefly derivable from reason and philosophy."

Such were Maria's reasonings with Mrs. Atkins; and at their conclusion, she was very apt to think that she had the best of the argument. Nor did Mrs. Atkins very strenuously endeavor to convince her to the contrary, knowing that a little more time and experience would do it more effectually than she could.

It will not be thought strange that Maria, romantic as she was, looked at things through a very false medium. Her own sophistical reasonings satisfied herself; and if not convincing to others, she thought it their fault, not hers. Things, indeed, which were obscure to others, she regarded as perfectly plain. She could determine any matter *a priori*—could theorize to perfection.

To Mrs. Atkins, therefore, she would often say, "Why, you seem to be very skeptical—you don't confide in anything. I should almost conclude that you were a Pyrrhonist!"

At remarks of this kind, Mrs. Atkins would only smile, and replying say, "Maria, when you have seen more of the world, you will think more as I do. If I am too skeptical, you are too romantic! Your bright sunshine will after a time darken—your calm, smooth sea be ruffled with waves!"

A few years before this time, Maria had lost her parents, and had, in consequence, been placed in the family of Mrs. Atkins, and as the result of this relation to her family, Mrs. Atkins felt a special interest in her welfare.

It happened, one day, that as the family were discussing the subject of marriage, Maria remarked to Mrs. Atkins, "Now I have seen something to favor my views of matrimony, if they are romantic."

"And what have you seen, Maria?"

"Why, I have seen in Silliman's Journal an account of a love affair just to my notion."

"And what is it, pray, Maria?"

"Professor Silliman relates, that a gentleman, on a certain occasion, whilst attending a church, happening to be highly delighted with the music, cast his eyes up to the gallery, and there he saw

a young lady, that struck his fancy so that, though a perfect stranger to the lady, he determined to seek her acquaintance, and to address her. This, too, he did, and he married her, and the result was a very happy marriage. Now, Mrs. Atkins, wasn't that a *fancy* match?"

"I think it was; and a very *hazardous* one."

"Hazardous!" said Maria, "every match is a hazardous one. If I should ever be married, I should expect to run *some* risk—who doesn't?"

"Why, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "I am sorry to hear you talk so, for persons who expect hazards, always meet them, or if not always, usually do."

Mrs. Atkins," said Maria, "you are too apt to look at the dark side of things; I always look on the bright side, and then if the worst comes, I suffer only the real evils, not the imaginary ones."

True, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "but sometimes, when we anticipate evils, we take measures to avoid them."

"And sometimes, too," said Maria, "when we anticipate them, they never come; and all our anxiety in such a case is useless."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Atkins, "but still I consider it best to consult probabilities."

"Ah! that is too *mathematical* for me," said Maria, "I would rather do as the mariner does—go to sea at a venture—"

"And get wrecked!"

"Ah! that *might* be, but it might not."

"Hundreds have been wrecked even in matrimony."

"True, and hundreds of sailors, too; but would it not look amazingly foolish for the sailor to sit down and calculate his chances at sea?"

"But the sailor does not go to sea without *some* calculation."

"And of what value is it? For how can he tell, beforehand, what the weather will be? how many storms he must contend with? how many dangers encounter? Or, afterward, how so delighted to speak of his exposure, or how look upon himself with so much self-gratulation?"

"But, Maria, the storm at sea is soon over, and the danger past, but when trouble arises in the matrimonial life it becomes permanent; at least, there is danger of its becoming so."

"And the greater the danger, the more *romantic*," said Maria.

"Then, on your principle," said Mrs. Atkins, "I think there need be little or no love at all!"

"Oh," said Maria, "I don't carry things so far as that; only I would love *at a venture*!"

"Then if you fancy a man *that* is enough."

"Yes, just as the gentleman did the lady in the choir of singers—that was a lovely marriage! I should congratulate myself on having a similar good fortune."

"Why, Maria, would you marry a man without knowing his good qualities?"

"Indeed I would if I fancied him!"

"Well, then, I shall have to *weep* for you."

"Yes, ma'am, tears of joy!"

Without continuing the conversation any farther, Mrs. Atkins retired from the room, having at the time to call at an acquaintance on some business of special importance. Whilst she was thus employed, a gentleman, who had never seen Maria, took occasion, in company with a friend of his, to call in a moment, professedly to see Mrs. Atkins, but really to take a look at Maria. Learning that Mrs. Atkins was out at the time, the friend of the gentleman in question, took the liberty to ask for Miss Greenwood, being himself acquainted with her. Accordingly, Miss Greenwood received the gentlemen, and was highly pleased with the call with which she had been honored. The stranger, Mr. Mendon, was equally pleased—Maria struck his fancy most completely! He was, however, "to leave the town soon, much to his regret," as he said, and much too to Maria's, as it seemed. For now she had had the opportunity of gratifying her taste in the way of romance—the stranger was the very beau ideal of perfection! So handsome, so entertaining, so intelligent, so wonderfully polite—for the first time in her life she was deeply in love! No one knew it indeed but herself—but so it was. "And would the gentleman call again? Should she see him once more? She hoped so—she almost knew she should—and yet why did she not entertain him more agreeably?—why was she so cold and formal? But perhaps he would call—if he did she promised to herself to do better the next time."

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins having attended to her engagements, returned, and Maria informed her of the call which she had received.

"And how did you like Mr. Mendon?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Oh!" said Maria, "he is a lovely man!"

"What makes you think so?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Think!" said Maria—"I don't think—I *know* he is a lovely man!"

"And how could you know it, since you never saw him before?"

"Couldn't I know that the sun shines, though I had never seen it before?" said Maria.

"I rather think you could," said Mrs. Atkins, "and I think you could hardly have been more

dazzled by the sun, the first time you saw it, than you are now by this stranger."

"Don't you think any one can know another by intuition, Mrs. Atkins?"

"I think we are often greatly deceived by mankind—especially by strangers."

"And didn't you ever hear of any lady's marrying a stranger?"

"To be sure I have—and worse things than that afterward!"

"Well, I don't love to prognosticate evil Mrs. Atkins."

"Nor do I, but I love to avoid it."

Maria saw that Mrs. Atkins was not going to fall in with her views, and, therefore, concluded not to discuss the matter any farther at the time. She hoped, however, that Mr. Mendon would call again, and that Mrs. Atkins would see him.

After a few days, Mr. Mendon made it convenient to be in the town of Western again, and, of course, again paid his respects to Maria.

At this time Mrs. Atkins was at home, as Maria had wished that she might be; and she saw the agreeable Mr. Mendon.

Now Mr. Mendon was a very agreeable gentleman, and a very handsome man too. Besides he was a man of the world, and consequently very taking in his manners. Professedly he was very wealthy, and of course full of business.

Maria's imagination was now filled with glowing pictures! "One of the gentleman's estates was certainly an Eden! On it were lovely landscapes—crystal streams—sweet-scented bowers and fruits of every variety and hue; all indeed that could charm the eye, or gratify the taste! And was there any hope or probability that Maria Greenwood could ever come into possession of this promised land?"

Yes, indeed! The gentleman, the self-same Mr. Mendon had, after due time, solicited the hand of the romantic Maria; and she had most willingly consented to give it to him!

"Oh!" said she to herself, "this is to be a most perfect fancy match!—just the thing that I have always coveted. And will it not annihilate all of Mrs. Atkins' theories about matrimony? I hope it may, indeed: I do, with all my heart!"

At this moment, Mr. Jones happened to call at Mrs. Atkins', and having made inquiry in regard to Mr. Mendon, and learned his character, he said to Mrs. Atkins, "Do you know anything about the reputation of Mr. Mendon?"

"No," said she, "I do not. He appears to be quite a gentleman."

"He is one of the *light-fingered* gentry," said Mr. Jones.

"He is!" said Mrs. Atkins, "I am very sorry to hear it—for I was hoping that he was just the person for Maria."

"And ought you not to tell Maria of the risk that she is about to run?"

"It would be of no avail, Mr. Jones. She would only be the more anxious to encounter it."

"Is it possible?" said he.

"Certainly it is," replied Mrs. Atkins, "for she imagines that she shall have so much influence over her husband, as that she can completely control him!"

"Just as Phæton did his steeds! For who ever heard of such a thing as a change in the fixed habits of a man by any influence short of divine? Neither a lady, married nor unmarried, is competent for such a task."

"Maria thinks that *she* is, and no one could convince her otherwise. And besides in matters of this sort, you know, that it is the easiest of all things to get the ill-will of the person by speaking against the one whom she loves. Still it may be my duty to say a word in the way of caution, and therefore I will do it, although I know it will be perfectly idle."

Accordingly Mrs. Atkins took occasion to say to Maria, that she felt a great deal of interest in her happiness, and that she was very anxious that she should do well in her matrimonial relations. To this Maria replied, that she knew that what she said was true, and that she felt greatly indebted to Mrs. Atkins for her kind feelings.

"Would you be willing then," said Mrs. Atkins, "that I should suggest to you that you ought to be better acquainted with Mr. Mendon before marrying him? It seems to me that you hardly know his character."

"Why, I know the *man*," said Maria, "is not this enough? He is certainly a gentleman."

"But suppose he spends his nights at the gaming-table?"

"Oh! I should expect him to have more regard for his wife than to do that."

"And your expectations would hardly be realized, for the tendency of habits is from bad to worse."

"And do you not know that a lady can exert any influence over her husband?"

"Oh! yes, most certainly—but reformations from bad practices are of all things the most difficult. A relapse is more likely to recur than a recovery."

"Why you would make out a lady to be a mere cipher."

"Oh! no, Maria, but ladies cannot do things impossible."

"But do you not remember, Mrs. Atkins, the case of Mr. Vinton? Before he married he was a confirmed inebriate—now he is the model of sobriety!"

"And may he not yet fall?"

"Oh! dear Mrs. Atkins, there come in the shadows again. I wonder if you ever saw a clear sky."

Mrs. Atkins saw that it was useless to argue the point with Maria, and that as she was charmed so she must be destroyed by the serpent!

Accordingly, in a few weeks, Maria was married to Mendon, and all was fair and promising. Mr. Mendon was a most faithful and devoted husband, and Maria congratulated herself on the happy choice which she had made. Having lived in the country remote from any large city, she was now transferred to the vicinity of Petersville, a large town—a circumstance that pleased her exceedingly.

In these circumstances she longed to inform her friend, Mrs. Atkins, that her former theoretic views were now realized, and, therefore, based upon a substantial foundation. They had been tested, and very happily too.

Accordingly she sent Mrs. Atkins an invitation to pay her a visit. This invitation Mrs. Atkins accepted, and congratulated Maria on her good fortune. Still she was not quite satisfied that things would always continue so. She saw, as she imagined, some indications of an unfavorable character. But she kept silent, merely watching the progress of events.

Now it happened soon after this that the great races were to come off, and that the former associates of Mendon were to collect together in Petersville. The trying time, therefore, was now at hand. Mr. Mendon was to be exposed to temptation. Of this, however, Maria knew nothing, except the fact that the races were to take place.

Meeting with his boon companions, he was, of course, solicited to join with them in their sports. He did so. He was urged to try his hand. "The descent to Avernus is easy." He complied with the solicitations of his tempters. He became a party—a loser—ruined! In the course of a few hours his own means were forfeited and Maria's too! Her entire *fifty thousand* was scattered to the winds.

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins had returned to her home, and informed the anxious inquirers about Maria, that she seemed to have done well.

Nor was Maria immediately aware of what had recently transpired in relation to her husband's affairs. He, it was true, was apparently quite

ill at ease—but assigned some little ailment as the cause, and thus kept her from undue anxiety.

But rumor did not long delay conveying the sad intelligence to Maria. It came, and came with a vengeance! At first he staked his own property, then hers! Her entire *fifty thousand* was beyond recall! *hers*, no more!

Maria could not believe it. "Oh! no—it was impossible! It was a slur on the character of Mendon—a fabrication to injure his good name! He was too much of a *gentleman* to be so culpable! It was all a lie!" So she said—believed—hoped!

Alas! for Maria, her romance had now reached its maximum. Her large fortune had been converted into money—staked—lost!

And with the loss of her fortune, her husband lost his love for *her*, and bid her, at heart, a heartless adieu!

"Oh! my dear husband," said she, "do you not still love me?"

"Why should I," said he, "you reproach me for my misfortunes?"

"No, indeed," said she, "I do not—I sympathize with you—that is all."

"I need none of your sympathy," said he—"keep it for yourself!"

"My dear husband, can you talk so to me now? A few months ago, I gave you my heart, my hand, my fortune!"

"And I wish you had them all back again," said he, "for I want neither of them!"

Maria said no more—indeed she was scarcely able to say this—she saw that her romance had indeed ruined her—that her fancy had led her astray—astray to her utter desolation!

Retiring to her room, she threw herself into her rocking-chair, and wept like a child. Here almost frantic she uttered, "Mrs. Atkins! Mrs. Atkins! Oh! that I had listened to your wise counsels! I should never have thus been the wreck of folly!"

A few weeks after, Mrs. Atkins came to Petersville to reside. In a few days she took occasion to call and see Maria, and to express her sympathy for her calamities.

Glad, indeed, was Maria once more to see Mrs. Atkins; for she knew that she should now have one to condole with her. On meeting with Mrs. Atkins she fell on her knees, and with tears in her eyes, she cried, "Oh! Mrs. Atkins, can you forgive me—can you?"

"Yes, romantic girl!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "yes, and more than forgive you, I can weep with you."

"Oh!" said Maria, "how thankful I am that I still have *one* friend—one too so dear, so kind, so good!"

"But, Maria, how do you live through all of your trials? Can you bear them?"

"I *could*," she replied, "oh! Mrs. Atkins, I could, if my husband only *loved* me!"

"Well, dear Maria, there is *one* that loves you—and one that ever will—and whilst she has a home *you* shall have one, or a penny, the half of it shall be yours!"

"Oh! how kind you are," said Maria, "too kind for a poor maniac girl!"

Fortunately for Maria she had a rich relative, who, soon after her calamities, bestowed upon her a little cottage *as her own*, and *there* she now lives kindly remembered by her dear friend Mrs. Atkins, and still saying, "Oh! I could bear it all if my husband only *loved* me!"

RETROSPECTION.

BY MARY L. LUCY.

I AM sitting in the twilight,
While the solemn shadows fall;
And the holy stars of Heaven,
Keep their silent watch o'er all,
And I dream of one, beside me
Sitting, by the casement here,
Murmured words of sweet endearment,
In the Spring-time of last year!

I remember how we parted,
Not in anger but in grief;
How my aching heart strove vainly,
For the tears which bring relief;
How the few words that were spoken,
Severed us forevermore—
Save at last there came a meeting,
Upon Heaven's eternal shore.

Peacefully adown Time's river,
Had our life barques floated on;
But we parted—and from one heart
Hope and joy for earth were gone!
Spoke farewell, when life was brightest,
And glad hopes were burning high;
But there came a later lesson,
We must see them fade and die!

Brighter eyes than mine have lighted
At his coming long ago,
Gentlest voices strove to banish
From his heart the weight of woe!
And I know not if 'twas sorrow
Called him from this world of ours,
But his footsteps tended Heavenward
In the time of birds and flowers!

Now I often dream at twilight,
Of the halcyon days of yore;
And of him whose memory to me
Was a blessing evermore!
And I wonder if some other
Heart than mine has ever known,
All the weariness and sadness
In that single word, alone!

Yet not quite alone! Forever
Will the Past be left to me;
With its store of golden memories,
Benedictions constantly,
With a hope and trust in Heaven,
Patiently in waiting ever;
Till the same kind hand shall lead me,
Where he waits beyond the river!

WITH MY SOUL.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

RESTLESS soul, be still to night!
Rest ye never, never?
Cease thy strife, and turn thy might
To life's strong endeavor.

Wild ambition fadeth, dies,
Like the Summer flowers,
When death severs earthly ties
In a few short hours.

Let thy aspirations cease!
Far beyond thy seeming—
Turn thee to the fount of peace;
Thou art only dreaming.

Phantoms thou hast chased too long,
Of some bright ideal;
Tell me, art thou brave and strong
For the lasting real?

SISTER MARY'S COURTSHIP.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"PRAY tell me what you are reckoning up in that busy brain of yours, Louise? Be careful that you don't go to counting your chickens before they are hatched, like that unfortunate milk-maid grandma used to tell us of. Let that be a salutary lesson to you, sister mine, never to indulge in day dreams or build foundationless castles in the air."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mary, for your sage advice. Perhaps some day or other I may profit thereby. But my thoughts just now had very little to do with either milk-maids or chickens. I was wandering mentally in a higher sphere—calculating how many years my charming sister had been a wife."

"Ah! Lucy dear, that reminds me, did I never tell you the history of my courtship? For I now recollect you were travelling with papa in Europe in that time: and though five years have passed since I became a faithful helpmate to my liege and lord, yet you have never deigned to visit us in our western home until the present summer."

"You know very well *why* I have not, Mary. While inclination has often bidden me, duty has peremptorily called another way."

"Never mind bringing up an endless tirade of excuses now, but just please touch the bell, and tell Kate to take Maggie and Edward a walk to their grandma's, and I will commence."

Very little did that darling sister of mine look like a wife and mother, with her soft brown hair parted on her fair brow, and her eyes as bright and blue as ever—and as she stood before the dressing-glass, she laughed gaily and exclaimed, as if speaking aloud the thoughts that were at that moment passing through my mind.

"I don't look so very old, do I, Lou, though I have been married five years? I'm sure my cheeks are as rosy as ever. Oh, Lou, how I have wanted to look pale sometimes, because then, you know, one looks far more intellectual. Instead of that, I always had such a bright color like any farmer's daughter. But one thing is true, the 'cares of the household,' as aunt Ophelia says, don't trouble me much, for Nannie does everything so well——"

"But, Mary, I can see no very intimate connection between her doings and your courtship, so if you ever intend to begin, pray do."

"So I will, love, only have a little patience," said she, gaily, stooping down and kissing me. "But I assure you you will find it very dull and uninteresting, no 'hair breadth escapes,' no 'spirited horse just ready to throw itself and rider (myself of course) over some steep precipice, when just at the exact moment some hero of the wood will come gallantly forward and become my preserver and future lover.' No handsome, manly cousin to fall in love with and become his daily companion in walks and rides. Nothing of all this. I forewarn you, but if you still persist in hearing my home story, you shall have it."

Merely bowing my head in assent, for I was becoming impatient, my sister seated herself on a low footstool at my feet and began.

"You remember Mrs. Milton, who used to visit us in the city, and make me so many handsome presents? Well, she owned a charming place near the sea-shore. Oh, Lucy, if you have never been there I cannot describe it to you. The house itself is old-fashioned, and the furniture, though antique, is rich and costly. I shall never forget the many pleasant evenings I have spent in that vine-clad porch, with the whole expanse of blue, clear water lying almost at my feet. When laying aside my book, I would sit fairly entranced in the calm grey hour of twilight when silence reigned around—and the moon shed her soft light over the rich and varied scene. Truly has it been said that man made the city. But God made the country."

"Mrs. Milton was a kind hearted woman, though one fond of having her own way. I was ever a great favorite of hers, so was a certain young physician in a neighboring village. How often has Mrs. Milton spoken in boundless praises of him to me: telling how half the village girls were striving to win his noble heart, but striving in vain."

"Mamma and I had returned in the early part of September from the Springs, tired with gayety and excitement. I fairly cried for joy when Mrs. Milton came to New York, nominally with the intention of having mamma and myself return with her to her rural home. Mamma, however, preferred remaining in the city, though she finally consented to my returning with Mrs. Milton, the terms that I should keep my birth

within bounds, for you know what a wild mad-cap I was in those days, Lou.

"I will pass over our pleasant journey, and my delight in exchanging the hot and scorching pavements, brick walls, and dust-laden air, for cool, refreshing breezes, and waving green grass. I had been at Mrs. Milton's about a fortnight, when one morning she hastily entered my room, saying, 'Come, Mary, brush your hair and fix up, for Dr. Louiston and Mr. Neland are coming down the avenue, and I would not wish them to see you in this plight.' 'Nor I either, aunty,' I replied, for I had been out in the woods all the morning, and my gingham dress was sadly torn, and my white apron all stained with blackberries. 'Well, dear,' she continued, 'come down in the parlor as soon as you're ready, for I must go and show them in; Nancy is so dumb, she will be more likely to take them in the tea-room, if she should condescend to invite them to enter at all,' and so saying, she left the room.

"What Mrs. Milton meant by fixing up I do not know; but I am afraid my toilet that afternoon did not exactly suit; for as it was very warm I simply arranged my hair, and put on a white muslin dress without a single ornament, save that little diamond ring papa had given me the New Year's before.

"From various hints from my friends at Westland and others *interested*, I had learned that if I had heard much of Dr. Louiston, he had heard much *more* concerning me. In fact the whole country round was aware that the doctor had been selected by Mrs. Milton as my future husband. But from several little stories I had heard, I knew very well that he was not easily to be caught; and I determined to meet him on his own ground. Much had been said by the village belles and young wives of the country round in his disfavor in my presence. But I heeded them not, for I well understood their motives, and though, sister dear, I cared very little to see Dr. Louiston, I did die to make them envious as far as it was in my power. I'm afraid, Lucy dear, that if their motive was wrong in speaking my disparagement in Dr. Louiston's presence, my own motive in cultivating his acquaintance was not exactly right.

"When I had completed dressing, I took a bunch of wild flowers, which I had been gathering that morning, with the intention of arranging them. I descended the stairs. As I entered the room, I saw Mrs. Milton standing by an open window conversing with the two gentlemen, and pointing to some favorite plant in the garden below. I therefore stood for a moment near the door unobserved. Happening to look that way,

one of the gentlemen caught my look, and I thought I could just perceive a rather amused expression pass over his countenance. In a moment I knew that it was Dr. Louiston, and I returned his glance with one of hauteur and disdain. He was of the medium height and strikingly handsome. His features were fine, and his eyes black and piercing.

"I sat down on the sofa and commenced arranging my flowers, and when introduced begged the gentlemen to excuse me from rising, as I was particularly *engaged*. Mrs. Milton seemed surprised. 'My dear,' she said, 'this is Dr. Louiston, whom you have doubtless heard me frequently speak of.' 'Indeed,' I answered, without once looking up. I could plainly see that Mrs. Milton was displeased with my conduct during the interview, but she concealed her feelings under the mask of politeness.

"The doctor's friend, I had forgotten to mention, was a young man of a bright florid complexion, not good-looking certainly, but pleasant and gentlemanly in his manners. He came and sat down by me, and we soon entered into a spirited conversation. Presently Mrs. Milton, who had been regarding us with nervous glances every now and then, rose and requested Mr. Neland to accompany her to the hot-house to look at some choice exotic she had lately received, and which she wished him to analyze. They left the room, leaving me to play the hostess to Dr. Louiston, not a very agreeable task just then, I assure you. But I had previously resolved what line of conduct to pursue, and proceeded to carry it into effect.

"Rising and walking to the open window, I emptied my apron of its contents of shreds, of stalks and leaves, and placing my choice bouquet of wild flowers in a vase, I calmly turned round to Dr. Louiston and said, 'You have doubtless heard my name coupled with many idle reports, and your partial motive,' I added, smiling, 'in coming here to-day was one of curiosity, and I must say, my dear sir, that I cannot much blame you after your *experience*. Now, Dr. Louiston,' I continued, 'if you choose to come and visit us occasionally from motives of friendship, don't imagine, my dear sir, that you will be treading on slippery ground, or that snares are spread round about to entrap you. For as to myself, though I have not yet informed Mrs. Milton, or indeed any one but dear mamma, I am to be married to a dear cousin (who is now travelling in Europe for his health) at the end of six months.

"I calmly endured that fixed gaze of inquiry, without shrinking, for every word I had uttered was truth.

"Dr. Louiston rose, and coming to where I was standing, said, while a beautiful smile played upon his countenance, 'At least then, Miss Mary, let us be friends.' 'Certainly,' I replied, laughingly, at the same time extending my hand, 'I have not the slightest objection.'

"Just at that unlucky moment, while my hand was still in Dr. Louiston's, Mrs. Milton entered the room, while a gratified expression swept over her features; and when the gentlemen had departed, and she openly congratulated me on my supposed conquest, it almost broke my heart to think of the kind friend I was deceiving. For I believe, Lucy, my interests were as near her heart as her own.

"Well, Dr. Louiston and I," I see I must be brief, sister, as the dressing bell has rung, "continued from that time as friends, riding on horseback, rowing, and walking together; and the time allotted for my visit was fast drawing to a close.

"But, Lucy, whenever I thought of returning home, there would come such a sensation around my heart, that I could almost wish, sometimes, that it would cease to beat altogether. I know it was *very* wicked, but I could not help it.

"One evening, I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday, we had been walking together, Dr. Louiston and I were seated beneath a lofty oak. We were both of us silent. I was thinking with deep regret of returning to the city the next morning, for mamma had written that I must not delay my return another day, as papa and you were expected by the next steamer. As the dew was fast falling, we rose and returned home. As we nearly reached the door, Dr. Louiston turned to me and said, 'Forgive me, Mary, for the words I am about to speak. When I received your permission to visit you, it was with the mutual agreement that it was to be *only* as a friend. But oh, Mary,' he continued, earnestly, 'I have found too late, as others have found before me, that love has grown out of friendship: and Mary, forgive me dear, but I must say it, I have sometimes dared, yes! dared to hope that, though your hand was promised to another, your heart was mine. Oh! that that wild hope might

indeed prove a reality, and I would not ask for more.'

"My head was lying on his shoulder, my hand lay passively in his. I had not the power to speak or move. I knew if I should attempt it, I would only burst into tears.

"When we reached the piazza all was still. Nothing was to be heard, but the dashing of the waves against the shore. I sat down on a seat on the porch, and gazed with filling eyes into the blue sea. Oh! how I wished I was buried beneath those rocking waves, never more to see the light of day. But better thoughts soon came, and when Dr. Louiston bade me farewell, and imprinted a kiss on my brow, I felt calm. 'Good night, Mary,' he said, 'I respect you for the silence you have chosen to keep. But oh! Mary, my life is all a blank now; and sometimes when you are surrounded by the bright and gay, will you pause and bestow one thought on him who must hereafter lead a dreary existence? Oh! Mary, Mary, that we had never met.'

"Oh! how fondly was that wish re-echoed back in my own heart. But I strove to be calm, and bidding Dr. Louiston farewell, rushed into the house.

"And now, Lucy, I need not go on, you know the rest. How when but a few days after papa had returned, he called me one morning to the library, drawing me toward him and kissing my brow, and told me he had sad news for me; and bade me never again think of my cousin William, for six weeks ago (so he had written me, and papa had in mistaken kindness withheld the letter until his return) he had married an English girl, speaking of our engagement only as a childish attachment.

"My eyes were filled with tears of joy now, and I kissed papa over and over again, who looked at me wonderingly over his spectacles, for he had expected to find me plunged in grief.

"And now, Louise, you remember my merry wedding, and our removal to St. Louis, and that life ever since has been to me but one bright dream of happiness."

FIRST LOVE.

First love is gentle, true, and pure,
Proud of its magic powers;
It hath the freshness of the stream,
The odor of the flowers.
It hath no thought, nor wish, nor joy,
Within its inmost heart,

In which the object of its trust
Bears not a cherished part.
And should its buds be nipped in bloom
By cold misfortune's breath;
It has no second—but remains
True to itself in death.

R. J.

THE MISER'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I BEQUEATH to you, my child," said the old miser, gasping hard for breath, "the grave in which I am to be buried. I am poor, very poor"—a ghastly smile spread over his features; and the fluttering red rags, that had once curtained his miserable couch, gave, as the sun poured through them, a most sardonic expression to the grim, death-struck face, enveloping it, as it were, in flames.

For half a century, miser Farroway had been gathering gold. For nearly that time his coffin, lined, as wonder-mongers said, with lead, had rested under his miserable couch. Of all his children but one was left, the youngest. And now she was a gaunt girl of thirteen, a poor, hungry, uneducated, willing slave.

And the miser was dying. He would have no attendance—he was poor, he said—no one should pay a doctor's bill for him; no one should put him in his coffin but foolish Bill, who had been his man of all work; nobody should bury him but Tom Gall, the undertaker, who, if he was drunk constantly, charged less for his jobs than any other.

And the miser died; and foolish Bill laid him in his coffin; and some good-hearted man read the will, bequeathing nothing but his grave and all it should contain, to the weeping, miserable creature, his daughter, who sincerely mourned for him. And the few who saw it, remarked upon the strange, fiendish chuckle with which the old miser closed his life; and which boded, they said, that he had so successfully hidden his money that no mortal could find it. And old Tom Gall, the drunken undertaker, told, with a plentiful sprinkling of oaths, how the miser had taken advantage of his inebriation, and bought the grave-lot for a song; and that he shouldn't wonder if it was filled full of gold.

So crowds came to the funeral. I doubt if ever at the last services of the most beautiful, beloved, or honored, such throngs attended. The church-yard was filled full, the fences were lined,

and in the midst of all, stood the poor, wretched orphan, shedding burning tears, and uttering wailing sobs.

The grave had been dug, and dug deep too; deeper by far than any other in that old church-yard; and no treasure had come to light, so that the scandal mongers were all disappointed, and wondered they had been such fools as to believe the rumors afloat. As usual, old Tom Gall was drunk; so drunk that he staggered; and the rope he had provided was a rotten one, (he used it so very seldom) and it broke at the mouth of the grave; and the coffin fell away down, down into the deep pit; and then there was a rattling, clinking sound, that caused the great body of people to sway toward the grave, and a murmur to go up that swelled almost to a shout; and amidst it all the miser's daughter never lifted her head, but wept and wept.

"Gold!" cried one.

"Gold, gold," cried others, moving toward the spot—"take the old fellow up; 'twas in his coffin—ha! he tried to cheat the devil, but he couldn't cheat the grave."

And now I do not know but every hand was extended to the *heiress*, whereas when she was the *miser's beggar*, no one thought of her. But to the pitying eyes that had overflowed at her grief, when the penniless lawyer read the pithy will, the girl turned and leaned upon his arm. He did not ask her to, he did not even congratulate her, or press forward, but her heart had told unerringly where the truest sympathy lay, and it fled to him.

She was rich; the neglected girl, the poor, toiling creature, had now a fortune that a princess might envy. And not many years passed before she was the educated bride of the single-hearted man, who, in her destitution, had given her one kindly word.

And the stratagem of the old miser failed. Truly he had cheated the devil, often; but he could not cheat the grave.

A NOVEMBER THOUGHT.

THE hills are brown, the wind is keen,
The sky with clouds o'erspread,
Gone is the forest's verdant sheen,
The flowers are with the dead.

I think, as Autumn tempests blow,
Of death, yet not in gloom.
As Spring will come again, I know
That Heav'n's beyond the tomb. C. A.

THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"COME, little ones, kiss mother, and run to school—it is most time for the last bell. Nannie 'tis but a step out of your way, and you can see the children safely there as you go along. Take hold of sister's hand, Edgar, that's a darling, now good bye to all of you, and don't play truant coming home."

Mrs Ashley stood by the door, watching the children on their way, nor did she cease to look after them until they had turned the corner and were out of sight. Then she resumed her seat in the cozy little room, where baby was sleeping sweetly in its wicker cradle; and there, with her work-basket in her lap, Mr. Ashley found her an hour afterward when he came in to lunch. The little side-table was already spread with its snow-white cloth and china mug of Java coffee, the rich cream mantling its surface, a few delicate slices of fowl, and some two or three biscuit fresh from Judy's oven—Judy herself bustling in and out without any ostensible errand.

Mr. Ashley glanced from his wife to the still sleeping baby in the cradle, and then back to his wife with a smile, which she knew well how to appreciate.

"These biscuit are capital, Judy—good enough for a king," said Mr. Ashley, as he broke the last one, and Judy's thick, elastic lips stretched almost from ear to ear with a grin of delight, as her ebony face vanished from the room, for her biscuit had been praised, and she was satisfied to return to her duties.

Judy was a most faithful servant; and so long as her cookery was commended by her master, the happiest of the happy; but by any chance let it once be forgotten, and poor Judy's woeful face and long-drawn sighs were really pitiful. No matter how bright and golden the sky, she could not see a glimpse of it for the clouds in her own eyes; and all efforts were equally vain to dispel them until another meal-time came around again, when Mr. Ashley never failed to make all the amends in his power for his former forgetfulness.

When Mr. Ashley and his wife were alone, he moved his chair to the opposite side of the cradle, and took another fond look at the infant.

"I wish she was a boy, Anna."

"I am satisfied with what God hath given us, William, and if you knew how it pained me to have you so frequently express that wish, I should not hear it again."

"Nor shall you, dear wife; I did not think of paining you, but we have four fine girls, and but one boy. Did Edgar go willingly to school this morning?"

"Yes, he went off like a little man, clasping Nannie's fingers with his dimpled hand, for she was going with them to the door, the morning was so wet and slippery. Nannie is very quiet lately, I am afraid she is not well—perhaps she studies too much."

"Fudge! no danger of that—girls of fifteen don't over-tax their brains often; but we must be careful of Edgar, and not let the teacher force him too rapidly." It was now the wife's turn to laugh, for Edgar was still deep in the mysteries of A B C, and could only be coaxed to fix his eyes upon them by pictures of apples, balls, and cows.

"What are you laughing about, Anna? Edgar is a very precious child, and you would have had him in algebra by this time, if I had not forbidden your teaching him his letters until this spring. You had your way with the daughters, and I stipulated to have mine with the sons, now you have the advantage, for you have five to my one."

"I smiled because I thought Edgar would have to be forced somewhat, or else he will not learn at all. Nannie and the others could read when they were three years old, and here is Edgar five, and scarcely knows a letter."

"So much the better—read any of the modern writers on education and they will tell you so; but I must go back to my office, Anna; and see, little daughter is nestling, and there will be work for mother, which will make her forget to search the library."

Mr. Ashley was right—baby woke up in a fretful mood, and the patient mother soothed and caressed and sang lullabys, but all in vain—still baby moaned and cried until Mrs. Ashley, seriously alarmed, called Judy in from the kitchen to hold a consultation with her. But even Judy failed to still the baby's crying, and

quite discomfited her, for she prided herself on her nursing as well as her cooking.

Noon came, and the children danced into the house full of glee, but were met at the nursery door by their mother with one finger on her lips, while with the other hand she motioned to the cradle, where the baby was now sleeping with a bright red spot on either cheek, and the little hands dry and feverish. Nannie, who had walked behind the children, now passed them, and after stooping beside the cradle looked up anxiously into her mother's face.

"Is she sick, mother?"

"She has a very high fever, and is very fretful when awake, I have sent for Dr. Lincoln—he will be here directly."

Nannie untied the children's bonnets and her own—put them away, and took Edgar in her lap, and sat down by the cradle. The three little girls left the room, and in a few moments Mr. Ashley and the physician entered. Dr. Lincoln was a jovial-looking man, rather under than over the usual stature, with a florid countenance and keen grey eyes, and a mouth seemingly more at home in joy than in sorrow. He shook Mrs. Ashley's hand in a very warm-hearted, though unfashionable manner, as he said,

"Well, friend, sorry to see me, no doubt, yet can't get along without me—would never send for me, I warrant you, if you could help it—but what now, baby teething? Haven't you a name for the youngster yet?"

"No, doctor, but if she should be spared to us, she shall be named as soon as she is well, but I have felt a foreboding from the first that she would not live," replied Mrs. Ashley.

"Well, that's nothing new for a mother; my mother had the same about me, but here I am alive yet, and not particularly delicate either—no, no, you need not worry yourself about that; he'll live to give you many a heart-ache yet."

"It is a girl," suggested Mr. Ashley.

"Well, never mind, it's all the same, both girls and boys cause head-aches and heart-aches enough, God knows." Here Dr. Lincoln dropped the little hand which he had been holding between his own, and wrote upon a piece of paper some simple prescription calculated to allay the fever.

"The fever will be all gone by to-morrow, I think, and then I can lance her gums when I come around—good morning, Mrs. Ashley—good morning, squire—here, Nannie, come to the door with me, I have a word for you."

Nannie's face was crimsoned as she arose to follow the summons of the doctor. The door was closed, and she stood in the hall beside him.

"Lawrence Gray was not at school this morning, nor yesterday."

"No, sir," (answered very low and tremulously.)

"Do you know why he staid away?"

"No, sir;" and the soft brown eyes were raised as if she would have repeated the question to him had she dared. She did not have to wait long, for the doctor said,

"Well, I can tell you why—he is ill, dangerously ill—delirious, and through his delirium I discovered what I should never have suspected. You are pale enough, child, but I will not keep you but a moment longer. On his table, I found two sealed notes, one directed to my daughter Emma, the other to you. I broke the seal of Emma's—yours I had no right to, but I should have given it to your father, only, Nannie, I love you so well that I would spare you all unnecessary mortification, and I know you so well, that I doubt not when you find the double part he has played, you will cease to love him. I leave Emma's for you to read, you can burn them both when you have done; or stay, Emma, should she read it, may be equally profited by a perusal of yours. To-morrow when I come to see the baby, give me both if you are willing."

The doctor had gone, and Nannie had found neither thoughts nor words to thank him. She locked herself in her own room. She broke the seal tremblingly, for a beautiful vision was fading from her eyes, and she scarce felt strength to witness its vanishing. Day after day, for weeks had she received one of these missives—the spotless envelope—the free and faultless address, the tiny honey-bee upon the seal were all the same. She read—

"BELOVED ANNABEL—Why did you again leave my note unanswered? Do you not know that I live only for you?—have I not told you that but a little while is this secrecy necessary? and will you not let your pure heart trust in me? Ah, my angel, you should not torture love like mine: could you dream of one half its depth, you would say to me, 'Lawrence, I repose blindly upon your love, it is sufficient for me to know that it is your will, for you would will nothing that had not my happiness for its foundation, I will wait patiently till you consent to my mother's knowing all—I will never wrong you again with one doubt—I will remain true to you though all the world should despise me, for your love is more to me than the world.' Thus would you say, my own Annabel, and I would bless God that he had given me so pure and trusting a heart to guide, even as I now bless him that he has taught me

the beauty of truth and love in thee, my sweetest. Let not another day pass without one line from thee—enough to know that thy hand has rested on the paper. My head has been tortured with pain for the last twenty-four hours, and I am by turns as cold as your own heart and warm as mine. Oh! for one more meeting like that beside the mountain stream, where you timidly confessed that my love had at length awakened yours. Such an hour was worth the life I had spent before. I could write forever to you, Annabel, my own, but I must weary you, and had you wished me to write to-day, you would not have failed to have answered my note of yesterday. But I must say farewell—heaven protect and bless you, and remember in your visions your too devoted

LAWRENCE."

Nannie's before pallid cheeks were now flushed—what could she have to fear with love like this, which met her eager gaze at every line? Thus she questioned, and the light in her fine eyes was subdued as she answered, "Not inconstancy, oh, no, but death." He was ill, and she could not be near him—delirious, and perchance upbraiding her for want of love, while her heart acknowledged that its troubled fountains were stirred alone for him. Not until then did she know the depth of her own feelings, his love had seemed so strong and passionate, that she had shrunk timidly from him to recall in silence each look and tone, until every fibre of her heart was interwoven with fond memories.

Now she buried her head in her hands and wept like a child—again she would stand beside the casement and direct her gaze through the leafless trees across the village green, to the one large hotel where Lawrence boarded, as if her love could penetrate its walls. It was thus a half an hour passed, and Nannie was summoned to herself by the ringing of the dinner-bell. She turned, and saw the note addressed to Emma lying on the floor. In her bewilderment and grief she had forgotten it. She read, and every muscle of her face seemed turned to stone.

"Emma, my own dearest, why will you persist in doubting love like mine?—why will you suffer your strong mind to stoop to jealousy?—to jealousy of one so in every way your inferior? Nannie Ashley is but a child—a bird I had almost said—I seek her society because she is fresh and new, and amuses me; but you know me well enough to dream that I have any serious thoughts toward her. Are you not my own betrothed? Do not then reproach me again. This evening I will come to you as you request, and

then I will remove all doubts of the unbounded love of your faithful

LAWRENCE."

Nannie's chamber door was flung open, and one of her sisters burst in upon her.

"Sissy, papa says come down to dinner—don't you hear me? papa says come down now."

Nannie folded the notes, and put them in the pocket of her dress. Like an automaton, she followed her sister down stairs, and took her accustomed place at the table, but her pale face, her cold, absent eyes, and her want of appetite, attracted the attention of both parents.

"Nannie, are you ill? what ails you child?" said her mother.

She could not answer, the tears came to her eyes, and almost suffocated by the strange feeling in her throat, she sprang away from the table, and ran back to her chamber to indulge in the grief she could no longer repress.

"Poor child! what an affectionate, sensitive heart she has," said her father. "She is worried about the baby, mother, do go and comfort her. Doctor says it is nothing but teething."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Ashley, shaking her head as she spoke. "I am not so sure that it is that which troubles her. Nannie has not been herself for weeks. I have always thought that I had her full confidence, but I am very much afraid she is keeping something from me."

"No love affair, I hope!" said Mr. Ashley.

"The very thing of which I am suspicious. She grew so suddenly quiet and womanly; yet I know of no one with whom she has been thrown, who would be likely to develop such feelings. I have always considered Nannie rather fastidious, and never knew her to even imagine herself in love, as many of her young friends have done. Of course, at her age, it would scarcely prove to be anything more than imagination."

"Nip it in the bud—laugh her out of it—nonsense! to think of such a child!" were Mr. Ashley's exclamations.

Mrs. Ashley, with the determination of following out this advice, went up to Nannie's room, soon after dinner, leaving the baby sleeping in the cradle, and under Judy's especial surveillance. The children had been sent up to the play-room, for it was Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday.

Mrs. Ashley found matters much more serious than she had anticipated. Nannie confessed all, keeping back nothing—not even the knowledge of his unworthiness which had come so suddenly, and so overwhelmingly upon her.

"I know you think I am too young to love, mamma, but it is not so. If I lived a thousand years, I could never love any one as I do him. Oh, how could he be so cruel? He has broken my heart, and I hope it will kill me!" sobbed Nannie, her head buried in her mother's lap. She could not see the smile of incredulity that played upon her mother's face, during the first sentences of her speech, nor the expression of pain which so quickly chased it away.

"Nannie! Nannie! Have you so little love for me? for your father? for the dear children who love you and look up to you so?"

"Oh, mamma, you do not know—you cannot know what a different feeling my love for him has been—and how wretched it has made me. You cannot feel for me."

"I do feel for you, my child; but it is a wretchedness that you have brought upon yourself by your guilty concealment; and while I sympathize with you in the pain you are now suffering; I rejoice from my heart that a merciful Providence has opened your eyes before it was too late to save you from the snare in which you had well nigh fallen. Oh, Nannie, you cannot realize the danger that you have escaped, nor can you for a moment imagine the anguish of a mother, who finds that the daughter on whom she has placed every confidence has proven herself unworthy of it."

"Oh, mamma, don't think so badly of me. Indeed, indeed, I was going to tell you all as soon as he would let me. You do not know how unhappy it has made me to have a secret from you," and Nannie threw her arms around her mother's neck as she spoke. "Do forgive me, or I shall be so much more miserable."

"I do forgive you, my child," she answered, "but, Nannie, you have sinned against a higher power, and I leave you to seek forgiveness there. He can make this disappointment a blessing, impossible as it now seems to you. Seek strength from Him, for I know that 'those who seek shall find.'"

CHAPTER II.

NANNIE left to herself, sat down by the window that commanded a view of the centre of the village, and through her tears, strained her wistful eyes that she might at least gaze upon the walls that held him. Cruelly as he had deceived her, she loved him still, and with a woman's devotion and forgetfulness of injuries from one beloved, she longed to fly to him and minister to his wants. "Was ever wretchedness like hers?" she thought. Deceived by one in whom she had

placed unbounded trust—still clinging to him despite all—agonized by the fear that his illness might be unto death, and yet unable to look upon him, or hear his voice again. Added to this, was the knowledge that she had forfeited the confidence which her parents had always reposed in her, and which she had heretofore well merited. Very desolate did she indeed feel. She did not go down to supper, nor did her parents intrude upon her. They thought it best to leave her to her own reflections, confident that in the end all would be well.

Nannie felt their kindness, and her conscience accused her of ingratitude, inasmuch as she had been indulging and nursing her grief, instead of struggling against it, and seeking help from the source to which her mother had directed her.

She threw herself on her knees by the side of her bed, but she could not pray. "Oh, why must I have been so cruelly deceived when I trusted so much? Why must I learn such a bitter lesson while I am so young? Why could he not have loved me and made me his wife? I should have been so happy. What did he trifle with me for? What good could it have done him?" were the questions rapidly poured out by her innocent heart.

In darkness and in solitude she passed that restless, sleepless night: and it was only when the first rays of morning light broke against the violet-colored hills which walled that little valley in, that she forgot her grieving in a slumber, troubled by dreams. She awoke in a fright—she had dreamed that her mother was dying, and forgetting, for a moment, that it was the Sabbath, the unusual silence of the household startled her. Oh, what would have been her fancied sorrow to such a trouble! she thought, as she recalled the days; and dropping on her knees she prayed long and fervently. The resolution to struggle against her grief, restored, to a certain degree, the peace which she had imagined had left her forever, and with more calmness than she believed possible, she prepared herself to go down and join the family in their usual Sabbath morning devotions. Her mother's tender smile, and whispered words of welcome, rewarded her for the effort she had made; and she reproached herself for her selfishness, when she saw on her mother's face the traces of anxiety and fatigue, which baby's feverish, restless night had left there. It was Nannie's wish that her mother should try to get some sleep, and leave the baby in her charge; but she was overruled, for Mrs. Ashley was anxious to have her daughter's mind diverted, and she thought that the usual Sabbath service

might, in her present state of mind, impress her more; and cause her to feel the necessity of religion as a "very present help" and refuge in all seasons of sorrow and trouble. Accordingly, Annabel prepared herself for church, and enclosing the two notes, left them with her mother for Dr. Lincoln.

The last peal of the church bell died away as Annabel took her seat. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, her eyes rested upon the pew where Lawrence was accustomed to sit. She missed his tall, elegant figure, and the face she had thought the perfection of manly beauty. A shudder crept over her as through the broad, low window her eyes fell upon the tomb-stones in the church-yard, where in a few more days he might be lying. She bowed her head and prayed, "I will bear my sorrow uncomplainingly, only oh, God, spare his life—spare him for repentance."

The low, deep-toned voice of a stranger fell upon her ear in prayer. Earnest were the petitions which he poured forth—every one seeming to Annabel the supplication of her own heart. A holy calm stole over her, and when the voice ceased, she lifted her head to look up to a face, which, for one bewildered moment, seemed to her Lawrence's own. How her heart thrilled as she listened intently to the hymn—not only to that musical voice, which so swept its chords, but to the sentiments so exactly responding to her newly-awakened religious aspirations.

"Great Ruler of all Nature's frame!
We own Thy pow'r divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

"Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek Thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of Thy grace.

"Let me those gentle whispers hear
Till all the tumult cease;
Sleep in thine arms, and wake in realms
Of everlasting peace."

Never before had the organ's peal seemed so solemn and so grand to Annabel, or the voices of the choisters so thrilled her with their harmony. At length the last strains died away, and the stranger arising in the pulpit, read the CANTIC, CIV., and CVII. psalms.

"Oh," thought Annabel, "such a God, and such a Father! how can I have lived so long estranged from him!"

The eloquent discourse which followed from this text,

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them," still

farther impressed her with the idea that she was indeed "a pilgrim and a stranger," and filled her soul with new yearnings to be "led forth by the right way to the city of habitation."

The clergyman bore a wonderful resemblance to Lawrence. True, a more earnest spirit looked out from his dark eyes, and never upon Lawrence's face had she seen kindled the holy glow that so lighted up the features before her. Still there was no denying that those features were essentially the same.

She was not surprised, on going out of church, to overhear that the name of the minister was "Arthur Gray, a brother of young Gray at the hotel." She also gathered from the conversation that he had come, to visit his brother, unaware of his illness—that he would not preach in the afternoon, as he wished to remain with him as much as possible—that his stay would be short, as his ministerial duties required his return to his parish, the latter part of the week, and that parish was about thirty miles distant.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ashley had delivered the letters to Dr. Lincoln, and at his request read them both aloud to him.

"Villain! It would serve him right to let him die; but no, no, he is not fit for that. It is a very critical case, though, very. How did Nannie bear the knowledge of his evil doings?"

"She took it very hard at first. I do not think she slept any last night, her eyes were so sunken this morning; but, dear child, she has made a brave effort to overcome her feelings, and at my request has gone to church."

"Nannie's a good girl," said Dr. Lincoln, with a heavy, long-drawn sigh. "She did not need such a trial to discipline her; but my wilful Emma—I knew she would have to battle with life, before she would willingly fall back to her place in the ranks." And with another sigh, Dr. Lincoln arose to take his departure.

"Have you said anything to Emma yet?" questioned Mrs. Ashley.

"Yes, but what I have said has done no good. I hope this letter to Nannie will convince her. She says she was prepared for opposition, and expected to hear him slandered, and that no one in the world can make her believe him false. Poor motherless child! she has no idea of self-control, and will, I fear, make herself sick in her anxiety for the worthless fellow. She actually wanted to go and nurse him, insisting upon it as her right and privilege."

"Poor thing! have patience with her, doctor. Remember she is three years older than Nannie, and no doubt he has taken a stronger hold of her affections. He has talked to her of marriage,

you see, with his high-flown nonsense; but with Nannie, if you noticed, it seems a most Platonic attachment. The evidences of her unwillingness to keep it secret from me, which every line of his discloses, restores my confidence in the child. As Emma had no mother to go to, and as it is not natural for a girl to confide such matters to her father, I do not censure her so severely as I did Nannie at first. Be patient and gentle with her, doctor. It is a sore trial to a woman's heart to find a beloved object unworthy."

"Yes, yes. You can continue that medicine every hour, Mrs. Ashley. I will come in early to-morrow."

"You do not think her worse, do you, doctor? She is not nearly so irritable, and sleeps nearly all of the time."

"There is no immediate danger. I can't say that I exactly like the symptoms, they seem to be assuming the type of the prevailing fever, but we will hope for the best. Infants are seldom attacked by it. Good morning."

Mrs. Ashley was left alone by her baby, and she watched its quick breathings with a heavy heart. Nevertheless, when Annabel came in, she gave her a tender greeting, listened to her account of the morning service, and relieved her own heart by communicating her fears respecting the baby. Annabel shared her anxieties and her watchings, and as the mother looked on the calm and beautiful face of her daughter, a fervent, voiceless prayer of thanksgiving arose from her heart, that God had so soon enabled her to bear His chastening.

Meantime, Dr. Lincoln had gone home with the letters, but Emma was nowhere to be found. He knew that she was not at church, for the state of wild excitement in which he had that morning left her, forbade the thought. Really terrified lest she might have gone to Lawrence, he was about to leave the house for the purpose of ascertaining, when the door opened, and Emma, with her cloak and bonnet on, confronted him. Her cheeks were burning red, and her eyes bright and wild. Her thick curls of black hair were tangled by the wind, and hung disordered down her neck.

"You have not been to church in this plight, Emma?" interrogated her father.

"No, I have been to see Lawrence. I could not stay away any longer."

Dr. Lincoln turned fearfully pale. "What wildness is this?" said he. "I was not prepared for such disobedience. Emma, how dared you go when I forbade it so positively?"

"The Bible says we must leave father and mother, and cleave unto each other."

"The child is crazy," said her father, producing Annabel's letter. "Here, read this," he continued, "do you know the nature of the disease to which you have so needlessly exposed yourself?"

"You told me it was typhoid fever; but where you go, father, I am not afraid to follow."

Her father looked upon her kindling eyes, her earnest face, and he yearned to clasp her to his heart; but he restrained himself, and continued in the same stern tones,

"As a physician, I know of many precautions which you would never dream of; besides, the present state of your mind peculiarly predisposes you to disease. Even now it may be lurking in your system. Promise me, Emma, that you will not risk your life again."

Still Emma delayed to give the promise. She stood twisting the letter in her hands, which she had not yet opened.

Tears stood in Dr. Lincoln's eyes.

"Have you no consideration for me, Emma? Remember, I am getting old, and I have no one but you to lean upon." He handed her the letter addressed to herself. "Go to your room and read these letters alone," he continued, "and when you have discovered his duplicity, God grant that your heart may be softened to your father's love again."

Emma flung her arms about his neck. "Ah, father—dear father, indeed I love you. Only let me go and nurse poor Lawrence. He was calling for me the little while I was there, and you do not know how much good it did him to see me, although he did not know me, but he grew so calm when he felt the touch of my cool hands upon his burning head. Please, papa, and I will do just as you tell me in everything, I will never go away from you. We will get Lawrence well, and we will all live here in the old house together, and you will learn to love him dearly. Say, papa, may I not be his nurse?"

Dr. Lincoln sighed. He held his daughter to his heart. "He has been deceiving you, Emma," he said. "You will see that I cannot suffer a life so precious as your own to be risked for such a scapegrace. Forgive me, my child, for wounding your feelings in speaking so harshly of him, but go read the letters, dear, and let me see your own proud spirit in your treatment of him hereafter, should he be spared to cross your path."

Emma went reluctantly to her room. She had scarcely regarded what her father had said concerning the letters. If she thought of them at all, it was only as some forgery; but now, a sight of the dear, familiar hand sent the blood

in fresh torrents to her face. She tore off her bonnet and cloak. Drawing her low chair to the fire, and opening the letter directed to herself, she read a few lines, and then stopped, the open letter resting on her knee.

"Ah, those foolish words of mine," she said, "how they trouble him. Poor Lawrence! and I was only in fun. I knew he did not love Nannie, but I thought it would tease him to think me jealous. And then I did indeed think it a sin for him to trifle with Nannie. She is *such* an innocent! and any one with half an eye could tell by her blushes that she loved him."

She tossed back the curls from her face, and read on.

"Your faithful Lawrence," she repeated aloud. "Ah, yes, faithful unto death! And this is the love my father wishes me to give up. Never! never! No, Lawrence, no earthly power shall keep me away from you." She kissed her letter again and again. She nestled it down amid the folds of her dress against her warm, throbbing heart. She picked up the other letter. Was this also to her? "Miss Annabel Ashley." Only for a moment a shadow gloomed her eyes. Then she said, "Why should I doubt him? It is some trifling note. What a little tyrant heart I have, but Lawrence shall teach it submission."

She read, but not this time did she lay it down to dwell and comment upon the words. In eager haste she scanned line after line of the well filled sheet. Why, the love expressed in her own was as nothing to it! Her cheeks grew white as marble, her breath came heavily, her head swam round and round. With a cry of anguish, she threw herself sobbing on the floor. How long she lay in this paroxysm of grief she knew not; but when cold and shuddering she got up and looked around her, the fire had died out in the open fire-place; against the windows the rain was pattering slowly, and the sky, which, in the morning, had been so clear and beautiful, was covered with heavy, leaden clouds. The few leaves that had clung the longest to their summer homes were now whirled here and there in the arms of the wind, whose wierd, changeful moanings amidst the pines harmonized with the

complaining of Emma's spirit. She leaned her burning, throbbing forehead against the cold glass, and looked out upon the desolate scene before her. The dank earth, despoiled by the frost of its bright verdure, and clad instead here and there in huge folds of withered vegetation, the trees with their skeleton arms stretched out imploringly, and over all the cheerless, shrouded November sky.

"Desolate! desolate! but oh, not so hopelessly desolate as lies my heart within me," murmured Emma. "Spring will come, and with 'multiplied stores' cover the earth with beauty again, but my poor heart has done with spring forever. It was a beautiful, but oh, how brief a summer, and not even one autumn day to prepare me for the cheerless winter that has come upon me. *I wish it was the winter of the grave!*"

A thrill shot through her as she spoke. It was a fearful wish, and what if God had heard and registered it on high! Her poor father, alone in the world, loving her so proudly, and the infirmities of age already beginning to press upon him. It must not be—she would not be so selfish. She would live for him, and bear the winter storms, if so she might shield his heart from them.

But there was a strange shiver creeping through her frame that affrighted her. Burning, iron bands seemed to press her throbbing temples in, and throwing herself upon the bed, she thought to find some relief in sleep.

An hour later, when her father came up to her room to talk with her, he found her in the delirium of fever. If under such circumstances anything could give him joy, Emma's words ~~must~~ ^{had} so have done; for it was her father ~~also~~ ^{that} she called upon. "My dear father, for whom I am going to live always," she said. All memory of her love for Lawrence seemed to have been obliterated from her brain. That she had read the letters Dr. Lincoln well knew, for he picked up Annabel's from the floor, where it had fallen all blistered with tears. He blamed himself ~~now~~ ^{for} giving them to her when she was under so much excitement, but it was too late for regret.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

KEEP YOUR HEART FOR ME.

DEAREST, when'er thou stray
In Pleasure's hall of glee,
Remember one who day by day
Is loving only thee!
In Friendship give a smile,
And e'en Affection too;

But let not honied words beguile
A heart so pure, so true.
Yes, join the mirthful run;
Be gay, be bright and free—
Give smile for smile to every one,
But keep your heart for me! W. S. A.

THE SCOLDING WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"THERE you are again, with your wet boots," said a shrill, splenetic voice, as Mr. Hudson came home, one rainy day. "It's no use for a woman to slave, to have her house looking a little decent, for, as sure as there's a rainy day, her husband will tramp over the carpets, leaving marks of mud everywhere."

"Indeed, Sally, there's no mud on my boots to-day," said the husband, mildly. "I took care to clean them on the mat."

"Well, but they're wet, and I'd like to know if it don't spoil a carpet to be wet?" said the wife, not a bit mollified. "And you've let your umbrella drain on the floor, all this time, instead of putting it in the rack. Do give it here." And, as she spoke, she jerked it angrily away.

This was but a sample of the greeting which Mr. Hudson received about three times a week, or whenever his wife happened to be out of humor, which invariably occurred if the children were cross, if the servants were careless, or if anything else went wrong in the household. Mrs. Hudson had been pretty as a girl, and having been much admired, had gradually become spoiled by selfishness, so that, when she married, the inevitable troubles incident to the station of a wife, kept her constantly in a state of irritation. Instead of realizing that every position in life has its unpleasant duties, but that the married state, if only blessed by love, yields the largest amount of happiness of any, she acted as if a wife ought to be a being exempt from all trouble. A dozen times a week she would say that, if she had not been a fool, she would never have left her mother's house. The servants and children, but especially her husband, were the victims of her ill-humor. She would never long retain a cook or a chambermaid. They generally left, at the end of their month, each declaring in turn, that they could no longer endure her temper. The poor children were whipped one hour, to be petted to excess the next, and the little things hardly knew whether they were feared or loved their mother. As for Mr. Hudson, with every desire to live quietly, and, with a disposition, for the sake of peace, to yield too much, he could not, do what he would, be sure, when he went out, of a kind of action on his return. Often when he left his

wife in the best of humor, on going to his store in the morning, he would have her scolding the moment he opened the door, when he came back.

Affection, though it will endure much, cannot bear all things. Dropping water will wear out the hardest rock; and an ill-tempered wife, in time, will alienate the most forgiving of husbands. Had Mr. Hudson, on retiring from his store, come home angry, because things had gone wrong, and had he visited his spleen on his wife, she would have had some excuse. But though there are husbands who do this, he was not one of them. He had early learned to control his temper, and hence, though money was often scarce, trade dull, or clerks neglectful, and though, in consequence, his patience was frequently sorely tried, he never permitted himself to vent his ill-humor at home. But, at last, he did what thousands of husbands had been driven into doing before, he began to be at home as little as possible: and he would have begun earlier, if it had not been for his children.

"I tell you, Lowry," he said, one night, as he sat, half-inebriated, tipping at the tavern with a friend, "a man can't stay at home, when it's a second Bedlam. The very children have had their tempers spoiled, and fight like cats and dogs, so that, between a scolding wife and quarrelsome brats, I might as well be in Pandemonium as at my own fireside. They say it's the love of liquor that makes drunkards, but it's as often a scolding, slatterny wife, and the uncomfortable home that follows. Now I didn't care for drinking in itself," he continued, with vinous gravity, "but when I'm here, I forget my troubles; and that's something gained."

This state of things still continues, only Mr. Hudson is fast losing caste as a business man, because he is rapidly sinking into a sot. As a consequence, his wife is more unamiable than ever, and his children, God help them! are growing up to ruin. Mrs. Hudson tells everybody that a drunken husband is breaking her heart and bringing her offspring to beggary, but she does not add, that she gave him the first incentive to intemperance, by rendering his home unhappy. At the Last Day, each will receive from a righteous Judge, exact justice.

Let us not attempt to measure out, too nicely, their proportion of guilt.

Far be it from us to say that all, or even the largest number of husbands, who frequent drinking saloons, are driven thither by bad wives. But it cannot be denied that many are. More women are at fault, in this matter, perhaps, than is generally supposed. Often also, where the husband escapes falling into evil courses,

it is because of his moral strength, and not because his hearth is made comfortable.

Wives, be just to your husbands, and you will be none the less true to yourselves. There is a way of being amiable, without losing self-respect. Above all, remember, there is no state of affairs, in the family, so bad, that it cannot be made worse by your unamiability. Avoid being a SCOLDING WIFE.

A MEMORY.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO.

In the golden Summer morning,
In the rosy blush of dawn,
Sits a robin in the casement,
Singing softly in the morn.
Her sweet warbling wakes my slumber,
Breaks the tissue web of sleep,
Drives away my dream of loved ones,
Scatters visions wild and sweet.
Slowly o'er my wakened senses
Steals the thought of olden time,
When the robin's morning matin
Thrilled another heart than mine!
She so lovely—she so gentle,
Sharing all my joy and pain,
Lying on her pillow side me
Softly breathing—heard the same.
Heard the same sweet bird-tone warbling,
Singing in the rosy dawn;
Now the robin sings more softly,
Sweet, but sad she sings forlorn.

Oh, my songstress! my sweet warbler!
Soaring into Heaven's pure air,
Take one message, bear it upward—
Upward to her home so fair!
Tell her that the love she bore me
Lifts me over earthly care;
Tell her that in dreams, beside me
Still I see her golden hair;
Gleaming in the morning sunlight
As it streams my casement through!
Through the casement where the robin
Sings amid the morning dew!
As the softly whispering breezes
Touch the quivering jasmine vine:
Still the dear voice that it murmurs,
Is thine ever—ever thine!
Bird and flower and trembling leaflet
Lost an echo to their lay;
When from out this curtained chamber
Passed an angel soul away!

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY FRANCES C. MOTTE.

Come, dearest, sing that song again—
'Twas ours my friend in other days;
Now soft as falls the Summer rain,
Or sunlight o'er the extended main—
Those old melodious lays.
Thy pure faith now so unaware,
With all its impress stealth on—
E'en time itself, and grief, and care,
Thy borrowed lustre seem to wear,
And age itself anon.
With arms outstretched, our buried loves
Are with us as in childhood's hour—
Now walk with us the sylvan groves—

Again a mother's counsel moves,
Hope, Faith and Love our dower.
Youth's gay parterre, how at a glance
Fresh impetus to good is given—
For flowers that dot its wide expanse,
The while our joys and woes advance,
Have opened—aye, in Heaven.
Be ours Hope, Faith, and Love combined,
Say whence more glorious store,
And all the graces of the mind,
A heart that's pure, a soul refined,
Shall gild Life's journey o'er.

TENNYSON'S MAUD.

BY JEREMY SHORT.

JEREMY SHORT.—(*Entering the Editor's Sanctum*) Ah! Mr. Editor, reading again.

EDITOR.—(*Rising and shaking hands*) Why, Jeremy, how d'ye do? The very man I was thinking about. I'm reading Tennyson's last poem, and I said to myself, "Jeremy will like this."

JEREMY.—Mistaken for once in your life. Jeremy *has* read it, and thinks it trash: that is, trash for such a writer as Tennyson.

EDITOR.—You amaze me.

JEREMY.—You're easily frightened then. (*Taking the book*) You don't call this poetry, do you? (*Reads.*)

"For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
His who had given me life—oh, Father! oh, God!
was it well?
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinto into
the ground;
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell."

Now I defy any man, even so charitable a one as you, to find melody in that. Or anything sublime in this, sir, though Tennyson intends it to be.

"Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great speculation had fail'd,

* * * * *

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd."

Sir, if a young beginner had written that, instead of Tennyson, he would have been hooted out of literature.

EDITOR.—You're too severe, Jeremy. Be just! Remember that Tennyson, in this new poem, has experimented with strange metres—

JEREMY.—What right has he to experiment? Or rather, what right has he to inflict his experiments on the public. Mr. Tennyson may murder good English for his own amusement, if he chooses; but it's insulting his readers to publish metres not in harmony with the genius of the language. Listen to this stuff.

"Oh, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, *tho' thy limbs have here increased.*"

I know nothing more absurd, unless the famous doggrel.

"Wasn't Pharaoh a saucy rascal,
Not to suffer the children of Israel, their wives and
little ones, to go over the river to eat the Paschal?"

EDITOR.—You are unfair, Jeremy. Any poet might be ridiculed by a similar process.

JEREMY.—No, sir, no. I defy you to do it with Shakespeare, Milton, or any of the great masters. But, in these latter days, poets aim, not to produce perfect poetry, but to show the skill with which they can distort the language. The tricks of the Merry Andrew are substituted for the acting of a Lear; and even critics cry out that the harlequin is a Garrick or Siddons. Pshaw! I am sick of such degeneracy. And I'm the more indignant now, because Tennyson can do better—

EDITOR.—He *has* done better. Even in "Maud," taken as a whole, he has made a real acquisition to our literature. Consider that the poem is exclusively emotional, and yet, as an English critic remarks, the scenery, where the story happened, is brought before us as vividly as in a poem entirely narrative. Of set description, apart from feeling, there is not a line; yet the wood, the brook, the old Hall, the distant sea, the cedar in the meadow, and the "blossomed gable-bends" in the village, are as well known to us as if we had lived, all our days, in the neighborhood—

JEREMY.—What a thing is imagination! But mothers can see beauty in hunchbacks—

EDITOR.—And then how adroitly the story is told. The short, brief poems, each different in metre, bring it out, against the dark, gloomy back-ground of an over-mastering fate, like successive flashes of lightning—

JEREMY.—Wheugh!—

EDITOR.—And then the events of that story! The son of the ruined suicide, first roused from his misanthropy by Maud's return to the Hall; his fancy that she was haughty; the smile that made him doubt the justice of this conclusion; his growing passion for her; their stolen meetings in the wood; the sunshine that succeeds to his heart; and the rapture, with which, on the night of the ball, which is given to her other admirer, the young lord, and to which he has not been invited, he waits for her at the garden-gate, where she has promised to meet him, after the festival is over, in order that he may see her in "all her brave array."

JEREMY.—And where, while he waits, he's as

jealous as Othello, though Tennyson is too lack-a-daisical to say so—

EDITOR.—Ah! Jeremy, if you hadn't had the gout, or rheumatism, or something else to sour you, you'd have been delighted with the poem that pictures him thus watching and waiting. Let me read it. I'm sure you didn't peruse it in the right spirit.

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ‘There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.’
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, ‘The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
Oh, young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,’ so I swear to the rose,
‘Forever and ever, mine.’

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet,
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white-lake blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are gone,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near;’
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late;’
The larkspur listens, ‘I hear, I hear;’
And the lily whispers, ‘I wait.’

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.”

JEREMY.—It's not so bad, though your reading would make a worse poem pass. But it took ten men to save Sodom; one wasn't enough.

EDITOR.—The ten can be found in “Maud.” Listen to this picture.

“Morning arises stormy and pale;
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud;
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd,
Caught and cuffed by the gale.”

JEREMY.—You said there was no description *as such*, in the poem, but only what was natural to the emotional state. Would a man, under intense feeling, stop to tell us that the sky was stormy? Or would anybody but a prize-fighter inform us that the wind “cuffed” the trees? It's as bad as the tailor, who said, at Niagara, “What a place to sponge a coat.”

EDITOR.—You always were obstinate, Jeremy. I've a mind to shut the book. But I'll not. I'll convince you in spite of yourself. Confess that this is beautiful. The thought, the time, the imagery, the metre are all in harmony.

“A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and file
To the death, for their native land.”

JEREMY.—Go on!

EDITOR.—To return to the story. How vividly, yet without more than an allusion, the poet describes the surprise of the lovers, at the garden-gate; the altercation between Maud's bejewelled giant, Sultan-like brother and the hero—

JEREMY.—The best line in the poem, by-the-bye, is where the brother is described as

“That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian bull.”

It's a picture in six words, dashed off by the hand of genius, and yet it has a serious fault; for

the masses, who know nothing about Layard's discoveries at Nineveh, cannot fully comprehend its force——

EDITOR.—The altercation, I say; the duel in which the brother is killed; the hero's flight to France; Maud's death; she "in her shroud" haunting the fugitive; and his insanity. It is a terribly beautiful tale. Nor can the stanzas, in which, just before he goes mad, the hero describes his sensations in a great city, be surpassed. The London Spectator thinks them the finest in the poem.

"Oh, that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, though death-like type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet even fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.
Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to say, 'Forgive me wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?'

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee."

JEREMY.—I'll not deny that it's good. Tennyson couldn't write sixteen hundred lines without some of them being beautiful. My complaint is that he might have made the poem better, if he had stuck to legitimate metres, and been less bald in language. It's the fashion to praise him, whatever he does. But I, for one, will be honest and out-spoken: and I say that "Maud" is poor, considering who wrote it. I believe it's your secret opinion also. You're too charitable, too charitable by half. (*Rises to go.*)

EDITOR.—It may be I am. But it's better than being the opposite. And that's your secret opinion also, Jeremy.

JEREMY—(*Laughing.*) You've "check-mated me there, Donald, my man." Good-bye. Come up to the hills, soon, and shoot a deer! The Alleghanies were never grander than now. You'll feel more poetry there, in a day, than you would if you read "Maud" for a week.

EDITOR.—The mountains are Homeric.

JEREMY.—And from everlasting to everlasting.

MY LOVE STORY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

I WAS afraid, at first, that the title of this sketch would challenge comparison with the English Baronet's, "My Novel," but no fear! My literary position (ahem!) is at such a great remove from his! I call it *my* Love Story because it begins, instead of ends, with a marriage. And does that hushed room look like a bridal-room? There is a stand with its vials of medicine, lotions and linaments, cups and spoons—pushed aside now, as of no farther avail. There is a physician with his watch in his hand, and on the bed a pale, sinking girl. But there will be a marriage here before long. The bridegroom is on his way. As the red sand on the banks of the Raritan gleams beneath his horse's feet, he wonders why he is called in such haste to the bedside of Marian Wood. They have been friends from childhood, but it is three years since they have met, and now the vision of a summer-scene, three years ago, rises before him. He sees Marian kneeling on the brink of a fairy lake, where two swans feed from her hand. "Marian, do you love me?" he hears his own voice saying. "I don't know yet," says Marian, turning aside to pull more grass for the swans. Has Marian's three years reign as an acknowledged belle taught her enough of life and her own heart to enable her now to give an answer? A moment, and John De Lyle will hear it from her own lips, albeit he is far from asking it now.

He stands once more beneath her father's roof, and meets Mrs. Wood's welcoming hand. How often has he smiled at the pitying kindness of her farewell! He holds his breath as he listens, and is ushered into Marian's chamber. "I have but a short time to live, John," whispers a weak voice; "I would die yours. Let me have the satisfaction of thinking I have been your wife, if only for a few hours."

Bewildered and shocked, De Lyle can only press the attenuated fingers to his lips, and gaze with gathering tears upon the shrunken temples and colorless features, once so dear to him.

"John," said Mr. Wood, "hear an old man's prayer—consent to my daughter's dying wish."

De Lyle met the gaze of Marian's soul, and unable to speak, bowed his head.

clergyman soon stood before them with r-book in hand, and the holy words were

read. How strange and sad they rung out in that room! What a strange, sad scene it was altogether! De Lyle rose from his knees, and drew his bride to his breast, calling her in broken tones "his darling Marian." There was a long, unbroken silence. And Marian slept. That pale motionless repose—all feared it would merge soon and silently into that of death. Her father and mother knelt close around, and while the sunset clouds folded up their drapery, and the twilight spirits drew near, John De Lyle sat and held her to his breast. The scene and all that had passed seemed to him like a dream.

The slumber was broken at last. Then began an agony and a struggling most trying to witness. But the doctor laid his hand at intervals upon Marian's brow. "I would not bid you hope, madam," he said to Mrs. Wood, "but the forces of nature seem marshalling themselves. There is now just a chance. It may be; understand me it *may* be. It would be almost beyond belief, but—well! we shall see."

At midnight John De Lyle stood beneath the June stars. "Wretch that I am," he cried, "I fear she will live." Then he rushed back to the chamber of watching, his heart torn with bewildering thoughts of his betrothed, Constance Bulkeley. Supplications for life rose wildly up that night. Poor John could not but join in them as he felt the fitful heart-throbs so close to his own. But Constance—Constance—Marian's head touched her miniature. That miniature was a lump of ice, sending a thrill through every limb. Then he felt like tossing the unconscious girl from him. The pressure of her form was hateful. He bit his lips till the blood came, while hard and bitter thoughts sprang up. Again he would gaze on the beautiful face pillowed on his bosom, and on the agonized friends around, and pray a shuddering prayer for forgiveness. His hours of torture wore on. A new dawn was looking her first on the world when the physician pronounced that Marian would live. "Thank God!" was John De Lyle's sincere ejaculation, but the words suddenly stiffened even upon his lips he was pressing to hers. Dizzily he made his way from the house. Down on the damp grass he flung himself, and dug his nails into the ground. But one thought throbbed in body and

soul—Constance, whom he so passionately loved, and from whom he had forever separated himself.

Two writhing hours passed before he could force himself to look the reality in the face. "It can't be helped—make the best of it," is sorry consolation, but it was all poor De Lyle had. "I have a great sin upon my soul," he murmured, at last. "How have I wronged poor Constance—and Marian too. One thing I can do," he added, while the veins on his forehead swelled up like cords, "she shall never know it." He rose, and going down to the river's brink, unhooked a row-boat and sculled himself across to the towpath of the canal, which here lies side by side with the Raritan. Jamming his hat down over his eyes, he walked that solitary path till the sun rode high, maturing a self-denying and noble purpose—the effort to be happy as well as make another happy.

It was hard—his teeth were set tight very often that day, to keep his voice and manner loving and happy. "Oh! my God, I am afraid I shall hate her," he whispered to himself.

That evening he wrote to Constance Bulkeley, a despairing bitterness filling his soul as he thought of the heavens growing suddenly dark above her head. The letter was returned unopened.

Song and color and odor roused from their rich visions on summer's breast, and threw health and buoyancy on Marian's head. Autumn came and pressed her ruddy cheek against the fruit, and then trailed her brown robes among the reapers, while John De Lyle was still trying to "file his mind." He could not bear to take his wife to the home where he had once hoped to welcome another.

Marian's happiness and love were overflowing, and in their luxuriance he tried to plant his tree of happiness.

One day he was sitting by the couch on which she was resting from a walk, when a letter from his mother was handed him. Marian saw that his brow contracted as he read, and when he had finished, playfully snatched it from him. It related entirely to his engagement with Miss Bulkeley, and he caught her hands quickly. "Give me that, if you please, Marian," said he. There was no explanation to make, and he put it in his pocket. Marian felt unpleasant about it all day.

His mother and sisters received Marian very coldly and distantly when at last he took her to New York. She was surprised and hurt, and he felt provoked, though he could not say a word. On this account he was obliged to commence housekeeping before he could command money

to do so in the style he had expected. Marian was often perplexed and annoyed at the many contrasts to her own home.

Charles Bulkeley, the brother of Constance, had been De Lyle's most intimate friend, his college-chum—his warm and sympathizing regard never failing. De Lyle could now only wish that he might not often cross his path. One day he was standing with some friends in Broadway, when he suddenly lifted his eyes and met those of Charles Bulkeley, from which shone a dark, contemptuous stare. De Lyle's face flushed to the very temples. The men that were with him knew Bulkeley, and knew him as an intimate friend of his own. It was little balm to his sore and mortified heart to think of the conjectures they might spread around. The next day he received a few lines from young Bulkeley, informing him in terms which might be characterized as rather emphatic, that if it were not for the exposure and consequent injury to his sister, he would give him a public horse-whipping. This De Lyle had to swallow. He did himself the justice, however, of writing to Bulkeley a full explanation, though he scarcely knew how to address him. The next time they met, that gentleman quietly looked the other way. He took out De Lyle's letter before his sister one day, saying, "Constance, I have a letter here from John De Lyle."

"Charles, have I not requested you never to mention that name to me?"

"But, Constance, this is something you ought to know."

"I wish to know no more. I read the notice in the paper."

"In justice to yourself——"

"Stop, Charles. Not a word more. This is foolishness, mockery. Why will you persist in reminding me of one I am trying to forget?"

"But, my dear sister——"

"Charles, have you no feeling? It is cruel—cruel," and she hurried from the room. The young man made one more attempt to disclose all to the wounded, embittered girl. He laid the letter in her way. She threw it into the fire.

Clients had been an instant necessity to De Lyle when he began practice, and the most of them had been procured by Charles Bulkeley's warm and generous efforts among his large family connection and extensive acquaintance. When it became known that they were not on speaking terms, many of these began to draw off. De Lyle did not actually need them now, but it stung his proud spirit to see the pre-occupied eye and averted face when Charles came in sight.

He had been entrusted by old Mr. Bulkely

with a prominent and lucrative cause, the mere connection with which had given him distinction. This, of course, he had resigned. Owing, perhaps, to the change of hands, it was decided soon after in favor of the opposing party, and thereby the old gentleman lost a great part of his property. De Lyle had always avoided young Bulkeley in the public thoroughfares, both from delicacy and his own feelings, but now people remarked it, and talked of his kicking down the ladder by which he had risen. This cut him more than all.

One day he took a check for a thousand dollars, which he had laid aside for the purchase of law books, and disguising his hand, sent it to Charles Bulkeley, as restitution from a person who had defrauded him of that amount. Something about the note was recognized, and the money returned the next day, with the intimation that the generosity of a street-sweeper would have prevented him from offering additional insult.

These things, joined to the yearning and regret now forbidden and useless, saddened the cricket on De Lyle's hearth. There never was but one being on earth who carried out a purpose unwaveringly to its fulfilment, and even He said, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" John was sometimes cold or careless or cross. Marian, an only and petted child, was exacting and capricious. She required many demonstrations and protestations of love, and her husband, with all his energies taxed for concealment, could not very well give them. Her spirit vibrated with gratitude for her almost miraculous recovery, and she loved to go over and over again the whole scene of their marriage, and the long night that followed, when light and joy were born out of darkness. She wondered and felt hurt that De Lyle always shrank from the subject. She was fond of ruling, and he was of a temper that would bear no dictation, no interference with his personal habits. He paid little attention to a violent antipathy she took to one or two of his frequent companions, and when her pretty, coaxing way failed of effect, she turned to pocket-handkerchief and Lubin. She had some habits which were very disagreeable to him. She opened all letters which came for him, although he tried to cure her by scrupulously refraining from doing the same; looked through his desk and rummaged in his drawers with the most perfect freedom. One Sunday afternoon she was amusing herself in this way, when she came upon a folded paper containing a long lock of raven hair—Miss Bulkeley's. "Whose is this, John?" she exclaimed. He rose and went behind her to conceal

his countenance, replying as carelessly as he could, "Whose is it? It would be hard for me to tell you, Marian. Perhaps you never knew I was a great favorite with the ladies, and they were constantly giving me locks of their hair, 'and sich,' as Topsy says. Don't ask me, Marian, I should be ashamed to say I did not know."

Despising himself for the equivocation, he watched her progress, fearing she might come to some other undestroyed keepsake. Presently she found a tiny volume of sonnets. "*From Constance Bulkeley*. What an exquisite Italian hand! Who is she? You never told me about her."

"Didn't I?" said De Lyle.

"No; is she any relative of the Mr. Bulkeley who was in college with you?"

"His sister."

"Ah—and so she gave you a book of poems. Did you know her very well?"

"Yes."

"What was she like? You deal in monosyllables to-day. Was she tall or short? was she a great talker? Was she *fast*?"

"She would be called tall, I suppose. She was *prononce* in her style, but decidedly not a *fast* young lady."

"What color were her eyes?"

"Black."

"Why does her brother never come here? I thought he was your bosom friend."

"Really, Marian, I believe you could conduct a cross-examination as well as I could. How can I tell you? He does not live in the city."

"You correspond, don't you?"

"No."

As time passed on, Marian began to see that her love was not all returned—that there was a hidden recess in her husband's heart, the curtain of which she might not lift. She would often gaze wistfully at the cloud on his brow, and long to know its cause that she might try to sweep it away. Her disappointed feelings made her peevish and captious. She became annoyed at the slightest attention to other ladies.

"Jealous, Marian," exclaimed John, with curling lips, when he found this out, "I tell you plainly I will not be governed by such nonsense. It is too contemptible."

She burst into tears, and he turned on his heel. This was not the last of such painful scenes, for John's temper was high. Still he could not help being touched by Marian's clinging, idolizing love, and had begun to feel real affection for her. As soon as he could afford it, he purchased a new house on Twenty-First street, and pleased himself with arranging every

thing to please her. He was completely separated from his own family. Every attempt of Marian's to ingratiate herself had only widened the breach, until there was a tacit agreement that it was best to keep apart. Their beautiful baby's christening party was their house-warming, and its little soft fingers might have woven tightly the threads of their affection, but its mother was jealous of De Lyle's pride and delight in it—jealous of her own child!

So, gradually, Marian's brows drew together, and her temper soured. Her parents noticed it, and blamed De Lyle. One day they received a letter from her, full of vague discontent, and Mr. Wood took the cars and rode into the city.

"John," he commenced after a few moments conversation with his son-in-law, "I know it is a delicate matter to interfere between man and wife, but—" and he proceeded, in his stiff, formal manner, to take De Lyle to task for his wife's altered spirits.

John's eyes flashed, "I hold myself accountable to no man for my actions, sir," said he.

"John, recollect that my interest in Marian's happiness is as deep as yours. I am her father."

"Though you were twenty times her father, if she thinks fit to appeal to you to take her part, I am both sorry and indignant."

"That is not the proper spirit, my son," and the old gentleman plodded on, till De Lyle lost his temper, and words passed which rendered it impossible for Mr. Wood ever again to cross his son-in-law's threshold.

With a burning heart, John De Lyle ran up to his wife's bedroom. "Marian, was it a pleasant feeling after you had descended so low as to complain to others of my unkindness?"

"What do you mean, John? I never did such a thing."

"Take care, Marian, you have hitherto kept clear of falsehood at least. Your father has just been here. Do you dare to tell me that you have not been to him with tales?"

"Most certainly I do. To think of my making complaints of you to any living being, if I had twenty times as much cause as I have."

"Let me tell you, madam, you think yourself ill-used, but there are ten women who have more reason for thinking so to one that has less."

"I never denied it, John—that makes it no better for me. But that I ever said anything against you, is not true. You may believe me, my husband."

"Your father must have inferred it, then, from your manner of speaking and writing."

"I cannot help my manner," and Marian burst into tears, "if I feel sad and disappointed

I suppose it shows itself. Oh! I wish I had never left my home?"

"I wish to heaven you never had!"

The words were repented as soon as spoken; but when he would have apologized, and soothed Marian's wild sobs, she pushed him away.

The next day he denied himself the purchase of a beautiful Claude, in order to buy something for Marian, and selected a pearl necklace, at Ball & Blacks, which cost more than he could afford.

He had not seen her since he left her the day before. She received a little bouquet he offered, with a smile, but one of such deep melancholy, that tears started to his eyes.

"Forgive a hasty word," he whispered. "You know that I love you, my own Marian."

"I try to keep the belief, John."

"I know that you are unhappy, and the knowledge is one of my hardest trials. How different from what I hoped! We must both learn more forbearance."

One evening, at Nahant, about seven years after John De Lyle's marriage, he suddenly perceived Miss Bulkeley standing in a quadrille at the upper end of the room. Her head had a prouder lift, her eye was calm, and she was talking gaily to her partner. De Lyle watched her all the evening, priding himself that he could do so with so much composure. He felt glad that grief had not left traces on her brow and manner, and yet sorry—not sorry, exactly, but piqued. Had it indeed been so slight? He determined to throw himself in her way. It appeared no effort, the calmness with which her eye met his, and he went to sleep that night questioning, was it self-command or indifference? Meanwhile, she was pacing her little room, her heart and brain in a perfect tumult. Before morning she had worked herself into such excitement as to lose sight of the instinctive resolve of self-respect—utter oblivion of De Lyle's presence. "He may think I cannot trust myself. Anything rather than that!"

The people with whom she had come to Nahant, knew Mr. De Lyle, and one of the ladies asked permission to present him. His brow flushed, but she was perfectly unembarrassed; her reception of him not exactly that to a new acquaintance, but one admitting the bare fact that they had met before. He could not answer her first question. And as days passed on, his desire to do so grew stronger. Oh! John De Lyle what was it to you? Constance was changed. There was a bitterness and a sarcasm in her remarks, at which Young America laughed and said that it gave point and piquancy to her

conversation. There were only a few, like the minister of Lenaar, who saw that some personal experience had sharpened the blade, and pointed out the weak joint of armor. People said she had great energy and strength of character—perhaps twenty years hence might become “strong-minded!” Was this all? Had she entirely succeeded in effacing her former lover’s image from her heart? She received all his attentions unhesitatingly—even braced herself to be alone with him; and her success was that perfect success which banishes all idea of effort.

If she had been trying to bring De Lyle back to her feet she could not have found anything more effectual than that cold, proud smile, and haughty bearing. They urged him on day by day. From some casual remark he discovered that she was ignorant of the history of his marriage. If he only could tell her! The contempt which stung him so much would not be quite so great.

There was a tired look in Miss Bulkeley’s brilliant eyes, one afternoon, as she opened her portfolio to sketch a twilight rock, and the mockery of her smile had something of sadness. This was all that was needed to unlock the pent-up fountains in De Lyle’s heart. He forgot himself—forgot Marian—forgot everything, and poured his whole story into her ear. She sat pale and motionless, and at last said, in a voice hoarse with emotion,

“I don’t know whether I ought to thank you for telling me this, and yet I do. My contempt for the race to which I belong will be a little less bitter, and——”

“Pray go on.”

“Don’t ask me. I have suffered too—am suffering still.”

“Constance.”

“Do you rejoice in it?”

“No, but tell me you pity me—tell me you love me still.”

“Spare me, Mr. De Lyle, if you have one spark of your former generosity. This is no conversation for us—it must never be renewed—you hear me?”

“You shall be obeyed; but promise me one thing—that we may be friends.”

“I don’t know whether, with my memories, I can feel *friendship* for you, John. God knows, I wish I could. We must go back to the house now.”

Poor Marian! She had heard all. She had been reading in a recess of the rock beneath whose shadow they had seated themselves, and had remained rooted to the spot. She felt her senses leaving her, and vainly trying to call

after the retreating forms, fainted away in that lonely place.

She struggled back to consciousness by herself, and dragged her tottering body to her room. That night, in the parlor, she was the gayest of the gay. A burning crimson spot in each cheek, and the feverish excitement in her eyes made her more beautiful than ever. Since her marriage, she had been wrapped up in her husband, and cared for no admiration or attention from others, but now she brought to light all the buried artillery of flirtation. The gentlemen thronged around her. A young French count, who had been fêted all along Fifth Avenue, the last winter, was peculiarly assiduous. The next day it was the same. No one had ever seen her so brilliant, so eager for excitement. Nothing came amiss to her except quiet, she was always ready, she went to all lengths in her hot, restless career. Her jest and repartee never failed. The wild joy of triumph sat on her brow as she saw herself dazzling once more. Monsieur le Comte became gallant, even tender, and she recklessly met him half-way. People said the beautiful Mrs. De Lyle was flirting desperately, and wondered that her husband did not interfere. But he was entirely absorbed in his wistful devotion to Constance Bulkeley, and if he noticed her at all felt glad that she seemed enjoying herself more than usual. Miss Bulkeley’s calm manner, and his own care prevented his attentions being noticed, and still, for her own sake, Miss Bulkeley every day intended to leave Nahant, and yet every day prolonged the dangerous delight. One evening, Mr. De Lyle was standing with her in the recess of a window, when she quietly laid her hand on his arm, and looked toward his wife. He followed her glance. There was no mistaking the *tableau vivante*. The comte and Mrs. De Lyle had just passed from a redowa. He was bending down to look into her eyes, and she was pretending to turn away, with a smile provokingly sweet, and provokingly saucy. Many a significant gaze was on them. De Lyle ground his teeth, turned and stepped out of the window behind him. When the guests dispersed to their rooms, he sought that of his wife. She was not there. With a fierce brow he went down stairs, and vainly searched through drawing-rooms, halls and piazzas. As he was turning away, he saw the count emerge from a dark corner of the piazza, and caught the rustle of a silken scarf speeding up the staircase. He followed, but Marian’s door was locked, and no knocking could gain admittance.

There are always sharp eyes “to the fore,” as

the Irish say, in a watering-place, and tongues, too. People were glad to have something decided to form the cap-sheaf to what had been amusing them for one or two weeks. De Lyle found in his early walk the next morning that scandal had been busy with Marian's fair name. As he passed a group of young men, he heard one say, "There he is—there he is." "Ah! *il marito*," drawled another, "poor fellow!" "Good, easy man," said a third.

His very toes tingled, but he went on. He encountered a friend, who gave him a sympathizing hand-pressure. He could have knocked him down. Farther on he heard the young Frenchman's, "*Ah non, non*; it is too bad, madam is *charmante* and—*eh bien! eh bien!*"

De Lyle burst into Marian's room, and overwhelmed her with reproaches and invective.

She rose from the sofa, her eyes shining with indignation.

"And do you dare to speak to me in this way?"

"Dare? yes, madam."

"You have no right."

"No right! what do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have never thought? Mr. De Lyle, I was a listener to your conversation with Miss Bulkeley the other day. I know all."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then sat down in silence.

A half-hour passed. Marian lifted her head at last with just strength enough to murmur, "Send me home—send me home."

Her husband raised his haggard face. "Marian, it appears to me that you had best not go yet—that is, if you can endure my society. I have done you a great wrong. I do not wish to add to it by being the cause of blighting your reputation. You have allowed this French puppy to

lead you so far that if we separate now society will stamp you at once. I am willing to lay aside all the anger and mortification you will perhaps say I have no right to feel, and assist you in regaining a firm standing—by placing open confidence in you, to make the world retrace its steps if I can."

"Oh, what do I care for the world! Let me go home at once."

"Certainly, Marian, if you wish; but do not decide rashly, for your own sake—for the sake of our little girl."

The next winter opened with Marian De Lyle in Twenty-First street, a gay leader of fashion, but a broken-hearted woman. Her greenhouse, her exquisite boudoir were evidence of her husband's kindness. Her Wednesday evenings were very brilliant, and his attention very manifest. The young men concluded down at Snedicker's that they must have been mistaken last summer—the elderly ladies against the wall whispered the same thing behind their fans.

As spring violets crept into the bouquets, Mrs. De Lyle's health required a trip to Europe. No one doubted it who looked at the hollow cheek to which rouge alone lent a lustre. Through the broken arches of the Coliseum, and on the shores of lake Lemana sad and silent pair wandered for a time, till at some celebrated German bath, their separation was finally accomplished. Marian, with her little girl, remaining there to be under the care of the physician—so it was given out—and De Lyle taking passage at Havre for New York. He walked down to his office every morning the same as ever. You would detect no difference in him from the passing crowd, and perhaps there are many among them who like him, bear on to the grave a bitter, disappointed and remorseful heart.

ANNA.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

SHE never knew what drew her spirit pure
From this fair world to one of sunnier clime;
From one where all must suffer and endure,
To one where peace is never marred by Time.
Death's angel wrapped her in his cold embrace,
But left a smile upon her beauteous face.

She closed her eyes on all she loved below,
And oped them in a realm of light above;
Where joy unspeakable doth ever flow

Around the soul in endless, ceaseless love;
A lovely bud on earth she did appear,
Ornated to bloom within a purer sphere.

Transplanted early to a bower on high,
Oh, may she flourish in those gardens fair;
Beneath a golden light and rosy sky,
All free from sorrow, free from earthly care;
So softly, gently did she pass away,
Who would have wished that she might longer stay?

COX COMB.
A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—COX—(Cocks.)

Dramatis Personæ.—A COCK.—HENS.—FARMER'S WIFE.—A STRANGE COCK.

SCENE—A Farm-yard must be imagined by the audience.



ENTER FARMER'S WIFE, carrying a basket. She cries, "Chuck, chuck!" and pretends to be throwing about food for the Chickens. Exit Farmer's Wife.

Enter HENS and a COCK, running as fast as they can, and flapping their arms for wings. They commence picking up the food, the Cock stalking proudly round them, and crowing. Every now and then he scratches with his feet and picks up the grain. He has a fine tail made with a feather-broom, and on his head is a comb of red cloth.

Enter a STRANGE COCK, running as fast as he can. He also begins picking up the grain. A Cock, on seeing him, flaps his wings, and stretching out his neck, crows lustily. The Strange Cock answers him. They crow to each



other several times. At last they advance proudly to each other, and jumping and flapping their wings, commence fighting. The hens look on. The Strange Cock is at last knocked down, and his conqueror, walking proudly round him, crows again and again.

Re-enter Farmer's Wife. She is surprised to

see the dead Fowl. She drives off the Cock and Hens, and picking up the dead one, carries it away.



Re-enter A Cock, who begins scratching on the ground. At last he discovers a beautiful necklace of coral, among the supposed litter. He regards it for some time with his head knowingly on one side. Then he philosophizes



Pointing to his mouth, and then to the jewel, he shakes his head to intimate that he cannot eat it. He turns from the necklace with an expression of contempt, and picking up an imaginary grain of corn from the carpet, he smiles, and again sneers at the coral beads, to tell the audience how much better the useful is than the ornamental.

Exit A Cock pompously.

ACT II.—COMB.

Dramatis Personæ.—HUNGRY TRAVELLER.—LANDLADY.—POOR SERVANT.

SCENE—The coffee-room at an hotel. Against the wall a placard labelled "SOUPS."

ENTER HUNGRY TRAVELLER in great haste, and looking at his watch. He stamps loudly and often, when

Enter LANDLADY, rubbing her hands, and cussing. The Traveller, pointing to the placard of "Soups," and then to his mouth, orders her

to bring him some. By stamping and frowning, he intimates that he is in a great hurry.

Exit Landlady quickly.



The traveller paces the room. Then taking a paper he reads for a moment, but soon throws it away. He again looks at his watch, and stamps violently.

Re enter Landlady, bearing a basin supposed to contain soup. The traveller smiles with joy, and seating himself, begins eating. On tasting it he smacks his lips and clasps his hands with delight, his face wearing an expression of ecstasy. The Landlady is overcome by her feelings, and turns her head on one side. As he continues eating, she gazes fondly upon him, slowly shaking her head to tell how glad she is to see him enjoying himself. Suddenly the Hungry Traveller, throwing down his spoon, falls back in horror. The Landlady is alarmed, and by her actions, inquiries the cause of his anger.

He still points to the basin, and the Landlady advancing, he takes from it a comb, that has accidentally dropped into the soup.



He is astonished, and holds it at arm's length as she examines it. Whilst the Hungry Traveller, with upturned eyes, is rubbing his waistcoat, she rings the bell loudly.

Enter POOR SERVANT, with a Wellington boot in one hand, and a brush in the other. Landlady thrusting the comb in her face, stamps and shakes her head with passion.

The countenance of the Poor Servant wears an expression of joy on seeing her long-lost comb. Taking the comb, she throws away the boot, and presses it to her bosom, until Landlady losing all patience, seizes her by the arm and drags her from the room.

Exit Hungry Traveller, shaking his fist at the ceiling.



ACT III.—COXCOMB.

Dramatis Personæ.—IMPUDENT COXCOMB.—JEALOUS HUSBAND.—BEAUTIFUL WIFE.—VISITORS.

SCENE—A ball-room, with chairs placed for Visitors.

ENTER JEALOUS HUSBAND and BEAUTIFUL WIFE arm-in-arm. His face wears a wretched expression, that tells that the "green-eyed monster" has been at work. As he hands his Wife to a seat, his bosom heaves with emotion, and he casts a half doubting look upon her.

Enter VISITORS dressed for the dance. They are received by the Jealous Husband and his Wife, who welcome them.

Enter IMPUDENT COXCOMB, wearing a large burnt-cork imperial, and holding his eye-glass up. He walks round the room looking at the ladies and laughing, when they modestly turn their heads aside. Presently he seats himself near one of the Visitors, and, looking full in her face, commences an imaginary conversation with her. She immediately rises, and with a look of scorn, leaves him. Impudent Coxcomb bursts into a fit of laughter, and holds his sides and

stamps on the ground to express the capital fun he is having.

On turning round he is struck with the excessive beauty of Jealous Husband's Wife. He rises and stands before her, examining her closely with his eye-glass. His face wears a nasty impudent expression.



The Lady don't half like it, and turns her head aside, endeavoring to hide her emotion with her fan. Impudent Coxcomb at last is perceived by Jealous Husband, who bites his nails with rage, and leaning against the wall, watches him closely. At last the Coxcomb

winks and kisses his hand to the Lady, who immediately rises with dignity from her seat, and casting a withering look at the fellow, sails majestically from the room. Jealous Husband rushes forward, and seizing the Coxcomb by the neck, drags him toward the door. He resists, and is instantly knocked down by Jealous Husband. The visitors all look delighted.

Exit Coxcomb, holding a handkerchief to his nose, and kicked out by Jealous Husband.

Re-enter Jealous Husband, leading in his

Beautiful Wife. He kneels before her, and with clasped hands, begs to be forgiven for his



unjust suspicions. The Wife is affected to tears, and, turning her head aside, gives him her hand as a token of her love.



He kisses it madly, and all the Visitors weep plentifully.

At last rising, he, by his jumping about,

invites the company to dance. They are all delighted, and choose their partners. (*Music*)
Exeunt omnes, galloping.

THE ROSE TREE.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

I CAN see it from my window,
I can see it there below;
With its branches bright with roses,
And its buds that soon will blow.
I can see it yonder blooming
'Neath the sun's life-giving glow.

These are days of sober August,
When the flowers first dream of death—
When the leaves first think of falling
On the dry grass underneath;
When the roses white and crimson
All have given up their breath.

But my pet—my rose of beauty,
Ev'ry month doth bud and blow
There beneath my chamber window,
In the garden bed below,
Buds and blossoms rare and lovely—
Oh, what joy to have it so!

Twenty roses—now I count them—
Twenty roses on that tree;
Some full-blown, and some yet budding,
Dear their fragrance is to me.
Precious is my rose of beauty,
Blossoming unceasingly.

MEMORY.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

THERE is to me a magic charm,
A bliss that Memory gives,
It lights again those happy hours
In which past pleasures live.

I would not lose the dearest bliss
That charms the pensive hour;
When fancy free and unconfin'd
Delights in Memory's power.

It is a sunbeam to the heart,
And gilds the darkest scene;

It charms in midnight's wakeful hour,
A loved and vanished dream.

It gives us back the joys of youth,
Unclouded, free from care;
And Friendship too which proved the truth
Of many an earnest prayer.

Tho' faded hopes, and grief, and care,
Had ever marked my lot;

I would not drink of Lethe's stream,
Or e'en deep sorrows blot.

TURKISH TOBACCO-POUCH, IN APPLICATION.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—A piece of cinnamon brown cloth, on which the design is laid in black velvet and blue cloth. Red Albert braid, gold braid, and gold thread, passementerie tassel and slides, and cord to match.

This pouch, which to an inveterate smoker will be yet more acceptable than a cigar-case, consists of four pieces, on all of which the design is repeated; they are sewed together down the sides, and meet in a point. The black velvet is represented as black in the engraving; the lighter pattern is in blue cloth. Both are edged throughout with gold braid, laid on so as to conceal the part where the applique and ground join. The braided patterns on the velvet and the blue cloth are done in Albert braid, edged with gold thread.

To make up a tobacco-pouch, have four pieces of washleather, cut the same shape as the sides of the bag, and join them up; join up the bag also, put the lining in, and fasten it lightly down the seams. Turn in the edges at the top; sew them together, finish with a cord and small rings, covered with crochet, through which the strings are run.

This would also make a very beautiful bag for a lady.

Any other combination of colors may be used, care being taken that they harmonize sufficiently well.

BOURSE IMPERATRICE.

MATERIALS.—Broad gold braid, gold thread No. 0, two dozen rings nearly three quarters of an inch in diameter, a skein of purse silk of any color that may be desired, and passementerie tassels, bars, and cord, composed of the same color, with gold.

For illustration see front of the number.

The star in the centre of this purse is the first done. Bend the end of the gold braid an inch, draw an end of the silk through doubled braid an eighth of an inch from the braid, and wind it round the braid for rather more than half an inch; fasten off the silk. There will be an end of braid uncovered with the silk. Leave it in both thicknesses of braid, and fold down an inch. Treat this the same. Repeat this ten times, which will take up twenty times the length of the braid. Arrange the piece in the

form of a star, as seen in the engraving, and sew the centre firmly, to keep all the points in their true position.

Do another star exactly like this, for the opposite side. Now cover all the rings with crochet, sew them together, as in the engraving, and work a gold rosette in the centre of each. Tack them down on a piece of *toile cre*, with the star in the centre, and unite them by button-hole bars, carrying a line also round the star, just above where the silk is wound round, to form a wheel: all the points of the wheel must also be connected with the bars and rings.

Both sides being done precisely alike, may be united at the sides. A flat ornament in passementerie (termed a Macaroon) is sewn in the centre of each star, and the trimmings, tassels, and bars are added.

NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



THIS is a comfortable tie for the approaching winter. If every lady would wear one, colds on the chest would be less prevalent.

For directions to work in crochet, we refer to the July number of our Magazine.

MATERIALS.—Two shades of crochet pure twist, any color that may be desired. Crochet hook. No. 16. Eagle card-board gauge. Make a chain of the required length; work one row of sc.

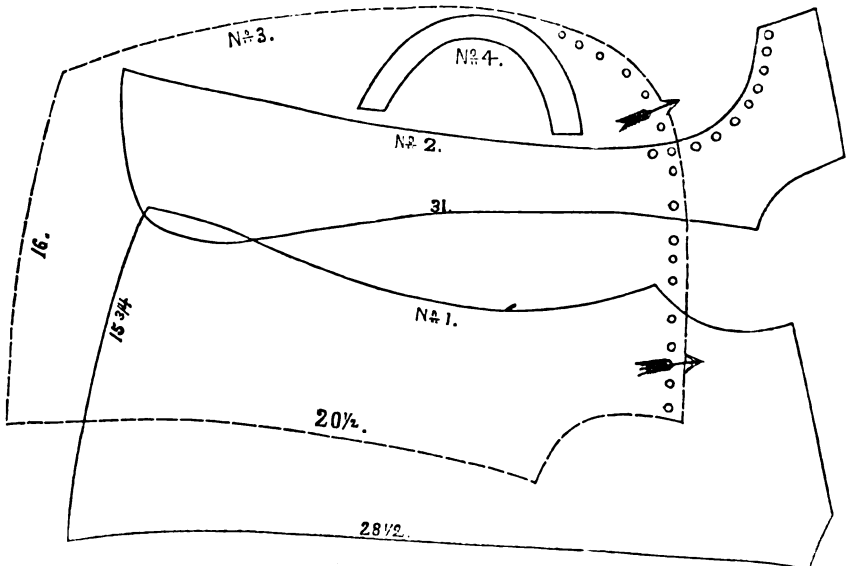
2nd.—Sc on 1st, 6 ch, miss 3, sc on 4th; repeat.

3rd.—Turn the work, 6 ch, sc under first loop, 6 ch, sc under next; repeat.

Continue these 2 rows until about a yard and a quarter is done, when work a row thus:—sc on centre of 6 ch, 3 ch, sc in centre of next; finish with a row of sc.

A ring, covered with silk, and two silk tassels, complete the neck-tie.

CAMASOLE, OR NIGHT JACKET.



CAMISOLE or night jacket to be made of jacenet. The piece in front should be surrounded by an insertion embroidered in the English style, and the inside covered with small plaits.

The sleeve is cut straight, terminated by a wristband and a trimming embroidered like the insertion, and turning upon the sleeve.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Part to be joined to the piece and to be gathered between the two arrows.

No. 3. Collar to be trimmed the same as the sleeve.

The figures 20 1/2, 28 1/2, 15 3/4 and 16 give the lengths in inches of the pattern.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A DAHLIA.*

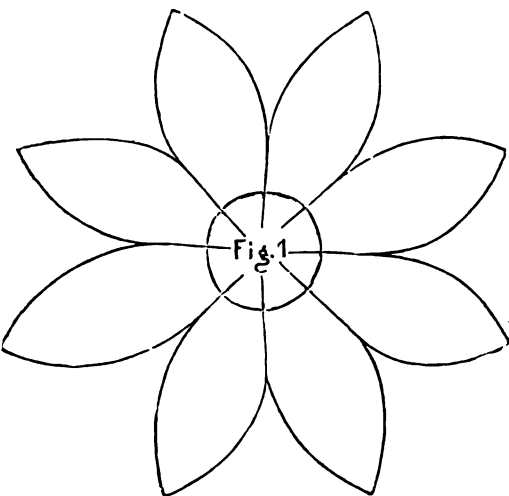
BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

MATERIALS.—Carmine, red, purple, or yellow Dahlia paper, green and yellow hearts, gum arabic.

Cut seven sizes, two of each, each size to be a little smaller than the first. Fold your paper the same as directed in making a rose, only instead of cutting the petals round at the top, cut them more to a point as in figure 1; a little practice will enable you to cut these flowers without the aid of a regular pattern. Clip the lower part of each petal a little sufficiently to fold over. Commence with the largest sizes of petals: gum the lower part of each edge enough to flute it, being careful not to flatten down the leaf. For the four smaller sizes you should have a stick tapering to a point, a paint-brush handle will do; gum each petal over



this, which will give it a quilled appearance. For the centre cut a round piece of paper smaller than any of the sizes: pink the edges very fine with your scissors: gum the hearts and slip through this centre. In putting the flower together commence with the largest sizes first, each set of petals should be touched with gum around the centre to keep them from slipping.



* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups, for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

EDGE FOR SLEEVE OR HANDKERCHIEF.

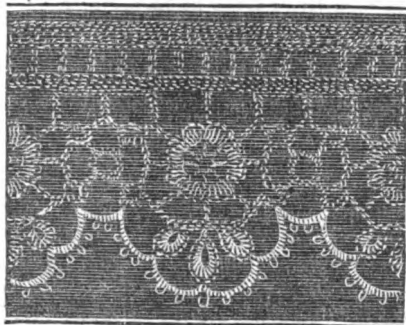
MEDALLION PATTERN.—Worked in satin-stitch, } French working cotton. A pattern as new as it
 cotton-hole stitch, and over-stitch, with fine } is beautiful.

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GUIPURE TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—The Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 14, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby. Boulton & Son's Crochet-hook, No. 21.



Make a chain of the required length, taking care that it is not done too tightly.

1st. Row.—Sc.

2nd.—x 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, x. This, and all other patterns, between the crosses, is to be repeated to the end.

3rd.—x 1 to, 4 ch, miss 4, x.

4th.—Sc on every stitch.

The centre flower of each scallop is now worked, and attached to the last row in the following manner:—8 ch, close into a round. 6 ch, x dc under the loop, 3 ch, x 7 times. Sc on the 3rd of 6 ch. * Sc 4 dc, 1 sc. These 6 stitches are to be worked on the three chain before the dc stitch, 1 slip on dc, * repeat all round. 7 ch, join on a stitch of the 4th row, and sc back on each of the 7 ch. All the flowers are so worked and are fastened on the foundation every 32nd stitch, fastening on the 1st 15 from the beginning.

5th.—x 8 slip on first 8 of 4th row, 5 ch, to on 1st slip-stitch of the flower, * 9 ch, close at 4th into a loop, 3 ch, to on the next slip-stitch of the flower, * 6 times. 5 ch, 7 slip on 4th row, missing 7 clear stitches from where the flower is joined on. x repeat from the beginning.

6th.—Slip on each of the eight slip, 6 sc under chain of 5, x then 4 under chain of 3, 1 sc, 8 dc, 1 sc, under loop, 4 sc, under next chain of 3, x 3 times; 9 ch, close into a loop, and work under it, 1 sc, 11 dc, 1 sc. Then again repeat 3 times between the crosses, 6 sc under chain of 5, 7 slip on slip, 10 ch. Join on the side of the last loop, 3 sc on chain of 10, 4 ch, sc on each, missing the first, and also on the remainder of the 10 ch. In the second, and all subsequent patterns, the first part is altered thus, at the x, 4 sc under ch, 1 sc, 3 dc under loop, join on to the point of the 4 ch, at the end of last pattern, 3 dc under loop, 10 ch, form into a loop at the 4th, and work round it, 4 sc under chain, 2 ch, join to the last loop of the last pattern (see engraving) 2 slip on 2 ch, 4 sc under loop, 2 ch, join to the last loop but one, 2 slip on 2 ch, 9 sc under loop, 3 slip on ch. 2 dc, 1 sc under 1st loop of the new pattern to complete it. In working round the next loop, join it by two chain to the ring.

7th.—x sc on side of 2nd loop, 10 ch, sc on point of next, 10 ch, sc on point of large loop. 10 ch, sc on point of next, 10 ch, sc on side of next, 10 ch, x repeat.

8th.—* 3 sc under ch, x 4 ch, 3 sc under ch, x 3 times, * repeat this on every chain of 10.

GAUNTLET SLEEVES.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

MATERIALS.—Nansook muslin, a little net, and the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 40, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby.

When the design is traced on the muslin, small pieces of soft net are to be tacked under the leaves, and after the edge is done, in graduated button-hole stitch, and the linings sewed over,

the muslin must be cut away, so as to leave the leaf in the net. The bunches of grapes, and the border, are also worked in *dents*, or small scallops, of graduated button-hole.

This design is very suitable for the borders of handkerchiefs.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"EVERY time that a good child dies, one of God's angels comes down to earth, and takes the dead child in his arms, then spreads his large, white wings, and flies over all the spots which the child best loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom in still greater loveliness in heaven than they did upon earth. And the Almighty presses all such flowers upon His heart, but He gives a kiss to the one He prefers, and then the flower becomes endowed with a voice, and can join in the choir of the blessed."

These words were spoken by one of God's angels, as he carried up a dead child to heaven, and the child heard him as in a dream. And they passed over the spots in his home where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens filled with beautiful flowers.

"Which shall we take with us and transplant into the kingdom of heaven?" asked the angel.

There stood a slender, lovely rose-bush, only some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all its sprigs, loaded with half-open buds, were withering around.

"Poor rose-bush!" said the child; "let's take it, in order that it may be able to bloom above, in God's kingdom."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child for its kind intention, and the little one half opened its eyes. They plucked some of the gay, ornamental flowers, but took likewise the despised buttercup and wild pansy.

"Now we have plenty of flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded assent; but he did not yet fly upward to God. It was night, and all was quiet; they remained in the large town, and hovered over one of the narrow streets, where lay heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings; for being quarter-day, there had been several removals. There lay fragments of plates, pieces of plaster of Paris, rags, and old hats, and all sorts of things that had become shabby.

And amidst this confused heap the angel pointed to the broken fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of mould that had fallen out of it, and was kept together by the roots of a large, withered field-flower, which being worthless had been flung into the street.

"We will take it with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you why, as we fly along."

And as they flew, the angel related as follows:

"In yon narrow street, a poor, sickly boy lived in a lowly cellar. He had been bedridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all. During some days in summer, the sun just shone for about half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat and warmed himself in its beams, and he saw the red blood through his delicate fingers, that he held before his face, then he considered that he had been abroad that day. All he knew of the forest and its beautiful spring verdure, was from the first green sprig of beech that his neighbor's son used to bring him, and he would hold it over his head, and dream that he was under the beech trees, amid the sunshine and the carol of birds. One spring day, the neighbor's boy brought him some field-flowers besides, and among these there happened to be one that still retained its root, and which he therefore carefully planted in a flower-pot, and placed in the window near his bed. And the flower was planted by a lucky hand; it thrived, and put forth new shoots, and blossomed every year. It became the rarest flower-garden for the sick boy, and his only little treasure here on earth; he watered it and cherished it, and took care it should profit by every sunbeam, from the first to the last, that filtered through that lowly window; and the flower became interwoven into his very dreams, for it was for him it bloomed, for him it spread its fragrance and delighted the eye; and it was to the flower he turned in the last gasp of death, when the Lord called him. He has now been a year with his heavenly Father—and for a year did the flower stand forgotten in the window, till it withered. It was therefore cast out amongst the sweepings in the street, on the day of moving. And this is the flower, the poor faded flower, which we have added to our nosegay, because this flower gave more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the child, as the angel carried him up to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who walked upon crutches. And I know my own flower."

And the child opened his eyes completely, and looked full at the angel's serenely beautiful

countenance; and at the same moment they had reached the kingdom of heaven, where all was joy and blessedness. And God pressed the dead child to His heart, when he obtained wings like the other angel, and flew hand-in-hand with him. And God pressed all the flowers to His heart, but kissed the poor withered field-flower, which became endowed with a voice, and joined in the chorus of angels that surrounded the Almighty;

some of whom are quite near their heavenly Father, while others are standing outside them in a large circle, and others again beyond these, and so on, further and still further, in endless succession, but all equally happy. And they all sang, great and little, the good, blessed child, and the poor field flower that lay withered and cast away amongst the sweepings, under the rubbish of a moving day, in the narrow, dingy street.

GOING HOME.

BY MARY MAY.

CALMLY, upon her dying bed,
So beautiful she lay,
With roseate cheek and smile, it seemed,
She could not pass away.
Her weeping friends hung round her couch,
They knew her hour had come—
Heaven's light already lit her face,
She murmured, "Going home!"

"How fair these fragrant blossoms,
Their mild young breath how sweet,
Ere their bright leaves are faded
My heart shall cease to beat;
My day of life is over,
Death's angel soon will come—
But weep not, dearest mother,
I am but going home.

"I've seen the young and lovely
Cut off in joy and mirth,
And then I've felt, dear mother,
My home was not on earth.

"Adieu my loved companions
Of childhood's happy days;
And when ye stray together,
Upon the sunny braes,
Among the scented heather,
Or through the greenwood roam;
Sigh not that I'm not with you,
For I am going home.

"Plant not the drooping willow
To weep above my grave,
But there let dewy flowers
In wild luxuriance wave.
I ask no train of mourners,
I go ere sorrow come,
Ere grief hath made me wrinkled—
Farewell, I'm going home!

"Now kiss me, dearest mother,
In Heav'n death cannot come;
You'll follow soon, dear mother,
How dark it grows—oh! home."

THE YEW TREE.

BY W. TALHAIRAN.

We planted a Yew to grace the view,
On the brow of a gentle hill;
The snow had crown'd the frozen ground,
And the icy air was chill:
A beauteous child, with her mother, smil'd,
And her eyes were full of glee,
As we shouted round, when firm in the ground,
We planted the old Yew tree.
Here's a health to the Yew,
So strong and true;
Here's a health to the old Yew tree;
He bows not to age,
Nor the Winter's rage,
For a brave old plant is he.

His leaves I ween, are ever green,
And corals adorn his breast;
And he will show a rare old brow,
When we are all at rest:
Among his peers a thousand years
In the pride of strength he'll grow,
While Summer charms, and Winter storms,
In sunshine and in snow.
Here's a health to the Yew,
So strong and true;
Here's a health to the old Yew tree:
He bows not to age,
Nor the Winter's rage,
For a brave old boy is he.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATHARINE was content in her new home. She had been so completely worn out with suffering and excitement, that any place, which ensured quiet and rest, was a home to her.

Besides, she found objects of interest in that humble shanty that won her thoughts quietly from her own grief. She was so young and naturally so hopeful, that anything calculated to arouse affection in her nature visited it with soft healing. The nurse's child awoke her heart from its sorrow with a strange influence, thrilling and sweet. She would hold it fondly on her lap, smooth its silken hair with her fingers, kiss its soft lips, its sleepy eyes, and its plump little foot, with an outgush of tenderness that seemed more than motherly. With all her gratitude to Mary Margaret, she could not so caress and love her loud-voiced, hearty little boy. She could not even grieve over the loss of her own child, with that little creature lifting its soft, wondering eyes to her own so earnestly. She loved to sit in the back-door of the shanty, with the mock-orange vine and the morning-glories framing her in, as if she had been one of those golden-haired Madonnas that Guido loved to paint, that seem half air, half light, and caress the child, that was joy enough for her. Mary Margaret being out most of the day, Catharine was left to the heathful influences of these tender associations. She was still very pale, and her eyes were circled with shadows, like those that trembled upon the wall from the half-open morning-glories. She began to feel less desolate, and as if neither God nor man had entirely forsaken her.

But with all her gentleness and delicacy, Catharine had become precocious in principle. She had many firm and settled thoughts beyond her years. Suffering had done a holy work with that young soul, and while the dews of first youth were on her nature, she was strong in pure womanly principle. She felt that it was wrong to remain a burden on her poor friends a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Yet when she thought of going, and looked on the child,

a pang smote her, and it seemed as if her young heart must be uprooted afresh before she could give him up.

Poor, motherless girl, and childless mother! She was not yet sixteen, and so delicate that it seemed as if a gush of air might prostrate her.

Two weeks passed in comparative tranquillity. No one inquired after Catharine; and she might have been dead for all her former friends knew or cared about the matter. Her aunt believed her to be with Madame De Mark, and that wicked old woman neither asked, nor cared, what had befallen her.

One morning, before Mary Margaret went out to her day's work, Catharine spoke of her determination to find some employment for herself. At first, the kind woman objected, but her good sense directly came in action, and she saw how impossible it was that a creature, so superior, should be long content with a life in her humble abode.

But what could Catharine do? She understood a little of millinery and ornamental needlework, but well she knew the precariousness of resources like these to a homeless female. One thing was certain, she must henceforth depend on herself. Her relatives had forsaken her. The husband whom she had so fatally trusted was gone, she knew not whither—gone, she had been told, to avoid her, and to cast off the responsibilities which were to burden her so fatally. This was the bitter drop in Catharine's cup. This was the arrow that pierced her, wherever she turned. She could not entirely believe this evil of the man she had loved, but her soul was troubled with a doubt more painful than certainty.

Still, something must be done. She could not remain there, a helpless burden upon the industry of others.

Mary Margaret entered into her feelings with prompt tact. But what was to be done? With no one to recommend her, scarcely possessed of decent clothes to wear, without the power to explain the miseries of her condition, who would receive her? These considerations daunted even

Mary Margaret, but at last a bright idea seized upon the good woman, she began to see her way out of the difficulty.

"There are societies," she said, "in New York, with oceans of money, just got up for the purpose of helping innocent creatures when the world casts them adrift. What if Catharine offered to one of these societies? The directors were all ladies that would of course have feeling for their fellow-creatures."

Catharine brightened with the idea. A band of benevolent women, with abundant means and gentle compassion, ready for poor wanderers like her. It promised to be an oasis in the desert of her life. In every one of those women she imagined an angel of mercy ready to receive and comfort.

It seemed a great blessing to her that so much benevolence could be concentrated at one point, harvesting year after year for the good of humanity. Yes! she would apply to this society; if destitution and misery was a claim, where could a better right than hers be found?

Mary Margaret gave up her day's work, and accompanied Catharine to the home of benevolence. It would have done your heart good to hear those unsophisticated creatures congratulating each other that so much good yet existed in the world, and that women could be found willing to devote their fortunes and precious time to the helpless and the unfortunate.

"Of course," said Mary Margaret, "they'll see the whole truth in yer innocent eyes at once, and all ye'll have to do 'ill be just to hold out yer hand and take the money that their blissed hearts 'ill be jumpen to give. I shouldn't wonder now," continued the good woman, warming with her subject, "if some of the ladies should insist on takin' ye into her own house and makin' a lady on ye entirely."

Catharine smiled. There was something so hopeful in her companion's voice, that she could not help yielding to its influence, though her heart was very heavy at the thought of leaving the poor orphan child, who had woven itself so closely around her wounded affections.

At length their walk terminated, and Mary Margaret rang, with no abatement of confidence, at the door of a large house, occupied by one of the principal officers of a society, abundantly endowed by the trusting charity of many a Christian countrywoman, who, like our two friends, fancied that an institution like this could only be guarded by angels on earth, long-suffering, self-sacrificing angels, whose holy mission common mortals must not dare to investigate much less condemn.

The door was opened by a woman, who received them with the air which is peculiar to those who have been inmates in our penitentiaries, subdued into a sleek, unnatural quietness more revolting than her original audacity would have been.

"The lady directress was within," she said, "but engaged just then. They could sit down in the hall and wait if they liked, or come again."

There was something about the atmosphere of the house, that chilled Catharine to the soul; and even Mary Margaret, whose faith in humanity would have extracted sunbeams from a snow-drift, felt anxious and depressed.

The hall was very cold, and they were chilled with the wind of a bleak November day. Catharine shivered beneath her thin shawl, and Mary Margaret insisted on folding a portion of her own grey cloak around her, using this as an excuse for a hearty embrace or two, which left the poor girl a little less nervous and disconsolate than she would have been.

Once or twice a side door opened, and some poor, want-stricken woman came out, and moved slowly toward the front door. Catharine observed that there was a look of angry defiance on one face, and that another was bathed in tears. She wondered strangely at this. Why should the poor woman go away from a place like that angry or weeping? These thoughts made her shrink closer to Mary Margaret, and she longed to ask that kind creature to leave the place and take her home again. Three persons had come out from the side door, and gone forth to the street with sullen, discontented faces, when our two friends were summoned from the hall. They entered a parlor elaborately furnished, and warmed to a degree that made Catharine faint, coming in as she did from the cold air of the hall. A table, with a small desk upon it, stood before the fire, and between that and the cheerful blaze sat a tall and exceedingly sanctimonious person, clothed in a blue merino dress, gathered in folds around the waist and fitting tightly at the throat.

Catharine's heart sunk as she met this woman's eyes, the expression was so schooled—the sleek, hypocritical air was so transparent. She had evidently assumed the saint, till she absolutely believed in her own infallibility. Hollow and selfish to the core, she had no idea that it was not a praiseworthy and most holy action to sit in pampered ease from morning to night, and use the money provided, by the truly benevolent, as a means of lacerating and wounding those who were compelled to submit to her unwomanly curiosity and sly dictation.

This woman had subdued her long, tallowy features into sanctimonious meekness so long, and had bedewed them so often with tears that came obedient to her wish, that she had always the look of one ready to burst into a flood of weeping, because all the world was not formed upon the model of her own immaculate self. Whenever an applicant appeared before her, a watery compassion for the wickedness, for which she always gave credit in advance, suffused her cold eyes. Even her hair partook of the general character, and was smoothed back from that narrow forehead with a precision that nothing less than a tornado could have ruffled.

In truth, the woman was a finished character. The only human feeling to which she ever gave way was that of intense self-adulation. Even in her prayers she could not refrain from thanksgiving, that so perfect a creature as herself had ever been given to a sinful world. She was an absolute study, if poor Catharine had possessed the experience or the will to read her. Nature had done everything toward forming the character she had so long assumed, that it seemed to be her own. Her tall, precise figure—the slim, long hand, of a dead white and always cold, the narrow face with its dull pallor, all these were greatly in her favor—but there was one feature of the demure face not quite under subjection. The long nose harmonized with the drooping features beautifully both in form and color, but just at the end—as if her true nature must break forth somewhere—it glowed out with a fiery redness marvelous to behold. All the heat and redness that should have warmed her thin lips, centred there, as if the nose had instituted some private experiments on the merits of the Maine law, and had resolved to keep its pleasant researches a secret from the other sanctimonious features.

"Well," said the benevolent lady, softly, folding her hands over each other and back again, with solemn graciousness, "well!"

Catharine leaned upon the table for support. The very presence of this woman made her faint. Her own sensitive nature recoiled from that hollow mockery of benevolence, sitting in state before her. Mary Margaret saw how pale the poor girl became and ran for a chair.

"She is sickly, ma'am, for all them red cheeks as she had a minute ago, and it's tiresome standin' long," said the good woman, planting herself by the seat which she had thus considerably provided, with a feeling that after all the place was not quite a paradise.

"I do not object to the young person sitting down if she is ill," said Mrs. Batewood, with a

wave of the hand, "but if she is so feeble as that, I would remind you that this is not a hospital."

"I am not ill, madam," said Catharine, with feeling, "but I am homeless and almost friendless."

"Then," said the lady, bowing blandly, and caressing her hands again, "this is your proper home; that is, providing you can be made useful to the cause, and know how to feel proper respect for the dignity of the board."

"I trust," answered Catharine, gently, "that I shall not be deficient in proper respect for anything that is in itself respectable."

"What!" ejaculated the lady of professional benevolence, sharply, while the bloom on her nose grew radiant, "perhaps I didn't understand you?"

"I merely intended to say, madam, that anything which is true and upright, never can lack respect. Even wicked people are forced to reverence goodness."

"Very true, very true. I have often felt this when addressed by individuals of the common grade. Sometimes one is forced to bring the duty of respect before them in forcible language; but it is sure to come, sometimes in silent homage, sometimes in tears, sometimes with sullen discontent; but it's sure to come, before a dollar is paid out from the funds of this institution."

"Well," said Mary Margaret, innocently, "if yer ladyship buys up respect by the dollar's worth, I'm just the person that'll sell bushel-baskets full at a time, especially regarding yer honor's ladyship, for I'm brimming over with reverence for ye, from the crown of yer head to the sowl of yer foot, and yer welcome to it all, only give this poor young crathur a helpin' hand into the wide, wide world again. It isn't for the likes of her to be kept in a shanty like ours anyhow."

Even this singular blending of irony and blarney had its effect upon the Lady Bountiful, who had learned to feed a voracious vanity with husks as well as grain. She smiled sanctimoniously on the buxom Irish woman, and gave her hands an extra twirl, stretching her neck and rustling her dress like a heron pluming itself.

"You seem a very sensible woman. Such warmth of piety does you credit," she said. "It is persons like you, strong and healthy, ready to work in return for our charity, and to feel the depth of the benefit conferred, that our society rejoice in helping. How many children have you, my good woman?"

Mary Margaret gave the number of her

children, finishing with a burst of maternal eulogium on the health and beauty of the youngest born.

"Then," she continued, "there is the little charity baby, just as good as my own, that's got a face like an angel's, and eats like a hathen; arrah, but that's the boy for ye, with his soft, sunshiny hair, and eyes like the bluest robin's egg; to say nothing of the old man, who wins mate and drink for us all, when there's work to be had."

"Then you did not come for help?"

"Not on me own account, yer ladyship's reverence, if I may call ye so, on account of the beauty and holiness that's in ye. There is potaties growin' in the bit of garden, and a pig at the back door, that'll keep the hunger out yet awhile; but this sweet young crathur, if yer reverential piety will just turn itself on her!"

"So many children and a husband without work, that is a hard case," persisted the Lady Bountiful, brimming over with gratified vanity, which she solemnly believed to be an outburst of charity, "something must be done for you: wait a moment."

The lady arose, opened a store-room adjoining her parlor, and after some research drew forth a pair of heavy, woollen stockings, which some blessed old farmer's wife had sent down to the city in a donation of old clothes, firm in the belief that her little mite would work out a miracle of redemption somewhere among the Sodomites of a great city.

"Here," she said, with a look of intense benevolence, holding out the yarn stockings, which by the way were not mates, "take these, and in gratitude to the society, make a good use of them. Don't use our benevolence as an excuse for waste and idleness; but remember that an obligation like this, received unworthily, can never prove a permanent blessing. Take them, good woman, and while you receive our bounty with a just appreciation of its value, we will remember you in our prayers."

It was beautiful to see the tears spring up, cold and heavy, like melting hail-stones, into those lustreless eyes, as the hackneyed philanthropist, overwhelmed with the magnitude of her own virtues, held out the huge, moth-eaten stockings to the astonished Irish woman.

"Don't hold back, you may accept the charity of our society without fear: beneficence is its most heavenly attribute. You see before you a proof that where the object is worthy, we are always ready to be liberal."

Mary Margaret took the stockings, tucked one under her arm, while she thrust her hand

into the other, which came out at an opening in the heel, doubled up like a sledge-hammer.

Catharine, amid all her anxiety, could not check the smile, that quivered on her lips, from breaking into a low laugh.

The Lady Bountiful gave her a look of spiteful indignation, which Mary Margaret was quick to observe.

"She's overjoyed at my good luck, yer ladyship," said the kind woman, withdrawing her hand into the foot of the stocking, "ye don't know what a grateful crathur she is, always smiling like that when good comes to a friad. Now I dare say she was thinkin' that a ball of yarn, and a darning needle, would make these the most iligant pair of stockings that an honest man can put on his feet; and she knows, too, that I'm the woman that can darn as well as the queen herself. Now, marm, that you've overcome me with your goodness intirely, just give her a turn of your benevolent attention."

"She looks sickly. Besides, I'm afraid she will prove one of the stiff-necked and rebellious class of persons, whose ingratitude has pierced the society so often. But I will ask her a few questions. Will the individual tell me where she was born?"

"Is it important that you should know?" questioned Catharine, in a suppressed voice.

"Certainly, justice may be blind, but charity never is!"

"I have no reason for concealment; but it seems an unnecessary question. I do not ask for money, or charity of any kind. I supposed that a society, established for benevolent purposes, would gladly help a poor girl to obtain some means of earning her own livelihood. It is not charity that I ask, but help; such as one woman may give to another, quietly and with a feeling of sisterhood. This is what I expected."

"Then you refuse to answer my questions. How am I to know whether you are worthy or not?"

"If I were unworthy, would you be likely to learn it from my own lips? But I will not refuse; it may be necessary. I was born in the city."

"What is your name? Who are your relatives? How came you here?"

Catharine turned quite pale ere she answered. For the first time in her life she came near assuming her husband's name. It was an act of disobedience, for, until his return, he had forbidden this; but she shrunk from her own name as if it were a disgrace; it seemed to her that every one must know that she was a childless mother. She hesitated, her color came and went, the fear

of disgrace struggled hard against her natural dread of assuming her husband's name unauthorized. At last her resolution was taken. She would risk everything rather than disobey the man whom she had loved and trusted so entirely. He might be false to her, but she would still hold firm to her promise—never till he came back would she take his name.

While Catharine reflected, that woman's cold eyes were upon her, passionless and steady as if she quietly enjoyed the crimson as it flushed and paled on her face.

At last Catharine gave her maiden name, but it was in a low, faltering voice, and with a sharp struggle to keep the tears from her eyes.

"You are single, of course?" questioned the woman, suspiciously, eyeing her from head to foot.

"No, I have been married."

"And is this your husband's name?"

Catharine clasped her hands so tightly, that the blood left them even to the rounded nails. She looked at Mary Margaret and at her cold, hard questioner, as if she would have asked pity even with those eyes upon her.

"No," she answered, at last, "it is not his name, I have never borne it."

"Why?"

"We were married privately, and without his mother's consent."

"I thought so—I was sure of it," exclaimed the woman, softly, caressing her hands again, as if they had detected the wrong in this young girl's character, and she was assuring them of her approbation, "and so you were married privately, without his mother's consent, and without certificate, I dare say."

"No, I had a certificate," replied Catharine, with tears of shame and anger in her eyes. "I had a certificate, but it is gone—lost or stolen, I suppose."

"Lost or stolen—where?"

"At the hospital, when I was sick."

"Oh! ha. So you have been in the institution. I thought so—I thought so," cried the woman, with cold exultation. "In what ward did they place you?"

Catharine did not shrink or tremble now. There was nothing in the remembrance of her maternal anguish and bereavement, to burn her cheek with shame, though it might be blanched with sorrow. She answered firmly, but in a low voice,

"I was a wife, and they put me among those who had become mothers in their poverty."

"A wife—a mother—and no certificate—that seems strange—and you even say it to me, me—

a lady whose life has been one series of the most perfect rectitude—me a director in this board, a person who has passed through the very dregs of sin in her pious search after objects of charity, and kept herself white as snow all the time. Are you not afraid that these uncontaminated boards will shrink apart beneath your feet, as they witness this attempt to impose on us?"

Catharine had learned "to suffer and grow strong." Child as she was in all worldly things, there lay a power in her nature, that rose to defend the innocence thus coarsely arraigned. She was pale, but it was a proud, calm pallor, which told how powerfully the blood had flowed back upon her heart, as an army gathers around a citadel when fiercely assailed.

"I have not attempted to impose on you, madam. Circumstances may be against me; but you know, in your innermost heart, that what I have said is the truth. But why do you ask these questions? Who gives you authority to tear out the secrets from a human soul, before you will extend help to a fellow-creature? A fellow-creature who only asks the means of earning her own bread in humble peace. What if I were all that you think me, a weak, betrayed, or if you will, wicked young creature—am I the less an object of charity, or of kindness? Have I ceased to be a human being with human wants? Was it thus that our Saviour received the erring and the sinful? Is it thus that our God deals with them here, and at this day? Does he forbid them to earn their bread by honest labor, because of sins that may have been repented of? Does he withhold the sunshine, the rain, and the blossoms of the earth from their enjoyment? I ask you again, would it be a just reason for withholding food and shelter from me, if I *had* done all the wrong you suspect?"

The Lady Philanthropist really seemed a little moved. A vague speculation came into her eyes, and the yellowish white of her complexion became ashen; but it was with rage at this unheard of audacity, not with any gentle acknowledgment of the truth in that young creature's words. As Catharine ceased speaking, the woman of many virtues folded the skirt of her dress closer about her person, as if to shield herself from the contagion of such sinful audacity, and once more folding her hands, sunk into a cold, Pharisaical attitude again.

"Oh," she said, with her eyes lifted devoutly to the cornice, "I sometimes wonder that these sacred walls—yes, I may be excused for calling them sacred, for are they not consecrated to charity?—I sometimes wonder that these walls do not fall down and crush the audacious wicked-

ness that sometimes intrudes itself here. Young person, it is not that you have committed this heinous wrong which offends me. Our society is founded in sin, and established in iniquity. Our mission is more particularly to the sinful, and from them is derived our chief glory; but every one who comes here must contribute something to the cause. Are you willing to become an example to confess your manifold sins, and give the particulars of your dissolute life, that they can be advertised in the public prints, and embodied in our own annual reports, setting forth the repentance which our kindness and prayers have wrought in you, and the heroism with which you published your crimes that others may take warning? By this means, my dear child, you will not only be snatched as a brand from the burning, but the cause will be strengthened, and means will flow in to secure other cases like your own, by which our country friends, who have done so much for the regeneration of this vile city, shall be satisfied that we are up and doing, in season and out of season."

The woman had arisen and taken Catharine's hand in both hers, during the latter portion of this speech. The cold, glittering tears dropped, one by one, from her eyes, and rolled with sanctimonious slowness down her cheeks.

"What is it that you desire of me?" said Catharine, bewildered by this solemn acting. "What have I done?"

"What do I desire? Why that you confess and forsake your sin, but especially confess. I am ready and willing to take down every word of the fearful narrative, as it falls from your lips. Oh! my dear child, you have it in your power to aid us in accomplishing a great work—begin, dear child, begin!"

The woman seated herself at the table, and took up a steel pen, sharp and hard as herself, which she dipped in an inkstand, shook lightly, and held ready to pounce on a sheet of paper, already arranged, the moment Catharine's lips should uncloset.

"Come, my poor, sweet child, don't hesitate; take up the cross and begin; what was the first step?"

"Madam, I do not understand. What do you wish me to say? I have done wrong in marrying my husband without the consent of his mother, but beyond this I have nothing but grief and poverty to confess!"

Again the tears rolled down that woman's face. She sighed heavily and shrouded her forehead with one hand. Then she shook her head, and looked mournfully at the two women, muttering something in a solemn undertone.

At last she lifted up her head, and smiled benignly.

"I see. This is a case that requires time. I will lay it before the board. Doubtless the good seed has been planted in our conversation, to-day, and the sisters will strengthen my hands to reap in due season."

"Then you will find the sweet crathur a place and recommend her entirely!" exclaimed Mary Margaret, coming to the point at once.

"We will, as I have just said, take her case into consideration," replied the directress, blandly. "You can go home, good woman, for according to your light I do not doubt that you are good. This person can remain here, I should prefer to have her directly under my own care."

Mary Margaret hesitated, and looked wistfully at Catharine, who returned the glance with a look of gentle submission, that went to the poor woman's heart.

"I'll come, to-morrow, and bring both the babies with me, niver fear," she said, struggling to keep back her tears, "and remember, darlint, if the worst comes to the worst, there's the shantey and the childer, where ye'll be welcome as the blissed sunshine every day of the year. So don't be down-hearted, or put upon by that cowl-hearted pretender, or the likes of her any how."

The latter portion of this speech was delivered in a whisper; and wringing Catharine's hand, Mary Margaret went out, with some new ideas of professional philanthropy that puzzled her honest brain not a little. A motherly old woman passed her in the hall. She was dressed in black silk and had an old-fashioned Methodist bonnet on, which varied but slightly from those worn by strict Quakers, and which are lost sight of now save by a few old primitive Wesleyans, like the woman we are introducing. The old woman stood aside to allow the Irish woman a free passage, and looked after her with a kind, genial smile, which almost asked if the great-hearted Christian could do the Irish woman any good. Mary Margaret understood the look and answered it at once.

"If ye could only say a kind word for the young crathur in yonder now," she whispered confidentially, "she's as innocent as a baby, and so handy about house; if ye could only take her home with yoursel' now, it'd be like letting the blissed sunshine into yer door."

"Who is it?" questioned Mrs. Barr, "child?"

"Almost, and yet she's been the mother of a child."

"Poor thing!" said the old lady.

"You may well say that—but she's the innocentest crathur in the wide world. So please believe everything she says. It's true, every word of it."

The old woman looked into Mary Margaret's eyes an instant, searchingly, but with kindness, and answered,

"Yes, if you say it is true, I shall believe it."

"God bless ye forever and ever for that same!" exclaimed the Irish woman, warmly, and she went out, satisfied that she had obtained a friend for her protegee.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE VICTORIA BRACELET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—Small steel rings, crimson crochet silk medium size, and cut black beads.

Cover each ring separately with crochet, and then sew them together, in the form seen in the illustration in the front of the number. Run a silk thread through each, and thread a bead, which must be just large enough to fit in

the centre of the ring. Fasten with flat gilt drops.

The bracelet may be made in black, in which case black silk crochet is to be substituted, and the fastenings are to be jet clasps or buttons. This bracelet was much worn, in Paris, during Queen Victoria's visit; and hence its name.

SCOTCH NEEDLEWORK.—COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Scotch cambric and fine working cotton.

Trace the pattern upon the muslin with a quill pen and blue mixed with gum water; work the edge in button-hole stitch, the large leaves round the circles in satin-stitch; the centre of the

circles and the eyelet-hole, made with a stiletto before working; the bars are sewed closely over and the spaces between cut away afterward. The two lines which divide the patterns are sewed closely over, and the eyelet-holes and remaining portions are open work.

INSERTING FOR SHIRT FRONT.

WORKED on fine linen, in over-stitch, the small dots to be done in French knot. The other in-

sertings (for which see illustrations in front of the number) are worked also in over-stitch.

THE PALE IMAGE.

BY J. ALLINGHAM.

WHEN she lieth on her bed,
With a crown of lilies pale
Set upon her peaceful head,
And her true love's kiss would fall
To restore a little red

To the blanch'd cheek:

When her hands, all white and cold,
On her cold, cold breast are laid,
O'er the strait and snowy fold
Palm to palm, as if she pray'd—
Prayer to rest for aye untold

On that mouth so meek:

Do not gaze on her too much,
You that have the nearest right;
Press her lip with parting touch,
Leaving dimm'd your misty sight
Death is false—and e'en to such
Gentle ones as she.

If you feed your loving eyes
Then, when death her bridegroom seems,
She shall come in deathly guise
Through your thoughts and through your dreams;
And when met in Paradise

Scarcely known shall be.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE QUANTITY OF READING.—It would be absurd for us, as editors, to boast often of the *quantity* of reading given, monthly, in this Magazine; for our duty is rather to see that the *quality* is of the right kind. But it is well, occasionally, to remind the public that, even in quantity, this periodical takes the lead, if the difference in price is considered. For example, "Peterson" is but two dollars a year, while all other first-class American periodicals are three dollars, at least: that is, "Peterson" is one-third cheaper than its cotemporaries of similar character. None of these, however, claim to give more than twelve hundred pages yearly. The proportion of this Magazine would, therefore, be one-third less, or eight hundred pages. But with double numbers, and extra pages, this will be considerably exceeded even for this year; while the publisher has promised, as may be seen by referring to the Prospectus, to give a still larger quantity for 1856. It may be claimed, therefore, for "Peterson," that it affords, *for the money*, a greater proportion of reading matter than any periodical, which contains steel engravings and colored fashion-plates.

"HETTY HOLYOKE."—Under this felicitously chosen name, we introduce to our readers, this month, a young writer from New England, who, if we mistake not, will rapidly win laurels for herself, and rank with "Carry Stanley," "Clara Moreton," the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," &c. Her "City Cousins" is exquisite, with merits of a high order. She is to be a regular contributor to "Peterson." In this way, we are continually hunting up new talent, and adding it to that already employed on our Magazine; for we are determined, not only to keep "Peterson" ahead of all cotemporaries in the excellence of its stories, but to make it out-rival itself, with every succeeding year. For 1856 we shall have such a galaxy of brilliant tales as never before was seen in any Magazine.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."—As this month's number goes to press, the new novel of our coadjutor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is about being published. We have not yet seen a complete copy of it, but from such portions as we have read, believe it to be even better than "Fashion and Famine," of which more copies were sold, within a year, than of any other purely literary work ever published in America. "The Old Homestead" ought to have twice as large a sale.

RECEIPTS, AMUSEMENTS, &c.—Those departments will be greatly extended and improved, next year.

THE COLORED FASHION-PLATES.—These are the most expensive illustrations that a Magazine can have. The publisher tells us they cost as much to engrave and print as any other steel plate; and afterward cost nearly as much more for coloring. The editor of the South Indiana Journal echoed the general voice of the press, when he said, in noticing the October number, that "in point of elegance and beauty, they surpassed anything of the kind he had ever seen."

A GENERAL OPINION.—An editor writes to the publisher:—"Your October number was carried off from the office, by a borrower, before I had time to take it home. My wife begs you will send another, as she can't possibly do without 'Peterson's Magazine.' She'd rather sacrifice all the other exchanges."

THE PUBLISHER'S NAME.—Some editors say this Magazine is published by T. B. Peterson. This is a mistake. C. J. Peterson is the right name.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Newcomes. By W. M. Thackeray. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—At last the wonderful story is finished, which, for twenty-two months, has fascinated the public. If, during its progress, there were times when the author seemed to arrange the incidents differently from what we would have wished, we cannot now regret it, after having read the whole. The Ethel of "The Newcomes," as it stands written, the Ethel who was tried as by fire, is a far nobler woman, an immeasurably loftier creation, than if she had married Clive at first, or even afterward in Paris. It is incontestible that this is not only Thackeray's best novel, but the best novel of the age, if we use that term in its true critical significance, as a story of actual life. The fictions of Dickens deal largely with the ideal. But those of Thackeray, like the novels of Le Sage and Fielding, paint men and women as they are. It has been said that Thackeray is too cynical. But whatever truth there was in this accusation, as applied to "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," it has no force against "The Newcomes." Satire there is, but not more than is deserved; while few, we think, can rise from its pages without feeling themselves the better for its perusal. The character of Col. Newcome would make even the most skeptical reverence human nature. It is so naturally delineated, yet is so grand in its simple proportions, that it has a more potent influence, especially on those who have realized life, than any other we can recall in modern fiction. Nowhere is there pathos so deep as in the concluding

scenes of this good old man's life. But it is impossible, in a hasty notice, to do justice to such a work. The volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated with numerous spirited designs, the achievements, we believe, of the author's own pencil.

Japan, As It Was And Is. By R. Hildreth. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This new work, by the author of "The History of the United States," is a valuable acquisition to the library; for the time has come when everything relating to Japan is of importance to know, especially by Americans. All that has been written, by travellers, respecting that comparatively unknown land, has been condensed and collected, in chronological order, forming a convenient, full, and trustworthy account of Japan, both as it has been and is now. Mr. H., with excellent taste, has drawn largely on Kampfer, the most picturesque and accurate of all Europeans who have resided in those strange islands. The volume comprises more information, respecting Japan, in the same compass, than any ever before published, in any language of the world. It is handsomely printed and illustrated with a map.

The Life of J. Philpot Curran. By His Son. With Notes by Dr. N. S. Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—As a wit, a patriot, and a forensic orator, Curran never had a superior, even in Ireland, fertile as that country has been of great men. Dr. Mackenzie, taking the biography by Curran's son as a foundation to work upon, has, by the use of copious notes, produced the most complete memoir of his subject that has ever been published. The best parts of Curran's most famous speeches are to be found in this volume. Here also is the true narrative of Miss Curran's engagement with the martyred Emmett, to which Dr. M. has added a short sketch of her subsequent life. A spirited likeness of Curran is prefixed to the volume, which will form a valuable acquisition to any library.

The Elder Sister. By Marian James. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—We took up this novel with some misgivings. The author's name was new to us, and so many trashy fictions have lately been put forth, that, but for Bunce & Brothers' reputation, we should have declined to read it. We have been delighted, however, with the book. It is a story of domestic life, naturally told, and totally free from the melo-dramatic exaggeration so common in popular novels. The character of Anne, the elder sister, most beautiful. She is one of those unselfish beings, those daily martyrs, of whom the ranks of the sex are full. We recommend the work to our readers, satisfied that they will be delighted with it, in proportion to their taste, culture and true womanliness.

The Seven Poor Travellers. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of short stories, by the author of "Bleak House," printed in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents. A hundred thousand copies ought to be sold.

Little Nell. Adapted for Children. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The compiler of this charming volume has taken "The Old Curiosity Shop" of Dickens, and extracted from it, retaining the author's own words, all that part of the story relating to Little Nell, thus producing a book especially calculated to interest children. The task was a delicate one, but has been very skillfully performed; and we can honestly recommend the work. We are pleased to learn that it is Mr. Redfield's intention to issue, in a similar style, the stories of Little Paul, of the Child Wife, and of others to be found in Dickens' various novels.

Bits of Blarney. By Dr. N. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—An agreeable volume, containing Irish legends, Irish stories, and capital biographies of Grattan and O'Connell. Mirth and instruction are judiciously blended in the book. "Bits of Blarney" is dedicated to Mr. Redfield: and Dr. Mackenzie, in his dedication, does that justice to booksellers and publishers, which the small fry of literature so frequently deny, but which its giants, from Scott and Johnson down, have ever been the first to accord.

Franklin, the Apprentice Boy. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the October number of "Harper's Story Books," a superior periodical for the young, of which we have often spoken. Mr. Abbott tells the youth of Franklin capitally. The volume can be had separate by those who desire it in that way, price twenty-five cents.

Guy Rivers. By W. Gillmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Another volume of the revised and illustrated edition of Simms' novels. Mr. S. belongs to our standard authors, and as no real library, which includes works of fiction, can be without his writings, so no person of taste but will prefer this edition to all others.

Ethel; or, The Double Error. By Marian James. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—It is only necessary to say, in praise of this novel, that it is by the author of "The Elder Sister," and that it has similar sterling merit. We hesitate, indeed, whether to love the heroine of that or this the most.

Richard Hardis. By W. Gillmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This stirring tale of Alabama is here reprinted in the revised series of Mr. Simms' works. We have always considered it one of the author's best. Two graphic illustrations adorn the volume.

HORTICULTURE.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—Procure some river sand, and let it be sifted through a fine sieve, then wash it well to remove all particles of dirt that may remain. Take a jar or a box, large enough to contain the flowers you wish to preserve; place a bed or layer of sand in it, and stick the stem of the flower in the sand, so that it may stand in a per-

pendicular position; then (from the sieve) shake the fine sand you have prepared gently on the flowers, taking care to spread out and arrange the leaves in their natural position, and see that the sand penetrates and lie well between the interstices of the blooms, which should be gathered in dry weather. Continue shaking on the sand till it has reached the height of about an inch above the flower. Shake the box gently during the above process, to ensure the requisite penetration of the sand into the open parts of the flower. If the plant be small, and of a dry nature, it will be sufficient to expose the jar containing it to the heat of the sun during a few of the hottest days of summer; but if it be large it must be placed in an oven after the bread has been withdrawn. Practice will alone enable any one to judge exactly how long it may be necessary to leave it in the oven—say two or three hours. After the drying, the sand must be gently poured off, and if the degree of heat has not been too strong, the flower preserves for two or three years its primitive beauty. Some kinds of flowers demand more particular attention to secure their perfect preservation; thus, before burying tulips in the sand, it is necessary to take out their pistil, otherwise the petals would often be separated from the stem. The calyxes of pinks and carnations should be pierced in several places with a pin; it is well to use the same precaution with all double flowers. Should the leaves and stems have lost their verdure, it may be restored by exposing the plant to the gas arising from a mixture of steel filings and sulphuric acid diluted with water.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

For Loosening the Glass Stopper which has become fixed, we recommend the following process:—With a feather, rub a drop or two of salad oil round the stopper close to the mouth of the decanter, which must then be placed before the fire at the distance of about a foot or eighteen inches, in which position the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopper and the neck. When the decanter has grown warm, gently strike the stopper on one side and on the other, with any light wooden instrument; then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding, if you choose, another drop or two of oil. After awhile, strike it as before, and by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopper may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it.

To Keep Walnuts, not only fresh in appearance, but as plump and well flavored in March as if just taken from the tree. As soon as cleaned from the husks, they must be put loosely into glazed earthenware jars to within three inches of the top, the remainder of the jar being filled up with fine dry sand, which should be well shaken down, that it may find its way to the bottom and fill up the vacant spaces. A cool cellar is the best place to keep them in till wanted.

Flaked Crust for Tarts.—The following is an improved French recipe:—Take a pound of flour, mix with it a little salt, and add sufficient water to make it into a paste of medium consistency, neither very thick nor very thin. Let it stand for two hours. Then roll out the paste, and place in the centre a piece of butter nearly equal in weight to the quantity of flour used. Double the paste over the butter, and roll it out to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch; next, fold it into three, and having, between the folds, strewn a little flour over it, roll it out again. Repeat this operation four or five times and the crust is completed.

Cooking Meats.—It is now an established maxim among the best authorities in cooking, that meat should be immersed in the pot upon the fire while the water is cold, that it may become progressively heated with the water, and thereby gradually boiled. By not immersing the meat in the water until hot (which was the custom among cooks some years ago) the sudden transition from cold to heat not only rendered the meat dark in color, but also tough. All meats, whether cooked by steam or immersion, are best when slowly and gently boiled.

Egyptian Cream for the hair may be made by the following recipe:—To three quarts of sweet oil put a quarter of a pound of alkanet root cut into small pieces. Let them boil together for a short time, and then add to them three ounces of oil of jasmine, and one ounce of oil of lavender. Strain the ingredients through a coarse cloth, taking care not to squeeze it. The oil thus strained off can be made thicker, if requisite, by adding to it a small quantity of hair powder, smoothly rubbed down with a small portion of oil.

Essence of Ginger.—Unbleached Jamaica ginger, four ounces; (well bruised) rectified spirits of wine, one pint; digest for a fortnight, press, and filter. Oxley's Concentrated Essence is made by adding to the above a very small quantity of essence of cayenne. The Essence of Lemon-peel is made by digesting for a week half a pound of the yellow peel of fresh lemons in one pint of spirits of wine. Essence of Orange-peel is made in the same way.

To make a good Furniture Polish.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, one gill of spirits of wine, one gill of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Before using the mixture, shake the bottle so as to incorporate all the ingredients well together.

Economical Use of Nutmegs.—If a person begins to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, graced at the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last.

Steel-Pens may be preserved from damage by the action of ink, by throwing into the inkstand a few pieces of broken iron, or old steel pens. The corrosive action is then expended on the metal thus introduced.

When Milk is turned by the heat, it may be made sweet by mixing with it some carbonate of magnesia.

Arrowroot for Sick Persons.—Boil as above, and sweeten to taste; a little cinnamon or nutmeg grated into it will make it more palatable; wine or brandy may also be added at pleasure.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE MOIRE ANTIQUE.—Skirt full and plain. Cloak of fine grey cloth, with a pelerine cape. The body of the cloak, cape and collar, are trimmed with a very wide ribbon figured in velvet, of two shades of purple, edged with a grey curled fringe. Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with blonde and ostrich feathers.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK.—The skirt is full and trimmed on each side, *en tablier*, with three rows of velvet ribbon of a darker shade than the dress. On the outside, and between each row of velvet, there is a button connected by loops. A row of buttons also ornaments the front of the skirt. The corsage is made high and close, without a basque and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. At the waist three ends of velvet float on the skirt. The sleeves reach but a little below the elbow, and have the trimming on the outside of the arm. Brussels lace under-sleeves, and collars, of the new style, with tabs.

FIG. III.—A CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN, plaited in large hollow plaits lower down than the waist, and trimmed with stripes of figured velvet. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped, and finished with a very deep fringe, with a flat, round heading. Above the heading is a velvet trimming put on in arches.

FIG. IV.—BLONDE CAP with China rose ribbons of three shades.

FIG. V.—MORNING CAP of Swiss muslin trimmed with Valenciennes.

FIG. VI.—THE SARATOGA.—A velvet talma covered with silk braid, sewed on in diamonds, with tassels placed in each diamond of the three lower rows. A heavy silk fringe finishes this very chaste cloak.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nearly all dresses are now made with the corsage closed up the front. Chemisettes and habit-shirts are now pronounced troublesome, by those who wish to be in the fashion. But they are made with or without basques, as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. Both modes are equally favored. Most dresses of heavy materials are plaited instead of gathered on at the waist. The sleeves of these dresses are mostly plain at the upper part, and have the lower part either trimmed with frills or formed of small puffs. Several dresses made with low corsages are intended to be worn with *fichus* or cape of worked muslin or lace. These *fichus*, some which have the ends linked together at the back of the waist, are fastened in the centre of the bosom by a bow of ribbon; they are as frequently made of black as of white lace, the former being trimmed with ruches of colored ribbon. One of the most beautiful dresses which we have seen, has a corsage called the Amazon. The body is high, plain in the back, and the collar is ornamented with Valen-

ciennes. The front, open for about three inches all the way down, is decorated with six cross-bars diminishing in length as they approach the waist, and provided with under-straps fastened with small garnet buttons mounted in gold. These bars are separated by openings in which appears a double frill of Valenciennes. The sides are formed by revers which are continued on the back and reach down to the waist, where they are fastened under a small butterfly bow; but instead of ending at the waist, they have long flowing ends both before and behind. The edges are bordered all around with a tiny Tom-Thumb fringe. The sleeve, a charming novelty, has three patterned flounces edged with the same fringe and separated by a puffing. The under-sleeves are Valenciennes, and consist of a double flounce with an insertion puffing.

DRESSES of white-worked muslin are also becoming very fashionable for evening costume, if we may judge from the number now being made. Many of our principal dress-makers have commissions for dresses of this kind, and among those already completed may be mentioned one with four scalloped flounces. This dress is worn over a slip of blue silk, and under each of the muslin flounces there is a flounce of blue silk. Small bows of blue gauze ribbon are fixed on the flounces at the points where the angles of the scallops meet. The corsage is low, and is worn with a *fichu* fastened by a bow of blue ribbon.

Many of the UNDER-SLEEVES are exceedingly beautiful this winter. Some are made of enormous puffs, in the midst of which are scattered small bows of pink, white, or sky-blue ribbon; others are decorated with several rows of velvet bands, sometimes put round, at others lengthwise; loops with ends are put between the puffings. In fact loops and bows of black velvet are not only fashionable, but beautiful and becoming to the hand and arm.

BLACK LACE CANEZOUS are charming and in good wear. Some are zebraed with velvet or ribbon. The velvets are put all along the body, before and behind, as well as on the sleeves. A row of narrow lace is frequently put after each band of velvet.

JACKETS OR BASQUES of velvet or silk are very much worn in in-door costume. They are closed up the front, and trimmed with fringe or black *guipure* lace, generally headed with a jet or bugle trimming.

THE SKIRTS of dresses are fast approaching the old size, when a lady could not walk through an ordinary door, except sideways. The great weight of skirts resting upon the person, has long been admitted to be exceedingly prejudicial to health, but as we must follow fashion, at all cost, some humane person has invented a petticoat, which gives all the balloon-like proportions which can be desired, with but a very little weight. The petticoat is made of white muslin, (for cleanliness) and is gored to any width which may be needed. A narrow whalebone is then run in a tape casing, about half way below the knees, but does not extend all around, as the whalebone would look awkwardly when sitting. Some

wear the hoop all round, however. Of course the petticoat itself should not be very wide. One or two heavy cords are run around the lower part of the skirt. This pattern is the nicest which we have seen.

MANTILLAS are of every style. The full flounce still being prevalent in silk, but not so much worn in velvet. Talmas of grey cloth, made in a full circle, with loose hanging sleeves, and trimmed with ribbons or rich colored galloons, are very fashionable.

SHAWLS have again become very popular, particularly those with a centre of one color, as crimson, green, white, scarlet, blue, or black, with a broche border in imitation of the India shawls. If well worn they are certainly more graceful and serviceable than mantillas.

IN CAPS AND HEAD-DRESSES there is no very recent change. Everything is worn quite at the back of the head, and the hair continues to be rolled as heretofore. A mixture of blonde and ribbon seems greatly in favor, narrow ribbon being often edged with blonde; and the mixture of black and

white blonde still prevails. Feathers are much worn, even by young ladies; one feather drooping on each side of the head. Yet nothing is more simply pretty for youthful belles than bows of rich ribbon with long ends, placed at the back of the head, and interspersed with bows and streamers of blonde. Flowers are also often intermixed with the blonde and ribbon.

BONNETS are worn a shade larger than they have been, and without quite so much ornament as formerly. The recent introduction of peacock's feathers as ornaments in costume is gaining favor in the fashionable circles. The Empress of the French was the first who adopted this novelty, and great numbers of peacock's plumes are now in preparation for bonnets. They will be very fashionable the coming winter in velvet bonnets; their brilliant and varied hues producing an admirable effect in contrast with black or dark-colored velvet. It may also be mentioned that the tops of peacock's feathers are now much employed for trimming fans, instead of the Marabout trimming formerly used for that purpose.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

GET UP YOUR CLUBS.—We hope our friends will begin as soon as they receive this number, to get up clubs for 1856. Not a minute is to be lost. Last year, hundreds wrote to us, that, if they had not already subscribed for another Magazine, they would send in their names for "Peterson." The December number will follow close on the heels of this; and the January will be ready immediately after. There will be just time to make up your clubs, so that, when the December number arrives, the money may be forwarded at once. The indications already are that we shall do an unexampled business. *This is the only Magazine that has steadily increased its list of subscribers, every year since it was started: a fact which speaks volumes for its sterling merit, not less than for its cheapness.* If every single subscriber will get one more, (and the borrowers alone will furnish double that number) we shall ask no greater increase for 1856.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1856.—We call attention to the "Prospectus for 1856," published on the cover of this number. We intend to do great things next year, some of which are shadowed forth in the Prospectus; but others we do not yet mention, lest our cotemporaries who copy from us should avail themselves of the ideas. Enough, however, is specified to render it certain, that, even if we should do nothing but what is there promised, we should still excel all rivals.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The October number was everywhere praised. Says the Delaware Sentinel:—"Peterson has become a household necessity, and all who wish to keep up with the times, cannot well get along without it. It is certainly the cheapest Magazine published. We would recommend our friends to make up a club at once." The Windham (Ct.) Telegraph says:—"Peterson gives not only a greater, but also, very often, a much more valuable variety of matter, for two dollars, than do many of his three dollar cotemporaries. This is undoubtedly the Magazine for the million, as its favorable terms place it within the reach of all." Similar testimony might be quoted from every state, and even county, in the Union.

THE "BOOK OF PLATES."—This premium is not the same as "The Gift Book for 1855," but contains an entirely different set of engravings. Its price will be the same. By getting up a club it can be had gratis.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Contributors, who wish rejected articles returned, must enclose stamps to prepay the postage.

REMOVALS.—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

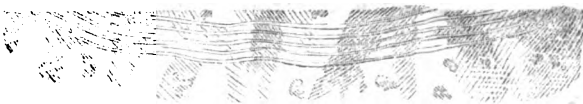
WHEN TO BEGIN.—New subscribers will be particular to mention with what number they wish to begin. Also their post-office, county and state.



THE HISTORY OF THE LIVES OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND, FROM THE

Digitized by Google



BLACK VELVET CLOAK.



Digitized by Google



MORNING CASAWECK.



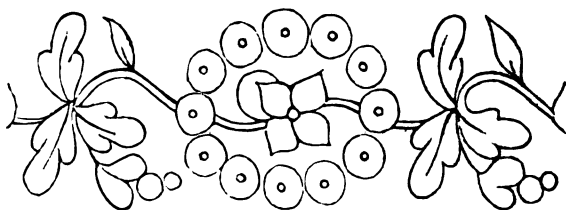
BLACK VELVET CLOAK.



RAPHAEL SLEEVE.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



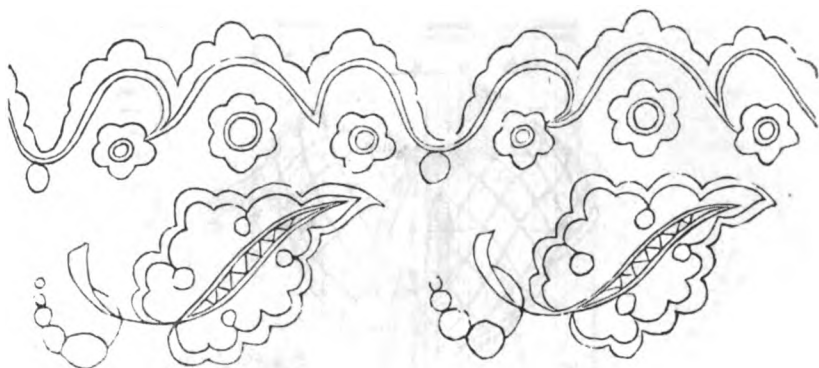
EDGING.



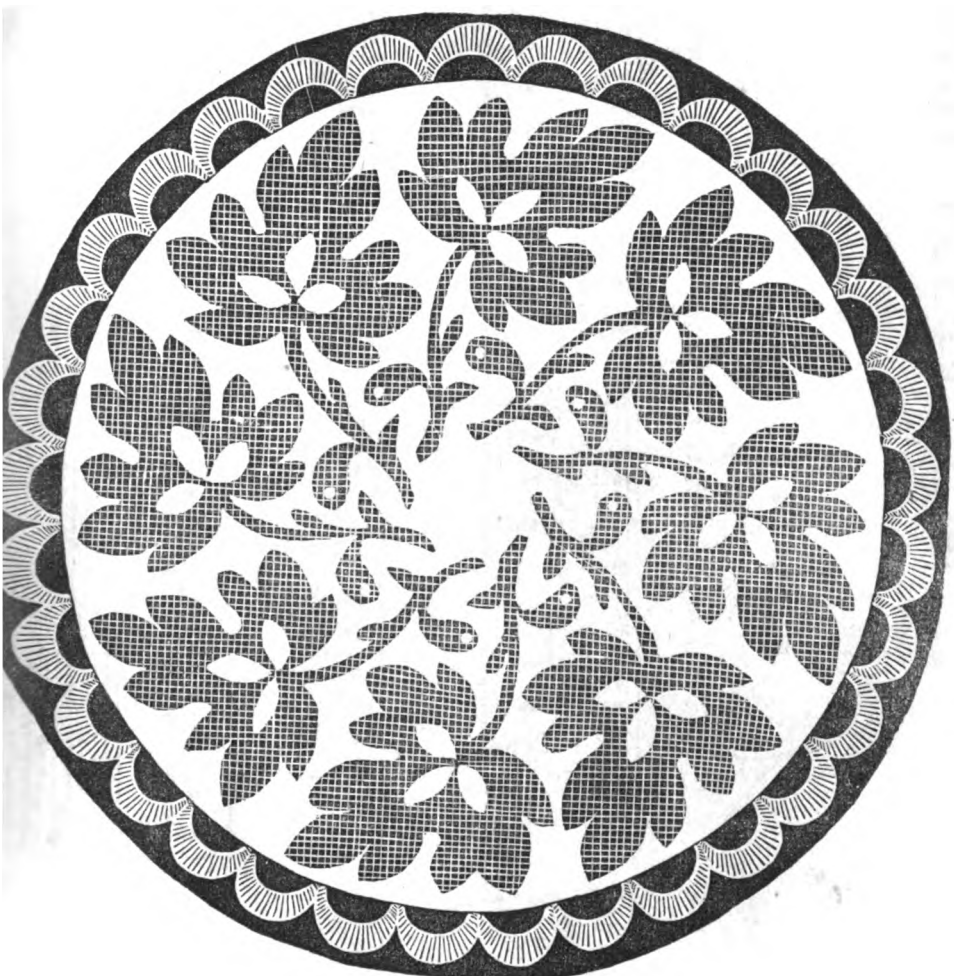
GIRL'S DRESS.



BOY'S DRESS.



EDGING.



VINE-LEAF D'OYLEY.

THE TRUANT LOVER.

COMPOSED BY

MISS CREWSTER

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Published at EDWARD L. WALKER'S New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut St., Phila.

Allegro Vivace.

PIANO.

1. He is gone! he is gone! Like a leaf from the tree, Or the down that is blown By the wind o'er the sea. He is gone! the light-hearted! But a tear must have started, To his

eye are be parted From love-strick on me.

2. He is gone! he is gone! Like a
 3. He's a - way! he's a - way! To far

ad lib:

gallant so free, Plumed cap on his head, And sharp sword by his knee; While his gay feathers flutter'd, Surely something he mutter'd; He, at least, must have utter'd, A farewell to me
 lands o'er the sea, And long is the day Ere home he can be; But where his steed prances, Amid thronging lances, Sure he'll think of the glances, That love stole from me.



NAME FOR MARKING.



THE PARODI.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HALLO! What's the hurry, Ned? Flying off to the conjugal nest again? You are the very fellow I wanted to see. Perkins, and Caldwell, and myself are going to Absecom, day after to-morrow, on a gunning expedition; and wish you to make the fourth. Come now, that's a good fellow."

"Thank you, Sanford, but you forget that I am an antiquated family man, of nearly two years' standing. I've given up all my bachelor follies, my dear sir," replied Edward Maurice, laughingly.

"Surely you have played the devoted to Mrs. Maurice long enough. She can certainly spare you for a week," was the answer, with a slight sneer.

"But I don't wish to be spared," retorted Maurice, good-humoredly.

A slight whistle escaped from Mr. Sanford, and he replied. "What a change has come over you! They say there's the finest shooting there that has been for years; and you used to be such a famous shot too!"

"You can't tempt me."

"I hope you're not becoming a 'sap,' Ned," was the half contemptuous answer.

"No. Only a staid Benedict," said Maurice, who had too much good sense, and loved his wife too dearly, to be laughed out of showing his affection. "But it's my dinner hour, so good-bye."

Sanford stood, for a moment, when his friend had left, gazing after him quite pityingly; and then went on his way, laughing to himself, as he thought of the fun he should have, when showing up poor, hen-pecked Maurice to his old cronies.

The husband, in the meanwhile, hurried toward his pleasant home, sure of a glad welcome from his wife. On his road, he saw a lad selling bouquets, and as they were the last of the season, he purchased one for Mrs. Maurice, saying, "it will please her, she loves flowers so."

But he was doomed to a disappointment, and one all the more poignant, because it was the first in his married life. When he reached home, no wife came to meet him. He looked for her in the parlor, and then in the sitting-room, but finding her in none of these places, went to the nursery, where he discovered her, in dishabille, holding the infant, while the nursery-maid stood idly by.

Mr. Maurice had one peculiarity. He liked to see a lady dressed for dinner. As his wife had always done this, his first idea, on finding her here, and in such a costume, was that the babe was seriously ill.

"My dear, is he very sick?" he cried, hastening to her.

"Oh! no, I believe not; only a little fretful: he's teething, you know."

The face of Mr. Maurice brightened. He kissed his wife and child, and holding up the bouquet, said,

"How relieved I am! And here is a bouquet, one of the last of the season, which I have bought you, dearest."

The child extended its hands, attracted by the gay flowers. Without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Maurice transferred the bouquet to the infant, who began immediately thrashing it about, so that the carpet was soon strewn with the fallen leaves and petals.

The countenance of the husband fell. He could not help recalling the time, when his bouquets had been carefully preserved, the water being changed daily. Of late several examples of this too exclusive devotion to the infant, this making it first and him secondary, had forced themselves on his notice: but he had never been so much hurt as he was now. He thought of the dishabille also.

"If the child had been really sick, I would not have cared," he said to himself, as he went to his chamber to arrange his toilet a little for

dinner. "But if things go on this way, Ellen will degenerate into a sloven. She lets that child make her a slave."

Some one has said that married people should avoid a first quarrel; for that quarreling, once begun, is always recurring. We would say, that they should be careful to avoid, in any way, giving cause for alienation.

Things went now from bad to worse with the Maurices. Every day, the mother became more the slave of the child, alike to its injury and to that of her health. The infant became spoiled by her excessive devotion, while she lost both her blooming cheeks and her tidy personal appearance. Mr. Maurice found her, week by week, less of a companion. She took no interest, now, in visiting their friends; their favorite authors were neglected; she never had time even to converse rationally with her husband. The doings and sayings of the child were all that interested her; and of them only could she talk.

At last Mr. Maurice ventured to remonstrate with her.

"There's no use, Ellen," he said, "of ruining your health, by this close confinement. The boy is doing well enough; and would do better, I believe, if he was less petted: a little rough and tumble, the doctors say, does children good. Besides, Mary is a good nurse, capable and faithful. If I was too poor to have help for you it would be different. But——"

Here his wife interposed. "You don't love the little dear one bit," she cried, "or you wouldn't talk so. None of the men do love their children. If it wasn't for us, their injured mothers, they'd die."

"Ellen!"

"Yes! And when we lose our good looks, because we have to be such drudges, then you find fault with us and say we're slovens." And she burst into pettish tears.

Mr. Maurice rose and left the room. He did not wish to quarrel outright with his wife, and he knew he would have to do it, if he remained. But he mentally thought, that, unless affairs

mended, he would accept the next invitation to go a gunning, which he might receive from Sandford, or any other bachelor acquaintance.

Some weeks after, he made a second attempt to reason with his wife. But she could see the subject in only the one light. "He did not love their child, or he wouldn't speak so," was her stereotyped reply.

"But I do love him, and dearly," answered the husband. "I love you, however, as well: and I can't help seeing you are injuring your health; that you are no longer a companion to me; that you neglect all your old intimates. Surely, your duty as a mother need not override your duty as a wife, a sister, or a friend."

"You don't love baby, or you wouldn't say so. To accuse me, too, of not being a good wife—it's cruel, so it is," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Maurice, as her husband foresaw, ~~had~~ degenerated into a sloven. Her beauty is all gone. At thirty, she looks broken down. Careworn in face, irritable in temper, and with a family of children she cannot control, nobody would recognize her as the once pretty Ella Mortimer.

"The children," she tells every one, "worry the life out of me. Mr. Maurice I never see except at breakfast. I declare I have lost all influence over him. Why will young girls be so foolish as to marry?"

Nor ~~does~~ she see anything of Mr. Maurice, except at breakfast. Finding there was no companionship for him at home any longer, he gradually fell back, as his only resource, on his bachelor acquaintance. His leisure time is spent in the billiard saloon, at the theatre, or in the club.

Neither sees their own wrong, Mrs. Maurice least of all. Their alienation, meantime, is complete. Two persons, who might have been happy, and made their children good and happy, threaten to shipwreck both.

Where will it all end? We tremble to think. Yet such is often the explanation why a wife has no influence.

A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

* A capital portrait!
The sweet little elf,
That cunning expression
Is so like herself!

The very same dimple,
That ripples her cheeks,
The smile—gracious powers
'Tis she, for it speaks!

"THEY TALK ABOUT HER."

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"Soul of Beatrice Cenci—what a face! Who is she?" exclaimed the young artist, Haviland, as we stood a few days ago at my parlor window, watching the passers by.

A pair of blue eyes, full of spirit and tenderness, had been lifted timidly, caught mine, and the bow we exchanged brought a smile to the delicate, sad face.

She was like the pictures of Beatrice—I had not noticed it before; like in her features, in her glowing, waving hair, in the expression of those timid eyes, in her whole manner, which, though shrinking, was calm and dignified; the very floating mantle which enveloped her added to the resemblance.

"Who is she? How soon can you contrive a meeting for me? Married—I guess it by those eyes—for money, perhaps? Do you suppose she could be induced to sit?" and the artist paused, out of breath.

"Who? Have you not heard of Ellen Lowe? She would not sit, is not married, and I cannot contrive a meeting—she left society long ago," I answered.

"With that angelic beauty—why? She's not going to join the Sisters of Charity? Oh, I *must* see her again! Proud as a queen, and tender as the Madonna! She is not fit for fashionable life, but how came she to find out the truth, so young?"

"She left, that society might not thrust her forth; her name is blighted."

"And you believe in the lie? I'd trust that face, let men say what they will. If the purity and self-respect which breathe from it be not real, then I may break my palette, for art is all foolishness."

"No, I do not believe, and she knows it; but people have talked about her, each one adding to the other's story, till her name has become a by-word among men."

"And why? How her face haunts me!"

"The dignity and self-respect you observed, have been her ruin; she trusted too much in her own innocence—took no precaution against slander, disregarded it in the beginning, and now it has grown, and grown, and is crushing her into the grave."

"But her story?"

"Her social position is unfortunate; talented as she is lovely, she has been noticed and petted by those far above her earlier friends. She is very musical, and has a magical voice—would it might charm her slanderers for once! Such triumph and pride—such full, rich joy—such tenderness and tears, as pour forth through its tones, I have heard from no other single voice on earth.

"You know George Davis, who married just after you went abroad? He and his wife soon grew tired of each other; she cares for dress and society, he for music alone. He met Ellen at my house; they sympathized in many things, music most of all. He gave up party-going, and evening after evening found him by Nelly's piano. The wife grew jealous; slanders were rife; separation ensued. Mrs. Davis was pitied, her husband maligned, and Nelly's friends and flatterers melted away like snow. Old friends exult in jealous spite, new friends pass by in silent scorn; and my house is the only one in which she meets a cordial welcome."

"There it is! A woman must be a prude, or she is not allowed to be a woman—no such thing left as the simplicity of innocence! and if you charm at all, it is only because you have become *unsophisticatedly sophisticated*. Can no woman invent a remedy?"

"One woman's hand against the tide of wrong! What can we do? We need the help of man."

"Tell me how, and God knows I will give it."

"Well, suppose you had heard this story at your eating-house, you would have believed Ellen guilty at once."

"So I should, I confess it."

"Then why not persuade *one* to have more faith in woman—nay, in humanity! You wouldn't believe any wrong of your sisters—your mother?"

"Not for a moment."

"And yet when other women are discussed, you fall into the general habit, and add sneer to sneer. We are all made of the self-same clay, and to abuse one throws disrespect upon the rest: and we, growing up in the knowledge that we are not trusted for a moment out of sight, are expected to behave with freedom and simplicity—about as easy as it would be for a bird, hopping from perch to perch of her cage, to show

how she once could flutter away with her fledge-lings, and wheel, while they watched her, against the glowing sunset sky!"

The next afternoon, meeting Ellen Lowe, on my way to a rehearsal, we went to the music hall together; and I was not surprised when my artist joined us, nor sorry to watch his stolen glances at my companion's worn but lovely face. How the music seemed to lift up her stricken spirit as with wings! How the faint flush came and went in her cheek, and the sad heart seemed to have ceased its fluttering, and then, how with a sigh, she awoke to reality once more!

"You were 'not at home,' yesterday," said Mr. Haviland, as we stood by my parlor window again, not a week from the day he had first seen Ellen Lowe; "you were *not* at home?"

"I had gone to visit my friend, Miss Lowe."

"Ah! and I'm wild to hear about Miss Lowe, for she is good as an angel, and what's more, I will prove my belief by making her Mrs. Haviland, if she says 'yes.' When can I meet her?"

"Never, except 'behind the veil,' I fear. The poor girl is dying a maniac. That music moved her too deeply the other day—she went home raving, was taken to the hospital, and—I saw your Beatrice in the hands of her keepers—mad!"

"What comedies and tragedies these street-pictures all belong to, and must illustrate, if we could gain the thread," said Mr. Haviland, turning to the window once more to conceal a tear. "See that old man, now, riding home in his wagon, with a coffin hidden under the bit of

carpet—how desolate he looks, among all those busy, indifferent people!—it must be for his wife. Why, he is stopping here!"

My heart sank, it was Ellen's father; he left a note, and looking desolate as ever drove away.

She had died that morning.

And she lies in her grave-clothes, now, dear reader. Christ forgive those who "cast the first stone" at her! and teach us to love each other more as he loved us; give us faith enough in our own virtue to make the belief in that of others no impossibility!

I remember the close of an eloquent invective which Father Taylor once thundered forth against superstition.

"Would I could dig the grave of this vice, I would dig it deep as the abyss; I would roll a stone against it large as creation—I would sound its requiem with the trump of the archangel Gabriel!"

Would I could dig the grave of slander!—dig it deep as the woe it has caused—let the stone which sealed it be large as the mischief it has done; and for requiem make felt the silence which has taken place of song in the deserted home of one whose voice, for aught we know, may be

"Still grieving to the young-ey'd cherubina."

For of the harmony which dwelt in the soul of Ellen Lowe, we are only sure that no longer

"This muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in."

SONG.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

MEET me in the forest shade,
Where the silver stream is flowing;
Meet me where the day beams fade,
And the lights of eve are glowing;
Years have passed since last we met;
Hope's bright star went down in sorrow,
Yet the past brings no regret,
For there comes a bright to-morrow.

Meet me when the silent night
O'er the quiet earth is bending;
And the moon, with brow of light,
Through the azure sky is wending;
Meet it is, beneath her reign,
Childhood's vows should be re-spoken,
And the chain renewed again,
Which the misty years have broken.

Meet me on that silent spot
Where Love's early flowers were braided;
Let the past be all forgot,
And the hopes that time hath shaded.
Let no shadows dim the light
With the early hours returning—
Be forgot the shade and blight,
And the years of bitter yearning.

Meet me in the forest shade,
Where the silver stream is flowing;
Meet me in that silent glade,
Where the wild-wood flowers are growing;
Years have passed since last we met,
Hope's bright cord was rudely broken,
Yet the past brings no regret,
For those vows will be re-spoken.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA-SHORE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was an old, two-story red house, and there was nothing pretty or poetical, or even *pleasant* about it.

There it stood, all alone, that glorious June day, on the green point of land which pushed down abruptly into the blue waves of Long Island Sound. On the right was the village, with its clusters of white houses and its especial pride, the new and spacious hotel, with the green trees in front, and the broad colonnades running all around it.

The windows on the right side of the hotel overlooked the red house by the shore, (I want you to remember this) and in the summer time, when the bright faces of the city maidens beamed out of the tall windows and among the white pillars, they would ask sometimes, "Who *could* live in that gloomy-looking old red house down by the sea-shore?"

And the domestics answered that "it was old uncle Hiah Platt, with his wife and grandchild, who lived there—that they were poor people, but that the old man went a fishing in the summer, and his wife took in washing from the hotel, so they managed to get a decent livelihood."

And this abridgment of the Platts' individual and collective history was usually accompanied with a shuddering, "Mercy! what a dreary place to live in winter!"

It must have been, too, for even the sunshine that lay warm and golden about the house, that afternoon, could not brighten up its bare, gloomy, barren physiognomy any more than a smile could the face of a miser.

It was very warm, and very still. The sound of the waters as they rolled up languidly to the beach, made one think of nothing but a love ballad chanted far off, whether by mortals or angels you couldn't tell. But suddenly the back door of the red house was opened, and a little girl came out on the wooden step and stood there listening. Do you see her, in her calico dress and gingham apron, with her head half drooped forward, and her thin, brown hands folded together.

Her life cannot have run up to more than ten years, and the little, sun-burnt profile turned toward you is certainly not a pretty one. It is

too dark and thin and angular for *that*. And yet you would not have turned away from it with a single glance, for this was one of "the faces that have a story to tell." I do not know whether you would have read it, but it was written there, in the casting of the rather large but beautiful mobile mouth, in the dreamy, smouldering light that lay far down in those large, mellow, brown eyes.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, not pretty, but there were times when her face revealed a wild, wondrous beauty, the beauty of *genius*! You would have pitied the little girl, living there all alone with her old grandparents, but Maggie had companions they little recked of.

She was a quiet, bashful child, and it mattered very little to her if her home was a bleak, dreary place, for she had a beautiful *spirit country* of her own into which she could wander at will. Then close by was the ocean, that mighty instrument on which the winds played their everlasting tunes for the soul of Maggie Platt. She knew and loved them all, from the hoarse doxologies of winter to the soft jubilees of summer, and so the ocean was the great solemn teacher of the little girl's life!

"Maggie, don't stand there dreaming, child," and Mrs. Platt put her head out of the kitchen window. "Didn't I tell you to *hust* up the line with the poles? Them clothes won't dry without they get all the wind."

The little girl started suddenly, and took the long pole that stood against the shed, and hurried down to the line of clothes stretched across the yard.

She had just succeeded in propping this, when a low, smothered cry attracted her attention, and turning suddenly round, she saw a boy not more than two years older than herself, gazing wildly at her. It was a pitiful sight; he seemed struck dumb with terror of some kind, for his face was white as a corpse, his limbs shook, his lips quivered, and his wild eyes were fastened fearfully upon the girl.

Maggie knew him at once; he was errand-boy at the hotel. He had frequently brought the clothes of the visitors up there to her grandmother.

"Mark! Mark! what ails you? What *has*

happened?" said the girl, rushing eagerly toward him.

"Don't, don't speak so loud. They're after me," and he stared anxiously around him. "Oh, Maggie, can't you hide me somewhere?"

"Hide you! why, what will hurt you? What have you done, Mark?" and the girl's lips reflected the paleness of his.

"Nothing! Oh, Maggie don't ask me, I can't tell, but they're going to take me to jail."

And now there rolled over the boy's face a burning cloud of shame as he buried it in his hands.

The little girl gasped and drew back at that word. It was but for a moment. She looked on the bowed, cowering figure before her, and her heart ached with pity.

"Mark!" she whispered, placing her hand on his arm, "I am very sorry for you."

There was more in the voice than the words. The boy looked up again, and searched the pale, little face with his eager eyes. It was very full of sympathy for him.

"Maggie! if I tell you, won't you hate me—no matter how bad it is?"

"No, solemnly, I won't, Mark."

"Well, then, I must be quick, for I want you to hide me till one of the fishing smacks comes along to-night, and I can go off. You see, I borrowed five dollars of Jack Fowler, for my new suit of clothes, and promised to pay him when I got my wages. They were due to-morrow. But Jack wanted the money, and didn't give me any peace, until at last he swore a terrible oath he'd have the clothes and pawn 'em if I didn't pay him.

"I didn't mean to steal, Maggie," here the boy lowered his voice, "but—but the drawer was open this morning, and there lay the five dollar gold piece. I thought they wouldn't miss it, and as soon as I got my wages I'd put it back. Then, I wanted to keep the clothes so much. But there was somebody looking through the key-hole, and saw me.

"They locked me up in one of the rooms, but I jumped out the window, and slid down the pillars, and when I got to the ground, I thought of you, and the flowers you gave me the other day. Oh, Maggie! I haven't a friend in all the world but you. Won't you help me?"

A harder heart than little Maggie Platt's could not have resisted that appeal, spoken not only by the boy's lips, but by his large, wild, bright eyes.

"Ye-es. I'll try, Mark. Let's see—you can go around the front side of the house, and creep softly into the garret, and I'll watch for the boat

and let you know when it comes along. I don't know what grandma would do, but I won't tell her till you're gone, and so if anybody comes around to ask for you, she'll just say you ain't anywhere's about here."

"Yes," and the wild fright went out of the boy's eyes, "that'll be just the thing, Maggie. I'll never forget it of you. But make haste."

Oh! Mark's face did not seem like a criminal's now, with that grateful light breaking up in it, as he looked on the girl.

"But first I want you to promise me solemnly, Mark, that you'll never take anything that isn't yours again. It's very wicked, you know, and God, and the good angels will go away from you," and the girl's eyes moistened with tears, till they seemed like brown berries damp with autumn dews.

"Yes, I promise. But hark! isn't somebody coming?" and trembling like a startled fawn, he shrank closer to her side.

"Oh! my young jail-bird, I've caught you at last!" cried the foremost of two coarse-looking men, as they came around the corner of the house. "You forgot, didn't you, there were windows on the right side of the hotel? Come along!" and he seized the boy's shoulder roughly, while his companion caught hold of the other. "We'll give you tighter lodgings this time, until the cars come along, and then you'll be handed over to the county jail for a two months service."

The boy did not speak. Despair and terror had paralyzed his faculties.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, a timid child, with that sensitive, shrinking temperament which is so frequently the accompaniment of genius. But now she sprang quickly before those fierce men, and confronted them with her pale, thin face and large eyes.

"Don't, please don't take away the boy," she said, "he is very sorry for what he has done. If you will let him go this time, he will never do wrong again."

That soft voice, the pleading, earnest face seemed to make some impression upon one of the men, and he glanced doubtfully from the girl's face to his prisoner. But the other answered quickly, "Come, come, get out of the way with your prating, child. The boy's stolen five dollars, and he must smart for it."

They hurried him off, and Maggie leaned against the corner of the house and watched them. She was not a demonstrative child. Her life was rather an inner than an outer one.

But now there was a fearful storm in the heart of Maggie Platt—a storm of grief and horror—and she looked on the distant hills, over which

the summer had written its green chronicles, and she heard the sweet ballad which the waves sang as they flashed up to the beach; but the bright hills were dark, and the ocean ballad was only a moan to her now.

But suddenly a look of resolution broke into the little, sharpened face, and the working features grew quiet again.

"It will be half-an-hour before the cars come, and I shall have time, if I hurry," answered the child, and she went into the house, and a few moments later, might have been seen hurrying over the long reach of stony road that led to the hotel.

"But it's only a few words I want to speak to him. It can't do any harm, you know, and he's going off so soon, too."

The proprietor of the hotel, from whom Mark Sandford had stolen the five dollars, was a short, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with a gloomy, morose cast of countenance, and Maggie felt from the first, it would be of no use to plead Mark's case with him.

But he had no reason, aside from the indigenuous venom of his nature, for refusing the child's request. And it was more than likely the man who could remorselessly deliver over to the law a friendless orphan boy for so slight an offence, would not have granted Maggie's petition, but there were several lookers on, and so he answered with a bad grace, "He's in the room, yonder, hatchin' up some new mischief, I'll warrant."

"Mark! Mark!" and the white sun-bonnet put itself inside the door. And there Mark sat on a low stool, with his face in his hands, and a story of terrible despair in the drooping posture of his figure.

He looked up, and his eyes brightened a little. "Oh! Maggie, have you come to me now?"

"To be sure I have, Mark," and she sat down on the floor by his side, and they looked at each other a moment, she with sweet, sorrowful pity, and he in a kind of pale wonder and bewilderment.

"Don't look so, Mark. It frightens me to see you."

"But do you know, Maggie, they're going to take me to jail when the cars come?" He whispered the words with a shudder, glancing over his whole frame.

She bowed her head, and laid her hand on his. The touch of those warm, soft fingers went down to the boy's heart. A sob rocked him to and fro, for a moment, and then the great tears washed over his eyes.

"It will be so hard," he said, "to stay there

for two long months, shut out from the sunshine and the beautiful earth. How I shall long to go out in the green fields and hear the winds blow, and at night to look up at the stars, and think mamma is there, who died when I was a baby. And when I come out, they'll all point at me, and say I am Mark Sandford, the thief. And I shan't be able to look anybody in the face ever again. Oh, Maggie! I wish I'd thrown myself right into the sea, by your house, when I ran down there."

It was terrible, this wild, frantic grief, and yet it was better than the white, *still* despair of the moment before.

Maggie was crying, too; but she swallowed back her tears, like a true woman, and drawing close to the boy, said, "Don't give up so, Mark. It won't be so very, very long, after all, and I'll think of you every day, and pray for you every night. And when you get there, and the hours seem so long, and your heart feels so dark and *dead-like*, don't despair, Mark."

"God won't forget you, and he'll forgive that—you know what I mean, and he'll send his angels to comfort you, for no prison doors, or grated windows, or heavy bars can keep them out."

The girl's soul was in her face now. *This* was the revelation of Maggie Platt's beauty. It had come over it like sunrise while she was talking.

Mark looked at her, and forgot himself. "Maggie," he whispered, "I guess you're one of the angels, aren't you?"

"No," but I want to be some day, Mark. Now you won't forget what I've said? You won't get discouraged, and associate with wicked boys? Nobody'll know you've been to prison, when you come out. You can go off a great ways, where they'll never hear of you—" At that moment the shrill, distant shriek of the car whistle came to their ears. Mark sprang as if an arrow had plunged into his heart, and Maggie rapidly continued, placing a small, blue box in his hand, "Grandma gave it to me, with the silver dollar inside, last New Year. It's for you, Mark. I don't want it."

"Come," said the man, who had captured Mark down by the shore, "time for you to be starting for your new home."

Mark rose up, pale and resolute.

"Good-bye, Maggie. I won't forget."

"Good-bye, Mark. Every night I shall pray first 'may God take care of you!'"

The waiter hurried him off. There was an officer waiting at the door. Maggie climbed into the deep embrasure of the window, and gazed out, as well as she could through her tears.

Once the boy looked back. He saw the child

face in the window, with the hair lying in bronze ripples about it, and he laid up the picture in his heart, and during the long, weary two months that followed, it was *the angel that kept him from despair!*

Fifteen years had passed. It was in the May-time, that beautiful proof-sheet of summer, and the soft, mellow moonlight lay all around the graceful suburbs of the metropolis. In one of the most quiet streets stood a small but symmetrical grey-stone cottage, looking down on the world of spring blossoms below, heaps of crimson and gold, alternating with white, gathered at its feet.

It was late in the night, when the white curtains of the front chamber window were suddenly thrown aside, and a young lady looked out on the landscape.

There are some faces it is difficult to describe, this was one of them. The features, though not very regular, were clearly cut, the prevailing expression of the face in repose was a kind of *inquiring earnestness*. But it was thin and dark, and but for the eyes and lips might have been plain.

But these were an inspiration. The large, mellow, glorious eyes, in which lay the rising soul-light, the soft, mobile lips even in repose, tremulous with thought and feeling, would have magnetized your gaze.

The history of Maggie Platt is that of many another genius. Through many obstacles she had qualified herself to teach a district school. After this, her grandparents died. Then she left the old home by the sea-shore, and later, when the voice of her soul would be heard, she wrote. After a time, her articles received attention, and some remuneration. So she taught, and wrote, and studied for several years. But the young poetess' soul craved a more congenial mental atmosphere, and at last she came to the city, and through the influence of some generous publishers, her contributions obtained a higher reward.

For three months she had resided with the refined and agreeable family at the grey-stone cottage, in the suburbs.

Maggie Platt's face is disturbed to-night. She winds the curtain tassel nervously about her fingers, and *thinks* rather disconnectedly, though, for she had attended a lecture this evening, and her thoughts vibrate between it and more personal matters.

"To-morrow night, I promised him I would decide. Dear me! I wish I'd said 'yes' to-night, and then it would have been all over with, and

I should have felt *settled*; which, if it be not happiness, is the next door to it. What a good man he is, and then how he loves me! How noble he looks, too! What eyes that lecturer had, eyes the like of which I never saw; and then his face, it was not handsome, I 'spose, but the glory of his soul illuminated it. I wonder if he's married, and if his wife loves him as I could love such a man! Oh! it should not be a *hand* marriage alone, but a marriage of hearts, and minds, and intellects. But it's time I should be less romantic and more practical, for here I am twenty-five years old. Nobody'd believe it, though. I'm sure my heart can find *rest* in the love of Hubbard Ensign, and I know his watchful tenderness will surround my life with all that outward grace and beauty for which it has so long yearned. Maggie Platt, wife of the wealthy bank cashier. Ah, me! my grandmother little dreamed of this, when she sat knitting *seine*, in the old red house by the sea-shore. To-morrow, we are to take tea at Hubbard's sister's. I shall see Mr. Sandford, the lecturer, there. I wonder if I shall have a chance to speak to him. How I should like to thank him, for the *soul* *benefit* he made for me to-night. How he has enriched my memory with his great pearls of thought, strung on the golden thread of poesy. Why, there it goes—one o'clock, and my story must be finished to-morrow," and with one long, lingering gaze at the sweet, sad moonlight, she drew down the blinds.

Alas! poor Maggie! With all the mighty needs of her woman's nature, to be answered only with "an elegant home, and a strong heart to lean on."

The next day our heroine saw the lecturer of the previous evening, at the residence of Mr. Ensign's sister.

Nothing but a few atmospherical commentaries passed between them, for they were among a large company, and Mr. Sandford was the centre of attraction. The young man's brilliant talents had recently electrified the community, and Maggie soon discovered his conversational powers fully equalled his oratorical ones, so she was content to sit still and listen. At tea, however, the conversation turned into a different channel, and Mr. Sandford betrayed much interest in several local philanthropic movements, particularly in one which related to the physical and ~~men~~ resuscitation of depraved children.

"Utopian idea!" grunted a corpulent gentleman, who sat next to Maggie. "As the twig is bent so the tree's inclined. This ~~talk~~ boys out of prison, and putting them to school is only turning criminals loose into our streets. What do you think of it, Miss Platt?"

Maggie's memory went back to a long-forgotten summer day on the sea-shore, as she said,

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Adams. After all, there may be the elements of a holier, higher nature in the child's soul; and, oh, it would be worth a life-time to develop these, and bring back one spirit from sin and shame to the All-Father."

Her eyes lighted—her face kindled, and Mr. Sandford said, "You have given me a beautiful translation of my own thought, Miss Platt."

Maggie thought she had never seen anything like his smile.

After tea, the guests walked through the grounds, which were very extensive and tasteful. They had just descended from a slight eminence which commanded a view of the garden, when Maggie discovered she had left her handkerchief, and returned to seek it. Before she had gained the trees under which she expected to find it, she encountered Mr. Sandford, who restored the missing article.

"I found it up here," he said, "but I allowed you to turn back, for I wished, with your permission, to have a few moment's private conversation with you," and he gave the astonished girl his arm, and led her into one of the shadiest walks.

"I do not believe—nay, I cannot think it possible we ever met before," he said, "and yet your voice seems strangely familiar, and since your beautiful defence, this evening, of the out-cast little children, something has been urging me to speak to you. Will you forgive me, and permit me to ask you one question, about which I am very curious?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sandford."

"Did you ever live in A——, very near the sea-shore?"

"Yes, it is my native place." Maggie's eyes were full of surprise, but she dropped them before the dark, eager ones that now looked into her face.

"Is your name Maggie, and did your house stand all alone, a third of a mile from the hotel?"

"Yes."

Trembling fingers fastened over the little hand that lay on the gentleman's arm. "Do you remember a little boy whose name was Mark Sandford, and who came to you one afternoon, and prayed you to save him from prison?"

"Yes, yes," her face had grown very white, for a suspicion of the truth was breaking into her mind.

The gentleman took a small, blue card paper box from his pocket. "Do you remember this, Maggie?" *I am Mark Sandford*, and all that I ever am, or shall be, *you* have made me!"

In her surprise and joy, she burst into tears, and he put his arms around her, and laid her head on his shoulder, and said,

"Maggie, my good angel, how have I prayed God for this hour!"

Then they heard voices calling, and she had only time to dry her tears, and he to say,

"To-morrow, Maggie, you may expect me."

And when, on her return home, Mr. Ensign would have pressed his suit, the lady answered,

"Not to-night, please, Mr. Ensign. I am excited now, and cannot think or speak calmly," and the practical gentleman solaced himself with thinking, "Poetesses always would have their moods."

Mr. Sanford called at the grey-stone cottage the next day, and the next, and the next. And Maggie learned, with many smiles and tears, of those long, dreary months in prison, lightened solely by thoughts of her and of the great after-struggles with adversity, of *his* final success, and of the *one* memory that, through all these years had remained holy in his heart.

He had visited her old home in A——, but the "*house by the sea-shore*" had disappeared, and she was gone—no one could tell him whither.

Well, you must have guessed the rest, reader, that before Mark Sanford left the city, he had crowned his life with the love of his child-angel, greatly to the bank-cashier's chagrin.

And when September laid her crimson post-script on the green page of summer, they were married, as it can be recorded of not every husband or wife, *in heart, in soul, and in mind they were married.*

LINES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE flowers die, the leaves decay,
The snow entombs the ground,
The streams are frozen into ice,
And Death is all around.

But Spring will come, and all things be
With a new beauty rife.
So, in the grave we shall not lie,
But bloom to higher life.

CONFIDENCES AND CONFESSIONS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer and brighter, as the darkness of the winter evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cosily beside it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and giving full rein to our wandering fancies.

He was leaning back dreamily in his easy-chair—I, silently musing opposite him, with my feet (they were not large ones, reader) resting on the low fender. My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; but now and then I could not help stealing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in order to conjecture the subject of his long reverie.

He was in a right dreamy mood, and his dreams were evidently pleasant ones on the whole, though many varying emotions swept across his manly features.

I too, as I sat there looking demurely into the fire, had certain little dreams of my own. Did I mention that cousin Harry was *not* my cousin—only a ward of my father's, brought up in our family, to whom that title was given by courtesy? But that, of course, had nothing to do with my dreaming, or not dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last, by saying,

"Come and set here by me, cousin Olive, I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet, and leaned my head against his knees, as I had done from childhood. Dear cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hand caressingly over my curls and said,

"Olive, did I ever speak to you about Miss Ruthersford—Miss Mary Ruthersford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I have never had, and do not wish to have, any secrets from my little cousin. But this is proof," he added, laughing, "that the old line which says, 'The heart feels most when the lips speak not,' is true. If I have not spoken to you of Miss Ruthersford, it must have been because I have felt too much to give easy utterance to my thoughts. Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever looked upon. I met her last summer, when I was travelling in Europe. We travelled through Italy together, and each day

that I spent in her society I admired her more. In short, Olive, I fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able to utter even that one word, and so glad that my fate happened to be turned so that Harry could not see it.

"She has just returned to this country," continued he, "and this very night decides my fate. I sent a note to her this morning requesting an interview. An hour from this time sees me the happiest man in America, or the most miserable."

I clasped my arms tightly round Harry's knees, and I am sure, even in that bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could no longer be quite restrained, but Harry naturally misunderstood their cause. He patted my head with playful tenderness, and rising himself, he raised me too, and kissing my cheek, said,

"Thank you, dear Olive, for your sympathy. I am going now—give me your good wishes."

"Farewell, Harry," I whispered, and he was gone. How much there was to me in the few words I had spoken—farewell!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's return. I at first intended to do.

By the time I began to expect him, my heart ached so, and my eyes were so swollen with crying, that I knew it would not do for him to see me. So I went to bed, and laid awake the whole night through, and thought of cousin Harry, and how kind he had always been to me, till my heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite ill and feverish, and I kept my room all day. But the suspense was intolerable to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice again, even though his words struck to my heart like daggers—therefore when the darkness of twilight came I thought I must venture; so I slipped on a wrapper, and went down stairs to the little sitting-room where I knew he would be sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, and sitting very quietly still. I could not tell anything by his face as he entered—but perhaps that was because I did not courage to half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him, and he

he could see me, was nestled on the sofa by his side, with my face screened behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised, or pleased to see me—or at least I expected him to speak to me; but he never said a word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

Then I knew how it was—he had received a bitter—a terrible disappointment. My heart smote me—what were my girlish griefs compared with the deep, manly sorrow which shadowed that dear, beloved face? I realized that to see Harry unhappy was to me the cruellest of sorrows—I put my two arms around his neck and wept bitterly.

Harry turned then with such a kind, gentle smile, and merely said, as he drew me to him,

“Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do not cry.”

He soothed me and caressed me as if I had been a child. Afterward he added, in a sterner voice,

“Yes, it is all over now, and I must bear my disappointment like a man.”

He *did* bear it like a man. I saw and understood all his struggles—his stern endurance of his sorrow. I saw how keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely and cheerfully he bore himself; I loved him more and more; and yet I was so sorry for him, that if I had thought it would have been of any use, I would have gone myself to the lady whom he blessed with his love, and pleaded with her for him. But for this it was quite too late. Miss Ruthersford was already engaged to another when she returned home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry suffer, I had one consolation. He did not brood in moody silence over his disappointment; he loved to talk with me on the theme nearest his heart. He liked to tell me again and again, all the particulars of his acquaintance with Miss Ruthersford. Of the pleasant days when they travelled together—of her exceedingly loveliness, and of the many little incidents on which he founded his hopes, his almost certainty of her preference, and of his utter inability to account for the blindness which had prompted her to unite herself to another.

I did not suggest that the superior fortune of a new lover might be his attraction, for fear of pain; but apart from all feminine jealousy that is my view of the case, from which nothing can ever change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her perfect; he sorrowed and grieved for her; and I had enough to do to console him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know that I had the power to do so. When I had succeeded in chasing the gloom from his brow, and I saw him smiling and cheerful, I felt as happy as a queen.

One day he said to me,

“My dear, kind Olive, how well you know how to comfort me. How should you understand so well what I feel and need—how have you learned?”

“I have had a similar sorrow myself,” I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and drew me to him—“My poor, little Olive!”

I broke from him with bursting tears, exclaiming, “Don’t pity me, don’t—I can’t bear it!”

From this time I often noticed Harry’s eyes gazing on me with tender, pitying interest. I knew what he was thinking of, and a blush never failed to rise to my cheek, for I trembled for my secret, which was, however, never more secure.

Harry’s mind gradually regained a more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no longer confined to a single painful topic, and he began once more to take an interest in what was passing around him. He became more like his former self.

We were very much together; the sorrow we had shared together had made us very near and dear to each other, and—I am afraid I was a very conscious maiden, but I began to fancy that the interest Harry took in me was deepening. I could not mistake the glance with which his eyes rested upon me—the bright smile which welcomed my approval—the delight he took in everything I did or said.

My old day-dreams and fireside dreams came back to me, sweeter than ever.

We both of us retained our old habit of musing by the twilight fire. It was at that time and place that most of Harry’s confidences had been made, but it had now been long since he had alluded to the past.

The long winter had merged into a late, cold spring, and the cheering blaze was still agreeable as we sat one evening in our usual places.

After a long silence I chanced to look up to find Harry’s eyes earnestly regarding me.

“Olive,” he said, abruptly, “do you believe in second love?”

“Sometimes, in a man,” I replied, carelessly; “in a woman, never.”

Harry was silent for a few moments; he then said,

“Your first position is true, Olive. I know it and feel it. But your second is flagrantly false, or if not,” he added, vehemently, “I swear I’ll make it so. Olive, you must and shall love me!”

“Do not swear, Harry,” said I; “it’s wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if you do not soon wish that vow unregistered.”

He did not heed the light tone of my reply, but continued earnestly,

"Olive, the past has become to me as a dream of something unreal and transitory. The love which has grown in my heart for you is founded on surer foundations. It is entwined with every fibre of my being. Olive, I could no more give you up than I could part with life itself. Dearest, let the past be the past, I beseech you, for us both. Consent to be mine now, and forever."

"I can consent to a great deal, Harry," said I, giving him my hand, "but I can never consent to give up my past—my dear, beautiful past—and never, never can I give up my first love."

Harry looked deeply pained and grieved. I saw that I was torturing that noble heart which had lately suffered so much. I had not the cruelty even by a moment's further trifling to delay its approaching happiness. I therefore added softly,

"How if I admit, Harry, that *you* were my

first love? Would you then insist upon my choosing a second?"

Harry looked at me in astonishment.

"But you told me——" he began.

"Well, what if I did?" I interrupted, a little snappishly, "it was all true enough—but why must I be put to the blush, by being made to confess how long I thought of you before you even cast a glance on me?"

Harry gazed at me with beaming eyes, while his mind evidently ran over the past.

"My poor Olive," he said, at last, while tears actually stood in his eyes, "and have you indeed suffered for my sake? Was it *thus* you learned so well how to comfort me—selfish, ungenerous creature that I was? But that is past now," he continued, as he folded me in his arms, "henceforth it shall be for me to play the part of comforter, and I will see if I cannot make a lifetime's devotion atone for anything you may have suffered in the past."

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY DI VERNON.

Dost thou remember, Ella dear,
The Hermit old and grey?
The mountain is not far from here
Where his dark cavern lay.
Dost thou remember how we roved
Together to his cell?
Those were the days when first we loved
With faith's unbroken spell.

Dost thou remember how he blest
The couple at his feet,
And bid us seek for Heavenly rest,
To make our love complete?

"Doth he yet live?" the maiden sighed.
And sadly answered, "No!
Six months ago the Hermit died—
The cold winds o'er him blow.

"The wintry winds sweeps o'er his tomb,
The dark pines sadly wave—
It is a spot of deepest gloom,
That Hermit's lonely grave."
Soft tears were swimming in those eyes.
So beautifully blue;
But ere the maiden ceased her sighs,
Delmore was weeping too.

MRS. HEMANS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

DEARER to me than any songs
Are thine, oh, poet soul!
An angel's music seems to fall
In glory on the whole!
Did angels tune that harp of thine
To thrill my spirit so?
For oh! it hath a sound divine
In its eternal flow.

Full oft I listen till my heart
Forgets all earthly things,
And sainted spirits seem to come
And touch its thousand strings,
Till I sit trembling, wrapt in joy,
With rich, delicious dreams,
As if in converse with the blest,
Beyond earth's chilling streams.

THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 304.

CHAPTER III.

"I do wish you would go for the doctor, William. I do not like this stupor—really, I think the child is very ill. It is strange that he should not have been near us all day," said Mrs. Ashley, bending over the cradle, and taking her baby's little hot hand in her own.

Just then Annabel came in from school.

"Mamma, Emma Lincoln is very ill with the typhus fever, and Annette Wells had to go home from school this afternoon. Miss Allan says she is afraid that she is going to have it too. That makes six of our scholars that are away from school sick. Isn't it dreadful?"

"This accounts for Dr. Lincoln's seeming neglect," said Mr. Ashley. "I will go and see him at once. He is in great trouble if his daughter is dangerously ill, for she is the apple of his eye."

Annabel brought her chair to the cradle, and insisted upon her mother's trying to get some rest. Mrs. Ashley could not lie down, but she leaned her head back against her cushioned chair, and closed her eyes, to satisfy Annabel with the semblance of sleep.

Upon opening them a few minutes afterward, she saw Annabel in tears, and with difficulty repressing the sobs with which she was struggling.

"My dear child, do you still grieve so bitterly?"

"Oh, no, mamma, not for myself. I was thinking of dear little baby here, and how near I came to bringing you more trouble even than you already have; and of poor Lawrence, who they say is so much worse to-day. Prayers were offered up for him at close of school this afternoon, and Mr. Allan spoke very solemnly to us. Indeed, mamma, *I do not think I love Lawrence any more, I only want him to live, because it is so dreadful for him to die without repenting of his sins.*"

Dr. Lincoln and Mr. Ashley came in. The doctor looking pale and haggard; he had met Mr. Ashley on his way, he said. Mrs. Ashley lifted the baby in her arms. The little creature opened her eyes, but took no notice of any one. Her vacant, staring look was even more painful

to the mother than the preceding stupor had been. Dr. Lincoln said that the babe evidently had less fever, and after writing his prescription, took his departure.

In the middle of the night Annabel was called up. She found her mother in great distress, for the baby was in convulsions. Her father had gone again for the doctor. Throughout the remainder of the night the usual remedies were tried, but all in vain. The convulsions, although not violent, recurred at short intervals.

Dr. Lincoln did not leave them long at a time. He exerted all his skill, but it was evident that each hour the little sufferer's strength grew less. Mrs. Ashley prayed for calmness to bear the blow that she knew was impending; yet when the moment came, she was powerless as a child to meet it. The baby breathed its last in her arms, and in an agony of grief she held its lifeless little form to her bosom, weeping such tears as a mother bereft of her nursing babe alone can weep. In vain her husband attempted to take it from her, she would not give it up.

Dr. Lincoln, in a voice husky with emotion, said, "Think of the sorrow that is threatening me, Mrs. Ashley. If God takes my child from me, he takes my all; yet I have faith in Him that He doeth all things right. Better, the memory of the innocent dead, than the presence of a living grief; and none of us know the trouble our children may live to bring us to."

Even faithful Judy proffered her consolation.

"Ah, Missus! God has giv you such beautiful jewels. Couldn't you spare *jus one little one* for *His crown*?"

Nothing availed, until she felt the presence of Nannie's wet cheeks against her own, and heard Nannie's voice imploring her to be calm. Then she yielded up her dead baby, and going alone to her chamber, wrestled with her heart until it submitted to Him who "doth not willingly afflict the sons of men."

Thereafter she went calmly on with her usual avocations, the mother and daughter affording mutual support by their example; each feeling and sympathizing with the peculiar trials of the other.

But not even the solemn awe which Death

spread through the household could keep Annabel from thinking of Lawrence. In the silent watches of the night, she prayed earnestly for his and for Emma's recovery: and when she found herself recalling any tender memories of the past connected with him, she prayed for strength to root out those memories, and she did not pray in vain.

At length came the day of the funeral. Mr. Allan, their old pastor, being out of the village, Arthur Gray officiated in his place. His words were few, but they fell like balm upon the hearts of the mourners; and when he finished, the mother in her heart repeated after him his last words, "*It is well with the child.*"

Arthur Gray stood beside the little coffin, and as he looked upon the cherub face, he did not wonder at the fond mother's agony, as she hung over it for her last parting look: for never, even in lands beyond the seas, whither he had wandered, had he seen statuary that could match the beauty of that faultless head. The soft rings of golden hair shadowed a forehead more exquisitely beautiful than ever marble could be, and the long, silken lashes of the closed eyes rested on cheeks that in that brief sickness had lost none of the roundness of health. The tiny, chiseled mouth—the plump and dimpled hands—oh, there was too much of beauty there to hide within the dreary grave!

The mother turned aside—her aching heart, refusing to resign itself in that bitter hour of parting. Next, Mr. Ashley bent over the coffin, and as he left his last kiss upon the forehead of the babe, a sob escaped his heaving chest; and now Annabel approached, tears trembling in her serene eyes, and her fine lips quivering with the emotion she strove to repress. To Arthur it was the face of an angel.

The remaining events of that occasion he scarcely noted; as one who looked on in a vision, he saw the younger children led up with tearful, wondering gaze, and then glide back into their places.

When, beside his brother's bed, he resumed his post of watching; he recalled that lovely face, destined for many times thereafter to haunt him with its dreamy beauty. Yes, many a time when he closed his eyes to pray, it came between him and his God, until he feared to think with how strong a hold it had fastened upon his affections.

At the close of the week he was obliged to return to his parish, leaving Lawrence still unconscious that it was his brother's hand who had so tenderly smoothed his pillow, who had so watchfully guarded him against annoyance,

and so faithfully administered the medicines that alleviated his suffering.

Dr. Lincoln bestowed increased care and attention upon his patient, during the absence of the brother, notwithstanding Emma's dangerous state—her case having proved the most malignant that had as yet occurred in the epidemic. Accompanied as it was by cerebral congestion, he could not but feel the greatest anxiety as to its termination.

The commencement of the week Arthur Gray went back to his charge, and before the close of it he had the satisfaction of seeing symptoms of returning consciousness. On Saturday morning, as he was preparing to again take his departure, Lawrence grew restless, and finally said, in a voice weakened by suffering, "Don't leave me, Arthur, I shall surely die if you do."

Thus appealed to he could not refuse; and rejoiced to find that his brother knew him, he promised to remain. He despatched a note informing Mr. Allan of the favorable change in Lawrence, and of his request; and proposed an exchange for the Sabbath. Mr. Allan at once returned answer that he would see after his congregation, so long as his presence was necessary to his brother.

Arthur, wearied by his anxious days and watchful nights, looked worn and languid, as he arose in the pulpit, where but two Sabbaths before he had stood in the full flush of vigorous health. But more than ever did he enchain Annabel's attention, as he warmed into life and energy while dwelling on this beautiful passage of Scripture, "God stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind."

In the afternoon, one of the elders of the church addressed the congregation in Arthur's stead; and Annabel's conscience reproached her for her listlessness and want of interest. But those drawling, nasal tones, and those trite remarks afforded a strong contrast to the deep, thrilling voice, and the eloquent sentiments that flowed in such a resistless tide from Arthur's lips. Annabel was not alone in marking the change. It was evident that good Elder Jones had neither the gift of speaking, nor the gift of prayer; but what was of more account in the sight of God, he had a heart overflowing with love to his fellow men. He had marked Arthur's unfitness for his duties, and waited after morning church to tell him that he would find a substitute for him in the afternoon; and Arthur gladly availed himself of the kind offer.

It had not been the first time that the deacon had so officiated, for of late years Mr. Allan's health had been failing, and all the other deacons

were bashful men, who felt it to be a cross to even bear a part in the usual weekly prayer-meeting; but it was the first time that the congregation rebelled at the infliction. At the ensuing monthly business meeting, which chanced to fall within the week, one of the most influential church members commented upon Mr. Allan's age, and the manifestly approaching necessity of assistance in his parochial duties. A motion was made and carried that a colleague should be provided, and after some whispering amidst the eldest of the trustees and the deacons, it was proposed that a committee should wait upon Mr. Gray and invite him to settle with them. There was no dissenting voice, and accordingly the invitation was given. Mr. Gray's answer was that he must first consult with his parishioners.

Meantime, Lawrence's progress toward convalescence had been slow. It was with difficulty that he sustained any conversation with his brother; and Arthur, who saw the excitement which talking occasioned, abstained from encouraging it. He told him, however, of his call soon after he received it.

"Shall you accept it?" said Lawrence, eagerly.

"I do not know. There are some reasons why I should like to do so. This is the most beautiful little valley that ever nestled a town on its bosom, and—and I think its inhabitants are exceedingly interesting—that is, they seem a religious people—very attentive in divine worship. However, that may be owing to the unusual degree of sickness prevailing—developed, I presume, by so wet an autumn following our hot summer."

"Then I have not been the only sufferer," said Lawrence, "do you know any of the names of the sick?" he added, hesitatingly.

"No, I do not remember any. Squire Ashley lost a child." Arthur did not notice the start which Lawrence gave, and continued, "but that was not the fever—rather a sudden death, I believe. Several of Mr. Allan's scholars are still dangerously sick—one of them, Dr. Lincoln's daughter, was dying this morning, they told me. He has not been here yesterday, nor to-day."

In confirmation of his words the bell commenced tolling. Arthur walked to the window and looked out. "What a solemn, impressive custom this is," he said, "announcing to the villagers the departure of a soul from their midst—admonishing all that death is near." He ceased speaking to count, for the bell was now rapidly tolling the age.

"Nineteen! it is she!" shrieked Lawrence, throwing his arms wildly up, "I tell you, brother, I will not live without her!"

Astounded at his brother's frantic cry, Arthur at once hastened to him, and endeavored to calm his excited state.

"Two!" screamed Lawrence, "two accusing angels gone up to God to bear witness against me. Oh, I deserve my fate. Poor little thing! She knew me for the butterfly I was, but Emma, as sure as there is a God in heaven, Arthur, I did love Emma. Let me go to her! let me go!" he said, struggling to disengage himself from Arthur's hold.

His cries brought some of the inmates of the house to his chamber, and one of them was immediately despatched for Dr. Lincoln.

Arthur reproached himself for having so imprudently spoken to him of his sick companions; but his calmness in asking after them entirely disarmed Arthur of any suspicions as to his fitness for hearing the truth.

Mr. Gray met Dr. Lincoln outside of the room, and told him the cause of the sudden and alarming change. The moment that they entered, Lawrence started up, calling out, "Don't come near me, doctor, for I killed her, I know I did! I am sure she got Annabel's letter—poor little Annabel—I did not care for her, but Emma, my Emma—my wife that was to be! Aye, God does not wait until after death to punish us for our sins!"

He fell back exhausted upon the pillow.

"He is out of his head—his mind wanders," whispered Arthur.

"It wanders the right way at last," muttered Dr. Lincoln. "I have some hope of him now."

These words were perfectly unintelligible to Arthur, and still more so was the conversation that followed.

Dr. Lincoln, standing by the bedside, took his patient's hand in his own.

"And so you thought Emma was dead. God has been more merciful to me. She has rallied from the stupor of this morning, but her life still hangs by a thread; and so does yours, Lawrence. A relapse now, and I fear all earthly means would be of no avail to save you. For this reason I insist upon you keeping yourself perfectly calm."

Lawrence pressed his thin hands over his eyes, and his lips moved as if murmuring some words of prayer. When he removed his hands, there was no longer the wild glare about his eyes that had so alarmed his brother, and the thick lashes were suffused with tears.

"Only tell me, doctor," he said, in his feeble, tremulous voice, "that I had no part in occasioning her sickness."

"We will not talk about that now," he

answered. "She was here to see you a day or two after you were taken down, but her own attack followed too rapidly to admit of the idea that it was produced by contagion."

"I do not mean that," he said, shaking his head. "And she loved me well enough to come to me! I do not deserve her love, no, I do not deserve the love of any one. If you knew all, doctor, you would not want me to live," and he turned restlessly upon the pillow as he spoke. ●

"You must not excite yourself with unpleasant memories. You must try to be calm," said Dr. Lincoln.

"I cannot," replied Arthur, "until I have told you how little I deserve your kindness and your sympathy."

"Not now—not now, Lawrence, I must forbid it. Besides, I think I know what you would tell me. Those letters that I found on your table—am I not right? Say no more about them now. When you get well you will have an opportunity of showing your repentance."

Lawrence closed his eyes, and Dr. Lincoln, satisfied that he was in a calmer state, left him. The easy slumber which he fell into lasted longer than any previous one; and when he awoke he looked refreshed, and seemed to Arthur more like himself. From this day his convalescence was gradual, but so slow and tedious, that before he was able to go about again, his brother had accepted the call, and was settled as a colleague of Mr. Allan's.

CHAPTER IV.

It was New Year's morning. The ground was covered with snow, crisp and glittering.

Emma was not yet able to leave her chamber, but she looked comfortable in her rich, warm double gown; and the dainty little cambric cap with its fall of lace was very becoming to her. Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes looked deep and spiritual.

Her chamber, with its thick, bright carpet, its warm-looking curtains, the round table loaded with her favorite books, the stand of green-house plants, and the glowing fire, was a cheerful-looking sick room. Her father was sitting with her, when the housekeeper came up to say that Mr. Gray and his brother were down stairs, both desirous of seeing Emma if she were able.

"Oh, no, papa, not up here—I would rather not," she said, a soft, warm blush mantling her cheeks, and adding new beauty to her expressive face.

"It will be a great disappointment," he said. "You know Lawrence goes home this week to

study law; and I think you will both be better satisfied to see each other first."

He kissed her very tenderly.

"I am afraid, papa, that it will be so hard to hide my feelings, now that I know of his repentance."

"I can trust you, my child. We all know that a sick bed repentance is not to be relied upon; but three years of absence will test him thoroughly. If at the end of that time he proves himself worthy of you, I will remove the bar that I have placed upon you now. You shall be free to tell him how well you love him then."

"Oh, three years is such a long, *long* time to look forward to. Please, papa, let me tell him all about it—how entirely I gave him up until you told me how much remorse he experienced, when he thought both Annabel and I were dead—and then how my heart softened to him; and yet how I struggled to subdue my own feelings and give him up to Annabel; as I believed it to be my duty to do until I found that Annabel had never loved him as I had done. And how it is your wish that we should not renew our engagement until you are satisfied that he is worthy of confidence. Oh, yes, papa, let me tell him all. I could never act a part with him. My eyes would be sure to betray me if my lips did not."

"Well, Emma, I leave it to you. It was only for your own good, my child, that I advised you. I thought it would spare you pain, in the end, if he should again prove unstable, or his vanity lead him astray."

"No, I should feel the pain all the same, papa. Thank you for yielding to me. I am quite ready to see them now, if you please."

Dr. Lincoln went down to his office and brought them up. Arthur was formally introduced, but the glance that Lawrence exchanged with Emma, as their hands met, was not the glance of strangers. The conversation was formal and embarrassed until Dr. Lincoln drew Arthur one side, for the ostensible purpose of looking at some engravings, but in reality to give them the opportunity which he knew both were impatient to have.

Lawrence leaned over the arm of her chair. "We have no time to lose," he whispered. "Before I leave you I must know how much, or how little, I have to live for. Look at me, Emma, that I may know if I am forgiven."

Emma's head was slightly turned from him, and her long eyelashes almost swept his cheeks. But at his appeal she lifted them, and Lawrence was satisfied with the look that so fully answered his own.

"I know how undeserving I am," he continued,

stealing her little hand within his as he spoke, "but, Emma, God willing, I will become worthy of you. Did your father tell you of the agony that I suffered when the bell tolled for Annette Wells, supposing it to be for you? I thought it would have killed me."

"And your letter to Annabel," answered Emma, in the same low tone, "came very near being the death of me. It was such a frightful thing to read such words of love from one whom I supposed as much mine in the sight of heaven, as if the marriage tie had united us. Lawrence, I cannot even now understand it—do explain it to me."

"Ah, Emma, I deserve the humiliation. It was vanity—my paltry vanity. When I spoke to her, her modest, blushing answers led me to imagine that she loved me; and partly to kill the time that hung heavy on my hands when away from you, and still more from sheer thoughtlessness as to the consequences, I commenced a correspondence—excusing myself for the injustice I was doing you and her, by imagining it to be a purely Platonic attachment. Emma, are you magnanimous enough to never refer to this unhappy affair again? You cannot dream of one half of the mortification it has already cost me. I have not seen Annabel, but I shall write to her, and——"

"Better not," interrupted Emma, who was in a teasing mood, "old habits you know—I am not quite willing to trust you yet."

"It has been too serious a matter to me to jest about," said Lawrence. "I wonder if Annabel——"

Just then Dr. Lincoln and Arthur joined them, and Lawrence was interrupted, and Emma prevented from relieving his mind with regard to Annabel, as she fully intended doing. There were many other things which she had wished to say left unsaid, as no farther opportunity presented itself to renew their conversation.

They parted. Lawrence went on his way, his heart beating high with hope despite the memories that oppressed it, and expanding with the good resolutions he was making for the future. Emma left alone, sat tearful and dejected, for the child-like trust which had once dwelt in her bosom she felt could never be restored to her, and tremblingly she awaited the future, wherein lay concealed from present view the joys and the sorrows of her life.

That evening Lawrence spent with Arthur in his study. On the morrow he was to leave for home. He seemed absent and moody, and Arthur, who knew of his success in the morning, could not conjecture the cause. Several times he pushed

his chair up to the writing-table, and sitting down, dipped his quill in the ink; but no sooner did it touch the paper than starting up he threw it from him, and continued his former amusement of pacing the floor. His last unsuccessful attempt was followed by an energetic, "*I can't do it.*" Arthur, I am going to leave an unpleasant errand for you to execute. I am sure that you can do it better than I can."

"What is it?" said his brother.

"Well, I am ashamed to tell you, but I suppose you will find it out from others if you do not from me. The truth is, I am a blockhead—upon my word, Arthur, I can't tell you what a villain I feel that I have been. But I *do* assure you that I had no motive beyond the amusement of the hour, and I *beg* of you not to impute *worse* motives to me. I made love to that pretty Nannie Ashley that you were asking me about, and I want you to tell her—to explain—confound it, I don't know what you will say. Poor little thing! I could shoot myself when I think what a puppy I have been. What would you advise me to write? or will you undertake the disagreeable task for me?"

"Quite willingly, my dear brother," replied Arthur, a peculiar smile lighting up his features. "I think I can promise you certain success—that is, if you mean unconditional pardon; for Annabel and I are much better satisfied that you should have made love in jest, than that you should have been in earnest. You have told me no news, Lawrence, but in return for the confidence which you imagined you were placing in me, I will tell you a little secret of my own. Annabel and I are engaged."

Lawrence sprang toward him, and seized his hand.

"Good gracious, Arthur! how you surprise me! and delight me, too, beyond anything. Well, that's a good one! I remember that you thought the villagers were unusually interesting, which was more than I did, with the exception of some half-dozen. Ah, Arthur, you were smitten then—confess it."

"It is too true. I am afraid it was Annabel more than all the rest of the village put together that attracted me. But it is not the first time that a man has deceived himself as to his motives."

Lawrence felt as though he had taken a fresh lease of life. There were no gloomy or guilty thoughts to weigh him down now, and with a lighter heart than he had known for months, he returned to his room, and wrote a long, long letter to Emma, which, when she received it, went far to reassure her.

The winter months now glided rapidly away, and every week a letter from Lawrence encouraged Emma to hope for a happy termination.

And so gradually her cheeks regained their roundness and their color; and the warm, happy light of other days came back to her eyes; but with this difference, that the Undine had found a soul; or rather, her exuberant spirit had been tamed and chastened by the new discipline which life had brought her.

CHAPTER V.

Two years and more brought many changes to our little village. Some lovely young faces that Arthur had seen when first he preached in the village church, his tears had fallen upon as they lay shrouded for burial. Aged ones had fallen away from their places, their young minister's voice cheering them on their way to "the green pastures and the still waters" of the land of promise. Others had received from him the benediction which pronounced two lives thenceforth to be as one; and so, at burials, at weddings, and at christenings, he had shared his people's grief and joy, until he had become very dear to them all.

Mr. Allan had chosen to resign soon after Arthur had been installed; but he continued to take an active interest in his brother's academy, as well as in every other good work going on in the village.

Twice a year, Lawrence had paid visits—satisfactory ones both to Emma and her father; and now he came back for the third time this year to attend the wedding of Annabel and his brother.

The young minister had met with no opposition to his choice. Almost every one was satisfied, for Annabel Ashley was an universal favorite. Now and then some maiden "verging into years," suggested the impropriety of his taking so young a wife. Even Deacon Jones had once been heard to say that she was a *little* too young, "but then," he eagerly added, "that is a fault that time will mend."

Judy could not have been happier had she been going to marry the minister herself. Such bustling preparations as went on in her department for weeks preceding the wedding. But the pickling and the preserving came to an end; the frosted loaves of cake stood in long, glittering rows on the buttery shelves, and Judy contemplated the products of her labor with satisfaction and delight; and waited for the auspicious day.

A little back from the road-side, upon ground adjoining Squire Ashley's, stood the new parsonage which he had been building for Arthur and Annabel. Its gabled roof peeped out from amidst the chestnut and elms that shrouded it—wild vines turning around their rough boles, from which hung bright bunches of scarlet berries, amidst mingled leaves of brown and gold, dark green and crimson. Within the dwelling everything was in readiness, prepared by a mother's watchful love and forethought.

The hills around the valley were gorgeous in their October beauty. Long, undulating reaches of crimson maples, golden beeches and sycamores marked the shallow, tinkling river's path over silver sands. Sloping banks of green belted in the crumbled furrows of brown earth, which the ploughman had prepared for the winter. None of the dreariness of autumn had yet come over the scene. The sky was deep and blue, and the clouds that floated over it were as white and fleecy as fresh snow-flakes. Clumps of trees threw swart shadows where the cattle grazed, and flocks of birds from out their branches filled the air with their twitterings.

Annabel thought the world had never seemed one half so beautiful as it did upon her bridal morn. Ah, Annabel, did you not know that "it is the heart which saddens or brightens all that it looks upon?" That lovely autumnal day with its cloudless sky of perfect blue, would have been to you darker and drearier than any day of wintry storm, had he who made earth an Eden for you not shared the joy you felt.

Mrs. Ashley, pale and quiet, made the few last preparations that would consign her daughter to another's care; and Mr. Ashley, proud and pleased, wondered how his wife could feel the approaching separation as she did, when scarce an acre of greensward would lie between the two houses.

How could he dream of the tender sympathy, and anxious fears a mother feels at such a time? There is no devotion that can equal a mother's. From the hour when first she hears the feeble wail "at the Gethsemane of her love," until the moment of time when the angel of death claims one or the other, she knoweth neither changeableness nor shadow of turning. And yet, how seldom is a mother's love appreciated? For often not until the coffin and the pall hide from our sight the form in which it was centered, do we find that earth holds no affection that can equal it. With vain yearnings do we look back upon the years of childhood, and memory reproaches us for the love we have squandered so recklessly away.

Annabel's sister Helena, a tall, graceful young girl of fifteen, (not unlike Annabel herself in her ways, at that age, but wanting her charming regularity of features) was to be the second bridesmaid, and Eugene Allan her attendant. Of course Emma Lincoln and Lawrence were the first.

Their old pastor, Mr. Allan, was perform the ceremony.

Twilight found the house which had been so quiet through the day, filled with bustle. The children, already dressed and delighted with the idea of a wedding, frolicked through the house until Judy declared that "they most pestered the life out of her, and that she should think they would be ashamed to have such carryings on when they were going to lose their sister—that she should."

This put Edgar to thinking, and he sat down by the fire-place in the parlor, and with a long, rueful countenance watched the sparkling wood fire and the smoke that went curling up the chimney. The wedding did not seem to him such a grand affair after all; and when a few moments after, Arthur came in and finding him alone, drew up a chair and tried to take him on his knee, Edgar struggled away from him, and stood moody and sullen in the corner.

"Why, what's this?" said Arthur. "What's the matter now, Edgar?"

Edgar turned his shoulder defiantly, but would not make any answer.

"I have not done anything to displease you, I hope," said Arthur.

"Yes, you have. You are a very wicked man, very."

Arthur laughed. It was the one drop too much for Edgar, and he burst into a fit of crying. Through his sobs, he said, "You hadn't any business to come and get my sister away. She isn't any relation to you, and you shan't have her. Judy may go and live in your new house with you, for she's cross; but Nannie shan't stir a single step, we want her here."

Arthur's heart, full of love as it was, sympathized with the little fellow in his sorrow. He spoke kind, soothing words to him, lifted him on his knee—opened his watch for him to look at, and gave him some shining, new quarter-dollars to play with.

At this last, Edgar was quite reconciled, particularly when he found that he was to keep the money. Seventy-five cents was an untold sum to him, and fully recompensed him for giving up his claim on his sister.

Nothing else occurred to mar the happiness of the evening. In due time, the guests assembled,

and the bridal party came down. The busy hum of voices which had before pervaded the apartments ceased, and every eye in the room rested upon the face or form of the lovely young bride. Her earnest responses contradicted the timidity of her downcast looks, showing that her heart was free from doubt or uncertainty. The glance of devotion which Arthur met, when he looked down in her eyes, and for the first time said, "my wife," thrilled him with a joy too deep for words.

He courteously answered the congratulations of his parishioners who flocked around him, but his mind was far away, thinking of the days of happiness in store for him, and grudging even the present hour of festivity, which robbed him of the charm of her sweet presence alone.

He reproached himself, at length, for his selfishness, and though the minutes "went on leaden wings," he endeavored to hide his impatience by seeking with his attentions to add to the enjoyment of the guests. But he could not prevent his eyes from following Annabel, who hovered near her mother, mindful of her tender sorrow; her gentle beauty still more enhanced by the misty bridal veil she wore, and looking, indeed, all too young and frail for the cares of wifehood.

Emma's face was also radiant with happiness. Her flashing, black eyes, her cheeks, with their soft, peach-like bloom, and the saucy smile of her red lips, Lawrence thought far more attractive than Annabel's ethereal graces.

Elder Jones, who was for making every one happy, and who shared the opinion of the villagers that Lawrence and Emma would sometime make a match, suggested to the doctor that night,

"What a very fine thing it would be if the minister's brother should take it into his head to study physic, and settle down with him, and relieve him of some of his 'onerous cases.'"

The doctor had never thought of it before, but the next day, he talked it over with Lawrence, and Lawrence acquiesced, although he did not like the looks of the still longer probation that it would necessarily give him. But he stipulated the privilege of more frequent interviews with Emma.

These dear meetings, together with their long semi-weekly letters, rendered the period of absence endurable. Indeed, in after years, Emma laughingly said that she wished she could have known, and appreciated at the time, her happiest days.

Truly speaking, she would not have acknowledged them the happiest; for although as a wife

and mother, life brought her cares and disquiet,
yet she also tasted of deeper joys than ever her
days of girlhood had known.

"At her heart love sits and sings,
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
Hath lifted life to higher things."

PROUD KATY LANE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

Oh, well do I remember
When you were poor and weak,
Out raking in the meadow,
With sunburnt neck and cheek.
Oh, then your smile was brighter
Than any Eastern sky,
And love and hope made glorious
The beaming of your eye.

No maiden in the valley
Was half so fair to see,
And all your artless loving
Was given unto me.
With arms around me twining
You owned your love for me,
And vowed that you would ever
My own sweet dearie be.

The world was all the brighter
For holding one like thee;
But soon you got your head so high
You could not look at me;
For that old beldame, Fortune,
Upon you brightly smiled,
And made your heart forget its love
For Nature's humble child.

You've sought the crowded city,
And rich and cold have grown,
And have forgot that your proud heart
Was gladly once my own.
Oh, woe upon the loving
That takes its life from gold,
That lives but in the sunshine,
And in the shade grows cold!

Better the honest spirit
Than Fortune's favors rare:
Truth is the brightest livery
The human soul can wear.
Oh, woe upon thee, Mammon,
For making hearts grow cold,
And changing love for living souls
To love for shining gold!

The heart that bows before thee
Can never feel the glow
Of happiness, and gentleness,
That loving natures know:
So double woe upon thee
For making hearts grow cold,
And changing love for human souls
To love for shining gold!

ON RETURNING A MINIATURE.

BY W. E. PABOR.

'TWERE well to send it whence it came;
No pleasure I may from it claim;
But half in sorrow, half in shame,
I only can repeat her name,
And whisper, all is over now!
My broken heart—her broken vow!

I dreamed of Love, and not Deceit;
While the dream lasted it was sweet;
Life seemed but made of happiness;
But now—the pinions of distress
Are over me. I whisper now,
My broken heart—her broken vow!

In sorrow's deepest solitude,
Over Life's wreck I sit and brood;
And nurse within my youthful breast,
The anguish of a deep unrest;
While ye may read upon my brow,
My broken heart—her broken vow!

Oh! semblance of a faithless one;
I grieve to think the glorious sun
Could stoop to counterfeit thy face,
Nor blush because of the disgrace;
Go ever from my presence now,
Reminder of her broken vow!

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY FRANCES E. HOLCOMB.

READER, did'st ever visit the village of G——? If you have, we are sure you will agree with us in saying that it is the loveliest in New England. Its romantic scenery, beautiful girls, and gallant beaux are unrivalled. It is bounded on the north by grand old mountains, on the south and east by the noble Connecticut, and on the west by green meadows and dark forests. Its scenery is so blended, the wild and majestic with the soft and beautiful, that it cannot fail to please.

The village consists of about one hundred neat white cottages, all exactly alike—and each one hidden in forests of flowers and shrubbery, so that the place seems like a little fairy bower, designed expressly for "Titania" herself, fastidious though she may be.

But the girls, the dear, sweet girls, so delicate and refined in their manners, and yet so full of mirth and joy, ever ready for fun, or other innocent sport! Ever surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, they had imbibed a deep love of romance, and it was no uncommon thing to find a young and delicate female seated upon some rugged cliff, overhanging a fearful precipice, gazing down into the dark chasm, unmindful of her great danger, or the threatening thunders, or the lurid lightnings which flashed along the blackening sky.

There was not a beau in the village but was a painter, or poet, or who doted on Byron, Burns and Shelly; nor a young lady but could scribble rhymes as fast as she could write. Yes! we forgot, there was one, and that one the daughter of honest, jovial, wealthy farmer Blake.

Nelly Blake was a gay, laughing, airy being, with eyes as black as midnight, that danced and sparkled with mirth. She was an ardent admirer of the truly beautiful, but scorned all mock sentimentality. She never exposed her precious self to the rain-drops, nor hung upon a narrow rock above a precipice. Frank Carl, the doctor's only son, would have proposed for Nelly, long before, if she had been less matter-of-fact. For Frank himself shared the common weakness and was terribly romantic. At the time our story commences he was a member of the graduating class in —— college, and in a fair way to win many laurels.

"Oh, dear," sighed Frank to his friend Hunter,

"if she only had soul I should worship her, but there's no driving an atom of romance into her head. She never even trembled, the other day, when I offered to cross that rickety dam; she didn't even turn pale, but said when I went to help her, 'Thank you, Mr. Carl, but I can cross better alone,' and before I could speak she was over, and I left alone on the bank, and to cap the whole, I dare not follow. I would have tumbled her in the brook if I could."

"Why don't you get a wild horse," said Hunter, "ask her to take a ride, and then throw her down a chasm, so as to sprain that snowy wrist, or delicate ankle of hers. Then rush down and rescue her. That would make her romantic, if anything would."

"A capital idea," cried Frank, deceived by his friend's gravity. "I'll do it at once." And, without another word, he rose and left the room.

Hunter laughed till the tears came. Then he said, "But it will never do to let Nelly go without warning. I'll write her a note, and let her accept, or refuse, as she pleases. My word for it, she'll prove a match for him somehow."

Nelly was sitting in the cool little parlor of her cottage home, busily engaged upon a piece of delicate embroidery, when her little brother came running in with Hunter's note. Scarcely had she perused it, when a splendid carriage, drawn by two magnificent horses, dashed up to the door, and in an instant Frank Carl sprang upon the ground. She settled upon her course of action in an instant, and when Frank invited her to ride, accepted, her laughing eyes dropped to the floor, and hidden by their jet black lashes.

Soon Nell was equipped. She looked so sweetly with her little, white nosegay of a bonnet, set so coquettishly on her dark curls, that Frank was delighted. In a moment, he had her by his side, and her tongue was rattling away about everything except poetry. Frank, all this time, was looking for a chasm on Nelly's side of the carriage, holding on his own side very tightly himself; but if he had looked, he would have found Nell was holding on as tightly as he was. Of course, he did not really mean to hurt Nell very much, he only desired to make her a little nervous, and at the same time eternally grateful to him for saving her life.

After a short drive, Frank began eulogizing the beauties of Nature. They entered a delightful grove. "What noble old oaks," said Frank, "how they wave their majestic heads——" He was interrupted by a smothered laugh from Nell, who was determined to cross him in every romantic idea. "Why, dear me, Mr. Carl," she said, "these are every one maples, and not over ten years old."

Frank bit his lip, and replied, "I meant those yonder," pointing to some short oaks; Nell muttered something about "worms falling on one's neck;" in short, she opposed his every remark: mossy banks had red ants in them, and moonlight evenings were dewy. If there was an eclipse, or a comet, she did not know but she would look out of the window.

Frank was thoroughly provoked, as Nell took care that he should be. "Shall we drive around the lake, Miss Blake?" Nell laughed at the odd rhymes, and looking up in his face with her sweetest smile, answered, "Oh, yes, Frank, by all means. Are those swans?" pointing to some ducks and ducklings that were swimming on a small pond, which Frank honored by the name of lake. Her question was asked in such a sweet, yet ironical manner, that it brought the color to his cheek, and as he was really angry, he cared nothing for the risk he would himself run, by tipping over the carriage; so giving a sudden and powerful turn of his whip, he brought it down hard upon the startled horses, and in an instant Mr. Frank Carl landed just where he had intended Miss Nell Blake to go, namely, up to his neck in the duck-pond. The horses dashed

off at a furious rate, but Nell soon checked their speed, and managing to drive directly around the pond, came trotting gaily up to the place of the mishap. Frank, by this time, had clambered out, and was now perched upon a large log, ruefully endeavoring to wring the water from his dripping clothes. With a very polite bow, and "how de do," the gay girl jumped upon the ground.

"Bless me, Nelly, let's get home," said the crest-fallen hero, "I'll wrap up in your big shawl, if you please. Ain't you frightened?"

"Frightened, no, indeed; I enjoy this, it's reality," cried the tantalizing girl, "not a bit of romance in it, is there, Frank?"

"Oh, no, not an atom of romance in being thrown from your carriage by fiery steeds, and——"

"Landed in the middle of a duck-pond," chimed in Nell, "I think you took a realizing sense of it, Frank, I do indeed: and now it's time to get home, or you will pay dear for this romancing;" and Nell wrapped Frank up in her double woollen shawl, and jumping into the carriage herself, took the reins, as she said, "She dare not trust such wild horses with him."

After a short drive they reached home, Frank thanking his stars that Nelly wasn't romantic or nervous, and thoroughly cured of his romantic notions.

In after years, when Frank began to rave, as he sometimes would about the "glorious works of nature"—Nelly, now his wife, would close his mouth for a moment on that subject, by saying, "Look out for the duck-pond."

HER SPIRIT.

BY EDWARD HENDIBOE.

Thou'rt come again, rapt in Night's mystic mantle,
Thy beauty shrouded in a mournful gloom;
Bringing in thy breath a thought to rankle,
An air of poison wafted from the tomb!
And still thou'rt whispering to my soul,
Grief's lonely goal—
A wasted, care-tost soul!

Thou'rt come again, and visions filled with gladness
Flit 'fore life's mental, dark-tinged horizon—
And all athwart my sky of unbroke sadness
Glimmer, like breathings of an orizon,
Æolian light rays on my heart,
That sear'd part—
That earth-stained, weary heart!

Thou'rt come again, through recollection's chanced
Love lights the Present with a censer flame,
And thoughts, before I would have joyed to cancel,
Are now as treasured as thy hallowed name!
Name boundless in immensity—
Like warrior's flag, shall be
Cloak and shroud for me!

Thou'rt gone again! all silent as Aurora,
Whose smile is sadness, whose embrace is death
And yet thou'rt dearer than the fragrant Flora
Though bearing love sweets from a Sappho's breast
A breath from the tortured soul,
Grief's lonely goal—
A wasted, care-tost soul!

JOSEPHINE LACY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"My wife," said Ronald Beresford confidentially to his sister, "shall be sweet sixteen, delicate as a flower, and as pretty. She shall not know what work, or care, or trouble means—a most loveable, soft, ethereal thing!"

"You had better choose a sensible woman, who has head enough to keep your household in order—or even to look after your affairs in case of need."

"I hate your strong-minded women," Ronald answered. "Such a pass as they are coming to with their women's rights fancies, driving horses, writing for publication in every paper, and Magazine, &c." He said much more to the same effect, but the reader can readily supply the rest of the tirade, or get the opinion of the most worthless fop of his acquaintance, which will be likely to resemble Ronald's, though my hero was neither a fop nor a foolish fellow. Some sensible folks, also, take up a silly idea now and then.

A few weeks afterward, business took Ronald to the West, and on a warm Sunday, in June, he found himself in a church, in one of our river cities. As he amused himself with irreverently looking about at all the pretty ladies within range of his eye, he caught, for an instant, a glimpse of a sweet face in the pew immediately before him. The young lady had turned to look up to the organ, and as her glance fell, it rested on him, as I said, but for a moment. During the rest of the service, Ronald inspected the light, pretty bonnet, the slender neck, and embroidered collar, with great interest, for the eyes, whose accidental look his own had caught, were dark and full, and well-shaded with long, fine lashes.

After service, the lady walked down the aisle before him, and he observed her pretty, light form. He also saw how warmly everybody greeted her, as if she had just returned from an absence. In the vestibule, especially, she was quite hemmed in by a circle of young and old lady friends, while the young gentlemen stood around with hats lifted, waiting to receive the recognizing glance, which would demand a bow and a few words of greeting. Ronald was struck with the smiling, modest grace, the heartfelt earnestness, and joyous, sparkling eyes, with which she returned all this congratulation, and he wished he had a right to claim acquaintance.

Though several young gentlemen were waiting to walk home with her, Ronald observed that she pertinaciously clung to an elderly woman who appeared to be a relative, and delayed so long in the church that the hint was taken, and she was left with no escort.

Still more pleased, Ronald sauntered off, also, thinking carelessly of it all, as of something he never should have to consider again, yet with a half-sigh he thought, "Just such a wife for me. So gentle, and lady-like, not in a flurry at receiving so much attention, so evidently beloved by all, and I am sure not one of your strong-minded women."

Ronald was staying with his aunt, and upon his return home found her in a state of exasperation at the warm weather. She proposed an excursion to the "Island," where her old friend Judith Lacy lived, for the next day, which was mid-summer's day. Ronald consented, and made some inquiries which resulted in his obtaining the following information. The "Island" was situated in the middle of the river a few miles below the city, and consisted of long, sandy beaches at each end, with a thick grove, or wood between. In the midst of this grove, Mr. Lacy's house stood. The whole island belonged to Mr. Lacy, and was famous for its fruit, which in that mellow clime, and rich soil, seems to imbibe a spring fragrance and deliciousness not possessed by that grown nearer the sea-shore.

The most interesting part of his aunt's communication, however, was about a certain Miss Lacy, of whom mention was made in a highly flattering manner. She was described as the pet of old and young, as the prettiest, and best, and most accomplished girl in the city, for that was regarded as her home, the island being so near it.

"Besides," continued his aunt, "she is a perfect cook, and indeed can turn her hand to anything, for she has an uncommon share of sense." And Ronald answered, with a slight sneer,

"Oh, strong-minded, I presume!"

Not thinking of the common misapplication of that term, his aunt said,

"Yes, wonderfully. Mr. Lacy is almost always down the river, for his business is at New Orleans, and poor Mrs. Lacy has too many young

children to care for to find time for anything else. The whole management of everything comes upon Josephine, and she does so well."

"Detestable!" thought Ronald. "A managing, screwing, busybody of a woman. May I never meet her."

However, he thought better of that, and made no objection to going with his aunt the next day.

It was an exceedingly warm, close morning, and the noisy, dusty cars, in which they were whirled through the blazing sun, seemed up to oven heat. Even when arrived at the little wayside station, and they overlooked the river, it only sent to them, instead of coolness, a glaring reflection of light and heat from its motionless water. The by no means slightly made aunt, encased in a sun-absorbing, black silk dress, was suffering untold miseries, and Ronald himself, hat in hand, almost gasped for air.

"And now, where are we to pursue pleasure next?" he asked, mischievously.

"Pull up that little, red flag. It is a signal for a boat," his aunt answered; but as it hung, when he had raised it, without a flap, he began to fear being obliged to wait for the next train to the city, in that little, sun-baked room, especially as some time elapsed before the islanders seemed to be aware of the signal.

At last, a stout young woman, whom Ronald watched narrowly, was seen unmooring a little skiff, which she soon began to row vigorously across the stream. She arrived at the bank below the station, and as he saw her more closely Ronald muttered,

"Yes, just what I should imagine a strong-minded woman to be."

The object of his reflections soon addressed him in the Hibernian tongue, dispelling his fear that this was Miss Josephine. For a short time previously his aunt had remarked that Josephine often rowed across the river alone, and would, perhaps, come for them, could she guess who they were, or rather who she was.

"Ef yese the quality as raised the flag for the boat, ye may jest tell the misthress not to look for Biddy Callahan back the day, nor the morrow neither. It's not for the likes o' me to be at men's work, and ye may row yersels o'er."

She took her seat in the station house, casting angry, defying glances in every direction, and refused to say another word.

Ronald, after placing his aunt safely in the boat, was obliged to throw off his coat, and bend to the oars, a task which little pleased him in that broiling sun.

The distance was at last accomplished, and never was shade of date-trees more welcome to

traveller in the desert, than was that of the grapevine arbor on the shore to Ronald and his aunt.

Having rested themselves, they walked slowly through the cool, fragrant grove to the house, and found Mrs. Lacy on the porch awaiting them with a warm welcome. She was a tall, pale, feeble lady, with a gentle, affectionate heartiness of manner that made Ronald feel instantly that he was at home in her hospitable, motherly heart—probably because he was her dearest friend's nephew. She led them to a back-porch, draped almost to darkness with thickest woodbine, and removing Mrs. Beresford's bonnet sat down by her, and fanned her kindly, while they refreshed themselves with iced currant shrub and sponge cake, which had been placed in readiness for the visitors descried under the red flag at the station.

Mrs. Beresford then gave Mrs. Lacy the message sent by the insolent servant, and the latter looked the picture of despair when she heard it. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and said, laughingly,

"It is a fortunate thing that our visitors are so near and dear that they will forgive all deficiencies, and not wish for ceremonious treatment, so I will just say at once that we are left without a single servant in the house, and we must live on fruit, for I am so feeble I can do nothing, and Josie has her hands full. She has been all the morning with the children, while I rested myself. They are so much better and happier with her than with me, that I have almost given them up to her, though it is rather hard to find so young and inexperienced a girl better qualified to amuse and control them than I am. But my ill health is my excuse. Will you be satisfied with a fruit dinner?"

Mrs. Beresford and Ronald declared that on such a day nothing but fruit was eatable, and then the two ladies retired for a siesta, while Ronald sauntered through the grove, and finally stretched himself beneath a tree, and gazed languidly at the clouds, or across the river to the bluffs which formed the opposite bank. While thus occupied, he beheld a nondescript and picturesque figure, engaged in gathering raspberries in the fruit garden at some distance from him. It was partly hidden, and he could not tell whether it was a young lad, or a young lady. What looked like a brown linen blouse and straw-hat would have assured him of the former, had he not imagined he saw dark curls, parted in the middle, and turned up a la Jenny Lind. There was also a gentleness and gracefulness of movement not very boyish. He

continued to watch the person working in the sun, with sleepy interest.

After seeing a well-filled basket deposited in the shade, he for a time lost sight of the object of his lazy contemplation, but it soon emerged from a cherry-tree with another overflowing basket.

Ronald now lost much of his interest, for his curiosity was gratified. He felt sure it was one of the boys. Even Josephine did not climb trees, he supposed. By-the-way, it was well he had escaped being obliged to talk to her, and make himself agreeable, or he might, on this sultry morn, have been engaged in a hot discussion of that intolerable bore, the women's rights questions, instead of—here he yawned, and dreamed the rest of his self-congratulations.

He was woken from a deep, long sleep by hearing his name pronounced, and he beheld his pretty lady of the church, looking down upon him, smiling, and telling him that his aunt and dinner awaited him. He sprang lightly to his feet, and resuming his coat, which had been his pillow, he accompanied Josephine, for she it was, of course, to the house.

It did not occur to him, that this was the strong-minded person he dreaded, and eager to commence acquaintance with one he had seen so flatteringly received by old and young, he mentioned having seen her in the church.

"Yes," she answered, "last Sunday I was so fortunate as to be able to go; and it was charming, after the service, to find myself in the midst of so many friends again, after being so lonely here. To be sure we have visitors nearly every day in summer, but that is not like 'mingling in the throng of busy spirits.'"

Ronald found no difficulty in maintaining a lively conversation, for he was amused by accounts of their mode of life on the island, and Josephine was not at all uncommunicative. She told him how they had often been left on the island alone—two women, thank heaven, not *helpless* women, with the children, and farm animals to take care of. Their servants felt themselves the more lonely because the city was so near, yet so difficult of approach, and both had now again become discontented and gone off. The farmer, and his wife, had gone to an agricultural fair, with some samples of fruit, and would not be back for a few days.

Ronald expressed his commiseration for such a state of affairs, but Josephine answered, laughing,

"Oh, this is peace—this is pleasure, compared with the misery of having to defend ourselves from the insolence of some servants we have

had, and of bearing with the incompetency of others."

"I hope your farmer is a competent and respectful person, for he appears to be your most important functionary."

"Yes, this one is a treasure. But the last—we had a fearful time with him."

"How so?"

"He used to be intoxicated half the time, and mother feared him so much she did not dare to tell him to go. At last, I ordered him away, as stoutly as I could, but he would not go, and became every day more insolent. One day, when he was saying something impertinent to mother, and entirely forgetting himself, I be-thought myself of father's pistols. The moment I came to the fray armed with these he ran to the boat and never came back."

She stood still as she recounted this exploit, with one foot advanced, and hand extended, as if holding a pistol, and for one instant resumed the look of determination she doubtless wore at that time. Ronald recoiled, in amazement, from this phase of her beauty, for nobly beautiful she would have been then if painted as an Amazon; but when, letting her hand drop, and breaking into an arch smile, she said, "And they were not loaded," he was ready to join in her laugh, and to think admiringly of the young girl for her presence of mind. It was sometime before he spoke again to say,

"But how can you stay here in the midst of such troubles—yes, even dangers."

"We learn to take care of ourselves, and to depend upon ourselves—but how glad we shall all be when father is at home again."

"You have brothers, I hope," Ronald said. "Yes, I remember, I saw one of them gathering cherries."

She answered demurely,

"No, I have no brother."

"Indeed! well, I saw—it was then——"

"It was myself, in my brown holland working dress, a thing absolutely indispensable here. This thin, white muslin would hardly bear contact with raspberry vines, and cherry boughs, neither would its length allow of such activity as I am called upon to exercise."

"And you were gathering fruit for us in the noonday sun!"

"Your aunt loves nothing so well as cherries, and I preferred gathering fruit to chopping wood to make a fire, killing chickens, and cooking them over it, peeling potatoes, pumping water to boil them in, &c. You see I chose the easiest work, at your expense, perhaps."

Ronald did not think so, when he saw the

dinner-table spread in the shady porch presenting its tempting array. In the centre of the snowy damask was a glass fruit-dish heaped with apricots, whose delicious perfume filled the air. There were similar dishes through which currants, raspberries, and cherries shone red, glass pitchers filled with thickest, yellowest cream, plates of delicately cut sandwiches, and a silver filagre basket of sponge-cake. Biscuit, fresh butter, and ice-water only remains to be mentioned, and the dinner is before you. Never was there a more contented dinner party. The house being set down in a wood, and built of stone, seemed to banish the sultriness of the air, and cool fragrance took its place. The afternoon passed in pleasant chat over the fruit, and Ronald thought he had never before fallen in with such delightful people.

Toward evening, Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Lacy, and Ronald walked to the sandy river-bank, where, seated beneath the arbor, they watched the sunset on the water, and the evening clouds stealing up in bright, voluminous pinnacles. It was not until those clouds began to assume a dark and lowering aspect, that Mrs. Beresford bethought herself of the necessity of going home. But Mrs. Lacy would not listen to such a proposition for a moment, and when Josephine summoned them to tea, it was decided that they should remain for at least one day more—a decision much to Ronald's satisfaction.

The expected storm passed over, and the clouds scattered before a brisk, cool wind, which soon again lulled, and left the warm summer mists to steal up and veil the bright moon. It was a night for sitting silent to enjoy the damp, cool fragrance of the woods, and listen to the mirth of the insects.

I must expressly state here that I do not allude to the "bragging" of mosquitoes. Their "day" does not come so early in the season, and exemption from their annoyance was one of the most highly appreciated pleasures of this loveliest of evenings—at least by the Lacys', who being greatly tormented, knew the pleasure of relief.

The evening passed in relating anecdotes of western and northern life, in reminiscences of the old friends, and in singing. Ronald was charmed to find that he could sing several duetts with Josephine, and as there are few pleasures to be compared to being thus in beautiful harmony with another, the time sped on joyous wings for him—perhaps for them both.

Of course, this was too pleasant to last long. Mrs. Beresford, quite fatigued by the unusual exertions of the day, retired early; Ronald, of

course, followed her example, that he might not detain Mrs. Lacy and Josephine. He sat by his window, (for after his long day-sleep, and evening of excitement, he could not think of slumber) until the noisy insects sank into the hush of midnight, and then until they awoke again at dawn, not thinking, but dreaming, true mid-summer night's dreams of some fairy-like existence—all bliss.

Ronald had not often been up and abroad in the country early enough to hear the first joyous burst of song from the awakening birds, so that this morning, from the time, in the purple dawn, when the first little chirping-bird began its prolonged twitter, until the air fairly rang with the jubilee at sunrise, he listened in delighted silence. The first ray darting across the river seeming to bring with it a stir of cool air, loaded with clover perfume, the slight shade of mistiness on the bluffs, and the sparkle of the bedewed forest leaves, were novel charms to him. With a swelling, greedy heart, he leaned out to take it all in at once, to get as much as possible of it, and by so doing, he saw Josephine in the garden below gathering radishes with an intentness that displeased him.

"Good morning, Miss Josephine. Don't you ever stop working to admire all this beauty? It seems to me a new, strange, and enchanting revelation."

"Perhaps not so new to me as to you," Josephine answered, looking up brightly. "But I give a glance around now and then, when I have time."

"Prosaic, after all!" thought Ronald, "but at any rate natural, and not sentimental."

In a few moments he was by her side, saying, "I have not closed my eyes to-night, but have for once been sincerely nature's worshipper. I am in love with her solemn, veiled beauties. Last night was like a fairy dream to me."

"It was mid-summer's night; Shakspeare and Mendelsohn have consecrated it to fairies."

"And this bright garden continues the delusion with you for enchanted princess."

"Oh, no. Please just now to consider me in quite a different light—that of the steward of a large family in the predicament of having nothing to give it to eat. We have no bread for breakfast, and children are such unreasonable creatures as to want to eat even on such a morning as this. The enchanted princess also feels decidedly hungry, and can't help herself without your aid."

"I shall be delighted to be of any service."

He received directions how to find the boat, row across the river, catch the pony, at pasture

on the bluffs, and go to the village baker's. He hastened through the garden, and plunged blithely into the woods. Josephine looked after him, as if she also longed to spring and bound in the buoyant morning air, but almost instantly the expression changed to one of alarm, as she heard a sudden exclamation, and then an attack upon something with stones.

Hastening to the spot, she found that Ronald had been bitten by a copper-head, a snake by some considered more deadly than a rattle-snake, and more treacherous, since it gives no warning. He had killed the reptile, and though his foot pained him acutely, was examining his foe, quite unaware of his danger, having never heard of such a creature.

Josephine's pale face first apprized him of his peril.

"Is it so poisonous?" he said.

"Take off your boot instantly," she replied; "or no—stand perfectly still—do not make the slightest movement you can help—don't draw a deep breath to send the blood faster through your veins. Support yourself by the tree while I take your boot off, and give me your handkerchief."

Ronald would not suffer her to remove his boot, but he saw that his refusal caused her so much alarm, that he kept as still as possible while she tied his handkerchief as tightly as she had strength to draw it, above his ankle.

Running hastily to the house, she summoned her mother, who brought some table salt for him to take.

"Now," said Josephine, firmly, "you must let me suck out the poison."

Ronald indignantly refused.

"Will you lose your life for a foolish scruple?"

"You shall not do it," Ronald replied.

"I run no risk, the poison is harmless in the mouth."

"I cannot think of permitting it," he still answered, and Josephine anxious not to excite him by entreaty, then said,

"There is a very painful alternative which gives a chance of relief, but to apply it, you must walk to the house, and I am afraid that will send the poison through your whole system."

"No blood will get into or out of the limb, your bandage is almost amputating," Ronald answered, with a smile.

He walked to the house, and was by Josephine's directions—for her mother was almost senseless from fright, and Mrs. Beresford not yet awake—seated in a cool place, while with hot irons held near to the wound, she extracted the poison.

It was indeed a most excruciatingly painful

remedy, but Josephine pursued it with energy, and for a long time Ronald bore it heroically. The pain from the poison and the hot irons at last urged from him the exclamation, between his clenched teeth,

"Will not that do?"

She looked up at his countenance, as she kneeled by him, and shook her head firmly, when she saw there the effects of the poison. She continued to anoint with oil, and hold the scorching iron near the wound, while the perspiration rolled down her patient's ashy face, and his form trembled with agony. Again he gave way to a smothered exclamation, and the words,

"Be merciful, good Miss Josephine!"

"Be a man," she said, with stern command, though more as if saying, "Be a woman" to herself, for the pain it gave her to persist was evident in her pale, compressed lips, that smothered down every weak, womanly longing to yield. She did not lessen her efforts until she looked up with anxious care and saw that Ronald was fainting.

Telling her mother to give him a few drops of brandy, and leaving directions for his further treatment, she hastily set out to procure a physician.

When Ronald revived he felt much better. The sense of fullness, almost to bursting, had left his head, and he was well enough to look around for his energetic nurse.

"There she is," said her mother, guessing his thoughts, "you can see her on the opposite shore. She has gone for the doctor."

Ronald languidly watched her as she pulled the boat up on the sand in desperate haste, and then climbed the bluff. He saw her approach a shaggy little pony, with persuasively extended hand and cautious slowness. The animal suffered itself to be caught and bridled. In a moment she was seated upon his back, galloping, regardless of having no saddle, at furious speed toward the village, which was about two miles distant. Ronald could see her but for one short minute, and as soon as she was out of sight he began to feel a thousand fears for her safety.

He was somewhat reassured by her mother's unconcern, and he made an effort to ask if she was safe.

"Yes, Josie, poor child, has had to learn strange things for a girl. She has to be both son and husband to me."

It was not long before the boat was descried crossing the river with two persons in it, and when the doctor arrived, he declared Ronald out

of danger, saying, proudly, that his "brave little disciple" had saved a life that morning. He looked about for her he was praising, but his brave little disciple was having a good cry in her own room, and tormenting herself with the doubt that she had given one shade more pain than was necessary.

It was some weeks before Ronald left the island, for he took advantage of every pretext to linger. In a letter to his sister, he wrote as follows:

"You remember my ideal of a wife? Well, I

have found the embodiment of it, and if she will only listen to me, I shall be more happy than I ever dared hope. I must confess, though, that she rides horses bare-back, climbs trees, rows a boat, and handles pistols—all trifles either done or let alone—for she is truly a sweet, delicate, gentle, noble-minded, common sense woman."

"Oh," said his sister, "Ronald has gone and proposed to a horrible, strong-minded woman after all, and I am likely to have her for a sister-in-law!"

THE BRIGHT HOURS ARE HASTING.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The bright, bright hours are hasting,
Are hasting fast away;
And Summer's bloom is wasting,
Is wasting every day.

The sweet, sweet flowers have perished,
Have perished from our sight;
As those our love has cherished
Are lost in Death's dark night.

The gay, gay birds are winging
Their flight to other lands;
No more with music ringing,
The grove all voiceless stands.

The wild, wild winds are sighing
With plaintive tones along,
The lonely streams replying
Gives forth a mournful song.

The dark, dark clouds are sweeping
With dusky wings the sky,
Their broad, dim shadows creeping
With noiseless footsteps by.

Oh! sad, sad art thou, Autumn!
Thou tellet of decay,
And Nature's glowing beauties
All pass with thee away.

Yet I love, love well this season,
With fading glories crowned,
For the pensive beauty breathing
From everything around.

And its skies, its skies are dearer
Though half arrayed in gloom,
Than e'er when softer, clearer,
They bend o'er Summer's bloom.

LOVE-LINES.

BY EMMA HOWELL.

Mr life's so strangely linked with thine,
So sweetly linked, I'll ne'er repine,
Thy woman's strength has doubled mine;
My weakness stands
All panoplied to bear or fight
By thy dear hands.

Yes! life is brighter, happier far
To spirits joined as we two are;
And one more lovely than the star
By poets blessed,
Ere the last lingering twilight ray
Fades from the West.

Oh, happy hour when lovers meet!
And I, low bending at thy feet,
Entwine within my arms complete

Earth's choicest treasure,
And quaff rich draughts of happiness,
In amplest measure.

Aye, come what will, I'll not despair,
For every grief with thee I'll share,
And gentle words will banish care.
Heaven help us twain!
And give us patient hearts to bear
Life's keenest pain.

Beloved! pressing cheek to cheek,
I deem all other language weak,
Our deepest thoughts we may not speak:
Thou knowest right well
My heart's full meaning—I'll not break
The silent spell.

THE POETRY OF MRS. BROWNING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE first of English female poets, living or dead, is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her handling of the language is masterly. Her imagination is pure and high. Her descriptions paint the scene so vividly that the reader actually seems to behold it. The affluence of her learning is such, that the most ordinary objects become transfigured by it, as in the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. Her skill as an artist is wonderful. Nor is she deficient in the more obvious qualities of the poet. Her perception of melody, though less fine than that of Tennyson, is unusually delicate. When the occasion demands it, she can melt with tenderness, glow with indignation, or prostrate herself in the fervor of religious adoration. She is eminently thoughtful. So masculine, indeed, is she in this particular, that some critics have considered her cold and statuesque. But it is the coldness, if coldness there is, of colossal strength. What Michael Angelo was among painters, that she is among the female poets. In proportion to the intellectual development of the reader, will be his or her pleasure in the perusal of Mrs. Browning. Praise like this may seem exaggerated to some. But a few of her best poems will show that we are justified in our commendation.

We open the volume at "Cowper's Grave." In this poem there is a depth of feeling, as profound as in the most passionate of Byron's. Yet, even in its heart-wrung tones, good taste is never offended, as is too often the case with the latter. She never sinks into bombast, all is real emotion. As a masterly exposition of Cowper's peculiar kind of insanity, the poem has a psychological value apart from its other merits. It offers as clear an elucidation of his condition as any, or all of the essays which have been multiplied upon the subject. It brings up before us the actual Cowper, tossing on his fevered bed in the harrowing visions of insanity, or haunted by the terror of coming madness, from which he seeks in vain to flee. The poem has the melancholy cadence of wind among the pines, in a hill-side grave-yard, as the winter night shuts in.

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

Oh, poets! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless singing!
Oh, Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
Oh, men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken hearted;

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,
With meekness, that is gratefulness to God whose Heaven had won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud, to His own love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number;
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tender-nesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving.

But while, in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, though phrenzy desolated—
Nor man, nor Nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses

And drops upon his burning brow, the coolness of
her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother!
where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and looks could come from
any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her
bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied
love she bore him!—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream, his life's long
fever gave him,
Beneath these deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in
death, to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus*! no type of earth could image
that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs,
round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body
parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew "My Saviour!
not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in
darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was mani-
fested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the
atoning drops averted,
What tears have washed them from the soul, that
one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence
rather:
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous
Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry, his universe
hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am for-
saken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost crea-
tion,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of
desolation;
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should
mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture,
in a vision!"

We pass next to "The Cry of the Children."
This grand poem, which alternates from the blast
of a trumpet to the hopeless cry of despair, has
the factory and mining children of England for
its theme. It is a passionate protest against the
Mammon-worship of the age, or rather the sys-
tematic cruelties to which that worship leads.
There is the instinct of true art, in Mrs. Brown-
ing's contrast between a spring morning in the
fields, and the same morning as it appears to
the weary children, imprisoned within the dron-
ing, stifling factory. We quote these portions.

"Do ye hear the children weeping, oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers—

And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows:
The young birds are chirping in the nest;

The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the West—
But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

* * * * *
'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and
reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the
wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'Oh, ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)—
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

The conclusion is mournful as the moan of
the sea, on a starless night, when the tempest
begins to mutter. It is interpenetrated also
by a deep philosophy. Parts of it seem to be
actually written with blood, wrung from the an-
guished hearts of children.

"And well may the children weep before you;
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the pain—
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievably
No dear remembrance keep—
Are orphans of the earthly love and Heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!
They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes meant for Deity;
'How long,' they say, 'how long, oh, cruel Nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's
heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, oh, our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!'"

Those who deny to Mrs. Browning the "pathos
of tears," who say she is cold and intellectual,
should read her poem, "A Child Asleep." It is
not, we know, as intensely emotional as Mrs.
Norton's address to the children from whom she
had been parted. But that too sad poem is

full of the aroma of a broken heart; a heart, which has been trodden upon, and crushed, and whose agony rises up to make the verse immortal; and God forbid that any other woman, from now to the end of Time, should become a poet by such a living martyrdom! Mrs. Browning's "A Child Asleep," does not rise to such a climax of agony. The subject, indeed, forbids it. Its sadness is more suggestive than real. Even when its allusions are of death, they come to us, like a sunset landscape in November, brimming through golden mist. We do not see the grave, we do not think of the confined face, but instead we hear angels in the air, and see, far off, celestial visions.

"How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures, to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled
The day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking:
Throw them earthward where they grow:
Dim are such beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto—
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever
do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
From the palms they sprang beneath
Now perhaps divinely holden,
Swing against him in a wreath—
We may think so from the quickening of his bloom
and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on:
Fair, oh, dreamer, thee befalleth
With the glory thou hast won!
Darker wert thou in the garden, yesternorn, by
Summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing?—Stars that seem the mutest, go in music
all the way.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapor—
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its
repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
With their diadems of youth
On the ringlets which half screen thee
While thou smilest—not in sooth
Thy smile—but the overfair one, dropt from some
ethereal mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,
During slumber, shade by shade
To fine down this childish beauty,
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb
shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth dead and dumb—
Now he hears the angels' voices

Folding silence in the room—
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-
words as they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes:
Lifted up and separated
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching—held in cloistral
sanctities.

Could ye bless him—father—mother?
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess
yourselves too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful—
Ye are troubled—he, at ease:
From his slumber, virtue winful
Floweth outward with increase—
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace—
and go in peace."

"The Cry of the Human" is pervaded with a deep religious philosophy. We owe this noble strain to the Christian as much as to the woman or the poet. The very spirit of the gospels breathes in its every line. Never before, out of Holy Writ, has the lesson been more forcibly told, that, while in prosperity we forget our Maker, in adversity we fly to him. Alas! that it should be so true, that the lips which cry, "God be pitiful," rarely say, "God be praised." But to the poem.

"'There is no God,' the foolish saith—
But none, 'There is no sorrow';
And Nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human:
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest—honor—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The plague runs festering through the town—
And never a bell is tolling;
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling:
The young child calleth for the cup—
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away in sleeping.
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The plague of gold strikes far and near—
And deep and strong it enters :
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, oh, God !

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses !
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing :
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, oh, God !

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the wine-cup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us !
We name delight, and pledge it round—
'It shall be ours to-morrow !'
God's seraphs ! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow ?
Be pitiful, oh, God !

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us :
We look into each other's eyes—
'And how long will you love us ?'
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless—
'Till death us part !'—oh, words to be
Our best for love the deathless !
Be pitiful, dear God !

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger hearted !'
Oh, God—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely !—
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only !
Be pitiful, oh, God !

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces :
They ask us—was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places ?
We cannot speak :—we see anew
The hills we used to live in ;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, oh, God !

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy !
The corpse is calm below our knee—
Its spirit, bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or glory !
Be pitiful, oh, God !

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions ;
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave ? The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors ;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, oh, God !

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding :
The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the church-yard grass,
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, oh, God !

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, 'He is dying :'
We cry no more, 'Be pitiful !'
We have no strength for crying :
No strength, no need ! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo ! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father—
BE PITIFUL, OH, GOD !"

We have alluded to the descriptive power of Mrs. Browning. In one of her longer poems, the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," there is a scene, in which a horse and rider leaps from a castle wall ; and so graphically is it delineated, that we hear the very snorting of the steed, and see his affrighted, blood-shot eye, as he is spurred to his death. The story of the poem is this. The Duchess May, a heroine of old feudal times, is sought by her guardian's son, but loves another, with whom she finally elopes. The rejected suitor, with the grim baron, his father, gives pursuit, but being too late to prevent the marriage, sits down to beleaguer the successful rival in his castle. Cooped up, week after week, in the narrow walls, the garrison at last begins to suffer from famine. Moved by the sight of innocent women and babes, the wives and children of his retainers, dying before his eyes, the husband resolves to sacrifice himself, in order to save their lives : and accordingly directs the steed, on which he had borne off the Duchess May, to be led up to the highest tower, intending to leap, with him, down below. The young wife, praying in her closet, hears the noise of the hoofs, and going out, learns, from the unwilling groom, her lord's intention. The tale is rehearsed, while a chapel bell is tolling, and the "toll slowly," coming in between the narrator's words, fore-shadows, from the first, the tragedy.

"Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair
coiled on the floor—
And tear after tear you heard, fall distinct as any
word

Which you might be listening for.

'Get thee in, thou soft ladie !—here is never a place
for thee !

Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty
in its moan

May find grace with Leigh of Leigh.'

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady
face—

Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering,
seems to look

Right against the thunder-place."

And she does not go in. She takes the rein herself, and leads the horse up the stair, the sagacious steed following, "meek as a hound." Attaining the battlement, her husband, who suspects her purpose, beseeches her to return; but she will not. Meekly, she says, she has done all his biddings; but this she cannot. If he dies, she will die. He leaps into "the selle," or saddle, to escape from her; but she clings to his knee. She had ridden with him, she declares, as a happy, triumphant bride, when he came through the castle gate; and she will ride with him now, when he leaps from the castle wall. The crisis of the siege arrives, while he is still pleading; and she still refusing, with the heroic abnegation of a true woman.

"Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her suing— *Toll slowly.*
With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in—

Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands closed again— *Toll slowly.*

Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his track,
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foeman pour through the crash of window and door— *Toll slowly.*

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of 'kill!' and 'dee!'

Strike up clear the general roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain—but they closed and clung again— *Toll slowly.*

Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood,
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute—with her shuddering lips half-shut— *Toll slowly.*

Her head fallen as in a wound—hair and knee swept on the ground—

She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed, back-thrown on the slippery coping stone— *Toll slowly.*

Back the iron hoofs did grind, on the battlement behind,

Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode, *Toll slowly.*

'Friends, and brothers! save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in change for life— *Toll slowly.*

But I ride alone to God!'

Straight as if the Holy name did upbreathe her as a flame— *Toll slowly.*

She upsprang, she rose upright!—in his selle she sat in sight;

By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest— *Toll slowly.*

'Ring,' she cried, 'oh, vesper-bell, in the beech-wood's old chapelle!

But the passing bell rings best.'

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose—in vain— *Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge, rears amain.

And he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle in— *Toll slowly.*

And he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall off;

And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe, from his staring eyes did go— *Toll slowly.*

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony Of the headlong death below—

And, 'Ring, ring—thou passing-bell,' still she cried, 'i' the old chapelle!' *Toll slowly.*

Then back toppling, crashing back—a dead weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and riders overfell!"

Keats' "Ode To A Grecian Urn" has more of the true antique feeling, than any other, perhaps, in the English language. If there is a poem that rivals it, it is "The Dead Pan" of Mrs. Browning. This poem is founded on a tradition, mentioned in Plutarch, that, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of "Great Pan is Dead," swept across the waters in hearing of certain mariners, and simultaneously the Pagan oracles ceased, and were dumb forever after, while all their divinities perished. In a strain of high-wrought eloquence, mingled with irony, the poet invokes the gods of Greece; and such a gallery of classic portraits is to be found nowhere else in English verse. What grand scorn in the description of Jupiter's Eagle, old and blind and desolate, and shivering in the cold! What sensuous beauty in proud Juno on her golden bed! What a picture is that of the dead Venus, lying with the dead Loves huddled about her, "frore as taken in a snow-storm!" We have not space for the entire poem, but quote its opening stanzas.

"Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,

Can ye listen in your silence?

Can your mystic voices tell us

Where ye hide? In floating islands

With a wind that evermore

Keeps you out of sight of shore?

Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken,

In old Ethiopia?

Have the Pygmies made you drunken,

Bathing in mandragora,

Your divine pale lips that shiver,

Like the lotus in the river?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,

In gigantic Alpine rows?

The black poppies out of number

Nodding, dripping from your brows

To the red lees of your wine—

And so kept alive and fine?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Or ile crushed your stagnant corses,

Where the silver spheres roll on,

Stung to life by centric forces
 Thrown like rays out from the sun?—
 While the smoke of your old altars
 Is the shroud that round you welters?
 Great Pan is dead.

* * * * *

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,
 Whence the thunder did prevail;
 While in idiocy of godhead,
 Thou art staring the stars pale!
 And thine eagle, blind and old,
 Roughs his feathers in the cold.
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, oh, Juno, is the glory
 Of thy regal look and tread!
 Will they lay, for evermore, thee,
 On thy dim, straight golden bed?
 Will thy queendom all lie hid
 Meekly under either lid?
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
 Hair, all mist-like where he stands;
 While the Muses hang enfolding
 Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
 'Neath the clanging of thy bow,
 Niobe looked lost as thou!
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,
 Pallas' broad blue eyes, eclipse—
 And no hero take inspiring
 From the God-Greek of her lips?
 'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
 Mars the mighty, cursing it?
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
 He swoons—bound with his own vines!
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,
 Head aside, among the pines,
 While they murmur dreamingly—

'Evohe—ah—evohe—!"
 Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
 Dull and senseless as a stone:
 And old Pluto deaf and silent
 Is cast out into the sun.
 Ceres smileth stern thereat—
 'We all now are desolate—'
 Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
 As thy native foam, thou art,
 With the cestus long done heaving
 On the white calm of thy heart!
 Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
 Not a tear runs down her cheek—
 Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from
 One another—huddled lie,
 Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
 Close beside her tenderly—
 As if each had weakly tried
 Once to kiss her as he died.
 Pan, Pan is dead."

Mrs. Browning is not without faults. The metres she sometimes uses are so artificial that the reader's attention is distracted from the thought. Her rhymes are frequently so far-fetched as to produce a similar result. She sometimes forgets the poet in the dialectician. She is, perhaps, too uniformly sad. But, nevertheless, her superiority cannot be disputed over other female poets in the language. Her "Cas Guidi Windows," alone, would render her immortal. We regret that our space does not allow us, at present, to consider that grand poem. But it deserves a paper by itself.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

How beautiful the forest trees
 Expand their branches high,
 With rich and varied verdure clothed,
 Beneath fair Summer's sky.
 The sturdy oak, the king of trees—
 The elm renowned for grace,
 With weeping willows softly shade
 The Indian's burial place.

The locust and the sweet hawthorn
 Their fragrance breathe around,
 The honeysuckle with the vine
 Trail low upon the ground;
 The fox-glove and the bright blue-bell,
 The rose and lily fair,
 Expand their petals to the sun,
 And bloom to perish there.

How pleasant are the hours we pass
 Beneath the grateful shade,
 Where daisies and cool violets
 Bloom sweet within the glade.
 For Nature in each varied form
 Is beautiful and free,
 And golden lessons may be learned
 From stream, and flower, and tree.

Fair morn, with all its wealth of light
 Soft streaming o'er the world,
 Or sunset, with its changing skies
 Of purple and of gold,
 Or mid-day, when the flocks retire
 To streams and shady fields,
 To Nature's fondest votary
 A sense of rapture yields.

THE MAIDEN'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

THE evening was one of the loveliest of mid-summer. Softly the silvery moonbeams lighted up each object, and the light breeze that had sprung up at sunset was all the more welcome from the sultry heat of the day just closed.

Mrs. Danville sat at her parlor window looking occasionally out upon the now silent street, or turning a glance of maternal love and pride upon the fair boy by her side, who at her request was repeating an evening hymn in the soft, artless accents of childhood. The balmy beauty of the hour seemed to bring holy thoughts to both mother and child, and after the hymn was ended they conversed as a pious mother and a thoughtful child will, of heavenly things.

There was another occupant of the room, a gentleman named Sidney Campbell, the lover of Mrs. Danville's only sister, for whom he was now waiting, that they might enjoy an evening walk together. He had been sitting at the other window, and his presence seemed forgotten by Mrs. Danville, whom, however, he was attentively observing. At length, as mother and child relapsed into thoughtful silence, he rose and approaching them, stood regarding the child in silence, as with his sunny head upturned he gazed yearningly on the starry sky, with that strange intensity of expression seen only in rarely gifted children.

"Is it well, think you, my dear madam," said Mr. Campbell, at last, "is it well to imprint those ideas on the impressible mind of childhood? Why not rather allow him to grow up in the merry thoughtlessness of his age, than shadow his bright spirit by dwelling on such themes?"

"The shadow will not rest upon it long," was the mild reply, "it will pass away, but not with it, I trust, the thought that caused it. 'Tis because childhood is, as you say, so impressible, that I strive to imprint on my boy's heart and mind thoughts, which, though scarcely comprehended now, may return to him in after years, when perhaps I shall have passed from earth, and strengthen him against temptation. God alone knows what path my Alfred may have to tread, but 'tis my duty to prepare him from his earliest years as well as I can, to tread it so that he may reach the heavenly goal at last."

"And this you think to do by filling his mind with vague speculations, for which there will be time enough by-and-bye, if he choose thus to waste it on such objects. 'Tis a pity to weaken thus the judgment of a precious child."

He spoke seemingly more to himself than to his companion, who looked up at him quickly with marked surprise on her mild face.

"I am at a loss how to understand your words, Mr. Campbell," she said, gravely. "You are not, surely, an Infidel or Atheist—yet your language would seem to indicate as much."

He did not reply for a moment, till perceiving that she still kept her eyes upon him with anxious interest, he slowly replied,

"I am not an Infidel. I believe in a *Creator*, for it is absurd to suppose that the world was the work of *chance*. But what you call revealed religion I regard as a fable; I never could believe in its puerile mysteries."

Mrs. Danville's countenance fell, and her voice was sad when she again spoke.

"A while ago you asked me if I had any objection to your winning my sister's love, I said 'no,' not thinking of this obstacle."

He interrupted her hastily. "Surely you would not now object to me because I am not a religious man?"

"I must, and so I think Ella will."

"Not if she loves me as I hope she does—Ella is no bigot."

A slight sigh startled both, and looking up they beheld the object of their remarks standing close by.

"Why, Ella, when did you come into the room? I never heard you," was her sister's astonished exclamation.

"I came while you were speaking of Alfred. You were both so interested that I did not like to interrupt your conversation."

"That reminds me that 'tis near Alfred's time for retiring," said Mrs. Danville, and in another moment Sidney and Ella were alone.

"You have changed your intention of taking a walk, I perceive," he said, observing that she was laying aside her bonnet.

"I shall remain at home this evening," was the reply.

Sidney left the window, and drew her to the

sofa, where, after sitting a few moments in silent embarrassment, he began,

"You have heard my conversation with your sister, Ella—then you have learned that I had her permission to declare in words the love which you must long have been convinced was yours. I have fondly dreamed that you could return the love that has been cherished in my heart from our first meeting. Can you, Ella?"

She was silent for a moment, then in a sad tone murmured, "*I could have done so—but not now.*"

"Oh, Ella, loved one, say not so! Do not crush the happy dreams, the sweet hopes I have been indulging. Let not my want of religion estrange us, Ella, I will respect your principles—never, never will I interfere in your pious duties."

"Sidney—Mr. Campbell, say no more; do not tempt me thus. Let this interview, painful to us both, and—I can never be yours."

Ella rose as she spoke. Her voice was low and tremulous, and the bright moon that shone in through the window, revealed her face pale and bedewed with tears; but it revealed also the deep, earnest expression of her dark eyes that attested the sincerity of her words. The lover's hopes fell as he met that glance, yet taking her hand in his he plead fervently, passionately that she would recall her cruel words; but in vain.

"We must part, now and forever. Farewell," was all she could trust herself to say, and withdrawing her hand glided from the room.

"My poor sister!" murmured Mrs. Danville, as Ella, reaching her apartment, threw herself sobbing into her outstretched arms; and her own tears fell with those of the stricken girl on whom she gazed tenderly. She had observed with pleasure the growing attachment of her young sister for one she deemed every way worthy of her. Day after day that attachment had been strengthening: now with her own hand must she crush down the fond hopes of her heart, that heart so gentle, so tender, so unfit to wrestle with its long-cherished feelings at the stern command of duty.

"You have, then, rejected Mr. Campbell, Ella?" inquired her sister, when Ella's emotion had almost exhausted itself in weeping.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, as the tears again began to flow.

"Don't you think you have been too hasty, love, that you will regret this decision? I almost wish you had taken time for calm consideration. He is so noble, generous and high principled, I am sure he would make a devoted husband."

Ella made no answer; she was weeping silently now.

"This want of religion is, I do believe, the only defect he has."

Mrs. Danville continued. "And you might overcome that, Ella; you know the unbelieving husband is——"

"Oh, sister, sister, do not you turn tempter!" interrupted Ella, hastily. "Do not echo the sophistries of my own too weak heart. God will give me strength to bear this trial—to make sacrifice He requires."

And Ella fled from her sister, and sought refuge in her own chamber, there with prayers and tears to implore the strength she sorely needed. Not in human sympathy, however dear and precious it may be, is the balm that can heal a wound like hers. He who alone knows the depth, the intensity of affection which the young, guileless heart is capable of feeling, He alone can heal its wounds when desolate, crushed and bleeding it seeks His promised aid. Consolation came to Ella as she poured out her meek, trusting soul in supplication, and with it came also strength to complete her sacrifice.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Danville received a visit from the rejected lover. He came to implore her mediation. He told her that only for his unbelief Ella would be his, and he appealed to her sisterly sympathy to lead Ella to look less seriously on this objection, to which her young, enthusiastic spirit gave too much weight, prompting her to sacrifice at once his happiness and her own. Mrs. Danville, though looking on the "objection" in much the same light as Ella, yet remembering her drooping form and tearful face as she had appeared that morning at breakfast, almost wished that Sidney might succeed in his suit; and seeking her young sister, she urged her to go down to the parlor where he was waiting to see her once more—only once. Ella raised her calm eyes with a look of gentle reproach.

"You wish me to go down, Catharine, that he may try yet again to shake my resolution. I will not expose myself to the temptation. Tell him we meet no more, but he shall ever have my best wishes for his happiness, my prayers. But alas! he values not prayers."

Mrs. Danville reluctantly delivered the message. Mr. Campbell heard it in silence, then rising thanked her for her kind effort in his behalf, shook her hand warmly and left the house. A few hours after Ella received the following note:

"I am about to leave the place, beloved, and cannot do so without at least penning"

farewell I may not speak. I will make no farther attempt to shake the resolution which gives me irrepressible sorrow. But I think not altogether of my own feelings—it grieves me to reflect that I have caused a blighting shadow to fall on the heart which I had hoped to shield through life from every pang. May peace and happiness return to you my once loved—still loved Ella. Farewell. S. C.”

Ella read the note in tearful silence: then placing it in her sister's hand, with the simple words, “This is the end,” withdrew to struggle in solitude with her heart-grief—to breathe the prayers of a trusting spirit for herself, but far more for him. When she next appeared among the family Mrs. Danville observed her anxiously, and marveled how the young creature so bravely bore up against this sudden blighting of her hopes. The fair face wore a touching expression of past sorrow; the dark eyes drooped oftener beneath their long lashes; the clear, soft voice had a subdued cadence; but she mingled cheerfully in the domestic circle—her hours of happiness were given to her friends—her hours of grief, and many such she knew, were spent in solitude.

Again it was a bright summer evening. Nearly three years had passed since the night that changed Ella Blair's fate. She was sitting alone in the parlor recalling the crying scene of that night, when her sister entered with a letter just arrived. It was from a well known physician of the neighboring town of C—, stating that Sidney Campbell was at his house dying from the effects of an accident received while riding: and that his constant desire was that his friend Mrs. Danville would come to him and bring her sister, if they still lived together. He could scarcely resign himself to die without seeing once more her whose image time and absence had failed to banish. Dr. Powell urged Mrs. Danville to comply with this request immediately, and enclosed a note to Ella penned in trembling characters.

“Come to me, my loved one! My heart is yearning to look on you once more. Ella, your prayers have been heard. I have learned to prize the holy faith to which you sacrificed your life. Come if you wish to give me the only earthly joy I now desire. But whether I see you ever again or not, my last prayer shall be for you. God bless you, my own beloved!”

“Shall we go?” asked Ella, looking up through tears of mingled joy and grief.

“Certainly, Ella. You could not think of denying his last request. Let us hope that

your coming will drive the death-angel from his pillar.”

And Mrs. Danville smiled brightly, for she was a firm believer in “love's miracles,” and fully believed that the sight of Ella would give back health and strength to the dying lover.

But one glance at the sadly changed face of Sidney Campbell, as she was ushered into his chamber, dispelled her pleasing fancies. The physician had impatiently expected them, for his almost unerring skill assured him that this day would be the last his patient would behold on earth. The invalid felt this also, but without regret. Every wish was gratified on beholding Ella once more.

She sat beside his couch, one hand imprisoned in his while he gazed unweariedly on her beautiful countenance, telling her, as his increasing weakness permitted him to speak, how he had been led to embrace the Faith he once had scorned. And her heart was full of gratitude to her heavenly Father as he finished.

“I come, indeed, at the eleventh hour, but I humbly hope to be received by Him whose mercy is above all. He has made you the agent of my salvation, Ella, and I bless you for the refusal which has taught me a holier, better love than I then could know.”

Ella left not the death chamber for the few remaining hours of his life. His last look was directed to her, his last audible words were a blessing on her as she was kneeling in prayer for his parting spirit.

Mrs. Danville's grief was apparently greater than her sister's. It seemed so hard that now that the only obstacle had been removed which had prevented a happy union, death should step in to place a final bar to her hopes of seeing Ella a blooming, joyous bride. She was sure that, bravely as the gentle girl had supported her first trial, she would sink under this new affliction.

But Ella mourned the departed with a gentle, submissive sorrow, which was soothed by the recollection of his happy, Christian death. And once more at home in her sister's house, she went about faithfully fulfilling her varied duties, with a spirit at once chastened and elevated by the reminiscences of the past.

As time passed on, Dr. Powell, who had learned from his patient what had passed between himself and Ella, and had looked on her with admiration, not only of her personal charms, but of her true, womanly nature, became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Danville's, who remembering that her house was twenty miles from C—, came to the sagacious conclusion that all these visits portended something. She was wise enough to

"I have found them at last," he said, taking off his wet overcoat, for it was sleeting violently without. "The mother has seen better days. She was almost distracted, when I entered the low, damp cellar, where there was not a bit of fire. Oh! Fanny, we don't know what suffering there is, till it is brought to our very doors in this way."

Fanny drew him to the fire, and away from the bed, for the child had now fallen into a sweet sleep, which was undisturbed by dreams. "He breathes naturally now," she said. "The doctor was here at ten o'clock, and said that he was out of danger. Tell me all about them."

They shared their tears, Fanny and her husband, as the latter told a story of widowhood, sorrow, and destitution, such, alas! as is furnished only too often by our great cities. When the narrative was done, Fanny was a changed being. For the first time in her life, she had been brought face to face with real suffering; and she made a resolution, which she has since faithfully kept.

The next day, the twenty dollars, which Fanny had designed for the collar, was laid out for the benefit of Mrs. Waters, the mother of the injured child. A neat, warmly furnished room was procured; a stove put up; and the sick lady moved into it. Groceries were placed in the cupboard; coal in the cellar; winter clothing

purchased for the daughter; and the family physician of the Hapgoods despatched to prescribe for the invalid.

Nor did the benevolence of Fanny stop here. When the mother had recovered, which she soon did, now that she had medical attendance and a warm apartment, a little store was stocked for her, so that she might earn her living. By this time, the injured child was well, and had gone home; and a merry household it was on Christmas Eve, when Mrs. Waters opened her shop, and ate her first supper in what seemed to her little ones a palace.

Our readers would be surprised to know how little money it took to do all this. Fanny had often wasted as much, in one season, on unnecessary articles of dress; and there are many who will peruse this tale, who have done the same. Nor is it the last of her charities. Systematically, since then, has she labored to deserve the divine words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did not unto me."

Great and glorious is thy mission, Fanny! The world is calling with her thousand voices, "Come!" But the desolate and the stricken, the widowed and the fatherless, cry to thee also; and verily! thou hast chosen the better part. Would to God, that, in this broad, hard world, more hearts might receive, like thee, the baptism that shall make them whole.

LET ME DIE ON THY BOSOM.

BY SUSIE E. A. STEBBINS.

Let me die on thy bosom,
My dearly loved friend,
Then the cares of this life,
And it troubles shall end;
Let me breathe out my life,
In its innocence there,
'Tis my fond cherished wish,
And my oft-whisper'd prayer.

When the rose-tint of life,
Shall have left my pale cheek,
Let me hear thy sweet voice,
In its kindly tone speak;
Let me feel thine own hand,
On my feverish brow,
Be the same to me then,
As thou art to me now.

When the last hour comes,
And the pulses beat low,
And the star of my life
Fainter grows in its glow;

Let my head on thy bosom
Thus quietly rest,
As I pass from this home,
To the home of the blest.

Let this ring on my finger
Be buried with me,
Tho' this hand shall return
To the dust, let it be;
'Tis the pledge of our heart's
True affection and love,
Like the ring, there's no end
Of affection above.

Let my ashes repose
In some lowly made grave,
Where the low-drooping willow
In sadness shall wave;
Transplant there the flowers
I have cherished for years,
And bedew them, dear friend,
With thy fresh flowing tears.

CHILD-LIKE ALLIE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I was standing by the mirror, training my refractory curls into some appearance of neatness—in part to punish them for having strayed so wantonly over the pillow during my restless slumber. They were beautiful locks—soft, curling, and of a captivating golden hue. The fact that they were just the very setting to relieve an otherwise homely face—and that my brother Fred had declared them to be the very superlative of beauty—I give as an off-set to the charge of egotism, which may already have resolved itself in the reader's mind. And let me tell you, the opinion of such a fine, gallant, good-looking fellow as Fred, was worth a good deal! My thoughts were on him, now, as I stood before the mirror. In fact, it was on that very day, a year ago, that he had sailed from Europe. I was thinking it was time I had another letter from him, when the door opened, and cousin Allie bounded into the room.

"Oh, Kate! what do you think?" cried the pretty girl, as she pirouetted round the room—"a letter from cousin Fred!"

"Oh, Allie, can it be?" I replied, my face reflecting the happiness upon her own—"I had just been thinking of Fred. Come, let us sit down and read it."

We both seated ourselves upon the sofa, and commenced perusing the letter. Allie threw her soft white arm around my neck, while her dark curls mingled in sweet contrast with the lighter ones of mine.

A beautiful girl was Allie. Her dark, liquid eyes, so full of dreamy tenderness, beamed with almost spiritual beauty; and a hasty word or a touching incident would bring the tears to her eyes, the warm blush to her cheeks, and a sweet, imploring expression to her countenance. Seldom were the deep fringes of her eyelids lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed, to mark the beautiful and fitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit. There was a quiet dignity and purity about the gentle girl that repulsed the most presuming. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Her look and manners were peculiarly winning in their tranquil, subdued gentleness; yet when this was occasionally

laid aside for awhile, amid the inexpressible mirth of childish amusement, her laugh had the ringing melody which seems the musical essence of enjoyment.

"Oh! how interesting!" cried the delighted Allie, as we pored over the manuscript—"oh! how I do love your brother Fred!"

I started with agreeable surprise at this remark, and as I gazed up into her sweet, innocent face, and drank in the glory from those dark fascinating orbs that were so rarely unveiled, a thousand sweet emotions came welling up in my soul, and straining the dear, dear girl to my bosom, I covered her lips and cheeks with kisses.

"Dear cousin Allie," I replied, "and Fred loves you in return."

"Oh! Kate, do you think so?" murmured that rich, musical voice, while her eyes flashed with renewed brilliancy. A moment afterward, a dark shadow passed over her fine features, and she added, in a low, mournful tone, "but he may forget me among the beautiful, the wealthy, and the gifted."

"No—no; never, Allie! I cannot bear to hear you talk so sorrowfully, or speak thus of my dear brother Fred. Few are more beautiful than your own sweet self—few wealthier in a loving, trusting disposition—few more talented or gifted. Believe me, Allie," I continued, watching the light that again irradiated her features—"he loves you with all that fervency his generous, throbbing heart is capable of—and even now I feel and *know* that he is longing to see his 'dear Allie' again—the 'little missionary, sunlight,' as he called you when you came to our saddened home, and with the magic power of your gentleness threw the 'sunlight' of happiness every where."

The tears stood in Allie's eyes, and pressing my hand with gratitude, she nestled her head upon my bosom, while I read aloud to her the remainder of the letter—which in fact was a very pretty postscript of some length—and which made Allie's heart beat wildly against her bodice. It ran as follows:

"P. S. My dear sister Kate, you may suppose that I have become by this time considerably

'Frenchified'—and you no doubt imagine that, on my return, I will exclaim, after an attempt to speak good English, '*Ah! machere, c'est inutile; ce vilain Anglais me reste toujours au gosier!*' ('Ah! my dear, it is useless; this ugly English will stick in my throat!')

"Oh, my sister! How I wish I felt once more your soft, white arms around my neck, could hear the sweet murmur of your voice, or have your head, with its wealth of sunny hair, nestling confidingly on my bosom as of old; while I gazed down into the glorious depths of your eyes, growing softer and sweeter, beaming only for me, since we laid a fond, a loving, and a manly heart into the quiet grave!

"Oh! where may that blessed dream be sought, which can fling over the pensive evening of life the sunny brightness of its morning; which nourishes the heart's young warmth through the successive lustres of passing years; feeds the unwasted spirit to its last flesh, and seems extinguishable only by that power which stills the vital throb and quenches the ethereal flame together?

"The echo of the heart answereth, '*Home!*' And I am coming home soon, my dear, dear sister.

"I miss Alice as much as I do your sweet self. How is she? Growing more beautiful and captivating every day, I suppose? Kate, I love Allie fondly, dearly. Oh, often when the quiet shades of evening gather around me, do I involuntarily murmur—

"Allie dear!
Call thou me home! from thee apart
Faintly and low my pulses beat,
As if the life-blood of my heart
Within thy own heart holds its rest,
And flowereth only where thou art!
Oh! call thou me home!"

"But I must draw my letter to a close. If you think Allie has ever more than a kind, cousinly thought for me, read her this postscript. I shall write again by the next steamer. In the meantime, dear Kate, may the richest blessings of God and of your absent brother be with you.

FRED VERNON."

Months passed on. Letter after letter came from Fred, but no further remark or inquiry about Allie. She seemed to be forgotten. Allie tried in vain to bear up against it. I could not soothe her. Her cheeks grew wan, and the light dimmed in her eyes. Often would I place my hand upon them at night and find them swimming in tears.

"I always knew it. I am not worthy of him," she would murmur—"why should he care about

such a poor, simple, unsophisticated girl as I!" And then in her despondency she would wring her hands, and cry as if her heart was breaking.

Oh! how that sweet young girl loved—worshipped—adored! Hers was a love that defied all analysis, a love of the higher and nobler order, a love that would, if unrequited, bear her to the tomb!

In his last letter, Fred wrote of having at last found such a woman as he would desire for his wife. Rich, talented, fascinating. Peerless in her beauty, winsome in her poetical conceptions, glorious in the power of her intellect. This was the crowning blow to the hopes of poor Allie.

Fred came! More beautiful than ever in his manhood, more refined in the cast of his features, more intellectual in the flash of his eye. He clasped me fervently to his heart, pushed me backward and forward, seeming to notice every change in my features that absence had made. Kissing my cheeks, and parting my golden curls from my forehead to press his loving lips there, he cried,

"And where is Allie! my dear little Allie—the missionary, sunlight? I am dying to see her!"

"Dying to see Allie?" I cried, vaguely: "then you love her, Fred?"

"Love her?" he asked, vehemently.

I almost sank to the floor beneath the flash of his brilliant eyes. I felt that Allie was saved!

I led the way up stairs. Allie was lying on the bed, and the dark circles around her eyes betrayed that she had been weeping bitterly. Fred stole up and kissed her half-parted lips. The dear girl dreamily opened her eyes.

"Allie—dear, gentle Allie!" cried my brother, "have you forgotten Fred?—your dear Fred?"

Allie looked up into his eyes. She studied the lines of his deeply expressive face. She watched the finely chiseled lips, wreathing with love and delight. A gleam of trust and assurance lighted up her features for a moment, then throwing her arms wildly around him, she sobbed until I thought her very heart would break.

I put their hands together, with an expressive glance. Oh! what a beautiful couple they seemed to me as I stood off to view them. Fred, with his hair carelessly pushed back from his high intellectual forehead; his features singularly handsome, refined, delicate, yet linked with all the nobleness of manhood! And child-like Allie, the flush sinking and rising to her temples, the pretty lips twitching deliciously, and the long silken lashes sleeping like a shadow on her cheek, ever and anon raised to allow a glimpse

at those glorious orbs that when looked into made one strangely dream of heaven!

Fred's letter about having found one to love was all a *ruse*, to try Allie and myself. Allie and Fred were married. And now a sweet child of eight summers, that loves to call me "Aunty," is carrying on the "Battle of Prague" with deafening effect on the piano; while another, with dimpled chin and laughing eyes, is thrust-

ing its chubby fist into my face, or pulling at my golden curls. Just such a baby as Aldrich sings of:

"Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty babe Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out out of Paradise!"

LINEs,

SUGGESTED UPON VISITING BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

BY MRS. JAMES MATTOON.

HAIL! blest memorial hail!

Which Art and Knowledge claim,
It speaks a Nation's chivalry,
And crowns a Nation's fame.

A record true thou art!

Traced in the ambient air,
To renovate the daring deeds
Of spirit's hovering there.

A Temple dear to Freedom's shrine,
Where fought a patriot band;
The brightest star beneath whose light
New England's sons may stand.

A chronicle, which brings to mind
Those deeds of glory, power,
Which no escutcheon e'er can blot,
E'en in the darkest hour.

Towering it stands a column high
Among the pointed spires;
To speak our warmest gratitude
And kindle pure desires.

May labor cease amid its toil,
A roseate wreath to twine,
To deck this messenger of joy
As Liberty's pure shrine!

We trust that from maternal lips,
E'en infancy may learn
Its noble purpose, and may age
Cling to this cherished urn.

The star of Peace first shed its ray
Beneath this rock-bound dome;
And here the sons of Liberty
First hail'd a happy home.

DECEMBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

ANOTHER year, of hope and fear,
Hath sought that mystic land,
Where days gone by and ages lie,
A mighty, ghostly band!
The days that sleep without the deep
Lone sepulchre of years,
To us now seem more like a dream
Of sunshine and of tears.

On Mem'ry's track we wander back
To view the haunted Past,
And cannot fail to lift the veil
That over it is cast,
As if by chance a single glance
Doth to our minds unfold,
And to us brings a thousand things
Too mournful to be told.

Hopes cherished long a goodly throng,
There crushed and buried lie,
And joys that sped and dreams that fled,
Like rainbows from the sky.
We gaze on those who now repose
Within the arms of death,
And sadly weep o'er sorrows deep,
That pass not like a breath.

Thus on Time's wings a thousand things
We love and cherish here,
Away are borne to that forlorn
Sad sepulchre of years;
And soon must we from earth set free,
Within the cold tomb slumber,
Must go to rest with pulseless breast,
Must join death's silent number.

GEORGY GRANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"THERE'S no use talking about it, Carry—I won't marry my grandfather," said Georgy Grant, the color deepening in her cheeks, as she stooped to gather a bunch of fern leaves and purple asters.

I stopped in my walk, from astonishment. My friend Georgy had heretofore, with her habitual careless indifference, taken her marriage with Matthew Harvey as a matter of course.

"But I thought you liked him, Georgy," said I, apologetically.

"No, I don't," was the curt reply, snatching some scarlet and yellow maple leaves to add to her aster and fern.

An unaccountable gloom settled on my companion's usually bright face. She did not seem disposed to say more, and I was afraid to question.

We walked on some distance in silence, the haze of the gorgeous October afternoon around us; the stillness broken only by a falling chesnut burr, or startled rabbit; the turf beneath our feet, still green and elastic, and the few dropping leaves, circling slowly about us ere they touched the ground with their light footsteps.

"Papa will never consent," at length said Georgy, as if to herself.

"Consent to what?" I inquired; but a new light was beginning to break upon me.

"To my not marrying Mr. Harvey," replied my friend.

"And to your marrying some one else," I said, willing to help her along, and gratify my own curiosity at the same time.

A smile and a blush flitted over Georgy's face, but she only replied,

"I've refused Mr. Harvey twice already since we have been in the country."

"Well?"

"Well, he won't *stay* refused."

Her lips were half parted, as if for further confidence, but she only hummed through them, as she walked on, the air of "Love Not."

"I think Mr. Harvey would make an excellent husband," I said, at last, endeavoring to bring back the conversation.

"I hope you will marry him then, for I never shall," retorted Georgy. "Because papa chose to withdraw from the firm, he must put me in for

a partner, forsooth! I wouldn't be a *silent* one, though, would I, Carry?" and her old, gay laugh rung clear, through the stillness of the afternoon. It had not died away, when a turn in our path disclosed to our view a gentleman, seated upon a fallen tree, busily engaged in sketching.

Neither the artist, nor Georgy seemed surprised at the meeting; and a certain drooping of the eyelid, which had never been caused by Matthew Harvey, revealed the cause of her sudden dislike for her father's late partner.

My friend's usual nonchalance had deserted her, and it was with crimson cheek, and a low voice, that she introduced me to Walter Bailey.

We were soon seated on the trunk of the fallen tree, which he had deserted, and he was making himself comfortable on Georgy's plaid shawl, which he spread on the ground.

I dearly liked a love affair, and when not busy on my own account, went into it heart and soul for my friends; so I begged the favor of looking over the artist's sketch-book, and placed myself in such a way that Georgy could have no excuse for looking too. I really did not think the drawings had much merit, but I took a long while to criticise them; and when, at the end of half an hour, I glanced up, I found the shawl and the gentleman much nearer my companion's feet than when I began.

It was part of Mr. Bailey's profession, I suppose, to study the beautiful, so he was only following his vocation, as he gazed so earnestly at Georgy's face. I really think he must have known every curve in it, from the broad, low, Psyche-like brow, shaded by the rippling black hair, the full, soft eye, the delicately curved nostril, the sweet, almost infantile mouth, down to where the dimpled chin, and rounded cheek, curved off into the stately, white throat.

The artist's arm was leaning on the tree, very near to where the young girl sat.

"Then let me speak to your father before he comes," pleaded the gentleman, earnestly.

"It's too late; he's coming to-day," was the low reply, and the fingers that were arranging a wreath of scarlet maple leaves and purple aster about the crown of the round garden hat trembled visibly.

The most manoeuvring chaperone in the world

could not have found another half hour's excuse in that portfolio, so I let it drop from my lap to startle the lovers.

The private conference was of course thus ended, and we soon rose to walk home, accompanied as far as the lawn gate by Mr. Walter Bailey.

Mrs. Grant was sitting on the piazza as we approached. A dissatisfied look shaded her usually round, good-humored face.

"Georgy," said she, as we seated ourselves on the piazza steps, "I do hope you will not encourage that Mr. Bailey to walk home with you, if you happen to meet him, when Mr. Harvey is here."

"Why, what's the harm, mother?" asked the daughter, picking at the fringe of her shawl, without looking up.

"I do not think it is proper for a young lady, in your situation, to have a picture-making man dragging after you all the time," replied Mrs. Grant, with dignity.

"My situation!" echoed Georgy, with such a comical glance at me, that I was forced to stoop to loosen the string of my gaiter, in order to hide an irresistible laugh.

Mrs. Grant went on with her stitching, and Georgy sat gazing out steadily on the autumn landscape, but I suspect seeing nothing, except with her mind's eye, but a tall, slight figure carrying a sketch book and crayons, through those enchanted woods.

Presently Mrs. Grant looked up, and exclaimed, "There comes Mr. Harvey, down the road. Georgy, run down to the gate to meet him."

Georgy looked up suddenly. The sight of her *adversary* gave her strength. She laughed saucily, she sung out,

"There is an old man comes over the lea,
Ha, ha! but I won't have him;
Comes over the lea, to marry me,
With his grey beard newly shaven."

"Georgy, how can you? I'm sure his beard 't grey," said the literal Mrs. Grant.

"If it isn't, it's because he dyes it," was the retort.

By this time, the person under discussion had reached the gate, and was slowly jogging toward house, on his sleek, round, brown cob.

Isn't he a picture, though?" queried my friend, whose thoughts seemed to run a good deal on pictures.

Upon approaching the house, Mr. Harvey had not only endeavored to make a favorable impression. He settled himself well in the saddle, & back his shoulders, straightened his legs,

and only touched his stirrups with the ends of his boots, whilst he pinioned his arms against his sides very much like a trussed fowl.

"What shall we do to take the stiffening out of him, Cad?" asked Georgy, watching him very much as a dog watches a cat upon whom he intends making an assault.

But we had no time to concoct a plan, for Mr. Harvey had dismounted, and having given his horse in charge of James, the coachman, was bowing over the fat fingers of Mrs. Grant.

"I hope I see these fair ladies all well," and the bow this time was intended for Georgy and myself also.

"Very well, your *highness*," replied my friend, with a stress upon the last word, to the short, red-faced, puffing lover.

"I could not possibly get to see you, my charming enslaver, yesterday, I was so busy. In fact, it was excessively inconvenient coming to-day, but we must give up everything for the ladies, you know," and he wiped his face with his white handkerchief, and bowed very low.

"I'm very sorry that you troubled yourself. It wasn't *worth your while*," said Georgy. "Why, Mr. Harvey, there's no knowing how much money you have lost, by leaving the city," and she opened wide her eyes, and looked at him as if appalled at the idea.

"I've lost a great deal by coming here, before to-day, Miss Georgy," and the gallant, rotund little man bowed again.

"How much?" queried his tormentor.

"My whole heart," and the puffy hand went toward the place where it was to be supposed the heart had once been.

"Oh! if it was of any size, it is easily found. I engage that it shall be returned to you in an undamaged state," replied Georgy.

Mrs. Grant shuffled her feet, and cleared her throat, all in vain. The telegraphic lightnings from her eyes were fearful, but Georgy knew better than to look that way. The good woman at last could bear it no longer, and to some saucy reply of her daughter's, she said,

"Georgy is so full of spirits, Mr. Harvey, that you must excuse her. She has run wild since we have been in the country."

"Do not mention it, my dear madam," answered the guest. "I assure you her wit delights me. She is very funny."

"As funny as the cat was that played with the mouse," whispered Georgy to me. "But I cannot stand it any longer. Come up to my room." When there she said,

"Gracious! to think of my marrying such a man as that. He looks like the picture of the

bag of malt 'that lay in the house that Jack built,' in my old nursery books," and she tossed her bonnet and shawl on the bed as she spoke.

"Who is Walter Bailey, Georgy?" was my pertinent answer to this outburst.

"Why he is; don't look at me, Cad, if you expect me to tell you anything."

I looked out of the window.

"Well he is—to tell you the real truth, I do not know much about him, except that he is the most intelligent, noble-minded man I ever knew."

I was almost guilty of that unlady-like thing, whistling, but prudently forebore, and asked "how did you happen to become acquainted?"

"He's been boarding down at 'The Grove' since sometime in May. We first met, quite unexpectedly, in the woods; then at a picnic got up by the boarders at 'The Grove;' and since then—well, since then we have met every where."

"But *who* is he, Georgy?"

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," replied Georgy, proudly.

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist, does not quite satisfy your father, I suppose."

"Papa liked him very much at first, and invited him here constantly, till Mr. Harvey must interfere, and said that no one knew anything about him, and he was sure that he was an adventurer. Then papa treated him politely, but coldly; and I really believe that he wished he would offer himself to me in order that he might be refused; for, you see, that papa had no excuse for forbidding him to see me as matters stood. But he was always talking about poor artists and literary people, and girls marrying for love and romance, and having to go home to their parents, and quoting the old saw, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

"But has he never offered himself to you?" I asked, in astonishment, turning around in spite of her prohibition, for I remembered the scene in the woods.

"Yes, but I could not bear papa's refusal, and cannot disobey him, if he forbids me to see Walter. Ain't I a coward, Carry? Would you have believed it of me?" and I knew that her lips quivered from her voice, though the deepening twilight prevented me from seeing it.

I am afraid, in spite of my womanly predilection for love affairs, that I am eminently practical. However, my first unromantic question was,

"What account does he give of himself?"

"As if I had ever asked him," replied Georgy,

with the true spirit of seventeen. "But he told me, when he offered himself, that he thought he could satisfy papa if I would let him speak to him; but I know papa too well for that, for he wants me to marry that old Harvey and his money chests. But I cannot bear the suspense any longer, Carry; and after I have had the pleasure of refusing the old gentleman again, (for I know he will offer himself the third time) and when he is out of the way, Walter is to speak to papa."

Poor romantic Georgy! How in the superior wisdom of one additional year I pitied her. Why had she not insisted upon knowing, from himself, more about this "Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," as she termed him?

Tea was just ready as we descended to the parlor. Georgy had the tray under her control for Mrs. Grant was endeavoring to educate her into a suitable wife for the comfort-loving Matthew Harvey. From behind the huge silver coffee urn, Georgy grimaced at every mouthful of muffin and broiled chicken which disappeared down the capacious throat of her admirer. As his heart warmed with these "creature comforts," his spirits rose higher, and he ogled my friend more freely than ever.

"Such an oily, wheezing, gobbling man as *that* for a husband," she whispered to me, as we left the tea-table.

All the next morning we were haunted by Mr. Harvey's presence; for he was to stay two days. At the dinner-table, Georgy touched my foot as her admirer emptied glass after glass of her father's mellow port. His usually rosy face became a purple in its bloom. Even Mr. Grant glanced uneasily from his guest to his daughter.

I preceded Georgy from the dining-room, and was startled by hearing her say, in a voice quivering with passion, "How dare you, sir! Release me this instant."

I looked around, and saw Mr. Harvey with his arm around my friend, endeavoring to kiss her.

"Why, what's the harm—hic—my charmer! You know—hic—that you are going to be—hic—my wife. It's my privilege, you know," and he made another attempt to kiss the girl, whom he still held in his grasp.

With a sudden jerk Georgy wrested herself from him.

"I shall tell papa of this," she said, as she burst into a flood of angry tears.

"But, my charmer, it's my privi—" but we left before we heard the end of the sentence.

"Did you ever know of such an insult?" she asked, as we went up stairs for our bonnets.

"I think papa noticed how he drank at the table. He cannot insist upon my marrying him now, that is one comfort. He has a horror of drunkenness."

We started for our walk, Georgy still trembling with excitement. As we passed by the stables, we saw Dan, a mischievous black imp, riding Mr. Harvey's brown cob to water. He was a privileged little scamp, who hunted eggs, gathered nuts, fed the calves, turned summer-sets, and made himself generally useful and mischievous. As he saw us approach, he showed his white teeth from ear to ear; then placing his brimless straw hat jauntily on one side, he straightened himself up, threw back his shoulders, and presented an admirable black miniature likeness of Mr. Harvey. Georgy and I laughed involuntarily.

The most remarkable feature about the horse was his scanty tail.

"What a splendid switch tail this ere animal has got," said Dan, as he slid from its back when he reached the trough. "All the barbers in the city wants to get it for to make wigs on."

The fellow cast a sly glance at us from the corner of his eye, and saw that we were not displeased.

"Maybe you'd like some to make a wedding ring on, Miss Georgy. I guess I might find more than a dozen—they're *very* thick."

Georgy laughed, and we walked on. At last she exclaimed, "Cad, Cad, I've got an idea! If that Matthew Harvey don't have a Procrustean bed to-night, it shall not be my fault. Come back, quick," and without further explanation she dragged me along. Dan was seated, with his face toward the horse's tail, in solemn state as we again approached.

"Dan, you may pull me some of the hairs out of that horse's tail; the very stiffest you can find. Mind, they must be stiff," said Georgy.

"Ya, that I will, Miss Georgy," and the boy slid down like a monkey. He worked with hearty good-will, for he thoroughly disliked Mr. Harvey, who never threw him a sixpence when he opened the gate for him, as most of the visitors did.

As we went to the house my friend explained. The horse-hair was to be cut up in most minute particles, and placed in the sheets of Mr. Harvey's bed. "It will get between the threads and stick up like small spikes. No shaking in the world will rid him of it," said Georgy.

I could not help laughing. Yet I said nevertheless, "But, Georgy, he is your father's guest."

"I tell you, Carry, that I know that obstinate

man better than you do," was the reply. "You need not help."

I did not help, but I saw the stiff hair cut up in most minute particles, and well rubbed into the sheets. Georgy surveyed it with intense satisfaction.

"He will be rather afraid of such a wife as I would make him, I think," she said.

My room was immediately beneath Mr. Harvey's, and that night Georgy slept with me.

In anxious expectation we waited for the first indications of the experiment having taken effect. It seemed an unusually long while before the boots ceased to creak overhead, or the heavy step to be stilled. At last all was silent above. We raised ourselves on our elbows, held our breaths, and listened attentively. Suddenly, there was a bounce on the floor, like the fall of a cannon ball. I could not help laughing. As for Georgy, I thought she would go into convulsions with merriment.

"Hush!" I replied, "he will hear you. There, he is trying to spread up his bed again," for the heavy footsteps were moving quickly around just overhead, where we knew the bed stood. Again there was silence for a moment, and then another bounce on the floor; this time not as if from surprise, but accompanied by a stamp of passion.

"He's muttering 'curses not loud but deep,' I know," whispered Georgy, between spasms of laughter.

We listened attentively. The poor victim had evidently tried his bed the third time: for again came the bump, followed by the infuriated thump on the floor; and we heard him dancing around in passion.

"That must be very much like a war-dance," said Georgy. "What a ludicrous figure, Cad, he must be cutting, up stairs."

Directly, the windows above us were opened, and the sheets shaken, with an energy sufficient to make them useless for the rest of their days.

"It won't do, Mr. Matthew Harvey. Your Procrustus spikes won't shake out," said Georgy, laughing till the tears ran out of her eyes. "You'll kiss me again—won't you?"

It seemed to take sometime to arrange the bed, from the long while we heard the footsteps overhead. A fourth bounce on the floor convinced us that the shaking of the sheets had done no good; and this time the oaths were very distinct. We were now exhausted with laughing.

We never knew how he arranged his bed that night; but suppose that he discarded all the clothing and slept on the mattress; for after a long while all remained still above us.

As for us, we laid awake an hour or two, wondering how the victim would look the next morning; and now that we had time to think of the consequences, wondering also if Mr. Grant would be very implacable.

"To tell you the truth, Carry, I am a little afraid of papa," said Georgy, as we descended the staircase.

We saw Mr. Harvey walking up and down the hall in an ungovernable rage.

"Pray, is it to you, Miss Grant, that I am indebted for the insult which I received last night?" he said.

"What insult, Mr. Harvey?"

"You know very well. Who else would dare to fill my bed with nettles?"

"Indeed, I did not," responded Georgy, gravely.

"Well then, I don't know what in the fiend's name it was; but I shall never darken your doors again, young lady, I can tell you."

Georgy bowed.

"I shall inform your father of it immediately."

"We can enter our complaints together then," was the spirited answer, "for if my father knew how you insulted *me* yesterday, you would not have had the pleasure of staying here all night, I fear," and she bowed and entered the breakfast-room.

All Mr. Harvey's gallantry and vivacity dis-

appeared. He swallowed his breakfast in almost total silence, and without any explanation called for his brown horse, which had unconsciously been used to torture him, and rode off.

Georgy was of too frank a nature to rest long under what she knew to be wrong; so after seeing her admirer pass out of the gate, she joined her father on the lawn and confessed all.

At first he looked both angry and grieved; but as his daughter proceeded in her narrative, her vivid pantomime accompanying her words, smiles and at last laughter broke forth in spite of himself.

That afternoon Walter Bailey called. Georgy ran up stairs and shut herself in her own room till her father called her. I waited for her half an hour, an hour, two hours, till I grew impatient. Just before tea she came to me.

"Oh, Carry, only think," she said, "if I had let Walter speak to papa, sometime ago, it would all have been right. He isn't poor, nor an artist, that is, by profession, but he's quite rich. Isn't it romantic? It seems that he wanted to be married for love and not for his money, so he pretended to be poor. And papa knows all about his family." And she kissed me and danced out of the room.

Last autumn I acted as bridesmaid for Georgy Grant at a social country wedding. Mr. Harvey had been invited, but surlily declined to come.

MY HEART IS YEARNING FOR THEE, LOVE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

My heart is yearning for thee, love,
As I sit here alone,
Watching the changing twilight scenes,
And thinking of my home.
My heart is sad to-night, my love,
That I'm so far from thee,
Sitting beneath the wavy pines,
Beside the troubled sea.
The shadows deepen in the vale,
The stars come out on high,
And look upon the sleeping world
With mild and gentle eye.
The night-bird sings its plaintive lay,
The sea is moaning near,
And many a low and soothing sound
Falls soft upon my ear.
The scene is very beautiful,
No fairer need be seen;
The fields are full of blushing flowers,
The vales are soft and green.

The air is sweet with breath of flowers,
Nature is smiling here,
Yet the dewy sky is weeping now,
And the earth receives its tear.
Were you but sitting by my side,
Your head upon my breast,
Watching the silver star that glows
So brightly in the West,
And listening to the sighing sound
That comes from the moaning sea,
This earth would be a Paradise,
And you my Eve would be.
No sorrow then would fill my heart,
But joy would come to me,
And twine a wreath of fadeless flowers
For me, my love, and thee.
Such bliss cannot be mine to-night,
So I must wait awhile
Till Fate shall let me taste thy kiss,
And see thy sunny smile.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 331.

CHAPTER IX.

THE morning, on which Jane was to have her hearing, found Madame De Mark punctual. The judge, who now knew her, was comparatively deferential; for wealth, even when allied with degradation, is not without power. Besides, her manner, as on the evening before, bespoke considerable knowledge of good society and its usages.

Madame De Mark repeated the conversation, which she had already stated. A lawyer, employed by her, was also in attendance. Jane was without professional aid.

"The case seems clear," said the judge, when Madame De Mark had closed her testimony. "What have you to say? You may speak now," he added, turning to the prisoner.

The girl had frequently interrupted Madame De Mark at first, and until the judge had sternly ordered her, more than once, to keep silence: and now her suppressed rage found words.

"She deserves the state's prison more than I do," cried Jane, white with passion, and looking at Madame De Mark as if she could have wished to stab her to the heart. "She is ten thousand times worse than a thief——"

"Stick to the point," interposed the judge. "The question is not what this lady may, or may not have done; but what proof there is that you did not steal the jewel."

"Proof! Does anybody want proof that she, a black-hearted, treacherous, lying, cowardly, secret murderer?" raved the girl. "Yes! a murderer! She wanted me to commit murder, let a sweet young creature starve on her sick bed, and tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. And now she says I stole it."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"Proof? Proof again! What proof is there, to her word, that I took the ear-ring?" said she, with quick shrewdness, a thing she was deficient in, when rage did not over-master entirely. "My word ought to be as good as *oath*. She says I stole the ring, and I say she gave it to me; and what proof has she that her word is a bit truer than mine?"

"She swears to it."

"I'll swear to mine."

"That the law does not allow. An accused person cannot be a witness in his or her behalf."

"But the accuser may be a witness for her side?"

"No. It is the commonwealth that prosecutes, and the accuser is only a witness for the state."

Jane broke forth indignantly. "You dare to call this justice. Such pitiful stuff you name 'the wisdom of the law!'" She spoke these last words with bitter scorn. "If some one would come, and swear that you, the judge, had stolen, you'd have to believe 'em, ha! ha!"

"Order!" cried the tipstaff, horrified.

"Order! order!" shouted the equally horrified clerk.

"No, I'll not come to order," she cried, raising her voice to a scream of rage. "It's God's truth, that I'm innocent, and that yonder woman tried to buy me to do murder; and she ought to be here instead of me. You let her swear me into prison, and won't let me swear what a lie it is. You're in league against me, every one of you," and she glared around on the court like a wild beast. "Justice! You call this justice! The devils themselves are more just——"

She was proceeding, in this mad way, when the police-officers, rushing up to her, actually gagged her for the moment, crying, "This can't be. Respect the court. Will you be silent, you jade? We'll gag you completely if you don't hush."

Exhausted by her frantic rage, not less than by her struggle with the officers, Jane soon sank back, panting, and exhausted, in the prisoner's dock. When the decorum of the court had been restored, the case went on again; and as the girl had no testimony to offer, the magistrate bound her over, and in default of bail meantime, committed her to the Tombs again.

In due time, her case came up for trial, when the same testimony was repeated against her. But, on this occasion, no such scene of disorder occurred, as had marked the preliminary exami-

nation. Jane, finding how useless were her recriminations, had now sunk into a sullen silence. Only, when asked what she had to say in her defence, she repeated her charge against Madame De Mark, adding,

"It's as true as there's a God in heaven, whether you believe it or not. You take that woman's oath, and won't take mine; because she's rich, I suppose, and I'm poor. She had nobody by to confirm her story any more than I had. I don't wonder, with such laws, that your state's prison is full."

The judge, however, was not convinced. He charged the jury that the jewel was found in her possession; that she was a character well known to the police; and that the story she told was inconsistent with itself. "Still," he added, "you are the triars of the fact, gentlemen; and if you believe her, and therefore disbelieve Madame De Mark, you must acquit." The jury did not even leave the box. They had unanimously come to the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty, and they immediately rendered a verdict to that effect. Yet, in after days, more than one of them had occasion to remember that trial, and their share in it, with bitter remorse.

Jane was sentenced to prison for the full period that the law allowed. Madame De Mark's serpent-like eyes watched her victim closely, while the judge was pronouncing this severe sentence; and the momentary spasm, which passed over the prisoner's face, was a welcome sight to her savage, revengeful heart.

But neither a natural inhumanity, nor revenge itself, were the sole feelings gratified by this sentence. That night, as Madame De Mark sat alone, she rubbed her withered hands together with a chuckling laugh, and said to herself,

"I have 'em safe now. The child is dead. The girl, who put it out of the way, is in a state's prison; and even when she gets out, her testimony won't be received in any court in this country, for convicts, by their English law, are not competent witnesses, ha! ha! And this Catharine," she added, with sudden bitterness, "she's dead, no doubt, by this time. People soon die, in New York," she added, with cold-blooded ferocity, "if they are starving and delicate. And even if she's alive yet, she's had to get her living, no doubt of it, in a way that will disgrace her forever." She rubbed her hands again with savage glee, and her eyes fairly emitted light in the darkness. "To boast she had married my son! I'll teach 'em all to cross my path. I'll teach 'em. I'll teach 'em."

Mumbling this, she went about her room, preparatory to retiring, in order to see again that

all the fastenings were safe. Nor was her sleep, that night, broken by remorseful dreams, as might have been supposed. God's time had not come yet; if, indeed, it was to come in this world. But that it would come, some day, who can doubt, for hath not Holy Writ declared "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the members of the board had all assembled, Catharine was again subjected to the ordeal of an examination. This repetition of what seemed to her an uncalled for curiosity was almost more than she could endure; and if it had not been for the kind Methodist, Mrs. Barr, who continually interfered in her behalf, she would, more than once, have broken down in a passion of tears.

"You can retire, now, to the adjoining room," said the Lady Philanthropist, at last. "Meantime, we will take your case into consideration. But," she added, looking around on her fellow members, "it is not clear to me, by any means, that you are a deserving object of our charity. You appear to have a thoroughly hard and ungrateful heart, and to want that penitence so becoming in one who has sinned so greatly."

Poor Catharine! When she found herself alone, she could no longer restrain herself, but sobbed till the chair on which she sat shook under her.

"Oh! if I could find anything to do—anywhere—no matter with whom," she cried, in broken accents, "I would leave this cruel place this moment." And she took her hands from her eyes, and looked around, half rising, as if about to go. "But no! no!" she said, sitting down once more, and burying her face again. "I cannot be a burden on those poor little people any longer. I must stay away, even if I starve. I must put up with any indignity. Oh George, George," she continued, "could you but know what I have suffered."

The hum of voices, in the adjoining room, occasionally increased to almost an altercation. But Catharine, absorbed by grief, did not notice this. She remained, silently sobbing, for quite half an hour, when her attention was suddenly aroused by a hand laid upon her shoulder.

She looked up. The kind Methodist lady who had interceded for her, stood before her. Ignorant as Catharine was that Mary Margaret had met this good woman in the hall, yet, in her motherly face, the plain, unpretending manner, and those words of benevolent intercession, she

impressed the forlorn girl, that, if she had a friend in the world besides the humble Irish nurse, that friend was now before her. She looked up, with an attempt at a smile, therefore; but it was such a faint, sickly smile, that her visitor's heart ached to see it.

"My poor child!" said the old lady.

The tears gushed to Catharine's eyes. There was sympathy, and the promise of aid, in the very tones. Long had it been since she had seen so kind a countenance, or heard such soothing language, except from the untutored Mary Margaret,

"My name is Mrs. Barr," said the lady, after a pause. "I am disposed to be your friend. Would you like to go and live with me?"

Catharine's face lighted up, as if she had been transfigured. Emotion prevented her, at first, from speaking. But she grasped the hand, held out to her, between both of her own; and almost devoured it with kisses, sobbing outright as she did this.

"There, there," said Mrs. Barr, with tears in her own eyes, "I am but a poor, human creature; and not worthy of such gratitude. Nor is it much I can do for you, either, my child. I am not blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods. But what I have, that you shall share, at least till we can look about for something better."

"God will repay you, dear madam," said Catharine, solemnly. Then she added, inquiringly, "I am not to be helped by the society."

"No, my dear."

"I am so thankful."

Mrs. Barr shook her head.

"My child," she said, "it is natural for you to speak so, but I fear it is wrong nevertheless. My colleagues mean well, at least I hope so," she added, quickly, "but experience has made them suspicious, for they are continually being deceived. Some of them, I fear, have no tact in reading character," she added, soothingly, "and judge every one to be an impostor till their innocence is proved. Such, however, is not my way. Our Saviour, when on earth, taught us infinite charity. I like your face, too. I believe you innocent." Oh! what a look of thankfulness Catharine gave her at these words. "So let us dismiss this subject now, and forever. I can't bring the members to think as I do; for the lady you first saw is prejudiced against you, and has filled the others with her suspicions; but as I have taken an interest in you, you shall not suffer. Come home with me. I have some sewing I want done, and when that is finished, God, perhaps, will find an opening for you, if we trust in Him. Shall it be so, my dear?"

If there were only more such people, in this world, as that good Methodist woman, how many poor creatures, almost driven to despair, might be made happy. Catharine said this to herself, again and again, as she followed Mrs. Barr home. It was not an elegant residence, scarcely even what would be called a comfortable one, but it was clean and tidy, cheerful and neat; and Catharine felt that she had found a haven, at least for the present, and for the future she trusted in God, as good Mrs. Barr had so hopefully bade her do.

"This is the only apartment I have to give you," said that lady, as she ushered Catharine into an attic, freshly white-washed, with a bed of spotless snow in one corner, "but it has the advantage of having no other occupant. I keep but one servant, who sleeps in the adjoining attic; she is a middle-aged, kind-hearted woman, who will never interfere with, and may often be of assistance to you. To-day shall be a holiday for you, as you look worn out; so we will put off work till to-morrow. You may either rest here, or go to see your friend, whom I met in the hall; perhaps it would ease her mind to know you were cared for, at least for a time."

Catharine felt as if a new world was opened to her. It was not only that the fear of actual starvation was past, but that the motherly manner of Mrs. Barr had restored faith and hope to her heart, both of which had been nearly shipwrecked. Would we could all recollect, that, in bestowing charity, words of kind encouragement often go further than our alms even; for while the latter only relieve present necessities, the former restore new energy to the fainting wayfarer on life's stony highway.

So completely exhausted were Catharine's physical powers, that when Mrs. Barr had left her, she sank down helplessly on the bed. She intended, however, to rest a little while only, a half an hour or so, and then to set forth for Mary Margaret's. But almost immediately she sank into a deep sleep, which lasted for nearly three hours; and when this was over, she found, on going down stairs, that the hour for dinner had come. The meal being over, she started, at last, for the humble dwelling of the Irish nurse.

"Shure, and you look like another craythur, darlint," were Mary Margaret's words, before Catharine could speak. "They did the decent thing for ye, at last, thin, the saints bless them for that same! But come in and see the childer'. The poor baby, would ye believe it, has pined for ye, all day."

When Catharine came to tell her story in full, Mary Margaret broke out into an eloquent

invective against the society, but especially against the Lady Philanthropist. Catharine, however, checked her, repeating what Mrs Barr had said.

"Well, well, darlint," was the reply, "she's a good woman, shure she is; and may the sun always shine about her steps. So we'll say nothing, for her sake, consarnin' the others—the decateful, hypocritical—well, well, I've stopped, intirely."

The happiness of Catharine was complete when she held the strange infant again in her arms. As she looked down on its innocent face, the old yearning toward it returned to her. She thought of the one she had lost, and said to herself, "Oh! if I could but keep this." But immediately she added, "Yet why do I thus repine? God has been infinitely good to me. Let me accept the blessings He has sent, and not be so

ungrateful as to wish for more. He knows, better than I do, whether it was best for my dear infant to return to Him, or stay here, perhaps to grow up to even a worse fate than mine: and His will, therefore be done. But I must go now, baby, for it's a long walk back. I'll come to see you all," she added, "whenever I can; and always on Sunday, remember that."

Thus it was that Catharine, deserted by her husband, persecuted by his family, and cast off by her own connexions, found a home with one who was a stranger to her, and a solace in the infant of some nameless mother, who had died at Bellevue. In this haven, temporarily secure from the storms of life, and as happy as one in her desolate situation could be, we leave, for the present, her whom we have so long known as THE BOUND GIRL.

THE END.

THEY SPOKE IN WHISPERS.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

They spoke in whispers: it was not

Because a crowd was nigh,

For all alone they breathed each thought

Beneath a moon-lit sky.

Nature seemed conscious of the flame

That in their bosoms slept;

And, filled with pity for the same,

A holy silence kept.

They spoke in whispers: not because

They feared the birds might hear;

Or that the murmuring breeze might pause

And bend a listening ear.

Not that they deemed the slumbering flowers

Might open to their view,

And for their grief in after hours

Shed pearly drops of dew.

They spoke in whispers: Love had made

A dwelling of each breast

For long, long years, and each had prayed

Its growth might be suppressed.

But dashing Reason's reins aside

With mountain strength it rose;

And, like a conquering brave, defied

Whatever might oppose.

They spoke in whispers: they had learned

That they must dwell apart;

And he had fondly, wildly yearned

To clasp her to his heart.

Then was it strange that last good-bye

Was breathed in whispered tone?

Or that they crushed the rising sigh,

E'en though they were alone?

They spoke in whispers: marked by care

The upturned face, that lay

Upon his breast, as lily fair

Rests on the lap of May.

Pride had been banished by the woe

That wrung her very soul,

And love, in triumph, kept a flow

That would not brook control.

They spoke in whispers: strong arms twined

That fragile form around;

Their warm lips met—joy undefined

Life's silken thread unbound.

The casket of its jewel left

Upon his bosom lay:

'Twas all those guardian angels left

Who bore their prey away.

He spoke in whispers: fondly strove

His treasure to recall;

Deep, tender, earnest words of love

Flowed at affection's call.

But all was vain—as blossoms moist

Fade 'neath the sun's warm kiss,

Her young head drooped, and life was

In overwhelming bliss.

She speaks in whispers: from on high

Her spirit wanders down;

And her low tones, when hovering nigh

All earthly whispers drown.

An old man now he sits alone

With dim eyes fixed above,

Hoping when life's few sands are run

To join his early love.

WATCHMAN.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—WATCH—

Dramatis Personæ.—SAILOR.—JEW.

SCENE—A street in Portsmouth—or supposed to be there.

ENTER a JEW, dressed in an old silk gown, and wearing a long beard of tobacco. He carries, fastened round his neck, and hanging before him, a work-box jewel-case. He looks about in all directions to see if any one is coming, and at last pointing to the door, rubs his hands and laughs, to imitate that he sees a customer.

Enter a SAILOR, smoking, and walking rather unsteadily. Sticking out of his pocket is seen



the neck of a black bottle. The Jew, bowing and smiling, advances to him, and lifting the lid of his box, invites him to examine his jewels. The Sailor consents, and the Jew first shows him a ring, then a brooch, and at last a chain, each time lifting up his hands and looking to the ceiling in admiration of the beauty of his articles.



The Sailor disdainfully waves them from him, and, drawing his bottle, drinks. He then hands the liquor to the Jew, who wipes the neck, and throwing his head back, drinks until the Sailor snatches the bottle from him. The Jew smacks

his lips with gusto, and taking from his box a huge watch and seals, and holding it up before the Sailor, laughs knowingly. The Tar is surprised with the beauty of the watch, and taking it, examines it closely, looking at himself in its bright back. He offers the Jew money, which he indignantly refuses. To tempt him he puts the watch in the Sailor's waistcoat pocket, and falls back in admiration of the gentlemanly appearance it gives him. He holds up four fingers as the lowest price he can take.

The Sailor draws his handkerchief, and untying a knot at the end, offers him three brass card-counters. The Jew still refuses, and demands, in energetic action, to have his watch back again. The Sailor gazes on it, and at last pulling off his coat, tenders it with the three brass counters, as the purchase money. The Jew examines the coat closely, and then refuses, and the Sailor offers his waistcoat in addition.



The Jew is moved by the earnestness of the Tar, and consents, shaking his head and throwing up his hands, to prove that he "loshish monish" by the transaction.

Exit the Sailor, dancing, and looking at himself in the bright watch-case.

The Jew smiles, and, picking up the jacket and waistcoat, exit winking.

ACT II.—MAN.

Dramatis Personæ.—YOUNG MAN.—SCHOOLMISTRESS.—YOUNG LADY, (in love with Young Man.)—SCHOLARS.—SERVANTS.—DOG.

SCENE—The garden round the house of Schoolmistress. Over the door is a placard written, "SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES."

ENTER YOUNG MAN, walking very cautiously. He wears beautiful curly mustachios, and his body is concealed in a huge cloak. He, by pressing his bosom, and pointing to the placard, expresses his great devotion for somebody. (The clock strikes nine.)

The Young Man, picking up an imaginary stone, throws it gently against the door, and then hides himself. Nobody comes, and he repeats the signal.

Enter YOUNG LADY hurriedly, with her hair in papers, and a night-cap on, to imitate that it is the Scholar's bed-time. She rushes toward



Young Man, and wringing her hands, entreats him to be gone. He kneels at her feet, and swears by the ceiling to love her. She weeps, and, tearing herself away, exit rapidly.

The Dog begins barking violently, and several



screams are heard inside the academy. The Young Man is alarmed, and hides himself. The

Dog continues barking until the door is opened, when he rushes out, and bounding to the Young Man's hiding-place, slides backward and forward before him, barking loudly.

Enter SCHOOLMISTRESS, bearing a placard written, "THERE IS A MAN IN THE HOUSE, A MAN IN THE HOUSE," which she waves energetically before her timid Scholars, who, trembling, follow her. They are all as white as flour, have their hair in papers, and wear night-caps. The Mistress points to her Dog, and orders her Scholars to advance. They all scream and shrink back.

Enter SERVANTS, armed with the spit and brooms. They are ordered by the Scholars and Mistress to rush forward, but they only tremble and stand still. The Mistress drawing another placard written, "THIS DAY MONTH," holds it before the Servants.

The Young Man suddenly rises, and opening his cloak with his extended arms, discovers himself. Several of the Scholars scream and faint away, whilst the Mistress and Servants fall almost powerless against the wall. He advances to them, when a piercing scream is heard, and

Enter Young Lady, with her hair down her



back to denote her agony. She rushes forward and stands before the Young Man to protect him with her life. The Schoolmistress looks disgusted, and the Scholars revive rapidly. The Young Man, pointing to his Love, declares to the Schoolmistress his admiration for her pupils, looking blandly on the ceiling, and pressing his waistcoat. He kneels to the Old Lady, and

holding up his clasped hands, implores her to forgive the Young Lady. She refuses, and orders the weeping girl to enter the house, shaking her finger at her violently.

Exeunt omnes, when the bolts and bars are heard clanging within.

The Young Man, striking his forehead, rushes forth madly.



ACT III.—WATCHMAN.

Dramatis Personæ.—GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN.—WATCHMEN.—OLD LADY.

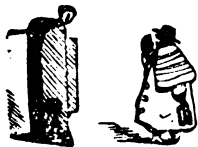
SCENE—A Street in Philadelphia, in 1780, if possible. Against the wall the sofa standing up lengthways for a watch-box, and on the door a flat-iron for knocker.

ENTER WATCHMAN in ranks, all in great-coats of dressing and flannel gowns, and with comforters and handkerchiefs round their mouths. Each one has a bed-room candlestick for lantern,

and carries a rattle, or something very like one. One of them is left at the watch-box, and

Exeunt other Watchmen as the clock strikes twelve.

The Watchman immediately commences his rounds, with his hand by the side of his open



mouth, as if crying the hour. After a time he enters his box, and sitting down, goes fast asleep.

Enter GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN, with stars in their breasts, and all wearing mustachios, and carrying short sticks. One of them advances



cautiously to the watch-box and peeps in; then beckoning his companions, they advance, and having blown out the candlestick lantern, laugh and point to sleeping Man, slapping their thighs

with delight. Then going to the door, they, with their short sticks wrench off the flat-iron knocker, each one helping the other to pull.

Screams OLD LADY within the house.

The Watchman rubs his eyes and yawns, when the Gay Young Noblemen rushing to the sofa box, pull it down and cover the man with it. A rattle is heard without.

Enter Watchmen with drawn staves. They rush upon Gay Young Noblemen, who doubling their fists, throw themselves into boxing attitudes, and dance round the Watchmen. They fight, the Noblemen knocking down the Watchmen repeatedly. At last all the Men are thrown on the ground. The Noblemen then burst out laughing once more. They hold their sides, and roll about with their mirth. When they have recovered themselves they pick up the Watchmen, and giving them money, dismiss them. Lifting up the sentry box, they release the other Man, who is no sooner on his legs than he runs off as fast as he can. The Noblemen once more burst into a fit of laughter, and waving the wrenched off knocker in the air, *exeunt* dancing and laughing.



JERUSALEM.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Joy reigned in thy valley,
Proud city of old,
And glittered thy turrets
And temples with gold;
The notes of the sackbut
By Jordan were heard,
As clear as the carol
Of some happy bird.
Jerusalem, glad Jerusalem!

Thy temples no longer
Triumphantly rise,
And much of thy grandeur,
In ruin now lies;
Thy palaces, temples,
Are stripped of each shrine.
"For corn thou hast ashes,
And water for wine."
Jerusalem, sad Jerusalem!

Once feasting and gladness
Were known in thy mart,
And joy was in silence
Pervading each heart.
The wealth of the city
All others defied,
Thy pomp and thy splendor
Were Palestine's pride.
Jerusalem, glad Jerusalem!

Thy pomp and thy glory,
Like day-dreams have fled,
And moss has long covered
The tombs of thy dead;
Thy sinfulness rendered
Thee justly abhorred,
And just was the vengeance
On thee from the Lord.
Jerusalem, sad Jerusalem!

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS IN DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

WHILE an educated age is required to appreciate beauty of form, colors possess a charm for all who enjoy the blessing of sight. Nations the most refined, and the most barbarous are alike sensible to the influence of colors. There is, however, a difference between these widely-removed classes of the human race in their enjoyment of colors. The first has learned to view them in connexion with others, and as subject to universal laws of harmony; the latter feel a positive pleasure in the mere contemplation of colors, totally irrespective of the harmony or discord which may subsist among them. The existence of the laws of harmonious coloring are not even dreamt of, in the philosophy of many of those who consider themselves included in the educated classes. They have yet to learn that discord among colors is as painful to the eye of taste, as discord in music to a tuneful ear. The beauty of a color may, in association with others, be heightened or even absolutely destroyed, and what perhaps may come more directly home to our readers, the adoption of certain colors in their dress, either alone or in combination with others, may have a powerful operation for good or ill, on the beauty of their own person. Were this thoroughly understood, we should not hear so much as we do of "fashionable colors," which, like the bed of Procrustes, are compelled to suit every one. There is an innate taste in some persons, which induces them to select always those colors which are not only harmonious among themselves, but suitable to the complexion. This refined taste, however, is far from being general. Errors of the opposite side are more common. A few examples may help to explain our meaning. We have recently met some ladies in orange-colored dresses. Now, orange is the most exciting of all colors to the eye, and that which makes the most vivid impression on it; consequently, the attention of the spectator is immediately attracted to the color of the dress, which totally eclipses the wearer. If worn near the skin, orange-color will have the effect of injuring the complexion, to which it imparts a bluish or leaden-colored tinge; for there is a natural disposition in the eye to tint surrounding substances with the complimentary of the prevailing color. The

complimentary color of orange is blue, and this last color, when diffused over the complexion, imparts to it a leaden color. Orange-color is too powerful to be placed near the complexion at any time; and if used as a dress, it should be accompanied with a mantelet of very deep blue, of size sufficient to harmonize or *tone down* the glaring orange-color of the dress. A white collar should be worn next the skin, and if orange-colored flowers or ribbons *must* be worn in the bonnet, they should be small in quantity, and always contrasted with deep blue. In all cases a ruche of some thin material should be interposed between the colors and the face, and the effect will be still better if the wearer further separates them from the skin by a considerable quantity of hair. Even these precautions will not make orange-color harmonize with a pale face or with light hair. Bright and clear brunettes should alone venture to appear in orange-color, even when it is *toned down* in the manner described.

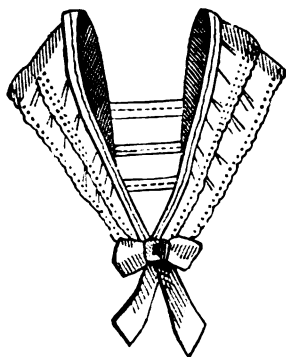
Another fashionable color, lately, was lilac—a pretty, cool color in itself, but when brought in contact with the skin, it is certain to diffuse over it a yellow hue; for yellow is the complimentary color to purple, and is not more favorable to beauty of complexion than leaden-color. Lilac may, however, be made to harmonize by the addition of either green or yellow. Green and lilac combine easily and agreeably, but yellow is more difficult, and a very small quantity is sufficient to balance a great quantity of lilac or pale purple. There is less difficulty if the lilac or purple be of considerable depth, and the yellow proportionately pale. But there is another difficulty attending the combination of purple and yellow: the purple may incline either to blue or red, according as the blue or the red of which it is composed predominates. If the blue prevail in the purple, the complimentary yellow should incline toward orange; if the red prevail, the yellow should incline toward green. A familiar instance of the harmony of purple and yellow occurs in the two varieties of a pretty spring flower—namely, the purple and the yellow primrose, which constitute a favorite ornament for the bonnet. It should, however, be recollected that no color

are to be placed in immediate contact with the skin. The ruche, now so fashionable inside the bonnet, is particularly becoming near the skin; its multitudinous folds have the effect of neutral grey, which improves the complexion, and the hair should also be suffered to intervene between the face and the colored ornaments of the head. From these observations the reader will perceive that the employment of colors in dress requires some judgment and discrimination.

BRACES FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

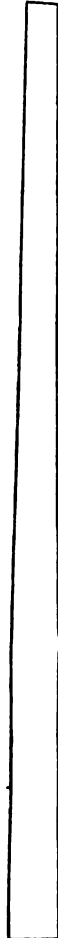
We give, this month, in this department, "How to make one's Dress," the accompanying pattern for cutting and making embroidered braces for a little girl four or five years old. These braces are very fashionable just now, and certainly are as pretty a thing as a young miss can wear.



This little body is formed of insertions and two rows of embroidered muslin. The braces are connected by six cross-bands, three before and three behind. The bars are made of insertions lined with ribbon of the same color as the bows placed before and behind at the bottom of the braces. The length of the braces are given in inches, nineteen and a half.

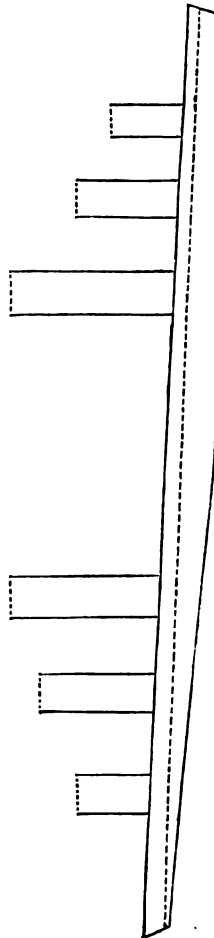
During the past year, we have given patterns, in this department, for every article of dress, including cloaks, mantillas, basquines, dresses, corsets, frocks for little girls, jackets and trousers for boys, camasoles, &c., &c. We are always ready to furnish, in this department, patterns for any part of the dress, or for any fashionable novelty, on being addressed through the publisher.

NO 1



19 1/2

NO 2



IMPROMPTU ON BORROWING "PETERSON."

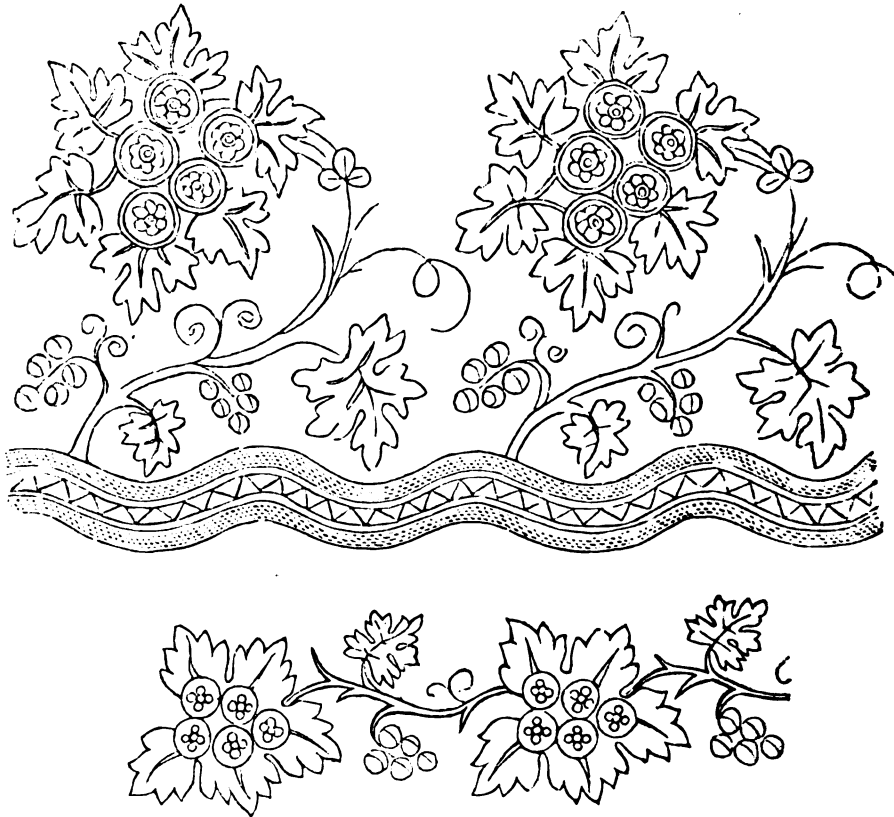
To borrow a dress is sufficiently bad;
A stocking is worse, if worse can be had;

Then a bonnet and gloves, if lower you'd fall;
But borrowing "Peterson" meaner than all.

J. W.

SLEEVE PATTERN, WITH INSERTING TO MATCH.

BY M^{LL}E. DÉFOUR.



To be worked with English working cotton, No. 70. The border of the sleeve in French knot, and open herring-bone stitch; the ten-

drills in over-stitch; the leaves and stems in satin-stitch; and the bunches of grapes in eye-let-holes.

VINE-LEAF D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

MATERIALS.—English Crochet Cotton; one ounce and a half of light-green beads, No. 2; and half an ounce of a darker shade, which must be threaded on a separate reel. For pattern, see front of the number.

With the cotton on which the lightest beads

are threaded, make a chain of 4, close it into a round, and do two sc stitches in every stitch. Observe that all the D'oyley, except the border, is done in sc. Continue to work without beads, increasing eight stitches in every round, until there are forty-eight in the round. 1st pattern

round, x 1 ch, 3 cotton, 3 beads; x 8 times. 2nd, x 5 cotton, 1 ch, 2 beads; x 8 times. 3rd, x 1 bead, 4 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 2 beads; x 8 times. 4th, x 3 beads, 6 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 5th, x 1 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 3 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 6th, x 11 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 7th, x 1 bead, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads; x 8 times. Join on the other beads also. 8th, x 2 beads, 4 cotton, 1 bead, 1 dark bead, 5 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 9th, x 1 bead, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 6 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 10th, x 1 bead, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 4 cotton; x 8 times. 11th, x 2 beads, 14 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 12th, x 1 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 4 beads, 7 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 13th, x 1 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton 5 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 14th, x 2 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 13 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 15th, x 3 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 4 dark ditto, 6 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 16th, x 5 cotton, 3 beads, 6 dark ditto, 3 beads, 5 cotton; x 8 times. 17th, x 5 cotton, 8 beads, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 4 dark beads, 6 beads, 3 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 18th, x 3 cotton, 4

beads, 1 dark ditto, 2 cotton, 1 dark, bead, 10 beads, 8 cotton; x 8 times. 19th, x 2 cotton, 4 beads, 7 dark ditto, 7 beads, 4 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 20th, x 1 cotton, 5 beads, 3 dark ditto, 1 bead, 4 dark ditto, 3 beads, 9 cotton; x 8 times. 21st, x 1 cotton, 5 beads on 5, 1 dark, 1 ch, 2 dark, 2 beads, 3 dark, 5 beads, 7 cotton; making one chain stitch in the course of them. 22nd, x 6 beads, 2 dark ditto, 13 beads, 6 cotton, making one chain; x 8 times, end of dark beads. 23rd, x 2 beads, 2 cotton, 19 beads, 5 cotton, making 1 ch; x 8 times. 24th, x 3 cotton, 1 ch, 9 beads, 1 cotton, 10 beads, 6 cotton; x 8 times. 25th, x 4 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 8 beads, 8 cotton, making one chain; x 8 times. 26th, x 4 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 8 beads, 2 cotton 8 beads, 8 cotton; x 8 times. 27th, x 4 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 5 beads, 7 cotton; x 8 times. 28th, x 5 cotton, 1 bead, 10 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 8 beads, 7 cotton; x 8 times. Finish border as follows: 1 sc, 10 ch, miss 9; x repeat all round. 2nd, x 1 sc, 2 dc, 8 to, 2 dc, 1 sc; x under every loop of chain, dropping 1 bead on the sc, 2 on the dc, and 3 on each treble crochet.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

To be worked with fine English working cotton, say No. 100. The wheat-ears in satin-stitch and over-stitch; part of the large flower in

French knot; the rest in satin-stitch and over-stitch. For pattern see the front of the present number. M. D.

NEVER.

BY N. F. CARTER.

NEVER—never—fearful word

To the pilgrim faint and weary,
Whose heart-thoughts despair has stirred,
With its shadows dark and dreary,
Through which vainly e'er he tries
Some kind ray of hope to borrow,
But he sees life's radiant skies
In his manhood dreams of sorrow,
Never—never!

Hope was playing with a child,
And she saw full many a vision,
Which with angel beauty smiled,
Yet to bless with gifts elysian,
Dawning on her inmost heart,
Till with gleeful joy it bounded;
Formed they of her life a part?
Said she with life's cares surrounded,
"Never—never!"

Like the spirit's funeral knell,
Comes it to the sinner dying,
As he sees all is not well,
On a mortal arm relying,
Without God—no hope of Heaven,
As he feels his earthly languish!
Can no soothing balm be given?
He can only shriek in anguish,
"Never—never!"

Thus it is with earthly dreams;
Thus it is with hopes we borrow;
For the blissful real seems
None the nearer on the morrow!
Never—never! let it be
All the burden of life's story!
Heaven is o'er the swelling sea,
And the sainted leave its glory,
Never—never!

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING VERBENA, LAURESTENA, ETC.*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



MATERIALS.—For scarlet Verbenas white pips or stamens, white Verbenas green pips, silver, pink and variegated, do. yellow pips: Forget-me-nots very fine yellow pips: Heliotrope and Laurestena fine green: all the varieties of small flowers can be obtained ready stamped.

Cut the bunch of pips in half: then pierce a hole through the centre of each flower with the point of the pliers, put a pip through each one, touching it with thick gum arabic to keep it in its place. Bunch them in clusters of twelve by twisting a small piece of thin wire around the lower part of the stems, leaving the wire long enough to form the main stem: avoid the use of wax as much as possible. When a large cluster of Verbenas are wanted, several small bunches may be grouped together, which will give a more

natural and elegant effect than if they were all grouped in one bunch. Laurestenas, Heliotrope and Forget-me-nots, are all made in the same manner as the Verbena: though the latter is arranged in bunches instead of clusters.

*** MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pips, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups, for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

EMBROIDERED EDGE FOR SKIRT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

To be worked with coarse English working cotton, say No. 20; in button-hole stitch and satin-stitch; the centre of the flowers in open eyelet-holes. The cotton, however, must be regulated by the fineness of the skirt.

A few words as to the best method of trans-

ferring patterns, which are to be embroidered on washing materials. Scrape some red and blue chalk, or even charcoal; brush it lightly over a sheet of thin tissue paper, shake off the loose grains; lay the chalked side of the paper on the muslin, and over it the pattern, which

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."—This was, in the days of our childhood, the apologetic refrain for an extra allowance of frolic and indulgence at that festive season, and the veracity of the saying cannot be questioned; but we are reminded by such festivals—and especially by this—the greatest of them, of the rapid flight of Time:

"Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away;
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.
The sand within the transitory glass
Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass."

Doubtless some of our readers are already counting the days when Christmas, with his plenty-beaming countenance ushered with the merry sound of bells, and the joyous throbbings of young hearts, will smile upon their homes, greeted with a joyous welcome by all. We are reminded of a verse in the German *Kinderlied*, or *Child's Song*, which says:

"Now Christmas is come, and father is home,
With a pegtop for Tommy, a doll's house for Sue;
A new bag of marbles for Dick; and for Joan
A workbox; for Phoebe a bow for her shoe;
For Cecily, singing, a humming-top comes;
For dull, drowsy Mary a sleeping top meet;
For Ben, Ned, and Harry, a fife and two drums;
For Jenny a box of nice sugar-plums sweet."

We have also our present for this glad season. Despite the various occupations of the passing moments, we have not forgotten that our readers have claims upon our pages, especially at this period of the year, which it is a pleasure to acknowledge. Accordingly, we give them a superior number. Yet we shall send a finer one out for January to all who will allow us to wish them a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**.

BYRAM'S BUSINESS DIRECTORY.—J. H. Byram, has issued, in a large imperial quarto, an elegantly illustrated business directory of Philadelphia for 1856. All the principal merchants, dealers, &c., are advertised in it. The volume does great credit to the artistic taste and mechanical skill of Mr. Byram. We are glad to see that Mr. B. designs publishing a similar directory every year.

MORE READING.—No three dollar Magazine, which publishes the steel plates, gives more than twelve hundred pages of reading annually. "*Peter's*" at two dollars, has contained over eight hundred this year, and will contain more in 1856. It gives more reading, therefore, in proportion to its price—to say nothing of its superior quality—than any periodical of similar character.

A SEQUEL TO "THE BOUND GIRL."—In our next volume, will appear a sequel to "*The Bound Girl*," in which the fortunes of the heroine will be further developed.

NEW BOOKS.—Several new books, which were not received in time to be read, this month, will be noticed in the January number.

OUR TITLE-PAGE.—Can anything be more beautiful than the title-page for 1855, given in the present number?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Old Homestead. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—Our declaration that this novel would surpass even "*Fashion and Famine*" in merit has been fully realized. Mrs. Stephens has been our coadjutor in editing this Magazine so long however, and we have had so many proofs consequently of her great intellectual ability, that we deserve no credit for the prediction. Everybody concedes her unrivalled power in the delineation of high-wrought passion. But, except a few scenes in which Mrs. Gray, the market-woman, figures, "*Fashion and Famine*" gave no evidence of that keen appreciation of humor, which we know her to possess. No one, however, can read "*The Old Homestead*," without acknowledging that she excels as much in the comic as in the tragic; and that sunshine and shade are most dexterously alternated in her present fiction. Her delineation of character also is more masterly in this than in her former novel. There is little, in this line, in "*Fashion and Famine*," to compare with Salina, Uncle Nathan, Judge Sharp, or even Mrs. Farnham, all of whom are equally life-like in their way, and the two first of whom are originals of the very first class. To discriminate between different parts of a novel, so excellent throughout, is almost impossible; but we may instance the story of Anna, and the death of Isabel's father as particularly powerful scenes. For a quiet, home-picture, Mrs. Chester, waiting for her husband, in the opening chapters of the book, is beautifully done. The dance at Uncle Nathan's, and especially Salina's manoeuvre for a kiss, are as easily told as anything we have ever read. The scene at the hospital, where the convict-nurses go from couch to couch, stealing the wine and brandy which had been ordered for the patients, would be almost too horrible, if we did not know it to be a narrative of an actual occurrence. The same remark might be made of the orgie which follows, and of the burial of the dead in the Alms-House trench, scenes which fairly make the blood run cold, but which the interests of humanity required should be depicted. Yet, even in these terrible scenes, the presence of sweet Mary Fuller, that angel of a child, gives a solace to the heart. This exquisite character is, indeed, the crowning beauty of the book. In conclusion, we think it right to state, that the latter half of the novel appeared in this Magazine for 1854. But the first half, and not the least interesting, is entirely new to us. We have no doubt that thousands of our readers, who first took an interest in Mary Fuller, when she was delivered to the charge of Uncle Nathan's sister, will embrace this opportunity to trace the fortunes of her earlier life. The volume is very neatly printed, and would adorn any library.

The Exhibition Speaker, and Gymnastic Book. With Sixty Illustrations. By P. A. Fitzgerald. 1 vol. Rochester: D. M. Dewey. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.—This work is designed primarily for school exhibitions, but will be found equally useful for families with children. It not only contains a capital treatise on elocution and oratory, but gives farces, dialogues, plays, and tableaux, with exercises for declamation, in prose and verse, and a system of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises. A work like this has been long demanded; and the public, therefore, is highly indebted to Mr. Dewey. The wit and humor which the dialogues and farces display; the very superior character of the gymnastic and calisthenic exercises; and the perspicuity of the instructions for excelling in oratory cannot be surpassed, so that the book must not only become, but remain, a standard one. We hope to see "The Exhibition Speaker" introduced into every school in the land. It is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

Private Life of An Eastern King. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The author of this entertaining book resided, for several years, at the court of Oude, where he enjoyed the most confidential relations with his late majesty, Nasir-u-deen. The volume opens to us an entirely new world, nothing of the kind, that we remember, having been heretofore printed. Its descriptions of the court ladies, the royal nautch-girls, the dresses of the hareem favorites, and the general customs of Moslems and Hindoos of the highest rank, are novel, and, we doubt not, are accurate. The tiger and elephant fights, which are part of the pomp of an Eastern court, are depicted with such vividness, that one almost sees the cat-like tiger, creeping around the enclosure to assail his enemy, or the enraged elephant, treading the life out of the fallen mahout. The social and moral corruption of the court and government of Oude would appear, from these pages, to be of the worst character.

Curse of Clifton. By E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a handsome duodecimo edition of one of the most thrilling of Mrs. Southworth's novels. It is a book difficult to lay down, after one has taken it up, so engrossing is the story. With serious faults of style, and a deficiency in variety of character, Mrs. S., nevertheless, is so fertile in invention, and has such a thorough knowledge of Virginia life, where her novels are generally laid, that she is at the very head of our popular novelists. If exaggeration is her vice, power is her merit, so that we do not wonder at her popularity.

The Japan Expedition. By J. W. Spalding. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The best account of the Japan Expedition which has yet been published. The author visited Japan three several times, as one of the officers of the Mississippi. The volume is full of interesting matter in relation to Madeira, China and other places, besides Japan. Many excellent tinted illustrations adorn the work.

The Works of Virgil, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes, by Davidson. A new edition, revised, with additional notes, by T. A. Buckley, of Christ Church. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a highly successful attempt to adopt a good, old book to the present state of Latin scholarship and the exigencies of the student. It is now the best literal translation of Virgil into our mother tongue.

The Works of Horace, translated literally into English Prose, by C. Smart. A new edition, revised, with a copious selection of Notes, by T. A. Buckley, of Christ Church. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work, similar in character, to Davidson's revised Virgil. In looking over both of these volumes, we are struck with the advances, in Latin scholarship, which has been made even since we were boys.

The Discarded Daughter. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a more pleasing fiction to us than "The Curse of Clifton," already noticed, for it is quite as absorbing, and violates good taste less frequently. It will be a general favorite. The publisher has issued it in a handsome duodecimo volume.

Calderon. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We believe this is the first time "Calderon" has been republished in the United States. It originally appeared, in London, superbly illustrated. The story is one of Spanish history, and told with great power. Price twelve and a half cents.

A Basket of Chips. By John Brougham. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—Whoever wishes a hearty laugh should buy and read this book, which really runs over with fun. The publishers have issued it in a very creditable manner.

A Wife's Story. From Household Words. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A very superior tale, published in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

To let a person choose several numbers out of a Bag, and to tell him what numbers will exactly divide the sum of those he has chosen.—You produce a bag of tickets, and draw out a handful to show the company, which you put into the bag again. You then desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. This done, you desire him to take out only one ticket, and this proves the number by which the amount of all the other numbers he has chosen is divisible.

Explanation.—Provide a small bag divided into two parts, into one of which put several tickets, numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 120, 213, 309, &c., and in the other part, put as many other tickets marked with the number 3 only. Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and after showing them to the company, put them into the bag again, and having

opened it a second time, desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. When he has done this, you open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only. You may then safely pronounce that the ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other number is divisible; for as each of these numbers can be divided by 3, their sum must evidently be divisible by that number.

N. B.—An ingenious mind may easily diversify this trick by marking the tickets in one part of the bag with any numbers which are divisible by 9 only; the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; and it should never be shown to the same company twice without being varied.

Musical Magnetism.—One of the party is sent out of the room, and some article of furniture in the room is fixed upon, which the person sent out is to guess, on returning to the rest of the party. Another, who knows the secret, then sits down to the piano, and plays loud whenever the person who is to guess approaches the article fixed upon, and softer when he recedes from it; till at last, when the article fixed upon is touched, the music finishes with a burst of triumph as loud as possible. This game, if well managed, is very amusing; as it is very droll, to those who are in the secret, to see the perplexity of the unfortunate guesser, who is rather bewildered than assisted by the music. It also affords considerable scope for ingenuity on the part of the musician, who should vary the strain from a melancholy to a joyous tune, or the reverse, according to circumstances.

THE NURSERY, SICK, ETC.

LOTION FOR BOILS.—Carbonate ammonia, one drachm; acetate of lead, one drachm; camphor mixture, one pint; to be frequently applied by saturating a rag with the lotion, and laying it on the boil, keeping it thus constantly wet. It is better (but not necessary) to take the following mixture also: Mix carbonate of ammonia, six grains; distilled water, ten drachms; syrup of orange peel, one drachm. To make a draught to be taken twice in the day. The above quantity is for four draughts.

PILLS FOR INDIGESTION.—Calomel and oxysulphuret of antimony, of each 20 grains; powdered gum guaiacum, 40 grains; Castile soap, q. s. (about 25 grains;) beat into a mass, and divide into 20 pills. Dose, one or two, night and morning, occasionally. Also take more exercise, and eat often, but very little at a time.

AN EXCELLENT TONIC.—Pour one pint of boiling water on the whole dandelion plant, root and leaf, covering it up till cold, and drinking a teacupful every morning and evening. To the pint of water add as many dandelion plants as can be tightly pressed down into a pint measure.

FOR A SPRAIN.—Put the white of an egg in a saucer, and beat it up with a lump of alum till it becomes a curd, then rub the sprain with it.

LIP SALVE.—One ounce of white wax, two ounces of hog's lard; 1s. worth of the Balsam of Peru; a few raisins shred very fine, and as much alkanet root as will color it. Dissolve all in a pipkin on the fire before you add the alkanet root; then strain it through muslin and put it into boxes for use.

FOR THE CROUP.—Fold a towel, dip it in cold water, and apply it to his throat and breast. Then fold a sheet to the proper size, wet it, and wrap a blanket over that. It will generally effect a cure. If not, it will check the disease, till a physician can arrive.

CHILDREN'S CURLS.—If the hair be soft and fine try brushing it with a brush dipped slightly in spirits of hartshorne; or melt a bit of white wax the size of a nut kernel in an ounce of olive oil, and dress the hair in curls with it.

FOR CHAPPED LIPS, OR TO PREVENT THEIR SPLITTING IN COLD WEATHER.—Cut a lemon in two, and rub on the lips frequently, particularly before exposure to the outer air.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

Method of obtaining flowers of different colors on the same stem.—Split a small twig of the elder bush lengthways, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

Explanation.—A box must be made for this purpose, with three or four covers ingeniously wrought, and the inside ones of different colors. After the ball is exhibited by a secret spring, you attach one of the covers to the ball which renders it of a different color; in like manner another, and so on till all the secret covers are disposed of. These covers, which serve as shells for the ball, must be manufactured very thin, ingeniously turned, and nicely fitted for the purpose.

To make a ball change colors.—You open a box, and show the company a ball of ivory, which fits into it; then you put the ball into the box, and the cover on. You then take the cover off, and the ball. You put the cover on, and when you show the ball again, it is black, &c.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Wash Dresses of printed muslin, so as to preserve the colors, whether the pattern be printed in black or in variegated hues. The dress should be washed in lather, and not by applying the soap in the usual way, direct upon the muslin. Make a lather by boiling some soap and water together; let

it stand until it is sufficiently cool for use, and previously to putting the dress into it, throw in a handful of salt. Rinse the dress (without wringing it) in clear cold water into which a little salt has been thrown; remove it and rinse it in a fresh supply of clear water and salt. Then wring the dress in a cloth and hang it to dry immediately, spreading it as open as possible, so as to prevent one part lying over another. Should there be any white in the pattern mix a little blue in the water.

Delicious Cutlet.—First take your cutlet and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid, as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry, hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Freres* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain. Serve with Tomato Sauce.

Compote of Apples.—Pare six large apples, cut them in half, and put them into a pan with a little water and lemon juice. Next, clarify half a pound of sugar, skim it, and put the apples into it, adding the juice of a lemon. Set the whole on the fire. Turn the apples frequently and cook them until they are sufficiently soft to be easily penetrated by a fork. Then take them out. Strain the syrup and reduce it by boiling; strain it again, and pour over it the apples. They may be served either hot or cold; cut the peel of a rosy apple into various devices and lay them on the apples as a garnish.

To Remove Stains from the Hands.—Damp the hands first in water, then rub them with tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, as you would with soap; rinse them and rub them dry. Tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, will quickly remove stains from white muslin or linens. Put less than half a teaspoonful of the salt or acid into a tablespoonful of water; wet the stain with it, and lay it in the sun for an hour; wet it once or twice with cold water during the time: if this does not quite remove it, repeat the acid water, and lay it in the sun.

Ginger Bread Loaf.—One pound of flour; one pound of treacle; quarter of a pound of butter; one egg; one ounce of ginger; some candied peel and a few caraway seeds ground; a teaspoonful of soda. To be baked in a slow oven. The flour to be mixed in gradually; the butter and treacle to be milk warm, the soda to be put in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

To Color Butter.—Take some sound carrots, express the juice through a sieve, and mix it with the cream when it enters the churn, which will make it appear like May butter.

Oyster Toast.—Bruise one anchovy fine in a mortar; take twenty oysters, cut off their beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and chopped oysters in a saucepan with as much cream as will make them of a good consistency. Add a little cayenne pepper, spread them when quite hot on a round of hot, well-buttered toast, cut as for anchovy toast.

How to Dress a Ham.—Boil it in hock, a quarter of an hour each pound; then put it in an oven, and bake it another quarter of an hour to the same weight; and I'll venture to say the epicures will acknowledge that nothing can be more delicious.

Fig Pudding.—Half pound of figs, half pound of flour, two eggs, half pound of suet, a little sugar, and a little wine. To be boiled in a tin shape for four hours.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF BLACK MOIRE ANTIQUE.—Skirt long and very full. Cloak of a dark grey cloth trimmed with a band of broad black velvet, and buttons of graduated size, covered with velvet. Bonnet of dark green velvet, trimmed with black lace, and pink flowers and blonde around the face.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF RUST COLORED CASHMERE.—Skirt very full and plain. Cloak of black velvet, in the sacque style, with full hanging sleeves, and trimmed with broad bands of sable. Bonnet of white satin.

FIG. III.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET.—The body of this cloak is ornamented with three rows of moss trimming, and finished by a heavy fringe with a richly netted heading. The cape of the cloak is cut out in the turret form, and edged with a narrower fringe and moss trimming. The collar is composed entirely of a fringe like that on the bottom of the skirt, but with a wider heading.

FIG. IV.—A MORNING CASAWEEK, OF JACONET, trimmed with a deep border of English embroidery, with insertions to match; a very deep flounce at the end of the sleeve, and a jockey of the same.

FIG. V.—BASQUINE BODY OF SPOTTED MUSLIN, trimmed with wide thread lace. This body is ornamented with narrow black velvets in chequers, and fastened down the front with several bows of a rather wider velvet.

FIG. VI.—THE CHARLOTTE CORDAY FICHU, to be worn with a low corsage, made of guipure with a ruche of pink ribbon No. 4 between the insertions; trimmed with a deep Venice guipure; a lower one going round the neck with a ribbon ruche.

FIG. VII.—BERTHA COLLAR composed of two rows of Brussels lace.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET composed of black bands, currant-colored satin and black blonde edging. The cape is made of currant-colored satin, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and black lace edging. On one side a bow of currant-colored ribbon, and on the other side a bouquet of chrysanthemums.

themums of various colors intermingled with black lace. Under-trimming black and white lace, and small flowers.

FIG. IX.—CAP made of rows of Brussels lace, and trimmed with loops and ends of Pomona green ribbon, of very narrow width. At each side long flowing ends of ribbon of the same color and pattern, but wider than that employed for the trimming.

FIG. X.—THE RAPHAEL SLEEVE.—This sleeve is one of the newest introductions of Parisian millinery. The sleeve itself is a puff of plain muslin or net, and the cuff which turns up is formed of oval medallions of rich needlework. The centre of each medallion is formed of open lace-work.

FIG. XI.—"THE PARODI," from Molyneux Bell, 58 Canal street, New York, we consider a gem. It was selected from a variety of rich designs of every possible form and color, which he has just received from his agent in Paris, who forwards every novelty immediately on its appearance in France. The Parodi is formed of rich black Lyons velvet. The shape is that of a *sacque*; the upper portion is made to fit the figure as far as the waist, where it takes breadth again, and is finished in a skirt rather more than half a yard deep; a deep cape surrounds the back, and is finished at the sides, forming a pretty addition to the flowing sleeve, which is the great charm in this garment. Nothing could be more superb than the decorations, consisting of a border of Ostrich feathers, which surrounds the entire garment, cape, and sleeves; a row of the same rich trimming forms a heading to the cape, and rounds gracefully over the shoulders, graduating down the front as far as the waist, where it takes breadth again, passing down with a graceful sweep to the edge of the garment, where it is rounded so as to give the appearance of a double front. The lining is of glossy, black silk, closely quilted in diamonds.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Braces are still much worn, but nearly all high corsages are made closed up the front. Flounces still retain their popularity, particularly in silks of one color. The most elegant of these, as we have said before, have the flounces woven in the pattern, though many who cannot afford to purchase one of these dresses, or whose taste may dictate otherwise, trim plain silk flounces with rows of velvet ribbon, wide bias folds of velvet, moire antique ribbon, narrow fringe, or wide bias folds of gay plaid poplin. The dresses with woven flounces cost from thirty dollars up to eighty or a

more striking, is composed of a silver grey glace silk, with two deep flounces, each edged with a broad band of Stuart plaid in rich moire antique. This band, which is rather more than half a quarter in width, is cut the bias way, and is edged at each side by a row of narrow black velvet. The corsage has a basque edged with a band of tartan, and the *reverse* in the form of *bretelles*, which pass from the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, are also made of tartan moire antique. The corsage is high to the throat, tight and closed up the front by red cornealian buttons. The sleeves are formed of puffings of grey glace, and bands of plaid moire. The cashmere and de laines are of the richest Oriental patterns, and cost from seventy-five cents to as high as two dollars and a half a yard. These of course have plain, full skirts. Silks with rich brocaded stripes are still very popular, as well as the gay plaids in moire antique and poplin. The combination of white and black continues to be a favorite fashion. Some of the new evening dresses, consisting of white organdy, are trimmed with flounces edged with rows of very narrow black velvet, and the effect is exceedingly pretty. The number of flounces is usually twelve or fifteen, and the rows of velvet on each, in general, amount to three. The corsage is ornamented with a *ceinture-bretelle* of black velvet and a bouquet of roses placed in the centre. A suitable *coiffure* for dresses of the kind here mentioned, consists of a bouquet of roses fastened by a bow of black velvet ribbon, with pendent ends drooping from the back of the head. The mingling of black with white has also been adopted in dresses composed of a less light and aerial texture than organdy.

In figures one and two we give the latest style of CLOAKS, which may be made of any material.

One of the prettiest BONNETS which we have seen is of a grey or silver-colored satin, trimmed with bands of cherry-colored velvet, with a small plume of feathers in grey and cherry-color on one side. The face trimming is of white tulle and sprigs of the Narcissus flower.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S OUT-DOOR DRESS.—Frock of red merino, edged with a band of sable. Black velvet mantle, trimmed in corresponding style. A small sable muff. Bonnet of currant-colored velvet. Trousers, edged with a broad trimming of open work. Boots of brown cashmere, with

SEVEN YEARS
blue cash-
lar of

For superior styles of dress for little girls, flounces are much used, particularly on silks. Silks of one color, as Mazarine blue, garnet or green, have the flounces trimmed with black velvet, or of the color of the dress; fringe, however, is frequently used. When the silk is plaided, either a narrow fringe, or a hem or pinked flounces are most in favor. Dresses of grey plaided woollen or poplins have the skirt full, but plain. Cashmeres and merinos are frequently trimmed with a poplin or woollen plaid of the gayest colors, cut bias, and put on the skirt in folds. For small children two or three folds only are used, but for larger ones, as many as four or five are employed. The lower fold is the widest, and the others decrease in size as they approach the waist. If a basque is worn, it, as well as the sleeves, are trimmed with the same material. Apple and forest greens, French and Mazarine blue, and the various shades of dove and stone colors look very beautifully with this trimming. Nearly all dresses for children

over five years of age are made high in the neck, some having long sleeves confined around the wrist by a band, or if this is not necessary, a white bishop sleeve is fastened in at the cap. When the dresses are made low in the neck, a full white habit skirt, fitting close to the throat, is always worn. Basques are still popular, but many dresses are made without them. The skirts are somewhat longer than heretofore. Cloaks are generally of the talma shape, trimmed with fur or velvet. The bonnet for a little girl is a miniature edition of her mamma's without the flowers.

For boy's in-door wear, sacques of plaid cashmere or woollen, belted around the waist are much worn. The cloth jacket or "roundabout" is not worn except for boys about nine years of age. For over-coats, talma's with sleeves are all the fashion. Some have the addition of a large circular cape. Caps are more worn than hats.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1856.—We hazard nothing in saying that this exceeds all other Magazines for ladies in several important points. 1st. It is the only one that gives original stories wholly. 2nd. These stories are of a higher order than in any cotemporary. 3rd. Its steel, colored fashion-plates are the newest and prettiest. 4th. Its mezzotints are the most beautiful. 5th. Its crochet, embroidery, and other patterns, are the choicest. 6th. It gives the most reading matter, in proportion to its price. 7th. The promises made, at the beginning of the year, are more than fulfilled before its close. In proof of these several assertions, we could quote the testimony of newspapers, from all sections of the Union, if we had room to spare. No lady need hesitate, therefore, to stake her veracity on the fact of these points of superiority in "Peterson's Magazine."

In sending this, the last number of the year, to press, the publisher asks that ladies, who know the Magazine, will interest themselves to extend its circulation. Send us, not only your own subscriptions, but those of your friends, who heretofore have not been on our list! Every patron could easily get an additional subscriber; and this alone would double our circulation. Though we close the year, print nearly twice as many copies as last year; one feel confident, that, if you add a pound of butter; one have the Magazine; some candied peel and a demand, in a slow oven. The flour to be mixed now; the butter and treacle to be milk warm, gradually; the soda to be put in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

To Color Butter.—Take some sound carrots, express the juice through a sieve, and mix it with the cream when it enters the churn, which will make it appear like May butter.

AHEAD OF OUR PROMISES.—Our monthly piece of new Music, our department "How To Make Paper Flowers," and other improvements, were made this year, in addition to those promised in the Prospectus for 1855. We strive, in this way, always to be ahead of our promises: and the newspaper press, universally, gives us this character. We shall do more, in 1856 also, than we have set forth as yet. Be on the look out!

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of any one of the two dollar weekly newspapers. For three dollars and fifty cents we will send "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

THE PORT-FOLIO OF ART.—This is the title we have given to the CORONAL for 1856. It is worn with a low corsage, made of guipure with a ruche of pink ribbon No. 4 between the insertions; trimmed with a deep Venice guipure; a lower one going round the neck with a ribbon ruche.

FIG. VII.—BERTHA COLLAR composed of two rows of Brussels lace.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET composed of black bands, currant-colored satin and black blonde edging. The cape is made of currant-colored satin, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and black lace edging. On one side a bow of currant-colored ribbon, and on the other side a bouquet of chrysanthemums.

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